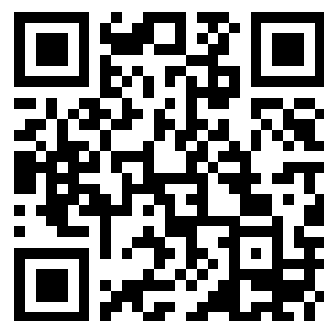

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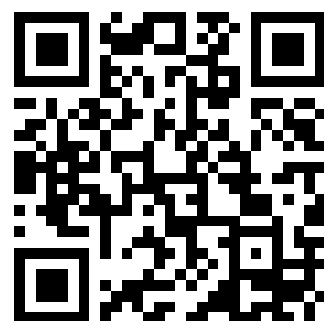
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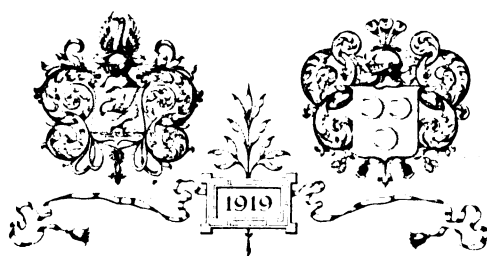
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and widow of the

Honorable Abraham Lansing

of Albany, New York

MICROFILMED

Chaucer (Geoffrey). The Works of. Compared with the former editions, and many valuable ^{ms.} out of which, three Tales are added which were never before printed. By John Urry, student of Christ Church, Oxon. deceased. Together with a Glossary, by a student of the same College. To the whole is prefixed the author's life, newly written, and a preface, giving an account of this edition. London, Printed for Bernard Lintot, between the Temple Gates, 1721. 30.00

Folio, sound original calf, panel sides, gilt back. A choice specimen of old English binding.

Contains portrait of Chaucer engraved by the famous Vertue, Portrait of Urry, View of Chaucer's Tomb, Scene at the Tabard Inn, depicting the departure of the Canterbury Pilgrims, and at the commencement of each Tale is an interesting copper plate of the narrator.

The illustrative matter is of unusual interest and is practically the first attempt of the kind ever done for "the well of English undefiled."

The portrait of Chaucer is beautifully engraved in a large oval, at top of which is a crown of haws and his name upon a small scroll or ribbon, at the bottom is Chaucer's coat of arms with Latin inscription and Vertue's name. The impression of the print is remarkably crisp and from the circumstance of its being in the book since 1721, has escaped that injurious handling so fatal to the preservation of old prints.

The view representing the Tabard Inn and the famous company departing so many years ago from its hospitable doors, is the oldest engraved print known of that famous hostelry and scene. It is a quaint copper, 5 1/4 x 3 3/4 inches, most spiritedly drawn, really superior to the wooden conception of place or the too modernized one of Stothard. At page 147 occurs a portrait of Chaucer seated upon horseback.

This edition contains two singularly curious and valuable poems, which are erroneously attributed to Chaucer, viz. "The Foxes Tale of Callyn" and "The Merchants second Tale or the Pilgrims of Gerayn," the author of which, says Fitton, "he he whom he might was certainly a writer of uncommon merit."

Urry died before the completion of his work, the preface and glossary was finished by Dr. Williams, who says of him, "That he was remarkable not only for his learning and industry, but more particularly for his great charity, constant integrity, and a peculiar happiness of being always agreeable to his private friends."

This edition of Chaucer, being the first critically edited as well as the first illustrated, will always remain a most clearly interesting and covetable volume, and the copy here illustrated is in every respect clear and perfect.

Inserted are 6 leaves extracted from "Poems upon several occasions," entitled "To Mr. Packer: Upon his improving a Room in London for a Castle, supposed to have been Chaucer's study."

"Our Ancient Father of the British Tongue,

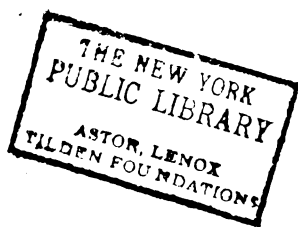
In Dryden late reviv'd, again grows young:

His Tales are there in freest Land are told,

Like Coins new-stamped on old Spur-royal Gold."

As Dryden's Poems appeared in 1706, this gives the date of the above poem.

Contains fine old armorial book plate of Thomas Colebrooke of Northgate Middlesex Esq. This was the father of Colebrooke the distinguished oriental scholar.





Johannes Vrry
Armiger Eclis Christi Alumnus
Oijt Anno Dom. 1714. Etat. 51.

H. Ponce sculp.

This is a
copy of the
2/10/11

THE WORKS

OF
GEOFFREY CHAUCER,

Compared with the
Former EDITIONS, and many valuable MSS.
Out of which, Three TALES are added which were never before Printed;

By JOHN URRY,

Student of *Christ-Church, Oxon.* Deceased :

Together with a

GLOSSARY,

By a Student of the same College.

To the Whole is prefixed

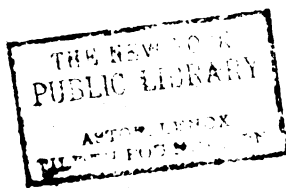
The Author's LIFE, newly written, and a PREFACE, giving an Account
of this Edition.



L O N D O N,

Printed for BERNARD LINTOT, between the Temple Gates. MDCCXXI.

14002A





*Anglia Chaucerum venerabilem nostra Poetam,
Cui veneret debet patria lingua suas.*

The Doctor Contemporary & Disciple of Master Chaucer and his School. Geo. Vertue Sculp. 1717.



THE L I F E O F GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

IT is observable that great Men, remarkable for the same Excellencies in different Ages, have generally several Circumstances in their Lives which bear a near resemblance to each other. *Homer* and the Father of our *English* Poetry are not more like in their Perfections of writing, than in the particulars of their Birth, and the uncertainty of their Parents and of the place of their Nativity. That Parallel which is drawn between the former and *Virgil* doth not square near so well as this; nor does the *Roman* Imitator come up to the resemblance of the *Britain*. The Parents of both were uncertain; the first having (as usual in such cases) his Genealogy drawn from Heroes, Dæmons, and River Deities; the other, on the contrary, boasting no other extraction than what is deduced by conjecture from mean persons. Different places contend for the honour of their Birth; a number of Cities for the one, and several Provinces the other. The near similitude of their Genius's and Excellencies is easily discovered by their Readers. They differ in nothing so much as in their Fortunes; the first being generally press'd with necessity, and disregarded; the latter favoured and rewarded by Princes, and for the most part abounding in wealth.

Many particulars relating to our Author having, through the negligence of our fore-fathers, been suffered to sink in oblivion, it is the more necessary to preserve what remains of him, and to attempt the recovery of some parts of his History: I shall therefore digest the confused common places left concerning him in as regular a method as I can, and with such additions as have been rescued from Time endeavour to clear up his Birth, and by the assistance of such particular *Æra's* as are on Record concerning him, trace him through the most remarkable Passages of his Life.

Leland, of all those who professedly write his Life, came nearest to his time, but at too long a distance to make any certain discoveries concerning his Birth, though he had the best opportunities of doing it, being commissioned by King *Henry VIII.* to search all the Libraries of Religious Houses in *England*, when those sacred Archives were preserved, before the Flood of Destruction, which soon after broke in upon them, and swept them away with their Buildings; even before *Polydore Virgil* had destroyed such curious pieces, as would have contradicted his fram'd and fabulous History. He for some * reasons believed *Oxfordshire* or *Berkshire* to have produced this great Man: What those reasons were he has not informed us; there appears at present no other, but that the Seats of his Family were in those Counties.

* *Quibusdam argumentis adducor ut credam, Hæcam, vel Berochenfem provinciam illius natale solum fuisse. Lel. in vitâ Chauceri.*

The LIFE of

If we fix upon *Berkshire*, *Dunnington* must be the place, which Mr. *Camden*^b says was a Seat of *Chaucer's*; but he himself seems to have been the first of that name that possess'd it, and that not till the latter part of his Life. For in the Reign of *Edw. II.* it was in the possession of ^c*Walter Abberbury*, Son and Heir of *Thomas Abberbury* (who gave the King C. s. for the same) and it continued in the possession of that Family till the latter part of the Reign of *Rich. II.* in whose time it was in the possession of Sir *Richard*^d *Adderbury*, or *Abberbury*, who had a grant from that Prince for rebuilding the Castle^e, and another for building a Religious House^f, which he endowed with two acres of Land, and the Manor of *Tiftly*. This was part of the Honour of *Wallingford*, of which *Thomas Chaucer* was Constable, and was probably bought by *Geoffrey Chaucer*, not many years before his death, of Sir *Richard Adderbury* the younger.

If this be all the Plea for *Berkshire*, there seems to be no farther room to insist upon it. *Oxfordshire* indeed has upon this account a better claim; there being no less than three Seats in that County belonging to his Family, *Ewelme*, *Hocknorton* and *Woodstock*. *Leland* does not expressly point at any of these, but *Pits* positively asserts (without giving any reasons) that *Woodstock* was the Place, which opinion Mr. *Camden*^g seems to hint at, where he speaks of that Town. *Pits's* authority is not so well established as to deserve credit on his bare word; but on the contrary, he and his Colleague *Bale* (who are poor Copiers from *Leland*) abound with such numerous falsities, that it is not safe even to quote them in some particulars. I suspect *Pits* had no other grounds for his assertion than *Chaucer's* House at *Woodstock*, and his mentioning the Park in his Works; and therefore with a turn too frequent with Biographers, raises an assertion upon a very slender supposition, and thought the darkness of the times would conceal the deceit, and leave no footsteps to trace the contrary. *Ewelme*^h and *Hocknorton* have an equal right with *Woodstock*, both belonging to *Chaucer's* family, and the first is said by *Leland* to be the inheritance of the *Chaucers*ⁱ, though others think it was given him by *Rich. II.*^k But after all these different pretensions, he himself seems to point out the place of his Nativity to be the City of *London*^l. And Mr. *Camden*, though he mentions the claim of *Woodstock*, evidently gives no credit to it; for speaking of *Spenser* (whom all allow to be born in *London*) he calls him Fellow-Citizen to *Chaucer*^m.

The name of *Chaucer* [or *Chaucier*, *Chaucieris*, *Chaussier*, *Chausir*, &c.] is originally *French*, signifying a Shoemaker: But the family which he descended from had long enjoyed an honourable name in *England*; the Founder being a Chief attending the Duke of *Nor-mandy* in his Expedition to *England*, as appears by the Roll of *Battle Abby*. And as the Original seems to have been a Person of Honour, so several of the Nameⁿ, who may reasonably be supposed to be descended from him, are mention'd in Records; but the descent of our Author is no where particularly described.

Mr. *Speght* thinks that one *Richard Chaucer* was his Father, and that one *Elizabeth Chaucer*, a Nun of *St. Hellen's*, in the second year of *Rich. II.* might have been his sister, or of his kindred. But this conjecture seems very improbable; for this *Richard* was a Vintner^o living at the corner of *Kirton Lane*, and at his death left his House, Tavern and Stock to the Church of *St. Mary Aldermary*, and was there buried in the year of our Lord 1348. At which time our Poet being a young Student in the University, this supposed Father must have been an unnatural Bigot to give all he had to the Church, and leave his Son unprovided for, unless he designed to dedicate him to Religion, as well as his supposed Sister. It is more probable that this Vintner had neither Children, nor near Relations, which frequently happens among Citizens, who leave bulky estates to charitable uses, for want of kindred: Nor is it likely that he should be possessed of the Family-Estates, mentioned by *Leland*, in *Oxfordshire*, and at the same time follow such an Occupation; and therefore passing by this conjecture, and the merry jokes which Dr. *Fuller* (according to his custom) makes upon his Arms,

^b Chauceri quondam & postea Delapolorum castellum exiguum. Brit.

^c This appears by a MS. in the Cotton Library.

^d This Sir *Richard Adderbury*, or *Abberbury*, or *Atterbury*, was a great Favourite of *Rich. II.* and was immediately after his Coronation sent with a Message to the Citizens of *London*. He was likewise made Constable of the Castle of *Brest*; and was in the year 1387. expelled the King's Household by the seditious Lords. There was one *Adderbury* returned for *Dun-vington* in a List of Gentry, in the Reign of *Hen. VI.*

^e Records collected by Mr. *Rymer*, now in the House of Lords.

^f Dugdale's Mon. Ang.

^g Oppidum ipsum, cum nihil habeat quod ostentet, Home-rum nostrum Anglicanum Galfridum Chaucerum alumnus suum fuisse gloriatur.

^h Ewelme olim Chauceri ades. Camd. Brit.

ⁱ Lel. Itin. Vol. II. p. 5. & Vol. VII. p. 62, 63.

^k Peacham's Compl. Gent. p. 82. Perhaps he took it from the Author of the *Arte of English Poesie*, printed in 1598. who says, it was supposed that *Rich. II.* gave to *Chaucer* the

Manor of New Holme in Oxfordshire. p. 12.

^l In the Test. of Love, p. 486, a. Also the Cytte of London that is to me so dere and swete, in which I was forth grownen, and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth; as every kindly creature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly ingendrure, and to wilne rest and pece in that stede to abyde; thilke pece should thus there have ben broken, and of all wise it is [al. which — is] com-manded and desired.

^m Edmundus Spenserus, patriâ Londinensis, Musis adeo ar-ridentibus natus, ut omnes Anglicos superioris ævi Poetas, ne Chaucero quidem concive excepto, superaret. Camd. Eliz. Edit. Hearn. p. 783. in An. 1598.

ⁿ In the Reign of King *John* there was one *le Chausir*, as appears by the Records in the Tower; and in the Reign of *Henry III.* one *Elias Chaucefir*, who in the Reign follow-ing (viz. *Edw. I.*) had a Grant of Ten Shillings from the Treasury. There was also one *John Chaucer*, of whom King *Edw. I.* heard a Complaint for a 1000l. &c.

^o See *Stow's Survey of London*.

GEORGE CHAUCER.

as if they alluded to his Father's profession of dashing white and red Wine ^p, we shall endeavour to find out a Father more worthy of such a Son; and though I cannot implicitly believe with *Pits* that his Father was a Knight, yet it is likely his Parents were something superiour to a common Employ. We find one *John Chaucer* attending upon *Edw. III.* and Queen *Philippa* in their Expedition to *Flanders* and *Cologne*, who had the King's Protection ^q to go over Sea, in the twelfth year of his Reign. It is highly probable that this Gentleman was the Father of our *Geoffrey*, which I am the more inclined to believe, because *Chaucer's* first application, after leaving the University and Inns of Law, was to the Court; nor is it unlikely the services of the Father should recommend the Son. As this is proposed with submission to better Judgments, so I lay no greater stress upon it than the reasons suggested will bear.

I proceed to a Particular less controverted, that is, the time of his Birth, which was in the second year of the Reign of King *Edw. III.* A. D. 1328. His first studies were in the University of *Cambridge*; where he was in the eighteenth year of his Age, when he wrote his *Court of Love*, and was at those early years no indifferent Poet, having before written several pieces: But of what College he was is uncertain, there being no footsteps of him in the Records of that University. It is not unlikely that he was of that Hall, where he lays the Story of the Miller of *Trompington*, so exactly describing the place, and the humours and Northern dialect of his Fellow-Collegians. How long he continued there is not known: It is certain he removed from thence to compleat his Studies at *Oxford*; but in what College is as uncertain as the former. The Writer of his Life fixes upon *Canterbury*, or *Merton* College. *Canterbury* College, now part of *Christ-Church* College (which *Polydore Vergil* calls the most celebrated of his time) is unlikely to be the place, not being founded till the year 1363, at which time *Chaucer* must be Five and Thirty years of age, and had been for some time launched into the world of business. *Merton* College is the more likely; for tho' his name does not appear among the celebrated Members of it at that time, yet we find most of his Contemporaries, as *Strode*, *Occleve*, &c. were of that College, where one of his Sons was likewise educated. After a considerable stay here, and a strict application to the Publick Lectures of the University, he became (says *Leland*) a ready Logician, a smooth Rhetorician, a pleasant Poet, a grave Philosopher, an ingenious Mathematician, and a holy Divine. That he was a great Master in Astronomy (tho' he modestly pleads ^w ignorance in it) is plain by his Discourses of the *Astrolabe*: That he was versed in the *Hermesick* Philosophy (which prevailed much at that time) appears by his *Tale of the Chanon's Teoman*: His knowledge in Divinity is evident from his *Parson's Tale*, and his Philosophy from the *Testament of Love*.

Thus qualify'd for that considerable Figure he afterwards made, he began his approaches by degrees into the world; and leaving that learned Retirement, he travell'd into *France*, *Holland*, and other Countries, where *Leland* says he spent part of his younger days, and returning home, enter'd himself in the Inner Temple ^x, where he studied the Municipal Laws of this Land. *Leland* intimates that he prosecuted those studies towards the latter part of his Life; which is improbable for the following reasons: *Leland* owns that at the Inns of Court he became acquainted with *John Gower*, at that time an eminent Lawyer; that this acquaintance was long before the latter end of the Reign of *Rich. II.* (as *Leland* places it) appears by the Poem of *Troilus* and *Cresseide*, which is inscribed to *Gower*, and mentioned in his *Legend of good Women* ^z, which was written before the Death of the first Queen of *Rich. II.* he being directed to carry it to the Queen at *Eltham*, or at *Shene*: Now *Rich. II.* demolished the Palace of *Shene* upon her Death, nor was it repaired during his Reign. The places which *Chaucer* held would not allow him at that time to apply himself to those studies; nor is it likely that at such an advanced age, when he was near Seventy, and (as *Leland* confesses) found age burthensome, he had either will or strength to prosecute a hard, intricate, and to him at that age an useless study. It is therefore more probable that he acquired the

^p Fuller's Church. Hist. p. 152.

^q Johannes Chaucer qui cum Rege in obsequium Regis, per preceptum Regis ad partes transmarinas profecturus est, habet Literas Regis de protectione, cum clausula Volumus usque ad festum Natalis Domini proximo futurum duratur. Teste Rege apud Walton duodecimo die Junii 1338. Aleman. 12 Edw. 3. p. 1. m. 8. Rymer's Fœd. Vol. V. p. 51.

^r See CL. 43. & 911, &c. where being asked his name, he makes this answer;

My name _____
Philogenet I cal'd am ferre and nere,
Of Cambridge Clerke _____

^s lb. 897, &c.

In art of love I write, and songis make
That maie be song in honour of the Kyng

And Quene of Love _____

^t See the Gloss. in Solers Hall.

^u Hinc acutus Dialecticus, hinc dulcis Rhetor, hinc lepidus Poeta, hinc gravis Philosophus, hinc ingeniosus Mathematicus, hinc denique sanctus Theologus evasit. Lel. in vitâ Chauceri.

^w See the House of Fame. L. 1.

^x To prove this Mr. Speght mentions a Record seen by Mr. Buckley in that House, where *Geoffrey Chaucer* was fined Two Shillings for beating a *Franciscan* Fryer in *Fleetstreet*.

^y L. 5. 1855.

^z p. 332 & 441.

^a The Countess of *Pembroke* is there introduced directing *Chaucer* to recover the favour of the Ladies by writing this Book; and thus goes on, p. 496, &c.

And when this boke is made yeve it the Quene,
On my behalfe, at Eltham or at Shene.

The LIFE of

knowledge of our Laws in his youth, in order to qualify himself for publick Affairs, in which he afterwards was concerned.

But he had not long followed those studies, before his singular accomplishments were discovered by some persons at Court, whither he next made his approaches. A glorious and successful Reign, as it affords subjects for the praises of the Learned, so it gives them encouragement to employ their abilities on such occasions; and *Edw. III.* who was a discerning Prince to judge of, and generous to reward Learning, invited Men of Letters to him, and by his example induced his Court to encourage them: So that in his Reign Valour was not more esteemed than Learning, and Cowardice and Ignorance were equally despised. The Court at that time consisted of all that was great and splendid, and every thing that could be desired contributed to make it the most glorious in *Europe*. A long and happy Reign, successful in Victories abroad, filled it with Heroes, and a just Administration at home supply'd it with Men of Learning. These are so inseparably linked together for the encouragement of each other, that where there are men of Valour, there can be no Slavery and Oppression, and where there is Slavery and Oppression, there can be no Men of Learning. They equally flourished in this Reign, being encouraged by a Prince who was Master of both, and applauded by a Court of Ladies remarkable for Beauty, Wit and Gaiety. In short, there was nothing going forward in that Court but perpetual Mirth, Tilts and Tournaments, and Romantick Gallantry, which has been only parallel'd by the late Reign of *K. Charles* the Second. And how well qualify'd our Poet was to be a Member of such an Assembly, we may judge by his learning, wit, amorous disposition, gay humour and gallantry: To which his Person gave no small addition, being about the age of Thirty (as appears by a Picture^b of him about that age) of a fair, beautiful complexion, his lips red and full, his size of a just *medium*, and his port and air graceful and majestick. So that every Ornament that could claim the approbation of the Great and Fair, his Abilities to record the Valour of the one, and celebrate the Beauty of the other, and his wit and gentle behaviour to converse with both, conspired to make him a compleat Courtier.

His first station, 'tis very probable, was that of Page to the King, a place of honour and esteem, and so much regarded by Princes at that time, that *Rich. II.* leaves particular Legacies in his Will to his Pages, when few others are taken notice of. But this was only the first step to preferment, as the King himself intimates; and therefore by his Letters Patents dated in the Forty first year of his Reign, he grants to him for his good Services, by the Title of *dilectus Valettus noster*^c, an Annuity of Twenty Marks *per Annum* payable out of the Exchequer, till he could otherwise provide for him. How mean soever such a Pension may seem now, it was then very considerable, and in *Chaucer's* case was still the more valuable as being an earnest of future Favours: For not long after we find him Gentleman of the King's Privy Chamber, and by that Title the King granted to him by Letters Patents dated in the Forty fifth year of his Reign, the further Sum of Twenty Marks *per Annum* during life. In this station he did not long continue, being next year made Shield-bearer to the King^d, a Title at that time (tho' now extinct) of great honour; such persons being always next the King's person, and generally upon signal Victories rewarded with military Honours.

Our Poet being thus placed near the King, found respect and encouragement from all the chief persons of the Court: Queen *Philippa*, a Princess of extraordinary merit, esteemed him; *John of Gaunt* Duke of *Lancaster* had a singular value for him^e, as had likewise his Dutches *Blanch*, at whose request he made the Poem called *La Priere de notre Dame*. The Lady *Margaret*, the King's Daughter and Countess of *Pembroke*, was the chief of his Patronesses, and would frequently complement him upon his Poems. But this is not to be meant of his *Canterbury Tales*, they being written in the latter part of his Life, when the Courtier and the fine Gentleman gave way to solid Sense and plain Descriptions. In his Love-pieces he was obliged to have the strictest regard to Modesty and Decency; the Ladies at that time insisting so much upon the nicest punctilio's of honour, that it was highly criminal to depreciate their Sex, or do any thing that might offend Virtue: The first of these *Chaucer* had been guilty of, which he afterwards attoned by the *Legend of Good Women*; a Task enjoined him by the Lady *Margaret*^f, whom he veils under the name of the Dailly, as he does in several

^b Now in the possession of George Greenwood of Chastleton in Gloucestershire, Esq;

^c *Rex omnibus ad quos, &c. salutem. Sciatis quod de gratia nostra speciali, & pro bono servitio quod dilectus Valettus noster Galfridus Chaucer nobis impendit & impendet in futurum concessimus ei viginti marcas percipiendas singulis annis ad Scaccarium nostrum — per aequales portiones, ad totam vitam ipsius Galfridi, vel quousque pro statu suo aliter duxerimus ordinandum, &c. — Teste Rege apud Castrum de Quenesburgh vicesimo die Junii, &c. 41 Ed. 3. pat. 41. p. 1. m. 13.* This Post of Valettus or Valettus, says Mr. Selden in his Titles of Honour, Part. II. ch. 5. §. 47. was conferr'd upon young Heirs designed to be Knighted, or young Gentlemen of great De-

scent or Quality. Mr. Camden takes *Valettus hospitii*, to signify a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber; and by this name of *Valettus* the King before had entitl'd the Lord *Abergavenny*. Sp.

^d The King in the 49th year of his Reign granted him the Lands and Body of Sir Edmund Staplegate, by the Title of *Scutifer Regis*, and he is so called in the King's Commission to treat with Genoa. Sp.

^e Upon whose account he made the *Book of the Duchesse*, or the *Dreme* of Chaucer, the *Complaint of the Black Knight*, and the *Dreams*.

^f See the *Legend of Good Women*.

GEOF. CHAUCER.

other pieces^g. The Poems which gave offence were *The Romaunt of the Rose* and *Troilus and Creseide*^h; tho' he seems to hint at a particular offence he had given by preferring the Flower to the Leaf, which he gayly turns offⁱ.

Thus beloved, esteemed and honoured, he spent his younger years in a constant attendance upon the Court, and for the most part living near it, when residing at *Woodstock*, in a square stone house near the Park Gate, still called *Chaucer's House*^k. That this was the chief place of his abode, appears by his frequent descriptions of the Park; as particularly a *Park*^l *walled with green stone*, that being the first Park walled in *England*, and not many years before his time. In most of his pieces, where he designs an imaginary Scene, he certainly copies it from a real Landskape: So in his *Cuckow* and *Nightingale*, the *Morning walk* he takes was such as at this day may be traced from his House through part of the Park, and down by the Brook into the Vale under *Blenheim Castle*^m, as certainly as we may assert that Maplesⁿ instead of *Phylireas*, were the ornaments round the Bower; which place he likewise describes in his Dream, as a white Castle standing upon a hill^o; the Scene in that Poem being laid in *Woodstock Park*.

But to return; Queen *Philippa* being a native of *Hainault*, and bringing over with her several persons of that Country, there was a frequent intercourse between *England* and that Province, which was increased by a fresh Alliance with the Duke of *Bavaria*, Earl of *Hainault*, *Zeland* and *Holland*, who married *Maud*, Daughter and Coheir of *Henry Plantagenet* Earl of *Lancaster*, whose sister *Blanch* was married to *John of Gaunt*, afterwards Duke of *Lancaster*. The Dutchess *Blanch* (whether by the recommendation of her sister, or by what other means is not material) entertained in her service one *Katherine Rouet*, daughter of Sir *Payne* or *Pagan Rouet* a Native of *Hainault* and *Guien* King at Arms for that Country, who was afterwards married to Sir *Hugh Swynford*^p a Knight at *Lincoln*. He dying not long after their marriage, the Duke and Dutchess continued her as Guardianess to their children. This Lady had a younger Sister, whom the Duke and Dutchess recommended to our *Chaucer* for a Wife; and he married her about the Thirty second year of his age. *Brooks* calls her *Anne*, but her name was *Philippa* (as shall be made appear hereafter) a name much used at that time in *Hainault*, in regard of it's being the Queen's name.

Our Poet being thus fixed by marriage, the King began to employ him in more publick and advantageous Posts; for in the Forty sixth year of his Reign we find him in Commission with others to treat with the Doge and Senate of *Genoa*^q; but for what purpose, or with what success doth not appear. And now he began every day to rise in greatness, having the Duke of *Lancaster* for his Patron, who indefatigably espoused his interest, and that for several reasons: One was the application of the Lady *Katharine Swynford*, his wife's sister, who was a woman of singular^r Beauty, and not only an attendant on the Dutchess, but Mistress to the Duke, and extremely in his favour, as appears by the Grants made to her in the Fifty first year of K. *Edw. III.* of the Lordships of *Gringly* and *Wheatly*^s, which were confirmed by the King. Nor was this the only reason of the Dukes favour: His ambition requiring all the assistance of Learned men, to give it a plausible appearance, induced him to do *Chaucer* many good offices, in order to engage him in his Interest.

About this time (perhaps for his services at *Genoa*) the King granted to him by Letters Patents dated at *Windsor* in the Forty eighth year of his Reign, by the Title of *Armiger noster*^t, one *Pycher* of Wine daily, in the Port of *London*; and soon after made him *Comptroller of the Customs* in that Port of Wool, Woolfells and Hides, with a particular Proviso, that he

^g See the Flower and the Leaf, and the Ballad beginning
In Feverere, &c. p. 556.

^h See L.W. 329, &c.

ⁱ See Ib. 188, &c.

^k *Speght* observes that it was passed by Q. *Eliz.* by that name to the Tenant who then dwelt in it. There is now chained in the Parlour of that House a printed Copy of *Chaucer's Works*, with the following Inscription written at the beginning of it;

Ædium harum
Quas olim vivus incoluit,
Ut per hac ingenii monumenta,
In quibus æternum vires
Unâ cum antiqua prosapia, fidei, fortitudinis Viro
Nicolao Bayntun
rursus incoletet,

GALFRIDO CHAUCER,
Poetarum sui temporis facile Principi,
Principum Poeta, amico, adfini,
A priori hospite vi dejecto,
Lato lubenti, latus lubens
Possessionem restituit

CAROLUS PERROT LL. D.
MDCLXXVIII.

^l Bl. Kn. 42.

^m See CN. 56, &c.

ⁿ See Ib. 273, &c.

^o Dr. Ch. 1318, &c.

^p Mr. *Sandford* calls him Sir *Otes Swynford*, and Mr. *Tyrel*, Sir *Robert*.

^q *Rex*, &c. *salutem*. *Noveritis*, quod nos de fidelitate & circumspetione providâ dilectorum & fidelium nostrorum *Jacobi Pronan*, *Johannis de Mari civis Januensis*, & *Galfridi Chaucer* *Scutiferi nostri* plenam fiduciam reportantes, ipsos *Jacobum*, *Johannem* & *Galfridum*, & duos ipsorum (quorum præfatum *Johannem* unum esse volumus) nuncios & procuratores nostros facimus & constituimus speciales, dantes & committentes eis plenam tenore presentium potestatem & mandatum speciale tractandi pro nobis & nomine nostro cum nobili viro *Dominico de Campo Fergoso*, *Duce Januensi*, & ejus consilio, nec non civibus, probis hominibus, & communitate civitatis *Januæ*, &c.

^r *Eximia pulchritudinis femina*. Upon the Duke of *Lancaster's* Tomb in *St. Paul's Church* before the Fire.

^s Pat. 51. *Edw.* 3. m. 33. *Dugdale's Baron*.

^t *Rex*, &c. *salutem*. *Sciatis* quod de gratiâ nostrâ speciali concessimus dilecto *Armigero* nostro *Galfrido Chaucer* unum *pycher*. vini, percipiend. quolibet die in portu civitatis nostræ *London*. per manus *Pincerna* nostri vel heredum nostrorum pro tempore existentis — ad totam vitam ipsius *Galfridi*, &c. *Teste Rege apud Windsor* vicesimo tertio die *Aprilis*, &c. A.D. 1374. 48 *Ed.* 3. p. 1. m. 20.

should

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should personally execute that office, and write the Accounts relating to it with his own hand^a. This Post he filled with honour and integrity, as himself declares that no *wight of of his administracyon coude non yvels*^w, and that *he never defouled his conscience for no manner dede*^x: Nor do we find, that at that time when the Customs were farmed and the People imposed upon, the King in his dotage and misled, *Chaucer* was ever concerned in the Impositions with *Lyon*, *Ellis* and others prosecuted for those crimes. *Leland* observes that there were at *Ewelme* Woolfacks painted in token of Merchandize, and that it was said *Thomas* the Son of *Geoffrey Chaucer* was a Merchant: To which *Speght* adds, that it was for this reason believed that *Chaucer's* Ancestors were Merchants of the Staple, but contradicts it by asserting, that the Merchants of the Staple had no Arms granted them till the Reign of *Hen. VI.* It is more probable that the Woolfacks were Devices of *Chaucer* (in frequent use at that time) alluding to the Office he held relating to the Customs of Wool, Woolfells, &c. The King, in the Forty ninth year of his Reign, and the Forty seventh of *Chaucer's* age, granted to him the Lands and Body of *Sir Edmond Staplegate*, Son of *Sir Edmond Staplegate* in the County of *Kent*, in Ward, who afterwards paid him One hundred and four Pounds for the same^y: And the year following he granted to him, by the Title of *dilectus Armiger noster*, the sum of Seventy one Pounds four Shillings and six pence, arising from a certain quantity of Wool therein mentioned, which was forfeited by one *John Kent* of *London*, for Non-payment of Customs^z. By these means, and the repeated favours heaped upon him, he grew exceeding rich, having (as *Speght*^a says) at one time, almost a Thousand Pounds *per Annum*; a very large Estate for those times, and scarce credible to have been acquired by a person in his station: But that he grew wealthy in the Employments he enjoyed, he himself confesses; *I had comfort* (says he) *to be in that plight that both profit were to me and my friends*^b: He also confesses, that in dignity of office he made gathering of thilk godes, and had a faire parcel for the tyme, in forthering of his sustenaunce, richesse sufficiently to weive nede, dignity to be reverenced in worship, power to kepe fro his enemies; so that he seemed to shine in glory of renome, as manhode asketh in men^c. These and the like passages in the *Testament of Love* are proofs of the favour of that Prince to him, and of the advantages which attended it.

But as he was thus advanced to higher places of Trust, so he became more entangled in the Affairs of State, the consequence of which proved of the utmost prejudice to him. The Duke of *Lancaster* having been the chief Instrument of raising him to Dignity, expected the fruits of those Favours in a ready compliance with him in all his Designs. That Prince was certainly one of the proudest men of his time; nor could he patiently bear the name of a Subject, even to his Father. Nothing but Absolute Power, and the Title of King could satisfy his Ambition; and therefore took up with a Foreign Title, and the ruins of a scatter'd Family, marrying *Constance*, Daughter of *Peter the Cruel*, King of *Castile* and *Leon*, which Title he assumed. But this was not sufficient, for upon the Death of his elder Brother *Edward* the Black Prince, he fixed a longing eye upon the *English* Crown, and seemed to stretch out an impatient hand to reach it. This was plainly intimated by his Device of an Eagle endeavouring with his Bill to undo a Foot-lock.

In this view he sought by all means possible to secure his Interest against the Decease of the old King; and being sensible that the chief obstacles in his way were the Clergy (who would be most strenuous in opposing an irregular Succession) he omitted nothing that might lessen their power and esteem with the People. For this purpose a fair opportunity now offered by *Wickliffe's* first appearing at *Oxford*; who being a Man of singular Learning and Esteem, not only in that University, but also at Court (having been employed as Ambassador by the King) found no small number of Followers. The Common People, always fond of Novelty, readily followed him, being pleased with a new Scheme which discharged them from the heavy Impositions of the Clergy of those times. The University of *Oxford* it self favoured him for this reason: The Fryers of *Osney* and *S. Frideswide* enticed most of the young Students of that University to enter into Orders, insomuch that Parents were fearful of sending their Sons to study, whereby the number of Students in that University diminished; which being complained of in Parliament, there was an Act made that none should be admitted into Orders under the age of eighteen years. The Nobility and Courtiers supported him, out of an

^a Rex omnibus, &c. salutem. Sciatis quod concessimus dilecto nobis Galfrido Chaucer officium Contrarotulatoris custume & subsidii lanarum, coriorum & pellium lanarum in portu London. habendum quamdiu nobis placuerit, percipiend. &c. Ita quod idem Galfridus Rotulos suos dictum officium tangentes manu sua proprie scribat, & continue moretur ibidem, & omnia que ad officium illud pertinent in propria persona sua, & non per substitutum suum, faciat & exequatur, & quod altera pars sigilli, quod dicitur coket, in custodia ipsius Galfridi remaneat, quamdiu officium habuerit supra dictum, &c. Teste meipso apud Westmonasterium octavo die Junii. Pat. 48 E. 3. p. 1. m. 7.

^w Test. p. 502, a.

^x Ib. p. 488, b.

^y Records collected by Mr. Rymer, in the House of Lords.

^z Dilecto Armigero nostro Galfrido Chaucer LXXI lib. iv solid. & vi denarios de pretio vii. sacc. & dimidii trium petrarum & vi librarum lana nobis forisfactarum pro eo quod Johannes Kent de London lanas illas usque Durdraght absque Custumâ, seu subsidio nobis inde solutis, seu licenciâ inde a nobis habitâ duxit, habend. de dono nostro, &c. J. R. apud Westm. xii. die Jul. Per ipsum Regem nunciante Rogero de Bellocampo Cancellario Reg. Pat. 50 Ed. 3. p. 1. m. 5.

^a In the Life of Chaucer.

^b Test. p. 486, a.

^c Ib. p. 502, a.

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inveterate hatred to the Clergy, who had all the Places of Trust and Honour ^d in their Possession. Most of those about the King countenanced *Wickliffe* in a particular manner, as the Lord *Latimer*, Sir *Richard Sturry*, Sir *Lewis Clifford*, &c. And *Capgrave* asserts that the King himself was a Favourer of his Opinions.

And now the Parliament intermeddling with the Affairs of the Church, Pope *Gregory IX.* thought it high time to put a stop to those Proceedings, and therefore issued out a Bull directed to the Archbishop of *Canterbury*, and the Bishop of *London*, for apprehending *Wickliffe*; whereupon the Bishop convened a Synod at *St. Paul's*, where, upon citation *Wickliffe* appeared, and with him his Patron the Duke of *Lancaster*, and *Piercy* Lord Marshal. A Quarrel happening between the Duke of *Lancaster* and the Bishop of *London* about *Wickliffe's* sitting down, the Duke told the Bishop he would pull down his pride, and that of all the Prelacy in *England*, with other opprobrious words; upon which the *Londoners* rose, and plunder'd his Palace of the *Savoy*, and reversed his Arms, the Duke himself hardly escaping their fury.

Our *Chaucer* had no small hand in furthering these Proceedings, both by his publick Interest, and his Writings; tho' I cannot go so far as to suppose he scurrilously reviled the Established Religion of those times, and therefore cannot think that either the *Plowman's Tale* or *Jack Upland* were written by him, as shall be further discussed in the Account of his Works: But that he was a Favourer of the *Lollards* (as were likewise most of his friends, and particularly *Occleve*) is evident from several places in his Writings, where he bitterly inveighs against the Priests and Fryers: Not that he disliked all of that Order; for he mentions Fryer *John Some* and Fryer *Nicholas Lenne*, or *Lynne*, with respect, calling them *Reverent Clerkes*^e; and expresses his regard for the secular Clergy who lived up to their Profession, in his Description of the Parson. Nor was he disesteemed by the Clergy of those times; *Lidgate*, who was a Monk of *St. Edmondsbury*, and several others entertaining a great reverence for him, and speaking of him with the utmost respect: Nor was he less esteemed by *Gower*, tho' a violent Bigot to the Church of *Rome*, and a perpetual exclaimer against *Wickliffe* and his Followers.

The King perceiving the aims of the Duke of *Lancaster*, presently put a check to his hopes by declaring *Richard* of *Bourdeaux*, Son of *Edward* the Black Prince, Heir to the Crown, which was no small mortification to the Duke; and from that time he was never easy, nor contented in any station, nor ever without uneasinesses from the jealousies and suspicions of the Prince upon the Throne, in which his friends bore a share.

In the last year of the King's Reign, the *French* (notwithstanding a Truce which had been made with them) got out to Sea and disturbed the Coast, whereupon the King endeavoured to prolong the Truce; in order to which he sent *Chaucer* and other Commissioners to treat with those appointed by the *French* King, before the Pope's Legates; but nothing being concluded, the Legates proposed a Match between the Lady *Mary*, Daughter to the King of *France*, and *Richard* Prince of *Wales*. Whereupon the King sent Sir *Guiscard Dangle*^f Knight of the Garter and afterwards Earl of *Huntington*, Sir *Richard Sturry* a noted *Wickliffe*, and our *Chaucer*, Embassadors to *Monstreuil*; but this Embassy had no other effect, than the prolonging of the Truce with *France* till the first of *May* following^g. This is the last publick Embassy that we find *Chaucer* employed in, tho' he was afterwards in *France*, and several other Countries, as shall hereafter be observed. What other Posts he held during this Prince's Reign is uncertain, there being no further account (that I can discover) upon Record of his publick Stations: But doubtless he passed through many honourable Employments, as appears from several passages of the *Testament of Love*; and in that Picture of him in *Glostershire* (which hath been mentioned before) he hath a double Chain round his neck, and hanging to the middle of his breast, which seems to be a mark of distinction then used in regard of some publick Offices he bore.

Nor was he less concerned in the close intrigues of the Court-Party at that time. For the King being superannuated, all Affairs were managed by Sir *Thomas Latimer*, Sir *Richard Sturry* (both *Chaucer's* Friends) and the Lady *Alice Pierce*^h whom the King entirely loved, not as a Mistress (as some have maliciously asserted) but because she had been Lady of the Bed-Chamber to the Queen, and a great Favourite with her. This Lady managed every thing

^d The Archbishop of *Canterbury*, was Lord Chancellor; the Bishop of *Bath* and *Wells*, Lord Treasurer; the Archdeacon of *Lincoln*, Privy Seal; *David Weller*, Parson of *Summerham*, Master of the Rolls; Ten Beneficed Priests, Civilians, Masters in Chancery; *William Mulse* Dean of *St. Martin's le Grand*, Chamberlain of the Exchequer, Privy Purse and Master of the Jewel-House; *William Ashby* Archdeacon of *Northampton*, Chancellor of the Exchequer; *William Dighton* Prebendary of *St. Martin's*, Clerk of the Privy Seal; *John de Troy* Priest, Treasurer of *Ireland*; *Snatch* Parson of *Oundle*, Master of the Wardrobe; *John Newham* Parson of *Fenny Stanton*, one of the Chamberlains of the

Exchequer; *John Rousbie* Parson of *Harwick*, Comptroller and Surveyor of the King's Buildings, and *Thomas Brimcham* Parson of *Ashby*, Treasurer for *Guien*, and Marshal of *Calais*.

^e *Astr.* p. 440.

^f This Sir *Guiscard Dangle* was remarkable for his Valour in *France*, and a great Favourite of the King.

^g *Hollinshead*, *Barnes*, &c.

^h This Lady was afterwards married to Sir *William* of *Windsor*, a Favourite at that time, and Lieutenant of *Ireland*, in whose Grave, at *Westminster* Abby, the late Rebel *Ireton* was buried.

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in a very indirect manner, influencing the Courts of Judicature, causing Sir *Peter Delamare* the Speaker of the Commons to be imprisoned, and for bribes persuading the King to pervert the course of Justice: In all which matters, *Speed* says the Duke of *Lancaster* was concerned; but it is not likely that Prince should appear publicly at the head of that Party, he himself having not long after no small hand in punishing several of the Actors in that Corruption. *Chaucer* was so nearly engaged in friendship with them, that there is reason to suspect he was not altogether unconcerned.

The old King being dead, *Richard* his Grandson succeeded him, being under the Governance of the Duke of *Lancaster*, who now endeavoured all he could to compose the Differences which had been long fomented; and being reconciled to the *Londoners*, he proceeded to prepare every thing for the most splendid Coronation that *England* had ever seen; insomuch that there are several Volumes in the *Cotton Library* written upon that affair: In one of which, there is a Petition of *Chaucer* to be admitted to serve as Chief Butler, in right of his Ward Sir *Edmond Staplegate*, for the Manor of *Billington* in *Kent*, which was held of the King by that service; but the Earl of *Arundel* put in another Petition, wherein he shews that Honour to have been formerly possessed by his Ancestors, and that *Staplegate* had never till now claimed it, and being a Minor was unqualified for it; which Petition was granted, reserving to *Staplegate* the right of making his Claim afterwards.

Chaucer was in some degree of favour at the beginning of this King's Reign. In the first year of it, by Letters Patents under the Great Seal bearing date the Twenty third day of *March*, the King confirmed to him, by the Title of *Dilectus Armiger noster*, the Grant made by the late King of Twenty Marks *per Annum*; and by other Letters Patents, bearing date the Eighteenth day of *April* in the same year, he confirmed the other Grant of the late King for a *Pycher* of Wine to be delivered him daily in the Port of *London*.

King *Rich. II.* in the second year of his Reign took *Chaucer* and his Lands into his Protection, which Mr. *Speght*ⁱ believes was occasioned by some trouble into which he was fallen, by siding with the common people. But he doth not seem to have been involved in that trouble till some time after, and therefore it is more likely this Protection was to secure him from his Creditors; as was likewise another Protection granted by the same Prince. It doth not appear by what means he was reduced to such low Circumstances, unless it was by the loss of his interest at Court, and of Advantages he enjoyed under his Master and Patron the late King. The Writer of his Life supposes he expended most of his wealth in Foreign Embassies, but it should rather seem that they were the means whereby he acquired it, he being generally well rewarded, as is before observed.

This King in the fourth year of his Reign confirmed the Grants made to *Chaucer* and *Philippa* his Wife of the several Annuities granted to them^k. And now this Lady being mentioned, for whose name we have this authentick Record, it will not be improper to cast an eye upon the Domestick affairs of our Poet. By her (for we find no other Wife mentioned) he had two Sons, *Thomas*^l, and *Lewis*. *Thomas* was about this time married to one of the greatest Fortunes in *England*, *Maud*, Daughter and Heir of Sir *John Burghershe*, Brother to Sir *Bartholomew Burghershe* Knight of the Garter, and Dr. *Henry Burghershe* Bishop of *Lincoln*, Chancellor and Treasurer of *England*. Mr. *Speght* says, this Lady was given him in marriage by King *Edw. III.* at his Father's request, in return for his great services done in his Embassies in *France*; but it is very much to be doubted whether at the Death of that Prince, *Thomas Chaucer* was of age to be disposed of in marriage.

His second Son *Lewis* was born in the year 1381. for he was ten years old^m when his Father wrote the Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, which was in 1391ⁿ. He was then a Student in *Merton College* in *Oxford*, and Pupil to the famous *Nicholas Strode*; but we have no farther account of him. It has been observed, that in the latter part of the late King's Reign, the Duke of *Lancaster* (for several reasons) encouraged the Opinions of *Wickliffe*, as did likewise *Chaucer*, the consequence of which began now to appear; for every ignorant fellow, who could neither read nor write, set up for a Teacher and Instructor in new Opinions, and particularly one *Smith*, who was followed by the Populace, and carried about by Great Men, as Sir *Lodowick Clifford*, Sir *Thomas Latimer*, Sir *John Trussel*, Sir *Richard Sturry* and others, who appeared armed where he preached; and therefore, says *Knighton*, the modestest Writer of that time, What they could not convince by Reason they terrified into Opinion.

The common people thus encouraged to shake off the yoke of the Clergy, began to feel that of the Government too heavy; and being now ripe for Insurrection (upon laying on some new Taxes) rose under *Straw*, *Tyler*, and *Littester*; which had like to have entirely overturned the Constitution. Their spite was chiefly directed against the Clergy, as appears by their

ⁱ In the Life of *Chaucer*.

^k Records collected by Mr. *Rymer*, in the House of Lords.

^l Some hold (says *Speght*) that *Thomas Chaucer* was not the Son of *Geoffrey Chaucer*, but rather some Kinsman of his,

whom he brought up; but he rejects that opinion upon the authority of Mr. *Glover*, alias *Somerſes*, who in the Pedigree makes him his Son.

^m *Astr.* p. 439, a.

ⁿ *Ib.* p. 442, b. & p. 433, a.

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beheading the Archbishop of *Canterbury* and the Prior of *St. John's* by *Smithfield*, who was Lord Treasurer, and by their burning that stately Priory, and plundering the Abbies of *St. Albans*, *Bury* and several others. As soon as this Rebellion was somewhat abated, the Parliament began to enquire into the cause of it; nor were there wanting Enemies of *Wickliffe*, who charged him and his Followers with being the Encouragers of it: But that is unlikely to be true; for had the Rebels been *Wickliffe's* friends, they would never have burnt the *Savoy*, the Palace of his Patron the Duke of *Lancaster*. However, some of his Followers gave too much cause for such a surmise; as Dr. *Hereford*, who asserted that Archbishop *Sudbury* deserved that Death he found; and the King the year following impowered the Bishops to arrest *Wickliffe*, and forbade his Subjects to encourage any of that Perswasion. *Wickliffe* appeared, and seemed partly to satisfy the Bishops with his Opinion.

The Duke of *Lancaster* finding his hopes of greatness check'd and his Life in perpetual danger from the King, began to grow more cautious of intermeddling in these matters; and therefore when Dr. *Hereford* and Dr. *Rapynodon* came to him, he in a passion told them their Doctrine was a Doctrine of Devils, and that he had hitherto been imposed upon in the representations made to him of *Wickliffe's* Doctrine, and bad them go and submit themselves to the Archbishop.

Chaucer how much soever he had espoused those Opinions, thought it prudence to conceal them more than he had done, seeing the inconveniences and danger they had occasioned; so that after the Prosecution by *Rich. II.* and the Duke of *Lancaster's* changing his mind, he thought it proper to be more circumspect. Nor doth it appear that at any time he ran all the lengths of that Opinion. His resentments were chiefly against the personal Vices of the Clergy, not their Doctrines; for the Pilgrimage to *Canterbury* is spoken of with reverence; and he calls *Becket* the *holy blisful Martyr*^o: And the Parion, tho' he would not *ren to St. Powles*^p to procure Livings, makes one in the Expedition to *Canterbury*. This I say, not as if that Journey was real; but *Chaucer* would never have been guilty of so great an impropriety as to make Persons act contrary to their Opinions. Nor did even the Leaders of that Party scruple the Ceremonies then used: They opposed them in opinion, but seldom differed from them in practice. Even *Wickliffe* himself always conformed, and held his Living of *Lutterworth* without interruption, and died in it of a Fit of the Palsy, which seized him while he was saying Mass. But *Chaucer* differed much from them even in Opinion; for in his *Testament of Love*^q, he confesses the Real Presence^r; which passage, because it exposes the neglect of Religion in his time, and shews his regard for Divine Worship, shall be here set down at large. *Lo! it accordeth, for soche there ben that voluntarie lustes haunten in courte with ribaudrie, that til midnight and more wol playe and wake, but in the church at matins he is behinde, for evil disposicion of his stomake. — His aulter is broke, and lowe lithe in pointe to gone to the yerthe, but his horse must ben esy and hie, to bere him over grete waters. His chalice pore, but he hath riche cuppes. No towaile but a sbete, there God shall ben handelid. And on his mete-bord ther shall been bordeclothes and towelles many paire. At masse serveth but a clergion: five Squiers in hall. Pore chauncell, open holes in every side: Beddes of silk, with tapites going al about his chambre. Pore masse-boke and leude chapelaine, and broken surplice with many an hole: gode houndes, and manye, to hunte after harte and hare, to fede in ther festes. In the House of Fame^s we find him again going on Pilgrimage. We may gather his opinion of the Invocation of Saints, from his *Priere de nostre Dame*, his Ballad in commendation of our Lady, and several other Pieces. But however *Chaucer* might despise some extravagancies of the Church of *Rome*, yet that he died a Member of it, seems plain by his Retraction^t.*

The King, taking the Government upon himself, and giving way to the advice of a set of young profligate Courtiers, began to hate and despise most of the late King's friends; and particularly he endeavoured by all possible means to take off the Duke of *Lancaster*, whose Interest was now at a very low ebb. In order to which, one *Latimer*, an *Irish* Fryer, Bachelor of Divinity, accused him of an attempt to kill the King. Whether there was truth in the accusation, or whether it proceeded from the malice and revenge of that Order, is doubtful; but the Fryer was privately murdered, before he could make out the charge, by the Lord *John Holland* and others, to whose custody he was committed; and that in a shameful and barbarous manner. This Lord *John Holland*, called Lord of *Huntington*, and Duke of *Exeter*, was half brother to the King, and had married *Elizabeth*, Daughter of the Duke of *Lancaster*. He was a great Patron of *Chaucer*, and was much respected by him.

The Duke having escaped that storm, was not yet secure; for if Evidence failed, the King had an entire confidence in the Compliance of the Lord Chief Justice *Tresilian*, before whom it was attempted to have him tried. But the Duke stood upon his guard at his Castle of *Pontefract*, till by the King's Mother matters were brought to some temperament. With the

^o Prol. 17.

^p Ib. 511.

^q P. 492, b.

Mon. 1684. Vol. II. p. 42.

^r Mr. Fox seems to be of a contrary opinion. Acts and

^s In the Beginning of the First Book.

^t P. 214.

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Duke's Interest, that of *Chaucer's* entirely sunk: His Patron being now incapable of serving or supporting him, he found the want of a hand able to lead him safely through the difficulties of Publick Stations.

The Duke passing over Sea, his Friends felt all the malice of the opposite Party, which had long waited for revenge, and in order to it, sought all possible means of oppressing them. This put the others upon calling in a number of the Populace to their assistance, which is the general refuge of an oppressed Party. By these means several popular Commotions ensued, and particularly that in the City of *London*. As in this affair our Poet was no unartful Prompter behind the Curtain, so he felt the consequences of it in his downfall and ruin. One *John of Northampton*, a Creature of the Duke of *Lancaster*, was at the head of those Disturbances, who having been Lord Mayor the year before, made strong interest to be again chosen^u, and therefore opposed the following Election, securing to his party most of the Citizens, and crying out upon the extravagant mismanagement of the City, suggesting that there was no possible way of securing them from ruin but by re electing him. This occasioned Insurrections; and our Poet being then Comptroller of the Customs in that Port, and joined in Party with *Northampton*, as being both in the Duke's Interest, encouraged them: But this Disorder did not continue long; for upon Sir *Robert Knolles's* beheading one of the Rioters it was quell'd, and *Northampton* taken into Custody. Strict search was made for *Chaucer*, but he made his escape into *Hainault*, and afterwards into *France*, and finding the King resolved to get him if possible into his hands, (as the fittest person to discover the Abettors of those Commotions) he fled thence into *Zealand*, with this intent chiefly (as he says) *their privitie to concele*^v.

Several of the Accomplices in this affair were with him, whom he supported^x in their Exile, while the chief Ringleaders (except *Northampton*, who was condemned at *Reading*, upon the evidence of his Clerk) had here at *London* made their peace, by acknowledging their Crime, and making Submission, and had now forgot the Honour and Integrity of *Chaucer*, who suffered Exile to secure their Secrets. Nay, to such a base height of Ingratitude were they arrived, that they wished his death, and endeavoured it, by keeping all supplies^y of Money from him: And while he expended his Fortune in removing from place to place, and in assisting his Fellow-exiles, he was so far from receiving any assistance at home, that his Apartments were let, and the Money received for Rent was never accounted for to him; nor could he recover any from those who owed it him, they being fully perswaded it was impossible for him ever to return into *England*. The Government still pursuing their Resentment against him and his friends, they were constrained to leave *Zealand*; and *Chaucer* having no possible means left of struggling longer with the difficulties of Exile and Poverty, and finding no security wherever he fled, chusing to submit his Life to the Laws of his Country, rather than lose it through hunger and want in foreign parts, returned into *England*.

He had not been long here before he was arrested^z by order from the King, and imprisoned (as it is probable) in the Tower of *London*. And now the Government thought they had it in their power to make a full Discovery of the late Rebellion, and sending for him, told him that in order to obtain Mercy of the King, his only way was to confess the secrets of his Treason, and discover the Confederates in it; desiring him to propose in what manner those differences might be composed^a. But he a long while evaded all the arts used to make him confess, and was very unwilling to bring the malice of so powerful a Party upon him by betraying their secrets, which he says he conceal'd longer^b than he ought; but *the King and his Princes* (to use his words) having obliged him upon Oath to declare what he knew, and *with huge words and grete*^c urged him to confess, and watching his words strictly and narrowly to catch him, if they could, varying in his Confession, he very freely disclosed all he knew, and impeached the Persons concerned with him; and not only so, but (according to the custom of Trials at that time) offered to prove the truth of his Confession by Combat^d.

^u The Records are silent as to the reason of *Chaucer's* falling under the displeasure of the Government; but this seems to be the occasion; for in his *Testament of Love*, he every where alludes to the Commotions of the City; and says, that he was drawn to be assentaunt, and in his mightes helping to certain conjurations, and other grete matters of rulyng of citizins, p. 485, b. and seems to have an eye particularly to the design of this man, by these words; But than thilke Governour sayninge toforne his undoinge for misrule in his time, shope to have letted thilke election, and have made anewe himsele to have been chosen, and undir that moky lere have arered p. 486, b. And again he expresses his offence to be against the Government of the City, and says; He rought lytel of any hate of the mighty Senatours in thilke cite, ne of communes malice. p. 485, and 486, b.

^v Test. p. 488, a.

^x Owen not some of hem money for his [i. ther] comons? Paidest not thou for some of ther dispences, till they were turned out of Seland? Test. p. 487, b.

^y Loke now what peple haste thou served, whiche of hem all in tyme of thine exile ever The refreshed by the value of the lest coigned plate, that walketh in money? Test. p. 487, b.

^z When thou wer arested and first time enprisoned, thou wer loth to change thy waie. Test. p. 495, b.

^a And ever I was sought, if me lyst to have grace of my lyfe and frenesse of that prison, I shulde openly confesse howe pece might be endused to enden al the firste rancours. It was fullie supposed my knowing to be ful in the matters. Ib. p. 486, a.

^b I wene thou fleddest, as long as thou might, ther privitie to concele, whiche thyng thou heleste longer then shouldest. Ib. p. 488, a.

^c Ib. p. 495, b.

^d It is well wist both amongst the greteft and other of the relme, that I profered my body so largely into provinge of the thinges, that Mars shuld have judged thend; but for sochness of my wordes they durst not so thilke Judge trust. Ib. p. 487, a.

G E O F. C H A U C E R.

What the consequence of this Discovery was with respect to his Accomplices doth not appear. It brought upon him the ill will of most people, who (as he says) called him *false, lyer, base, ingratefull, &c.* But the King regarding him as a person beloved by his Grandfather, and a faithful servant to himself^c, pardoned him.

This miserable condition, so different from his former prosperity, as it is a proof of the uncertainty of human Happiness, so it gave occasion to his writing that excellent Treatise called *The Testament of Love*: In the beginning of which he thus reflects upon his former glory and his present misery; *Alas! Fortune, alas! I that some tyme in delicious boures was wont to enjoy blisfull stoundes, am now dryve by unhappy hevyness to bewaile my sondrie yvils in tene. Mirth is chaunged into tene, &c.* Thus witleffe, thoughtfull, fightlesse lokinge, I endure my penaunce in this derke prisoun, caityfied fro frendshippe, and acquaintaunce, and forsaken of all that any worde dare speke. And a little further; *O! where art thou nowe frendship, that some tyme with laughande chere madest bothe face and countenaunce to me wardes?* And in another place^f; *How am I now cast out of all sweteness of blisse, and mischevously stongen by passed joye! Sorrowfully must I bewaile and live as a wretch. Every of tho joyes is turned into his contrary: for riches now I have povertie, for dignitie now am I enprisoned, instede of power, wretchednesse I suffre, and for glory of renome I am now dispised, and fouliche hated; thus hath farne fortune, that sedainly am I overthrowen, and out of all welth dispoiled, &c.* Nor did he for some time recover the shock this gave him, having lost his best friends at Court for meddling in those affairs, and brought the clamours and malice of the Commons upon him by betraying their Designs: And his continual expences in encouraging and maintaining those Parties having exhausted most of his substance, he was reduced to the lowest degree of poverty, inso-much that when he was restored to his liberty, he was so incumbered with debts, that he durst not appear for fear of arrests. And to compleat his misery, he not only lost his interest with the King, by the disgrace of his Patron the Duke of Lancaster, but also his influence on the Duke by the means of Katherine Swynford his Wife's Sister was now much lessened. For the Duke, being dejected at the troubles in which he was involved, began to reflect on his vicious course of life, and particularly his keeping that Lady as his Concubine (whom, says Knighton^e, he had kept long in his house, neither fearing God, nor blushing at Man) and therefore he now resolved to put her out of his house, and made a Vow to that purpose. Our Poet thus reduced, knew not which way to turn himself for support; he was therefore constrained to dispose of the Pensions granted him by the late King, by a surrender in Chancery, to the use of one John Scalby, as appears by the King's Grant of the same^h.

Thus dispossessed of places, power and wealth, through a misapplication of them and an unguarded conduct, he retired to *Woodstock*; and weary of a long series of hurry, noise, danger and confusion, he shifted it for quiet and the calm pleasures of a studious safety, which produced his excellent Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, which is calculated for the Latitude of *Woodstock*, being a small matter different (as he says) from that of *Oxford*ⁱ. It appears from that piece, that the severe treatment which Chaucer received from the Government did not make him a firm Malecontent; for he strictly enjoins his Son to pray for the King^k.

It may not be improper to observe, that during Chaucer's troubles, in the Tenth year of Rich. II. there was a dispute in a Case of Chivalry depending between Sir Richard Grosvenour and Sir Richard le Scrope, concerning their Arms; which the King directed John Staple and Walter Leycester Heralds, to examine. They accordingly met at the *Preaching Fryers* in London, on Monday the last day of May, where appeared as Witnesses most of the chief Nobility in England, and other persons of distinction; among whom was our Chaucer, who gave in evidence "That he saw Scrope armed at Rottes in France, Azure with a bend d'or,

^c And I made thou haddest grace of thy King in soryevenesse of mikil misdede: to the gracious King art thou mikil holden, &c. lb. p. 495, b.

^f lb. p. 502, a.

^e Habebat namque Dominam Katherinam de Swynforde alienigenam in familiâ cum uxore suâ, unde suspicio sinistra maxime de eo oriebatur; et votum vovis Deo, quod cum citius posset dictam dominam à familiâ suâ amoveret cum effectu ultirius non offensurus. Knighton 2642. n. 40. Wallingham. 368. n. 10.

^h Ricardus, &c. salutem. Sciatis quod cum nos vicefimo tercio Martii, Anno Regni nostri I^{mo}. literas nostras patentes sub magno sigillo nostro aprobavimus et confirmavimus concessionem factam dilecto Armigero nostro Galfrido Chaucer per Dominum E. nuperum Regem Angliæ Avum nostrum, de viginti marcis percipiend singulis annis ad Scaccarium — ad totam vitam ipsius Galfridi, vel quousque idem Avus noster pro statu suo aliter duceret ordinand. ac postmodum decimo

octavo Aprilis anno predicto per quasdam literas nostras patentes sub magno sigillo nostro concessimus eidem Galfrido in recompensationem unius Pycher. [vini] per diem per presatum Avum nostrum eidem Galfrido alias concessi percipiend. in portu civitatis nostre London. — ad totam vitam ipsius Galfridi, et — viginti marcas percipiend. singulis annis ad Scaccarium nostrum ad totam vitam predicti Galfridi, &c. Nos ad supplicationem presati Galfridi pro eo quod ipse dictas literas nostras nobis in Cancellariâ nostrâ restituit Cancellario, de gratiâ nostrâ speciali, et pro bono servicio quod dilectus Johannes Scalby nobis impendit in futuro concessimus eidem Johanni dictas quadraginta marcas percipiend. — ad totam vitam ipsius Johannis, vel quousque pro statu suo aliter duximus ordinandum, &c. Teste me ipso apud Westm. 1. die Maii A.R. nostri xi. Burcon.

ⁱ Aft. p. 447, a.

^k lb. p. 439, b.

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“ and that Coat was by publick voice and fame taken for *Scrope's Coat* ¹. By this it should seem that *Chaucer* was some time in the Wars in *France*, the Scene of War being at one time near that place; to which we may add the Character given him, that he was *famous in arms as well as Letters* ^m.

The Duke of *Lancaster* surmounting his troubles, his Party gathered new life; particularly the Sentence against *Northampton* was repealed, and he himself cleared by a Certificate under the hands of the Mayor and Aldermen of *London*. Nor were the Dukes Resolutions of long continuance in regard to *Katherine Swynford*, for soon after his Vow before mentioned, he received her into more favour than ever, and granted her (by the Title of most dear and well-beloved) the Wardship of *Bertran de Sanby's* Heir, for being Guardianess to his Two Daughters *Philippa* and *Elizabeth*; and by the same appellation, and upon the same consideration, he granted her likewise an Annuity of Two hundred Marks *per Annum*, payable out of his Honour of *Tickhill*. These Pensions were exceeding large at that time, and it may seem profuse in the Duke to bestow so many favours upon this Lady; but it is to be considered that they were not only Rewards for her being Mistress to his Daughters, but were intended for the maintainance of five Children he had by her, who were born at *Belfort* (or *Beaufort*) Castle in *Anjou*, which came to the house of *Lancaster* by *Blanch of Artois* Queen of *Navarre*. She was delivered there probably for privacy, for she lived at *Lincoln* after the Death of Queen *Philippa*, in whose Life-time she was in the house with the Duke, but not publicly known to be his Mistress, much less that he had Children by her; therefore *Knigh-ton* says, there was only a strong suspicion of their intimacy. But the Duke, about the Twentieth year of this King, resolved to make amends at once for his former course of life, and when she had now no charms left to recommend her, married her at *Lincoln*; a Match which gave great offence to the Dutcheß of *Glocester*, the Countess of *Derby* and *Arundel*, and other Ladies of the Blood Royal, because hereby she took place of them. She was however much esteemed by King *Richard*, who appointed her to receive his Queen *Anne*, and attend her at her landing in *England*. Nor did the Duke think it sufficient to repair her Honour only, but likewise that of her Children: Accordingly the next year he procured them to be legitimated in Parliament ^o. The Children the Duke had by this Lady were, *John Beaufort* Earl of *Somerset*, *Henry Beaufort* Cardinal of *St. Eusebius*, first Bishop of *Lincoln* and afterwards of *Winchester*, and several times Chancellor of *England*, *Thomas Beaufort* Duke of *Exeter* and Earl of *Derbet*, and *Joan* Countess of *Westmorland*: So that by this Marriage *Thomas Chaucer* became allied to most of the Nobility, and to several of the Kings of *England*.

And now the Sun began to shine upon *Chaucer* with an Evening ray after a stormy Afternoon; for at the Sixty fourth or Sixty fifth year of his age, the King granted to him, by the Title of *dilectus Armiger noster*, an Annuity of Twenty Marks *per Annum* during Life, as a Compensation for the former Pension granted to him by *Edw. III.* which by his ill conduct he was obliged to part with. But that (how sufficient soever it might be for a present support) could not discharge the many Debts in which *Chaucer* was engaged; and the King willing to skreen him till he should recover himself, granted him his Protection^p dated at *Westminster* the fourth day of *May* in the Twenty first year of his Reign; setting forth that the King had occasion to employ him in several affairs of moment. And the year following he granted to him by the Title of *Armiger noster*, by Letters Patents dated at *Westminster* the thirteenth day of *October*, in compensation of the *Pycher* of Wine daily, one Pipe of Wine annually in the Port of *London*, to be delivered to him by his Chief Butler^q; which Office was that year granted to his Son *Thomas*, who now growing in great favour, it will not be improper in this place to relate what we have concerning him.

It was before observed that *Thomas Chaucer*, by his marriage with *Maud* Daughter of Sir *John Burgbergh*, attained to great wealth. The Office of Chief Butler to the King, granted to him this year, was afterwards given him for Life by Letters Patents from King *Henry IV.* and confirmed by *Henry VI.* In the second year of *Henry IV.* we find him Speaker of the House of Commons, Sheriff of *Oxfordshire* and of *Berkshire*, and Constable of *Wallingford* Castle and of *Knaresborough* Castle during Life. In the fourth year of the same Reign, the King

¹ Roll in a Cause of Chivalry between *Scrope* and *Grosvenour*, 10 R. 2. communicated to Mr. Urry by John Anstis Esq; Garter Principal King at Arms. Sir Richard Grosvenor of *Eaton* in *Cheshire* has a Folio Book in Velum, wherein all the Proceedings in this Dispute are copied from the Records in the Tower; and *Chaucer's* Evidence is amongst other things there set down. This was communicated by Richard Mostyn Esq; of *Penbedw*, to Mr. T. Hearne of *Edmund-Hall*, *Oxon*.

^m *Virtutis pacisque artibus mirè florens*. Pits. in vitâ Chauceri.

ⁿ Pour le bon & greable service que nostre treschier & bien aimee Dame Katherine Swynford Maistresse de noz tresames filz, ad fait a noz distes filles lui avoir grauntes, &c. Ex libro nigro in Cam Duc. Lanc. fol. 96.

^o Lord Coke 4 Instit. Chap. 1.

^p Rex, &c. salutem. Sciatis quod cum dilectum Armigerum nostrum Galf. Chaucer ad quamplura ardua & urgentia negotia

nostra tam in absentia quam in presentia nostris in diversis partibus infra regnum nostrum Angliæ facienda & expedienda ordinaverimus; idemque Galfrid. timeat se, per quosdam amulos suos, per quamplures querelas sive sectas, dum sic negotiis nostris intenderis, inquietari, molestari sive implacitari, & nobis supplicaverit ut sibi in hac parte subvenire velimus: Nos volumus pro securitate ipsius Galfridi prospicere gratiosè suscepimus ipsius Galfridum ac homines, terras, res, redditus, & omnes possessiones suas in protectionem & defensionem nostras speciales, nolentes quod ipse a data presentium per duos annos integros ad cuiuscumque persona sectam nullatenus arresteretur, seu aliquatiter implaceretur, &c. — In cuius, &c. per biennium duratur. Teste Rege apud Westm. quarto die Januarii, &c. Pat. 21 R. 2. p. 3. m. 26.

^q Pat. 22 Ric. 2. p. 1. m. 5.

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directed an Order to him as Chief Butler to deliver 100 Tuns of Wine to the Duke of Burgundy. In the sixth year of the same Prince, he was sent Embassador into France; and the year following he went over Sea, joined in Commission with the King's Brother and G. Chaucer's Nephew, Henry Beaufort Bishop of Winchester. In the ninth year of the same Reign, on Tuesday the Twenty fifth of October, the Commons presented him their Speaker; as they did likewise in the eleventh year, on Wednesday the Twenty eighth of January. In the twelfth year of that Reign, Queen Jane granted to him for his good service, the Manor of Woodstock, Hannebrough, Wotton and Stuntlesfield during Life; and in the thirteenth year, on the fifth of November, he was again presented Speaker, as he was in the second of Henry V. on Wednesday the second day of Parliament. And in the same year he was sent by the King, in joint Commission with Hugh Mortimer, to treat of a Marriage with Katherine Daughter to the Duke of Burgundy. He was likewise Embassador in the fifth and sixth years of the same Reign with Walter Hungerford, Steward of the Household, in the same affair: And again, in the sixth year of the same Reign he was Embassador for Peace with France; and he passed through several other publick Stations, as appears by Records.

Mr. Stebbing intimates that he was Knighted, and calls him Sir Thomas Chaucer, but no such Title is given him in any Record: And if he received that Honour at the latter part of his Life, it would have been applyed to him after his death, which no where appears; but on the contrary, in an Entry of Lands held *in Capite* by his Daughter; and in the Epitaph on his Tomb he is only written *Armiger*.

The chief place of his Residence was at *Ewelme* in *Oxfordshire*, where he dyed in the year 1434, and lies buried in that Parish Church, under a Black Marble Tomb, in a fair Chapel the South side of the Quire, with the Effigies of him and his Wife upon the Tomb in brass plates, and round the verge of the Stone is this Inscription; *Hic jacet Thomas Chaucer Armiger, quondam Dominus istius villæ & patronus istius ecclesiæ, qui obiit 18. die Mensis Novembris Anno D. 1434. & Matildis uxor ejus, quæ obiit 28. die Mensis Aprilis Anno D. 1436.*

By his Wife *Maud*, or *Matilda*, who survived him two years, he had one Daughter named *Alice*, who was thrice married; first to Sir *John Philips* Knight, and afterwards to *Thomas Montacute* Earl of *Salisbury*, who dying left her very rich: Her third Husband was the famous *William de la Pole*, Earl and afterwards Duke of *Suffolk*, who was first secretly married to the Countess of *Hainault*, by whom he had one Daughter; but procuring a Divorce from her he married this *Alice*, by whom he had one Son, *John* Duke of *Suffolk*. Duke *William* lived chiefly at *Dunnington* and *Ewelme*; at the first of which *Stow* says he built an Hospital, but he seems to mistake it for that founded by *Adderbury*, as before-mentioned, for *Dugdale* takes no notice of any other; but at *Ewelme* he founded one called *God's House*. He was an instance of the danger of a Prince's Favour, and the envy that attends it: For influencing the Notions and the Will of his Master *Henry VI.* too much, and abusing the Power he had over that easy Prince, he enraged the Commons to that degree, that nothing less than his Banishment could appease them; which being agreed to, the *Torkists* fearful of his return, seized him in his passage in *Dover* Road, and cut off his head upon the side of a Cock-boat; and his Body was buried at the Charterhouse at *Hull*. The Dutchess survived him several years, and after an honourable Life dyed at *Ewelme* in the year 1475^e.

Their Son *John* had issue (according to *Leland* *) *John* Earl of *Lincoln*, *Edmond*, after Duke of *Suffolk*, *Richard*, *William*, and who was a Scholar in *Gurvil-Hall* in *Cambridge*. *Edmond de la Pole*, the last of that name Duke of *Suffolk*, for being in Treason against *Henry VII.* (for which he had been once pardoned) forfeited his Life to the Crown, and was beheaded in the seventh year of that King's Reign; whereby the Estates which *Chaucer's* Family was possessed of came to the Crown; and particularly the Hospital of *Ewelme*, which was by King *James* the First annexed to the Physick Professor of *Oxford*, who is always Master thereof.

But to return to our *Chaucer*: The King, about the Twenty second year of his Reign, confirmed again to him the Grant for the Pipe of Wine annually; and by means of these Grants and the Influence he recovered by the Duke of *Lancaster's* Marriage, he again grew to a considerable share of wealth. But being now near Seventy years of age, and tired with a tedious view of hurried greatness, he thought it high time to withdraw from the Court Stage, where he had acted so considerable a part and with such various success, to consider and at distant leisure reflect upon what he had been doing. In order to which, he retired to *Dunnington* Castle near *Newbury*, where he spent the two or three last years of his Life; which

* Lel. Itin. Vol. VIII. p. 12 and 131.

* Lel. says, that for love of her and the commoditie of her Landes, he fell much so dwelle in *Oxfordshire*, and *Berkshire*. Itin. Vol. II. p. 6.

* She lies buried in the Parish Church of *Ewelme*, on the South side of the High Altar in a Tomb of Alabaster, with an Image in the Habit of a Vowess crowned lying on the

same, and (as *Spoght* says) another Image under the Tomb, so near as may be like unto her at the time of her death, with this Epitaph; *Orate pro animâ serenissima Principissa Aliciæ Ducissæ Suffolciæ hujus Ecclesiæ patronæ, & primæ fundatoris hujus Elemosinaria, quæ obiit 20 die mensis Maii, Anno Domini 1475. Littera Dominicali A.* Lel. Itin. Vol. II. p. 6.

* lb.

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being the last place of his Retirement, some account of it may not be unacceptable. It was in Mr. *Camden's* time (when in it's Glory) "a small but neat Castle, situate upon the brow of a rising Hill, having an agreeable prospect; very light with Windows on all sides, said to be built by Sir *Richard Adderbury* Knight; who likewise founded an Hospital beneath it, called *God's House*: it was afterwards the Seat of *Chaucer*, then of the *De la Pole's*, and in our Father's memory the dwelling of *Charles Brandon*, Duke of *Suffolk*". At the beginning of the Rebellion in the Reign of King *Charles* the First, it was a Garrison for the King under the valiant Sir *John Boys*, which commanded the Western Road and Town of *Newbury*, and was therefore of considerable advantage to the Royal Party, as a safe Retreat; and the Cannons playing from it, much annoyed the Parliament Forces. This place his Majesty honoured by lying one night in it; but after a rough assault, and as bold a resistance (during which several of the Towers were battered down) it was surrendered upon honourable conditions. This was the ancient state, and the occasion of the late ruin of that pleasant Structure. At present there is nothing to be seen of it, but what raises horror and concern; a battered Gateway with two Towers, and some small part of the shattered Walls being all that remains thereof. The ground about it and the Ruins of it are choaked with Brambles, and overrun with Ivy; but lest even the place of it's situation should in a few years more be forgot, I shall as plainly as I can describe it. It lies half a mile to the right of *Spinham* sand (the ancient *Spina* of *Antoninus*) and a mile beyond *Newbury*, on the same side; as you go from *London*, you pass over the River *Kennet* to the Village of *Dunnington*, from which there is a pretty steep but pleasant Ascent through a Lane to a Hill under the Castle, where stands a Seat (as I remember) of the Countess of *Sandwich*. From hence rises the Castle-Hill very steep, and not unlike that whereon the Observatory stands at *Greenwich*; and from this Hill there is a very fine Prospect of several Counties. On the back of the Castle are level Grounds, Woodlands and Enclosures. It stands in a pleasant Park, and is at present the Estate of *Robert Packer* Esq; in right of his Wife, one of the Daughters and Coheirs of Sir *Humphrey Winchcombe* of *Bucklebury*. In this Park stood an Oak called *Chaucer's Oak*, under which he is said to have written several of his Poems. Mr. *Evelin* gives a particular account of this Tree, and says there were three of them planted by *Chaucer*; the King's Oak, the Queen's Oak, and *Chaucer's Oak*. In this pleasant Retirement *Chaucer* spent the few last years of his Life, living in honour, and esteemed by all, famous for his Learning, not only in *England*, but in foreign Countries.

He was universally beloved, and even Party-Zeal could not raise him Enemies. Of Friendships he selected the best, being familiar with, and received by all the Men of Learning at that time. Of these *Gower* was the chief, who was of an honourable family, and by some counted a Knight: He studied the Laws, and seems by a Collar of SS. upon the Statue on his Tomb, to have been in some considerable Station at that time. He wrote several Pieces, in which he makes honourable mention of our Poet, and addresses him as a Judge of his Works. He was a Man of singular Learning, and great Piety; but much given to change with the turns of State: He lived to a great age, and survived *Chaucer* two years, and was * stone blind before his death. He lies buried in *St. Mary Overies* Church in *Southwark* †.

With *Gower* he joins another of his friends in the Inscription of *Troilus* and *Cresseide*, whom he calls the *Philosophical Strode*; whose Christian name, according to *Leland* and *Bale*, was *Ralph*; but according to others, *Nicholas*. He was a celebrated Philosopher at that time of *Merton* College, and Tutor to *Chaucer's* Son *Lewis*, as appears by a Note at the end of a MS. Treatise of the *Astrolabe*, amongst the Books of the late Bishop of *Ely* *. *Bale* says, he wrote several pieces of Poetry, and particularly four Books of Elegiacs. He was a great Follower of *Wickliffe*.

There can be no doubt of *Chaucer's* intimacy with *Wickliffe*; being probably of the same College with him, a Follower of his Opinions, and both Retainers to the Duke of *Lancaster*.

Thomas Occleve, or *Hocklife*, was a particular favourite of our Poet, and is said to be his Scholar; but it may be doubted whether strictly speaking he was his Pupil: It is more probable that *Chaucer* might be his Master (as *Lidgate* and others call him theirs) because *Occleve* took his Works for his pattern in writing, or submitted his Writings to his correction;

* Castellum exiguum sed elegans, nemorosi collis supercilio prospectu amœno positum, & quod interius omne fere lumen admittit, conditum verò ferunt à Ricardo Adderbury Equite Aurato, qui etiam sub eo Domum Dei pauperculis fundavit; postea fuit Chauceri, inde Delapolorum; & patrum memoria Caroli Brandon Ducis Suffolciæ habitatio. Camd. Brit.

* As appears by his own words;

Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus,
Quo mihi defecit visus ad acta mea, &c.

† In the Chapel of *St. John Baptist* in *St. Mary Overies* Church in *Southwark*, to the Rebuilding of which Church *Gower* had been a considerable Benefactor, there is a fine Monument in the Wall of the North Isle, where his Statue lies in a Gown flowered with greenish Damask, with a Crown of Roses, and a Collar of SS. his three Books lying under his Head. See *Stow's Survey*.

* The words in the MS. are these; Explicit Tractatus de conclusionibus Astrolabii compilat. per Galfredum Chauciers ad filium suum Ludewicum scholarem tunc temporis Oxoniæ, ac sub tutela illius nobilissimi Philosophi Magistri N. Strode.

G E O F. C H A U C E R.

and perhaps he might receive some particular Instructions ^a from him, and upon that account might shew him such respect as Mr. *Pope* does to the Memory of the late Mr. *Walsh* ^b. This Gentleman (who next *Chaucer* was one of the politest Wits in *England*) was of the Office of the Privy Seal. He wrote a Book called *Cupid's Letter*, printed with *Chaucer's Works*, which is a curious Defence of, and at the same time an artful Satyr upon Women: This piece is by some ascribed to *Chaucer*, but by mistake; it being written in the year 1402 (as appears by the Date at the end of it) which was two years after *Chaucer's* Death. He was (as *Bale* says) a strict Follower of the Opinions of *Wickliffe*, and *Berengarius*, which he had imbibed at *Merton College*, of which he was some time Student. To this Person we are particularly obliged for *Chaucer's* Picture, which he caused to be drawn in his Book *De regimine Principis* dedicated to King *Henry V.*

It is highly probable that *Lidgate* was intimately acquainted with our Poet, he being about Thirty years of age at *Chaucer's* Death. He is a close Imitator of our Poet in his Works, and frequently uses his very Expressions, copying whole lines together in some places. In his Story of the *Siege of Thebes* (which *Pitts* says was written by *Chaucer*, and turned into English Verse by *Lidgate*) he shoves himself into the Company of *Chaucer* and his Pilgrims, laying the Scene at *Canterbury*, where that Story is told. He was no small Refiner of our Language; and his Pieces seem much more modern, than several of those of his Contemporaries. He had by Travel acquired all parts of Learning, and lived and died a Monk of *Bury* ^c. We have as much reason to believe that *Scogan* had a share in *Chaucer's* friendship, being (as *Leland* says) an admirer and imitator of him.

Chaucer had in the former part of his Life been acquainted with *Francis Petrarch*, the famous *Italian* Poet and Refiner of that Language. This acquaintance is supposed to have commenced at *Milan* in 1368. the Forty third year of King *Edward III.* and about the Fortieth of *Chaucer's* age, when *Lionel Duke of Clarence* married with *Violante*, or *Iolantis*, Daughter of *Galeazzo Prince of Milan*, and Sister of *John Galeazzo* first Duke of *Milan*. The Duke of *Clarence* went over attended with the chief Persons of the Court, and at *Milan* he gave them one of the most splendid Entertainments we meet with in History. *Petrarch* was present ^d at this Marriage; and some write that *Chaucer* was there ^e: But whether this was the place or time of their interview, I cannot determine; there can be no doubt but they were known to each other; and *Chaucer* in the Prologue to the *Clerk of Oxenford's Tale* seems to hint at himself in that Character (as he does very often on the like occasions) where the Clerk says, he learned the Story of *Grifild* at *Padua* from *Petrarch*. Mr. *Dryden* in the Preface to his Tales says it was the Invention of *Petrarch*, by him sent to *Boccace*, from whom it came to *Chaucer*; but *Petrarch* only translated it from *Boccace* into Latin, and dedicated it to him. Nor is there any reason to doubt of our Poet's acquaintance, or at least friendship, with *Boccace* (from whom he borrowed many things) who at that time bestowed a great deal of pains in refining the *Italian Tongue*, as *Chaucer* did the *English*, and *Alan Chartier* the *French*.

Chaucer had not long enjoyed this Retirement before he lost his Patron and Brother, the Duke of *Lancaster*, who dyed in the year 1399. and was buried at *St. Paul's* in *London*, where his Tomb stood until the late Fire; and upon it an Inscription, wherein his last Marriage was mentioned ^f. His Wife survived him four years, and dying at *Lincoln*, was there buried ^g.

Not long after the Death of this Prince that Revolution happened in *England* wherein *Rich. II.* was deposed, and *Henry IV.* assumed the Crown. Whether *Chaucer* was concerned in this doth not appear; but doubtless as he was a Follower of the Fortunes of the House of *Lancaster*, it could not be disagreeable to him to see the Son of his old Patron and Brother, the late Duke of *Lancaster*, obtain that Crown which his Father reached at in vain. But the respect he retained for his former Master *Richard*, and Gratitude for the Favours he had received from him, kept him from trampling upon his Memory, and basely flattering the new King; as most of his Contemporaries did, and particular *Gower*, who, notwithstanding the obligations he had to *Rich. II.* ^h yet when old, blind, and past any hopes of honour or advan-

^a Occleve, in his Book *De regimine Principis*;

*My dere maister (God his soule quite)
And fader Chaucer fain would have me taught,
But I was yong and lered lise or naught.*

^b In his Essay on Criticism.

^c Prol. to History of *Thebes*.

^d *Paulus Jovius* in vitâ *Galeas. II.* p. 152.

^e Speght in his Life.

^f *Tertiam uxorem duxit Catherinam ex Equestri familia & oximiâ pulchritudine feminam, ex quâ numerosam suscepit prolem, unde genus ex matre duxit Henricus Septimus Rex Angliæ prudentissimus.* This Inscription was fixed in the Reign of *Henry VII.* Sandford.

^g She lieth in the Cathedral Church of *Lincoln*, on the South side of the Quire, under a Marble Monument, built Altar-wise, inlaid with her Effigies in brass; and on a Fillet of the same is this Epitaph; *Ici gist dame Katherine Duchesse de Lancastre, filz a tresnoble Roy Edward le tierce, la quelle Katherine moreult le x jour de May l'an de grace Mil cccc tierz, de quelle alme Dieu eyt mercy & pitie. Amen.* Sandford.

^h In the Prologue to his *Confessio Amantis* he tells how kindly King *Richard* called him on the *Thames* to come out of a Boat into the Royal Barge, where he commanded him to write that Book. This is omitted in the printed Editions, but supplied in an Advertisement to the Reader in the Edition of 1554.

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rage, unless the view of keeping what he enjoyed, basely insulted the Memory of his murdered Master, and as ignominiously flattered his Murderer.

Tho' *Chaucer* nowhere mentions the name of *Hen. IV.* no doubt he was very well with that Prince, whose precarious Title wanted the assistance of the learned Men of those times to support it: And we find that in the first year of his Reign he confirmed to *Chaucer* the Grants of the Pipe of Wine and of the ¹ Annuity (which had been accidentally lost) by an Exemplification of the former Patents of *Rich. II.* Nor did he think this sufficient to shew the value he had for his Father's Friend and Brother; but in the same year he granted to him an Annuity of Forty Marks *per Annum* during Life.

Mr. *Dryden* says that *Chaucer* was employed abroad and favoured by *Edward the Third*, *Richard the Second*, and *Henry the Fourth*, and was Poet (as he supposed) to all Three of them ^k. But with submission to that great Man, I find no grounds to believe he was Poet Laureat to any of them; and there is this reason for the contrary opinion, that there is not one Court Poem in all his Works. The words *Anglorum Vates ter maximus* upon his Tomb imply no such thing; the like being said of other Poets, who never had the Title of Laureat. The same may be said of the Title given him by *Lidgate* of chiefe Poete of *Brytayne*; which perhaps might induce others to think he was Poet Laureat. But Mr. *Selden* could find no Poet honoured with that Title in *England* before the time of *Edward the Fourth*, to whom one *John Kay* dedicated *The Siege of Rhodes* in prose, by the Title of his humble Poet Laureat ^l. If any Poet bore that Title then, it is more likely to be *Gower*, though Dr. *Fuller* floutingly says, he was neither Laureated nor Hederated, but Rosated, alluding to what *Pits* says concerning him ^m; yet it hath the head bound with a Filler, in allusion to the ancient Custom: To which may be added what *Gower* says of the King's commanding him to write upon several Subjects, as is observed before. And *Chaucer* was so far from being employed by *Henry IV.* that he had scarce time to receive any marks of Favour from him, dying in the second year of his Reign; tho' Mr. *Collier* and others fix the time of his Death in 1400, which was the nineteenth year of *Henry VI.* If so, he could be but ten years old at the death of *Edw. III.* and therefore unfit to be employed by him, or to hold the Offices he enjoyed under him.

But how pleasing soever the change of Government might be to him at first, he afterwards found no small inconveniencies attending it. The Measures and Grants of the late King were annulled, the Acts of Parliament for a whole year (*i. e.* the Twenty first of his Reign) totally repealed; and Affairs were in so dangerous a posture, that no man thought himself secure, who had been concerned in the late Administration. *Chaucer* thought it high time to secure his Affairs, and get fresh Grants of his Pensions. In order to which, he left his Retirement and applied to Court; where tho' he gained a Confirmation of some Grants, as is before mentioned, yet the fatigue of attendance and his great age prevented him by Death from enjoying them: Not that he had any view of further honour, or desire of publick Employments; for *Leland* says he found age burthensome, and while he followed his Causes at *London* he fell sick, and with a truly Roman Courage, and at the same time with a calm and Christian resignation, ended his days in the Seventy second year of his age, and left the World as tho' he despised it, shewing a scorn of worldly affairs in the Song of *Flie fro the prese*, &c. ⁿ. which he wrote in his last hours ^o. He dyed the Twenty fifth of *October* in the year of our Lord 1400. in the second year of the Reign of *Henry IV.* and was buried in *Westminster* Abby, in the great South cross Isle. Some Writers have affirmed that he was first buried in the Cloysters ^p, and lay there till some years after; but this is a mistake, for *Caxton* in his Edition of *Chaucer* (which was long before the time of his removal, as they place it) says that he was buried in the Abby Church of *Westminster* before the Chapel of *St. Bennet*: And it is very probable he lay beneath a large Stone of grey Marble in the Pavement where the Monument of Mr. *Dryden* now stands, which is in the Front of that Chapel; upon the erecting of which, this Stone was taken up and sawed in pieces to make good the Pavement. This seems best to answer *Caxton's* description of the place. *Speght* and others say the old Verses written upon his Grave were these ^q;

ⁱ Rex, &c. salutem. Constat nobis per inspectionem Rotulorum Cancellaria Domini Ricardi nuper Regis Angliæ secundi post conquestum, quod idem nuper Literas suas patentes fieri fecit in hac verba. &c. [Reciting the Patent for the Wine] Constat etiam nobis per inspectionem Rotulorum Cancellaria ejusdem nuper Regis, quod idem nuper Rex alias Literas suas patentes fieri fecit in hac verba, &c. [Reciting the Patent for the Annuity] Nos pro eo quod idem Galfridus coram nobis in Cancellaria nostra personaliter constitutus sacramentum præstitit corporale quod litera prædicta casualiter sunt amissa, tantorem irrotulamenti earundem literarum duximus exemplificandum per presentes. In cuius, &c. Teste Rege apud Westm. 18. die Octobris, &c. Pat. 1 H 4. p. 1. m. 18.

^k In the Preface to his Fables.

^l *Selden's* Titles of Honour. Part II. Ch. 1. §. 43.

^m Eique [Gowero] erecta est statua, quæ duplicia gerit ornamenta, torquem videlicet auream, insigne militis & Equitis aurati: ex Hedera rosis interstinctam coronam, honorarium Poetæ laureati ornamentum. In vitâ Goweri.

ⁿ See Page 548.

^o In a MS. in the Cotton Library (O THO. A. XVIII. these words are inserted before that Ballad; *A Balade made by Geffrey Chaucer upon his dethe bedde lying in his grete Anguysse*.

^p Fox's Acts and Mon. 1684. Vol. II. p. 42.

^q *Leland* says they were put upon his Tomb by *Caxton* the Printer, at whose request *Steph. Surigonus* of Milan made that Copy of Verses upon *Chaucer's* Death, inserted among the Testimonies, out of which these two Verses are taken.

GEOF. CHAUCER.

Galfridus Chaucer, vates, & fama Poësis
Maternæ, hâc sacrâ sum tumulatus humo.

But about the 1555^{*}. Mr. *Nicholas Brigham* a Gentleman of *Oxford*, who exercised his Muse much in Poetry, and took great delight in *Chaucer's* Works, and honoured his memory, at his own charge erected a handsome Monument for him not far from the said Chapel; for in the same place he could not then conveniently erect it, by reason of the *Cancelli*, which the late Duke of *Buckingham* obtained leave to remove to make room for Mr. *Dryden's* Tomb. Upon that Monument Mr. *Brigham* caused *Chaucer's* Picture to be painted, from that which was in *Occleve's* Book before mentioned, together with the following Inscription which still remains[†];

M. S.

Qui fuit Anglorum vates ter maximus olim
Galfridus Chaucer conditur hoc tumulo:
Annum si quæras Domini, si tempora vitæ,
Ecce notæ subsunt quæ tibi cuncta notant.

25. Octobris. 1400.

Ærumnarum requies mors.

N. Brigham hoc fecit Musarum nomine sumptus.
1556.

About the Ledge of the Tomb were these Verses now quite worn out[‡];

Si rogitis quis eram, forsan te Fama docebit;
Quod si Fama negat, mundi quia gloria transit,
Hæc monumenta lege.

He was, as before observed, of a middle stature[§], the latter part of his Life inclinable to be fat and corpulent, as appears by the Host's bantering him in the Journey to *Canterbury*, and comparing shapes with him[¶]. His face was fleshy, his features just and regular, his complexion fair, and somewhat pale, his hair of a dusky yellow, short and thin; the hair of his beard in two forked tufts, of a wheat colour; his forehead broad and smooth; his eyes inclining usually to the ground, which is intimated by the Host's words[‡]; his whole face full of liveliness, a calm easy sweetness, and a studious venerable aspect. As in the Characters of his Pilgrims he so naturally described them, that the nicest pencil could not possibly give us so full an Idea of them as his words; so likewise he has given us as just a Picture of himself: And as Mr. *Dryden* observes, he saw *all the Pilgrims in the Canterbury Tales, their Humours, their Features, and the very Dress as distinctly as if he had supped with them at the Tabard in Southwark*[‡]; so one may from the *Testament of Love* conceive as perfect an Idea of *Chaucer's* behaviour and actions in conversation, as if one were sitting in the Prison with him, while he discoursed with Philosophy. The down-cast look, the strict attention, the labouring thought, the hand waving for silence, the manner of address in speaking, the smooth familiar way of arguing, the respectful way of starting his objections, and in short every expression in that dispute figures a lively Image of him in the mind of the Reader.

As to his Temper, he had a mixture of the gay, the modest, and the grave. The spright-

^{*} So says *Weaver*, Fun. Mon. p. 489. who adds that *Brigham* buried his Daughter *Rachel* near to *Chaucer's* Tomb the 21. of June 1557. But *A. Wood* says that *Brigham* removed *Chaucer's* Bones into the South cross Isle or Transept of *St. Peter's* Church in *Westminster*, in the year 1556.

[†] See a Plate of the Monument in the Title Page.

[‡] So say *Speght* and *Weaver*. These Verses were probably written upon a Ledge of Brass, which may have been fixed upon the Marble Table, but is now taken away, and not upon the Stone it self, there being no footsteps of any writing upon the edge of it.

[§] In *Greene's* Vision, written by *Robert Greene* Master of Arts in *Cambridge*, there is a lively Description of *Chaucer*, who is introduced as appearing to the Author in this form;

His stature was not very tall,
Leane he was, his legs were small,
Hos'd within a stock of red;
A button'd bonnet on his head,
From under which did hang I weene,
Silver haire both bright and sheene,
His beard was white, trimmed round,
His countenance blithe and merry sound;

A sleevels Jacket large and wide,
With many pleights and shirtes side,
Of water Chamlet did he wear;
A whittel by his belt he beare;
His shoes were corned broad before;
His Inckhorne at his side he wore;
And in his hand he bore a booke:
Thus did this ancient Poet look.

[¶] The words of the Host to *Chaucer*. p. 144.

Now ware you, Sirs, and let this man have place;
He in the waste is shapen as wel as I,
This were a popet in armes to embrace, &c.

[‡] Ib. — *What man art thou? (quoth he)*
Thou lookist as thou wouldst find an hare,
For evir on the ground I se The stare.

[‡] In the Preface to his Fables.

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linefs of his humour was more diftinguifhed by his Writings, than by his Appearance; which gave occafion to *Margaret Countefs of Pembroke* often to rally him upon his filent Modesty in company, telling him, that his abfence was more agreeable to her than his converfation^z, fince the firft was productive of agreeable Pieces of Wit in his Writings, but the latter was filled with a modelt deference, and a too diftant refpect. We fee nothing merry or jocofe in his behaviour with his Pilgrims, but a filent attention to their mirth, rather than any mixture of his own; and when he is called upon by *Harry Baily* the Hofte, and rouzed out of his thoughtful Lethargy to tell a Tale, he endeavours to put it off by finging an old Ballad; but that not fatisfying the Company, the Tale he tells is grave, moral and inftitutive.

In his early years his Temper and Inclination were fomewhat too gay and loofe; nor did even Marriage confine his amorous humour, as appears by the Banter which paffed between him and his Man in fome Verfes written by them with a Diamond in the glafs Window where he lived^a; and he himfelf fpeaks with a^b penitent concern of the many wanton Songs he had writ in his younger years. Towards the latter part of his Life, the gay Gentleman gave way to the grave Philofopher and pious Divine.

When difengaged from publick Affairs, his time was entirely fpent in ftudy and reading: So agreeable to him was this exercife, that he fays, he preferred it to all other fports and diverfions^c. He lived within himfelf, neither defirous to hear nor bufy to concern himfelf with the affairs of his Neighbours^d. His courfe of living was temperate and regular; he went to reft with the Sun, and rofe before it^e, and by that means enjoyed the pleasures of the better part of the day, his morning walk and frefh contemplations. This gave him the advantage of defcribing the Morning in fo lively a manner as he does every where in his Works: The fpringing Sun glows warm in his lines, and the fragrant Air blows cool in his defcriptions; we fmell the fweets of the bloomy Haws, and hear the Mufick of the feathered Choir, when ever we take a Forreft walk with him. The hour of the day is not eafier to be difcovered from the Reflexion of the Sun in *Titian's* Paintings, than in *Chaucer's* Morning Landfapes. 'Tis true, thofe Defcriptions are fometimes too long, and (as it is before obferved) when he takes thofe early rambles, he almoft tires his Reader with following him, and feldom knows how to get out of a Forreft, when once entered into it: But how advantageous this beautiful extravagance is, moft of his Succelfors well know, who have very plentifully lopt off his exuberant Beauties, and placed them as the chief Ornaments of their own Writings.

His Reading was deep, and extenfive, his Judgment found, and difcerning; but yet (a thing rarely found in Men of great Learning and poignant Wit) he was communicative of his Knowledge, and ready to correct or pafs over the Faults of his Cotemporary Writers^f. He knew how to judge of, and to excufe the flips of weaker Capacities, and pitied rather than expofed the Ignorance of that Age.

In one word, he was a great Scholar, a pleafant Wit, a candid Critick, a fociable Companion, a ftedfaft Friend, a grave Philofopher, a temperate OEconomift and a pious Chriftian. He was not unacquainted with the ancient Rules of Poetry, nor did he difdain to follow them, tho' he thought it the leaft part of a Poet's perfections. As he had a difcerning Eye, he difcovered Nature in all her appearances, and ftript off every difguife with which the *Gothick* Writers had cloathed her: He knew that thofe Dreffes would change as Times altered; but that fhe her felf would always be the fame, and that fhe could never fail to pleafe in her fimple attire, nor that Writer who drew her fo; and therefore defpifing the mean affiftances of Art, he copied her clofe. He knew what it was to be *nimis Poeta*, and avoided it as the moft dangerous extreme. His Strokes are bold, and his Colours lively; but the firft not too much laboured, nor the other too fhowy or glaring. There is a wild Beauty in his Works, which comes nearer the Defcriptions of *Homer*, than any other that followed him: And though his Pieces have not that regular difpofition as thofe of the *Grecians*, yet the feveral Parts fe-parately compared, bear an equal value with theirs; and Mr. *Dryden*, than whom there was no better Judge of the Beauties of *Homer* and *Virgil*, pofitively afferts that he exceeded the latter, and ftands in competition with the former^g. Whoever reads the *Knight's Tale*, which is the beft of his Performances, being a finifhed Epick Poem, and examines the Characters, the Sentiments, the Diction, Difpofition and Time, will find that he was not unacquainted with the Rules of that way of Writing; but this requires an abler hand, and longer time to enlarge upon it.

That he was a true Mafter of Satyr, none will deny. It is true the Perfons levelled againft, and the Crimes expofed, would not allow of the fevere Scourge *Juvenal* made ufe of, nor was there fuch a variety of Follies as *Horace* facetioufly exploded: Not but that *Chaucer* had

^z See the godely Balade. p. 358.

^a *I am a married man, and yet — quoth Chaucer.*
Thou art a merry man, quoth Wat.

^b In his Retraflation. p. 214.

^c In the beginning of the Dreame of *Chaucer*, and Leg. of

gode Women. y. 29, &c.

^d So he describes himfelf in the fecond Book of Fame. y. 140, &c.

^e Leg. of goed Women. y. 45, &c.

^f *Occleve* and *Lidgate* bewail the lofs of him on this account. See the *Testimonies*.

^g In the Preface to his Fables.

GEOFF. CHAUCER.

a Scene of Vice in the Court of that time, capable of supplying him with matter sufficient for the sharpest strokes of Satyr; but he was wise enough not to exasperate a Court by which he was supported, and in which he had interest little enough to screen himself from malice, without provoking it: He knew he had a fair Province for the exercise of that Talent without exposing himself to it's resentment; and having a Court to back him, he has shewn by severely lashing an ignorant and corrupt Clergy, that he could (had it been safe) have applied as severe a lash to a vicious irreligious Laity. Yet there are some strokes which shew he was not incapable of writing in the *Horatian* way; of which the Physician whose *studie was but litle in the Bible*^b, the Lawyer who *semed besier than he was*^c, the libidinous Wife of Bath^k, and the testy cholerick Reve^l, and several other Characters are sufficient Instances.

That in the Elegiack kind of Poetry he was a compleat Master, appears plainly by his *Complaint of the Black Knight*, the Poem called *La belle Dame sans mercy*, and several of his Songs. He was an excellent Master of Love-Poetry, having studied that Passion in all it's turns and appearances; and Mr. *Dryden* prefers him upon that account to *Ovid*. His *Troilus* and *Creseide* is one of the most beautiful Poems of that kind; in which Love is curiously and naturally described in it's early appearance, it's hopes and fears, it's application, fruition, and despair in disappointment.

It is thought by some that his Verses every where consist of an equal number of feet, and that if read with a right accent, are no where deficient; but those nice discerning Persons would find it difficult, with all their straining and working, to spin out some of his Verses into a measure of ten Syllables^m. He was not altogether regardless of his Numbers; but his thoughts were more intent upon solid sense than gingle, and he tells us plainly that we must not expect regularity in all his Versesⁿ.

His Language, how unintelligible soever it may seem, is more modern than that of any of his Contemporaries, or of those that followed him at the distance of Fifty or Sixty years, as *Harding*, *Skelton*, and others; and in some places it is to this day so smooth, concise and beautiful, that even Mr. *Dryden* would not attempt to alter it, but has copied some of his Verses almost *literatim*: And *Chaucer* was the first that adorned and amplified the *English* Tongue from the *Provençal*^o, which was the most polished of all the Languages used at that time^p. It would require a just Dissertation to trace the old *French* Idiom through all his Works; but some notice being occasionally taken of it in the Glossary, the Reader must be referred thither.

I proceed to give some account of his Works, in the order wherein they were written, so far as it can be collected from them.

Mr. *Phillips* supposes a great part of his Works to be lost, above what we have extant of him^q; of that number may be, *manye a Song*, and *many a letcherous lay*^r, which might perhaps have been written by him while he was a Student at *Cambridge*. *Bale* and *Pits* give (after their manner) a very long Catalogue of his Works, by repeating the same Pieces under different Titles, which has lead others into the like mistakes.

The *Court of Love* was written while he resided at *Cambridge*, in the eighteenth year of his age^s.

The *Craft of Lovers* was written in the year of our Lord 1348. which was the twentieth year of his age^t; and it is probable the *Remedy of Love* was written about that time, or not long after^u.

The *Lamentation of Mary Magdalen*, taken from *Origen*, was written by him in his early years^v. And perhaps *Boerhius de Consolatione Philosophiæ* was translated by him about the same time^x.

The *Romaunt of the Rose*, is a Translation from the *French*. This Poem was begun by *William de Lorris*, and continued by *John de Meun*, both famous *French* Poets in their time^y. It seems to have been translated by *Chaucer* while he was at Court, and about the time of the Rise of *Wickliffe's* Opinions, it consisting of violent Invectives against the Religious Orders. It is left imperfect at the end, and there are some *Lacuna's* in other places of it.

The *Complaint of the Black Knight*, was written (as some do conjecture) during *John*

^b Prol. 324.

^k Ib. 460, &c.

^m See Mr. *Dryden's* Preface to his Fables, p. 8. quoted in the Testimonies.

ⁿ In the third Book of the House of Fame, §. 9, &c. See *Misse-metre* in the Gloss.

^o See the Testimony of Mr. *Rymer*, and Mr. *Dryden's* Pref. to his Fables.

^p *Winstanley* says, that herein he followed the Example of *Dante* and *Petrarch*, who had done the same for the *Italian* Tongue, *Alanus* for the *French*, and *Johannes Mena* for

ⁱ Ib. 440.

^l Ib. 589.

the *Spanish*. *England's Worthies*. p. 119.

^q *Theatrum Pœt.* Part II. p. 51.

^r See his Retraction. p. 214, b. and the Leg. of good Women. §. 422, 423.

^s Court of Love. §. 43, 911, &c.

^t Page 552, 553.

^u See the Prol. to the Rem. of Love. p. 526.

^v See the Leg. of gode Wom. §. 427, 428.

^x Ib. 425.

^y *Recueil l'Origine de la Langue & Poésie Française*. A Paris. 1581. Menagiana, Tom. 4. p. 67.

The LIFE of

of Gaunt's Courtship with *Blaunch*; and *Chaucer's Dreame* is supposed to be written upon account of the Duke of *Lancaster's* Marriage.

The Poem of *Troilus and Creseide* was written in the former part of his Life, and translated (as he says) from ^a *Lollius*, an Historiographer of *Urbane* in *Italy*; it is called *Trophe* in the *Lombard* Tongue. He has not contented himself with a bare Translation of his Author, but hath added several things of his own, and borrowed from others what he thought proper for the Embellishment of this Work; and particularly the Song of *Troilus* in the First Book is a Translation of that Song in *Petrarch*, which begins, *S'amor non è, che dunqu' è quel ch'io sento*? And that Discourse of Predestination in the Fourth Book is an addition of his own; in which Controversy, he seems by this Passage and that in the Priest's Nonne's Tale beginning at *℥. 1349.* to be so well versed, that Sir *Henry Savil* thinks he had perused Archbishop *Bradwardine's* learned Book *De Causâ Dei* published at that time ^b. Sir *Francis Kinaston*, who translated this Poem into Latin Rhimes, in his MSS. Notes upon it, says that it was not improbably conjectured that *Chaucer*, in writing the Lives and Loves of *Troilus* and *Creseide*, glanced at some private persons in the Court of King *Edw. III.* and did not follow *Homer*, *Dares*, *Dictys*, or any Historian of those times. However (says he) *Chaucer* has taken the liberty of his own inventions; he hath made an admirable and inimitable Epick Poem, describing in *Troilus* a compleat Knight in Arms and Courtship, and a faithful constant Lover, and in *Creseide* a most beautiful and coy Lady, which being once overcome yields to the Frailty of her Sex.

The *House of Fame*. From this Poem Mr. *Pope* took part of the Design of his *Temple of Fame*.

The Book of *Blaunch the Duchefs*, commonly called the *Dreame* of *Chaucer*, was written upon the Death of that Lady. It is called *The deth of Blaunche the Duchesse* in the *Leg. of gode Women*, *℥. 418.* and by *Lidg.* in his Prol. to the *Fall of Princes*.

The *Assembly of Fowls* (or *Parlement of Briddis* ^c, as he calls it in his Retraction) was written before the Death of Queen *Philippa*.

The *Life of St. Cecilia* seems to have been first a single Poem ^d, afterwards made one of his *Canterbury Tales*, which is told by the second Nonne: And so perhaps was that of the *Wife of Bath*, which he advises *John of Gaunt* to read ^e, and was afterwards inserted in his *Canterbury Tales*.

The *Canterbury Tales* were written about the year 1383. It is certain the Tale of the *Nonne's Priest* was written after the Insurrection of *Jack Straw* and *Wat Tyler*, which was in the year 1381. it being mentioned in that Tale ^f. It is probable that most of the Tales were written as so many distinct Poems at different times (as it has been before observed of the *Second Nonne's* Tale, and that of the *Wife of Bath*) and afterwards collected into one Body in Imitation of *Boccace's Decameron*, whence the Arguments of some of them were taken.

The *Flower and the Leaf*, was written by him; as appears by his own words in the Prologue to the *Legend of gode Women*. This is judged by Mr. *Dryden* to be of our Author's own invention, after the manner of the *Provençals* ^g; and he was so particularly pleased with it both for the Invention and Moral, that he recommends it to the Reader in a modern Dress.

Chaucer's A. B. C. called *La Priere de nostre Dame*, was written for the use of the Dutcheß *Blanch*.

The Book of the *Lion* is mentioned in his Retraction, and by *Lidg.* in the Prologue to the *Fall of Princes*; but it is now lost, as is that

De Vulcani veru, i. e. Of the Broche of *Vulcan*, which is likewise mentioned by *Lidgate* ^h.

La belle Dame sans mercy, was translated from the French of *Alain Chartier*, Secretary to *Lewis* the Eleventh, King of *France*.

The *Complaint of Mars and Venus* was translated from the French of Sir *Otes de Grantson* a French Poet. This Poem is supposed to have been written upon the account of the Lord *John Holland* before mentioned, who married the Lady *Elizabeth* (Daughter of the Duke of *Lancaster*) and that Lord is thought to be meant by *Mars*, and by *Venus* the Lady of *Tork*, Daughter to the King of *Spain*.

The *Complaint of Annelida* to false *Arcite*.

The *Legend of gode Women* (called *The Assembly of Ladies*, and by some *The Ninetene Ladies*) was written to oblige the Queen, at the request of *Margaret* Countess of *Pembroke*.

The Treatise of the *Conclusions of the Astrolabie* was written in the year 1391 ⁱ.

^a Tr. L. r. *℥. 395.*

^b See the Gloss. in *Agre.*

^c See the Passage among the *Testimonies*.

^d It is called *The Parliament of Fowles* in the *Leg. of gode Wom.* *℥. 419.* and by *Lidg.* in the Prol. to *The Fall of Princes*.

^e See the *Leg. of gode Wom.* *℥. 426.*

^f See the Envoy to the Duke of *Lancaster* after the Loss of *Blanch.* *℥. 29. p. 413.*

^g See p. 173. *℥. 1509.*

^h In the Pref. to his Fables.

ⁱ In the Prol. to the *Fall of Princes*.

^j See p. 442, b. and p. 443, a.

GEOF. CHAUCER.

Of the Cuckow and Nightingale. This seems by the Descriptions to have been writ at *Woodstock*.

The Ballade beginning *In Feverere*, &c. was a Compliment to the Lady *Margaret* Countess of *Pembroke*^k.

Verfes beginning, *The long nyghtis*, &c.

Several other Ballads are ascribed to him, some of which are justly suspected not to have been written by him; as that beginning, *O mossie Quince*^l, &c. and that beginning *I have a Ladie*^m, &c. which must needs be written long after his time; for the Marriage of Queen *Jane* with King *Henry IV.* which is therein mentioned, did not happen till after *Chaucer's* Death.

The Comedies ascribed to him, seem to be nothing else but his *Canterbury Tales*, and the Tragedies were those his Monk tells in his Taleⁿ; and they are so called in the Title of that Tale in some MSS.

The *Testament of Love* was written in his Troubles, in the latter part of his Life.

The Song beginning *Fly fro the prese*, &c. was written on his Death-bed, as it is before observed.

The *Testament and Complaint of Creseide*, are by *Bale* and *Pits* (after *Leland*) ascribed to *Chaucer*^o: But as to the Author of them, the Reader may be referred to the Note prefixed to them.

Leland says, that by the consent of the Learned in his time, the *Plowman's Tale* was attributed to *Chaucer*, but was suppressed in the Editions then extant, because the Vices of the Clergy were therein exposed. *Fox* is of the same Opinion^p, who also ascribes the little Piece called *Jack Upland* to him; as some have that Poem called *Piers Plowman's Visions*, confounding it with the *Plowman's Tale*.

Mr. *Speght* in his *Life of Chaucer* printed in 1602. mentions a Tale in Mr. *William Thynne's* first printed Book of *Chaucer's Works*, more odious to the Clergy than the Speech of the *Plowman*, which began thus;

*In Lincolneshire fast by a Fenne
Standeth a religious house, who doth it kenne, &c.*

The Argument of which Tale, as also the occasion thereof, and the cause why it was left out of *Chaucer's Works*, he promised should be shewed in Mr. *Francis Thynne's* Comment upon *Chaucer*^q; but neither the one nor the other have been since published.

One thing more is to be observed of his Works; that they were so universally valued, that we do not find them in the Catalogues of Books prohibited by the Bishop of *London*, in the year 1526. nor of those prohibited by the King, at the Instigation of the Bishops, by Proclamation in 1529^r. But on the contrary, in an Act of Parliament in the 34 *Hen. VIII. Cap. I.* For the advancement of true Religion, and for the abolishment of the contrary, the *Canterbury Tales*, *Chaucer's Works*, are excepted from the Prohibition of that Act.

As to the Tales added in this Edition; an Account of them comes within the Design of the Preface, to which the Reader is referr'd; as he is to the following Testimonies for a fuller account of the Judgment of Learned Men, both in *Chaucer's* time and since, concerning Him and his Works.

^k Page 556.

^l Page 558.

^m Page 557.

ⁿ See the Prol. to the *Monke's Tale*, y. 85, &c.

^o Dr. *Hickes* calls the *Testament of Creseide*, *Carmen Chauceri*. Gram. AS. p. 65. in marg.

^p Acts and Mon. Vol. II. p.

^q See *Wood's Athenæ* in *Francis Thynne*.

^r *Fox's Acts and Mon.* 1684. Vol. II. p. 233, &c.





TESTIMONIES

Of Learned Men concerning

CHAUCER and his WORKS.

Jo. Gower *De Confessione Amantis*,
Printed by *Thomas Berthelette*, 1554.
Fol. CXC. a. where *Venus* speaks
to *Gower*;

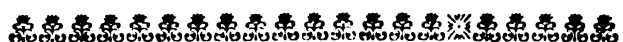
— **G** Rete well *Chaucer*, whan ye mete,
As my discipule and my poete,
For in the floures of his youth,
In sondrie wise, as he well couth
Of ditees, and of songes glade,
The which he for my sake made,
The londe fulfilled is over all;
Whereof to hym in speciall
Above all other I am most holde.
Forthy nowe in his daies olde
Thou shalt hym tell this message,
That he upon his later age,
To sette an ende of all his werke,
As he whiche is myn owne clerke,
Do make his *Testament of love*,
As thou hast done thy shrifte above,
So that my courte it may recorde.
Madame, I can me well accorde,
(Quod I) to telle as ye me bid.



John Lidgate in his Prologue to the
Story of *Thebes*, speaking of the
Canterbury Tales;

AS openly the Story can you lere
Word by word, with every circumstance
Echone iwrit and put in remembrance
By him that was, if [that] I shall not faine,
Floure of Poetes, throughout all Bretaine,
Which sothely had moste of excellence
In Rhetorike and in eloquence.
Rede his making who liste the trouthe find,
Which never shall appallen in my mind,
But alwaie freshe been in myne memorie,
To whom be yove prife, honour and glorie

Of well seyng first in our language;
Cheefe Registrer in this pilgrimage,
All that was told foryeting nought at all,
Feined tales, nor thing historiall,
With many Proverbs, divers and uncouth,
By reherfaile of his sugred mouthe,
Of eche thyng kepyng in substaunce
The sentence hole withoutin variaunce,
Voidyng the chaffe, sothely for to seine,
Enlumining the true piked greine,
By craftie writyng of his sawes swete,
Fro the tyme that they did mete.



The same Author in the Prologue to
his Translation of *Boccace* of the
Fall of Princes.

MY Maister *Chaucer* with his fresh comedies
Is dede, alas! chiefe Poete of Bretayne,
That whilom made ful piteous tragedies,
The Fall of Princes he did also complayne,
As he that was of makyng soverayne:
Whom all this londe schulde of ryght preferre,
Sith of our langage he was the lode-sterre.

And semblably as I have told toforne
My Maister *Chaucer* did his besynesse,
And in his dayes hath so well him borne
Out of our tong t'avoyden all rudenesse,
And to reforme it with colors of swetenesse:
Wherefore let us yeve him laude and glorye,
And put his name with Poetes in memorye.

Of whose labour to make mencion,
Wherethurgh of right he shulde commendid be,
In youthe he made a translacioun
Of a boke which called is *Trophe*
In Lumbard tong, as men may rede and se,
And in our vulgare, long or that he deyde,
Gave it the name of *Troilus and Cresseide*.

Which

TESTIMONIES, &c.

Which for to rede lovers them delite,
They have therin so grete devocioun;
And this Poete also himfelfe to quite,
Of *Boecius* boke the consolacioun
Made in his tyme an hole translatioun;
And to his Sonne that called was *Lewis*
He made a tretise, ful noble and of great prife.

Upon th' *Astrolabour* in full noble forme
Set them in ordre with ther divisiouns,
Mennys wittes t'applien and conforme,
To understond by full expert resons,
By domifieng of sundrie mansions,
The rote out sought at the Ascendent,
Toforme or he gafe any jugement.

He wrote also ful many a day agone
Dante in English, himself so doth expresse;
The piteous Story of *Ceix and Alcion*,
And the *dethe* eke of *Blaunche* the *Duchesse*;
And notably did his besinesse,
By grete avyse his wittes to dispose,
To translate the *Romans of the Rose*.

Thus in vertue he set all his entent
Ydelnes and vices for to fle:
Of *fowles* alle he wrote the *Parliament*,
Therin remembring of royall Egles thre,
Howe in their choyse they felte adversite,
Tofore nature profered the batayle
Eche for his partie, if it would avayle.

He did also his diligence and payne,
In our vulgare to translate and endite
Origene upon the *Maudelayne*;
And of the *Lyon* a boke he did write;
Of *Annelida* and of *false Arcite*
He made a complaynt doleful and piteous;
And of the *broche* which that *Vulcanus*

At *Thebes* wrought full divers of nature;
Ovide writeth who therof had a fight
For high desyre he shuld not endure
But he it had never be glade ne light;
And if he had it onys in his might,
Like as my maister faith and writeth in dede,
It to conserve, he shuld aye live in drede.

This poete wrote, at the request of the quene,
A *legende* of perfite holynesse,
Of *good women* to fynd out nynetene
That did excell in bounte and fayrenes;
But for his labour and besinesse
Was importable his wittes to encombre,
In all this world to fynd so grete a nombre.

He made the boke of *Caunterbury Tales*,
Whan the pylgryms rode on pylgrymage
Throughout *Kent*, by hylles and by dales,
And all the stories told in their passage,
Endited them full well in our langage;
Some of knighthode, some of gentilnesse,
And some of love, and some of perfitenes.

And some also of grete moralite
Some of disporte including grete sentence:
In prose he wrote the tale of *Melibe*
And of his wife, that called was *Prudence*;
And of *Grifildes* perfite pacience;
And how the *Monke* of Stories new and olde
Pitous tragedies by the weye tolde.

This sayed Poete my maister in his dayes
Made and compiled ful many a fresh dite,

Complaintes, ballades, roundeles, virelaies,
Ful delectable to heren and to se;
For which men shulde of right and equite,
Sith he of English in making was the best,
Pray unto god to yeve his soule good rest.

The same Author, *ibid.* L. I. C. 6.

BUT if ye list have clere inspectioun
Of this story upon every side,
Reade the *Legende of Cupide*,
Which that *Chaucer* in order as they stode,
Compyled of *women* that were called *gode*.

Touchyng the Story of Kyng Pandion
And of his godely fayre doughters twayne,
How Thereus false of condicion
Them to deceive did his besy payne:
They bothe named of beauty soverayne,
Godely Progne, and yonge Philomene,
Bothe Innocentis of intent full clene.

Their pitous fate in open to expresse,
It were to me but a presumption,
Syth that *Chaucer* did his besinesse
In his *Legende* as made is mencion,
Theit martyrdome, and their passion
For to reherse them did his besy payne,
As chiefe Poete called of Brytayne.

Of *good women* a boke he did write,
The number uncomplete fully of nynetene;
And there the story plainly he did endite
Of Thereus, Progne and Philomene,
Where ye may se their legende; thus I mene,
Do them worshyp, and forth their life do shewe
For a clere myrror, because there be but fewe.

The same, On the Praise of the Virgin Mary, Printed by *Wyllyam Caxton*, Cap. xxxiii. A commendation of *Chauceres*.

AND eke my master *Chauceris* now is grave,
The noble rethor poete of brytayne,
That worthy was the lawrer to have,
Of poetrye, and the palme attayne,
That made first to dystylle and rayne
The gold dewe dropys of speche and eloquence
Into our tunge thurgh his excellence.

And fonde the flouris first of rethoryke
Our rude speche only to enlumyne,
That in our tunge was never none hym lyke;
For as the sonne doth in heven shyne
In mydday spere down to us by lyne,
In whos presence no sterre may appere;
Right so his ditees withouten ony pere

Every makyng with his light distayne,
In sothfastnes whoso takyth hede;
Wherfore no wonder though myn herte playne
Upon his deth, and for sorow blede,
For want of hym now in my grete nede,

TESTIMONIES *concerning*

That shold alas! conveye and directe,
And with his supporte amende and correcte

The wronge traces of my rude penne,
There as I erre and goo not lyne right;
But for that he ne may me not kenne,
I can nomore but with al my myght,
With al myn herte and myn inward sight,
Prayeth for hym that now lyeth in cheste,
To God above to yeve his fowle good reſte.

And as I can forthe I wyl procede,
Sithen of his helpe ther may no focour be, &c.

~~~~~

*Occleve* in the Prologue to his Book  
*De Regimine Principis*;

**B**UT welaweye ſo is myn herte wo  
That the honour of Engliſh tong is dede,  
Of which I wont was han counſail and rede.

O mayſter dere and fadir reverent,  
My mayſter *Chaucer*, ſoure of Eloquence,  
Mirrour of fructuous entendement,  
O univerſel fadir in ſcience,  
Alas that thou thyn excellent prudence  
In thy bed mortel mighteſt nought bequethe!  
What eylid deth? Alas! why would he ſle the?

O deth, that didiſt nought harm ſingulere  
In ſlaughtre of him, but all the lond it ſmertith:  
But natheleſſe yit haſtow no powere  
His name to ſle; his hie vertue aſſertith  
Unſlayn fro the, which ay us lifely hertith  
With bokis of his ornat enditing,  
That is to al this lond enlummyng.

~~~~~

The ſame Author, *ibid.*

MY dere mayſter (God his ſoule quite)
And fadir *Chaucer* faine wold han me taught;
But I was a yong and lerned lyte or naught.

Alas my worthy maiſter honorable,
This londis verray treſour and richeſſe,
Deth by thy deth hath harme irreparable
Unto us done; ^b hir vengeable dureſſe
Diſpoiled hath this lond of the ſweteneſſe
Of Rethoryke; for unto Tullius
Was never man ſo like amonges us:

Also who was heyre in philoſophy
To *Ariſtotele*, in our tonge, but thou?
The ſteppis of *Virgil* in Poefie
Thou ſuedeſt eke; men know well inow
That combre-world, that thee my mayſter ſlow.
Wolde I ſlain were! Deth was too haſtife
To renne on thee, and reve thee thy life;

She might have tarried her vengeaunce a while,
To that ſome man had egal to the be:
Nay let be that; ſhe knew well that this Iſle
May never man forth bryng like unto the;
And her of office nedis do mote ſhe;

God bad her ſo, I truſt all for the beſt:
O mayſter, mayſter, God thy ſoule reſt.

~~~~~

The ſame in the Title *De conſilio habendo in omnibus factis.*

**T**HE firſte fynder of our fayre langage  
Hath ſeyde in caas ſemblable and othir mo  
So hyly well, that it is my dotage  
For to expreſſe or touche ony of tho.  
Alas my fader fro the world is go!  
My worthy mayſter *Chaucer*, hym I mene;  
Be thou advocate for hym, hevenes quene.

Alſow wel knowiſt, O bleſſid virgyne,  
With lovyng herte and hye devocioun  
In thyn honour he wroot full many a lyne;  
O now thyn help and thy promocioun;  
To god thy ſone make a mocoun,  
How he thy ſervaunt was, mayden Marie,  
And late his love ſoure and fructiſe.

Although his life be queynt, the reſemblance  
Of hym hath in me ſo freſh liſlyneſſe,  
That to put other men in remembraunce  
Of his perſone, I have heere his lykenesſe  
Do make, to this end in ſoothfaſtneſſe,  
That they, that have of hym loſt thought and  
mynde,  
By this peynture, may ageyn hym fynde.

~~~~~

Anonymous Verſes taken by Mr. *Speght*
out of a Book of Mr. *Stow's*.

O Fathers and founders of enornat eloquence,
That enlumined have our grete Britaine,
To ſone we have loſt our lauriat ſcience.
O luſtie licour of that fulſome fountaine,
O curſed death, why haſt thou thoſe poets ſlaine?
I mene *Gower*, *Chaucer*, and ^c *Gaulfride*;
Alas the time that ever they fro us dide!

~~~~~

*Gawin Douglas* Biſhop of *Dunkeld*, in  
the Preface to his Tranſlation of  
*Virgil's Aeneis*, Printed at *Edinb.*  
1710. p. 9.

**T**Hoch venerabill *Chaucere*, principall poete but  
pere,  
Hevinly trumpeter, orlege and regulere,  
In eloquence balme, condict and diall,  
Myky fountane, clere ſtrand, and rois riall,  
Of freſche endite throw *Albioun* Iland braid,  
In his legend of notabillis ladyis ſaid,  
That he couth follow word by word *Virgill*, &c.

<sup>a</sup> *Al. dul.*

<sup>b</sup> *Al. his.*

<sup>c</sup> *Geoffrey Vineſalve.* See the Gloſſ. in *Gaulfride*.

*Leland in his Encomia illustrium Virorum, Coll. Vol. V. p. 141.*

In laudem Gallofridi Chaucer, Isiaci.

**D**UM juga montis aper, frondes dum lata volucris,  
Squamiger & liquidas piscis amabit aquas,  
Maonides Græca lingua clarissimus auctor  
Aonio primus carmine semper erit;  
Alifonisque lyrae, Phæbo applaudente, Latina  
Gloria Virgilius maxima semper erit:  
Nec minus & noster Galfridus summa Britannæ  
Chaucerus musæ gratia semper erit.  
Illos quis nescit felicia secula tulisse?  
Hunc atas tantum protulit illa rudis.  
Tempora vidisset quod si florentia Musis,  
Æquasset celebres, vel superasset avos.

Idem ibid. p. 141.

**P**Radicat Aligerum merito Florentia Dantem,  
Italia & numeros tota (Petrarcha) tuos:  
Anglia Chaucerum veneratur nostra Poetam,  
Cui vneres debet patria lingua suas.

Idem ibid. p. 152. This was written by *Leland*, at the request of *Thomas Berthelet*, a diligent and learned Printer, who first printed *Chaucer's Works*, put out by *Mr. Thynne*<sup>d</sup>.

**Q**UUM<sup>e</sup> vivum teres Atticus leporem  
Invenisset, & undecunque Gracam  
Linguam perpoliisset, insolenter  
<sup>f</sup> Audebat reliquos, rudes vocare;  
Cujus & judicium impiger Quirinus  
<sup>h</sup> Intenso studio sequens Latinum  
Sermonem<sup>i</sup> quoque reddidit venustum,  
Et cum Græco alios rudes vocavit.  
At quanto mihi rectius videtur  
Fecisse officium suum disertus  
Chaucerus, brevitate primus apta  
Linguam qui patriam redegit illam  
In formam, ut venere & lepore multo,  
Ut multo sale, gratiaque multa  
Luceret, velut Hesperus minora  
Inter sidera; nec tamen<sup>k</sup> superbus  
Lingua barbariem exprobravit ulli  
<sup>l</sup> Genti: tam facilis fuit benignusque.  
<sup>m</sup> Ergo, vos juvenes, manu Britanni  
Lata spargite nunc rosas<sup>n</sup> suave  
Spirantes, violasque molliores;  
Et vestro date candido poetæ  
Formosam ex hedera citi coronam.

Mr. *William Thynne's* Epistle Dedicatory to King *Henry* the Eighth before *Chaucer's Works*.

To the Kinges Highnesse, my most gracious soveraigne Lord, *Henry* the Eight, by the grace of God, King of *England*, and of *France*, Defensor of the Faith, and Lord of *Ireland*, &c.

**A**Monges all other excellencies, most gracious soveraine lord, wherewith almighty God hath endowed mankind, above the residue of earthly creatures, as an outward declaration of reason or reasonableness, wherein consisteth the similitude of man unto angels, and the difference between the same and brute beasts, I verayly suppose, that speech or language is not to be reputed amonges the smallest or inferiours. For thereby is expressed the conceit of one to another, in open and plaine sentence, which in the residue of lively creatures lacketh and is not shewed amonges them, but by certaine covert and derke signes, and that in few thyngs, having course and operation onely of nature. This speech or language, after the confusion of tongues sent by God's punishment for pride and arrogancie of people, hath been by a certaine instinct and disposition naturall devised and invented in sundrie parts of the world, as fellowships or companyings of folks one with another chaunced, much to the outward expressing of the thing in word or sound, according to that whereof it had meaning or signification. But in procresse of time, by diligence or policie of people, after divers formes, figures and impressions in metall, barks of trees and other matter used for memorie and knowledge of thyngs then present or passed, sundry letters or characteres were first amonges the *Phenices* devised and found, with such knittings and joynings of one to another, by a marvellous subtiltie and craft, as counterveiled was and is equivalent to the same languages. So as the conceit of man's mind, which at the beginning was used to be declared by mouth only, came to such point, that it was as sensibly and vively expressed in writing. Hereupon ensued a great occasion and courage unto them that should write, to compone and adorne the rudenesse and barbarietie of speech, and to forme it to an eloquent and ordinate perfection; whereunto many, and many great Poets and Oratours have highly employed their studies and courages, leaving thereby notable renoume of themselves, and example perpetuell to their posteritie.

Amonges other, the *Greekes* in all kinds of sciences seemed so to prevaile, and so to ornate their tongue, as yet by other of right noble languages cannot be perfetly imitated or followed. The *Latines*, by example of the *Greekes*, have gotten or wonne to them no small glorie in the forming, or-

<sup>d</sup> Leland in Chaucer's Life.

<sup>e</sup> Lel. in vita Chauceri. al. novum brevis.

<sup>f</sup> Al. Barbaros reliquos vocare cepit.

<sup>g</sup> Al. vestigia.

<sup>h</sup> Al. Ter certo pede persequens.

<sup>i</sup> Al. bene.

<sup>k</sup> Superbè.

<sup>l</sup> Deest hic versus.

<sup>m</sup> Quare.

<sup>n</sup> Al. Suave-Spirantes.

## TESTIMONIES *concerning*

der and uttering of that tongue. Out of the which two, if it be well searched, that is to say, *Greek* and *Latin* (though by corruption of speech it should seem much otherwise) have been derived the residue of the languages, that be written with the letters or caractes of either of them both. But of all speeches, those which most approach to the *Latine* be the *Italian* and *Spanish* tongues; of whome the one by the corruption of the *Gothes* and *Longobardes* had her beginning, as *Latine* spoken by strangers of a barbare understanding: The other, being also *Latine*, was by *Vandales*, *Gothes*, *Moors*, *Saracens* and other so many times blemished, as marveile it is to see now unto what perfection these two formed out of the *Latine* and *Barbares* speeches be reduced. Next unto them in similitude to the *Latin* is the *French* tongue, which by diligence of people of the same is in few years passed so amended, as well in pronounciation as in writing, that an *Englishman*, by a small time exercised in that tongue, hath not lacked ground to make a Grammere or rule ordinarie thereof. Though of trouth (which some shall scarcely believe) the *Germanes* have so formed the order of their language, that in the same is both as much plentie and as nere concordance to the phrase of the *Latin*, as the *French* tongue hath. And veraily like as all these and the rest have ben thus vigilant and studious to meliorate or amend their languages; so hath there nat lacked amonges us *Englishmen*, which have right well and notably endeavored and employed themselves to the beautifying and bettering of the *English* tongue.

Amonges whome most excellent Prince, my most redoubted and gracious soveraigne lord, I your most humble vassall, subject and servaunt *William Thynne*, cheef clerke of your kechyn, mooved by a certaine inclination and zeale, which I have to heare of any thing sounding to the laude and honour of this your noble realme, have taken great delectation, as the tymes and layfers might suffer, to rede and heare the booke of that noble and famous clerke *Geoffray Chaucer*, in whose workes is so manifest comprobation of his excellent learning in all kindes of doctrines and sciences, such fruitfulness in wordes, well accordynge to the matter and purpose, so swete and plesant sentences, such perfection in metre, the composition so adapted, such freshness of invention, compendiousnesse in narration, suche sensible and open style, lacking neither majestie ne mediocritie covenable in disposition, and such sharpnesse or quicknesse in conclusyon, that it is much to be marvelled how in hys tyme (when doutlesse all good letters were laide aslepe throughout the world, as the thing whiche either by the disposition and influence of the bodies above, or by other ordinaunce of God, seemed like and was in daunger to have utterly perished) such an excellent poet in our tong shuld (as it were nature repugning) spring and arise. For though it had been in *Demosthenes* or *Homerus* times, when all learning and excellencie of sciences flourished amonges the *Greeks*, or in the season that *Cicero* prince of eloquence amonges *Latines* lived, yet had it ben a thinge right rare and straunge and worthie perpetuall laude, that any clerke by learninge or witte could then have framed a tonge, before so rude and imperfite, to such a swete ornatute and composition; likely, if he had lived in these dayes, beinge good letters so restored and revived as they be (if he were not empèched by the envie of such as may tolerate nothing, whyche to understande their capacite doth not extend) to have brought it unto a full and finall perfection.

Wherefore, gracious soveraigne lord, taking such

delight and pleasure in the workes of this noble clerke (as is afore mentioned) I have of a long season much used to rede and visite the same, and as bookes of divers imprints came unto my hands, I easily and without great studie might and have comprehended in them many errours, falsities and depravations, which evidently appeared by the contrarieties and alterations found by collation of the one with the other, whereby I was moved and stirred to make diligent serch where I might find or recover any true copies or exemplaries of the said bookes; whereunto in proceſſe of time, nat without coſt and pain, I attained, and nat onely unto ſuch as ſeeme to be very true copies of thoſe workes of *Geffrey Chaucer*, which before had beene put in print, but alſo to divers others never till nowe imprinted, but remaining almoſt unknown and in oblivion: Whereupon lamenting with my ſelfe the negligence of the people that have been in this realme, who doubtleſſe were very remiſſe in the ſetting forth or avauncement either of the histories thereof, to the great hinderaunce of the renoume of ſuch noble princes and valiant conquerours and captaines as have been in the ſame, or alſo of the workes of memory of the famous and excellent clerks in all kinds of ſciences, that have flouriſhed therein (of which both ſorts it hath pleaſed God as highly to nobilitate this Iſle, as any other region of Chriſtendome) I thought it in manere appertenaunt unto my dutie, and that of very honeſtie and love to my country I ought no leſſe to doe, than to put my helping hand to the reſtauration and bringing againe to light of the ſaid workes, after the true copies and exemplaries aforeſaid. And deviſing with my ſelf who of al other were moſt worthy, to whom a thing ſo excellent and notable ſhould be dedicat, which to my conceit ſemeth for the admiration, noveltie and ſtraungenesse, that it might be reputed to be of in the time of the author (in compariſon as a pure and fine tried precious or poliſhed jewel out of a rude or indigeſt maſſe or matere) none could to my thinking occur that, ſince or in the time of *Chaucer*, was or is ſufficient, but only your Maieſty Roiall, which by diſcretion and judgement, as moſt abſolute in wiſedome and all kinds of doctrine, could and of his innate clemencie and goodneſſe would adde or give any authoritie hereunto.

For this cause, most excellent, and in al vertues most prestante Prince, I as humbly prostrate before your Kingly estate, lowly supplie and beseech the same, that it woll vouchsafe to take in good part my poore studie and desirous minde, in reducing unto light this so precious and necessarie an ornament of the tongue of this your realme, overpitous to have been in any point lost, falsified or neglected: So that, under the shield of your most royal protection and defence, it may goe forth in publick, and prevaile over those that would blemish, deface, and in many things clearly abolish the laud, renoume, and glorie heretofore compared and meritoriously adquired by divers princes, and other of this said most noble Isle, whereunto nat onely straungers under pretext of high learning and knowledge, of their malicious and perverse mindes, but also some of your owne subjects, blinded in follie and ignoraunce, doe with great studie contend.

Most gracious, victorious, and of God most elect and worthie prince, my most dread soveraigne lord, in whom of very merite, dutie, and succession is renued the glorious title of Defensor of the Christen faith, which by your noble progenitour, the great *Constantine*, sometime king of this Realme and Emperour of *Rome*, was next God and his



# G E O F. C H A U C E R.

his Apostles cheefly maintained, corroborate and defended. Almighty Jesu send to your Highnesse the continuall and everlasting habundaunce of his infinite grace. Amen.

Thus endeth the Preface.



The Publisher of *John Lidgate's History and Chronicle of the Trojan War*, Printed MDLV. in the Pistle to the Reader.

AS the verye perfect disciple [speaking of *Lidgate*] and imitator of the great *Chaucer*, the onely glorye and beauty of the same. Nevertheles, lykewyse as it hapned the same *Chaucer* to lease the prayse of that tyme wherein he wrote, beyng then when indeede al good letters were almost aslepe, so farre was the grosenesse and barbarousnesse of that age from the understandinge of so devyne a wryter. That if it had not bene in this our time, wherein all kindes of learnyng (thancked be god) have as much floryshed as ever they did by anye former dayes within this realme, and namely by the dylygence of one *Wylliam Thynne* a gentelman, who laudably studyouse to the polyshing of so great a Jewell, with right good judgment, travail, and great paynes causing the same to be perfected, and stamped as it is now read, the sayde *Chaucer's* works had utterly peryshed, or at the lest bin so depraved by corruption of copies, that at the laste there shoulde no parte of hys meaning have ben founde in any of them.



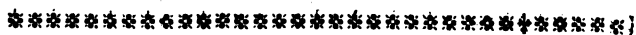
*Roger Ascham* in his *Schole-Master*, Printed 1571. Fol. 60, b.

SOME that make *Chaucer* in English and *Petrarch* in Italian their Gods in verses, and yet be not able to make trew difference, what is a fault and what is a just prayse in those two worthie wittes, will much mislike this my wrytyng [against *Riming*.] But such men be even like followers of *Chaucer* and *Petrarke*, as one here in *England* did folow *Syr Tho. More*, who, being most unlike unto him in wit and learnyng, nevertheles in wearing his gowne awrye upon the one shoulder, as *Syr Tho. More* was wont to do, would needs be counted like unto him.



The same Author in his *Toxophilus*, Printed 1571. Fol. 13, b.

WHose horriblenes [speaking of Gaming] is so large that it passed the eloquence of our Englishe *Homer* [*Chaucer*] to compasse it: — I ever thoughte his saynges to have as much authority as eyther *Sophocles* or *Euripides* in Greke.



The same Author in his Book of the State of *Germany*. Written about 1552. Fol. 1.

Diligence also must be used [by an Historian] in keeping truly the order of tyme, and describyng lyvely both the site of places and nature of persons not only for the outward shape of the body, but also for the inwarde disposition of the minde, as *Thucydides* doth in many places very trimly, and *Homer* every where, and that always most excellently, which observation is chiefly to be marked in hym: And our *Chaucer* doth the same very praise worthely; mark hym well and conferre hym with any other that writeth in our tyme in their proudest tounge, whosoever lyst.



*Sir Philip Sidney*, in his *Defence of Poesie*, Printed 1598. p. 492.

IN the Italian language, the first that made it to aspire to be a Treasure-house of Science were the Poets *Dante*, *Boccace* and *Petrarch*. So in our English wer *Gower* and *Chaucer*; after whom encouraged and delighted with their excellent foregoing, others have followed to beautifie our mother Tongue, as well in the same kind as other Artes.



*Ibid.* p. 513.

*Chawcer* undoubtedly did excellently well in his *Troilus* and *Creseid*; of whom truly I know not whether to marvell more, either that he in that mystie time could see so clearly, or that we in this clear age go so stumblinglie after him. Yet has he great wants, fit to be forgiven in so reverent an Antiquitie.



*The Arte of English Poesie*, Printed 1589. p. 48. supposed to be written by one *Puttenham*, a Gentleman Pensioner to *Q. Eliz.* See *Wood's Athenæ Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 184. in *Sidney*.

I Will not reach above the time of King *Edward* the Third, and *Richard* the Second, for any that wrote in English meeter; because before their times, by reason of the late Normane Conquest, which had brought into this Realme much alteration both of our langage and lawes, and therewithall a certain martiall barbarousnes, whereby the study of all good learning was so much decayed, as long time after no man or very few entended to write in any laudable science: so as beyond that time

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time there is little or nothing worth commendation to be founde written in this arte. And those of the first age were *Chaucer* and *Gower*, both of them as I suppose *Knights*. After whom followed *John Lidgate* the Monke of *Bury*, and that nameles, who wrote the Satyre called *Piers Plowman*.

the Church of *Rome*, in every point and degree? And therefore no great marvel, if that Narration was exempted out of the Copies of *Chaucer's* Works; which notwithstanding now is restored again, and is extant for every man to read that is disposed.

*Ibid.* p. 187.

**S**IR *Geffrey Chaucer*, father of our English Poets.

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Mr. Fox in his *Acts and Mon.* Lond. 1684. Vol. II. p. 42.

I Marvel to consider this, how that the Bishops condemning and abolishing all manner of English Books and Treatises which might bring the people to any light of knowledge, did yet authorise the Works of *Chaucer* to remain still, and to be occupied; who (no doubt) saw in Religion as much almost as ever we do now, and uttereth in his Works no less, and seemeth to be a right *Wicklevian*, or else there was never any, and that all his Works almost, if they be thoroughly advised, will testifie (albeit it be done in mirth and covertly) and especially the later end of his third Book of the Testament of Love: for there purely he toucheth the highest matter, that is, the Communion; wherein, except a man be altogether blind, he may espie him at the full. Although in the same Book (as in all other he useth to do) under shadows covertly, as under a Vizour, he suborneth Truth in such sort, as both privily she may profit the godly-minded, and yet not be espied of the crafty Adversary. And therefore the Bishops, belike, taking his Works but for Jestes and Toys, in condemning other Books, yet permitted his Books to be read.

So it pleased God then to blind the Eyes of them, for the more commodity of his people, to the intent that through the reading of his Treatises, some fruit might redound thereof to his Church, as no doubt it did to many. As also I am partly informed, of certain which knew the Parties, which to them reported, that by reading of *Chaucer's* Works, they were brought to the true knowledge of Religion: And not unlike to be true; for to omit the other parts of his Volume, whereof some are more fabulous than other, what Tale can be more plainly told than the *Tale of the Ploughman*? Or what finger can point out more directly the Pope with his Prelates to be Antichrist, than doth the poor Pellican reasoning against the greedy Griffon? Under which *Hypotyposis*, or Poetic, who is so blind that seeth not by the Pellican the Doctrine of Christ and of the Lollards to be defended against the Church of *Rome*? Or who is so impudent that can deny that to be true which the Pellican there affirmeth, in describing the presumptuous Pride of that pretended Church? Again, what Egg can be more like, or Fig, unto another, than the words, properties and conditions of that ravenous Gryphon resembleth the true Image, that is the Nature and Qualities of that which we call

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**Stephanus Surigonus** Poet Laureat of *Milan*, wrote the following Epitaph upon *Chaucer* at the desire of *William Caxton*, which anciently was hung up upon a Pillar over against the place where he was buried. See *Leland* in the Life of *Chaucer*, and *Stow's Survey*. Edit. 1720. B. 6. p. 31.

**P**ierides Musa, si possunt numina fletus  
Fundere, divinas atque rigare genus,  
Galfridi Chaucer vatis crudelia fata  
Plangite; sit lacrymis abstinuisse nefas.  
Vos coluit vivens, at vos celebrate sepulchrum:  
Reddatur merito gratia digna viro.  
Grande decus nobis est docti musa Maronis,  
Qua didicit melius lingua Latina loqui:  
Grande novumque decus Chaucer famamque paravit,  
Heu quantum fuerat prisca Britannia rudis!  
Reddidit insignem maternis versibus, ut jam  
Aurea splendescat, ferrea facta prius.  
Hunc latuisse virum nil, si tot opuscula vertes,  
Dixeris, egregiis quæ decorata modis.  
Socratis ingenium, vel fontes philosophia,  
Quicquid & arcani dogmata sacra ferunt;  
Et quasunque velis tenuit doctissimus artes  
Hic vates, parvo conditus in tumulo.  
Ah! laudis quantum præclara Britannia perdis,  
Dum rapuit tantum mors odiosa virum.  
Crudeles Parca, crudelia fila sororum;  
Non tamen extincto corpore fama perit:  
Vivet in æternum, vivent dum scripta poeta,  
Vivant æterno tot monumenta die,  
Si qua bonos tangit pietas, si carmine dignus,  
Carmina qui cecinit tot cumulata modis.  
Hæc sibi marmoreo scribantur verba sepulchro,  
Hæc maneat laudis sarcina summa suæ:  
**GALFRIDUS CHAUCER** vates, & fama poësis  
Maternæ, hæc sacra sum tumulatus humo.  
Post obitum Caxton voluit te vivere cura  
Guilhelmi, CHAUCER, clare poeta, tui:  
Nam tua non solum compressit opuscula formis,  
Has quoque sed laudes jussit hic esse tuas.

~~~~~  
Camden in his *Britannia*; in *Dobunis*.

Oppidum ipsum [Woodstock] cum nil habeat quod ostendet, Homerum nostrum Anglicum Galfredum CHAUCERUM alumnum suum fuisse gloriatur. De quo & nostris Poetis Anglicis illud vere asseram quod de Homero & Græcis eruditus ille Italus dixit;

—Hic ille est, cujus de gurgite sacro
Combibit arcanos vatum omnis turba furores.

Ille enim extra omnem ingenii aleam positus, & poetastrostros nostros longo post se intervallo relinquens.

— jam

GEOF. CHAUCER.

—jam mente potitus
Ridet anhelantem dura ad fastigia turbam.

Idem in *Trinobantibus*.

Quique minime tacendus Poetarum Anglorum princeps
Galfredus CHAUCER.

Edmund Spenser in his Fairy Queen,
L. 4. Canto 2. St. 31, &c.

Courageous *Cambel*, and stout *Triamond*
With *Canace* and *Cambine* link'd in lovely bond.

XXXI.

Whilom as antique Stories tellen us,
Those two were foes the fellonest on ground,
And battle made, the draddest dangerous,
That ever shrilling trumpet did resound:
Though now their A&ts be no where to be found,
As that renowned Poet them compil'd,
With warlike numbers, and heroick sound,
Dan *Chaucer* (well of English undefil'd)
On Fame's eternal Bead-roll worthy to be fil'd.

XXXII.

(waste,
But wicked Time, that all good thoughts doth
And works of noblest Wits to nought out-wear,
That famous Monument hath quite defac'd,
And robb'd the world of treasure endless dear,
The which might have enriched all us here.
O cursed Eld! the Canker-worm of Wits;
How may these Rhymes (so rude as doth appear)
Hope to endure, sith works of heavenly Wits
Are quite devour'd, and brought to nought by little
(bits.

XXXIII.

Then pardon, O most sacred happy Spirit,
That I thy labours lost may thus revive,
And steal from thee the meed of thy due merit,
That none durst ever while thou wast alive,
And being dead, in vain yet many strive;
Ne dare I like, but through infusion sweet
Of thine own spirit (which doth in me survive)
I follow here the footing of thy feet,
That with thy meaning so I may the rather meet.

Ibid. L. 7. Canto 7. St. 9.

SO hard it is for any living wight
All her array and vestiments to tell,
That old Dan *Geffrey* (in whose gentle spright
The pure well-head of Poetry did dwell)
In his *Fowles Parley* durst not with it mell;
But it transfer'd to *Alane*, who he thought
Had in his *Plaint of Kinds* describ'd it well;
Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that *Alane*, where he may be fought.

The same Author in the *Shepherd's*
Calendar, in *February*.

Thenot. BUT shall I tell thee a Tale of Truth,
Which I con'd of **Tityrus* in my youth,
Keeping his Sheep on the hills of *Kent*?

Cuddy. To nought more, *Thenot*, my mind is bent,
Than to hear Novels of his devise:
They been so well thewed, and so wise,
Whatever that good old Man bespake.

Thenot. Many meet Tales of Youth did he make,
And some of Love, and some of Chivalry;
But none fitter than this to apply:
Now listen a while, and hearken the end.
There grew an aged Tree on the Green, &c†.

Ibid. in *June*.

THE God of Shepherds **Tityrus* is dead,
Who taught me homely as I can to make:
He whilst he lived was the soveraigne head
Of Shepherds all, that bene with love ytake;
Well couth he waile his woes, and lightly flake
The flames, which love within his heart had bredde,
And tell us mery tales to keep us wake,
The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Ibid. in *December*.

THat *Colin* hight, which well could pipe and sing,
For he of **Tityrus* his Songs did lere.

The same in the Poem called, *Colin*
Clout's come home agen.

The Shepherd's Boy (best known by that name)
That after **Tityrus* first sung his Lay,
Lays of sweet Love, without rebuke or blame.

Verstegan's Restitution of decayed In-
telligence. Chap. vii.

SOME few ages after came the Poet *Geffery Chaucer*,
who writing his Poesies in English, is of some
called the first Illuminator of the English tongue:
Of their opinion I am not, though I reverence
Chaucer, as an excellent Poet for his time. He was
indeed a great mingler of English with French, un-
to which language (by like for that he was descen-
ded of French, or rather Wallon race) he carried a
great affection.

* *Chaucer* is meant by *Tityrus*; and by *Colin* the Poet means himself.

† In this Eclogue *Spenser* seems to imitate *Chaucer's* style and numbers, which are often unequal.

Mr. Francis

TESTIMONIES concerning

Mr. Francis Beaumont's Letter to Mr. Speght, pressing him to print his Observations upon Chaucer, dated the last of June 1597. From the Edition of Chaucer 1602.

Touching the incivillitie Chaucer is charged withall; what *Romane* Poet hath less offended this way than he? *Virgil* in his *Priapus* is worse by a thousand degrees, and *Ovid* in *de Arte Amandi*, and *Horace* in manie places as deep as the rest: but *Catullus* and *Tibullus* in uncleane wantoness beyond measure passe them all. Neither is *Plautus* nor *Terence* free in this behalfe: But these two last are excused above the rest, by their due observation of *Decorum*, in giving to their comicall persons such manner of speeches as did best fit their dispositions. And may not the same be said for Chaucer? How much had he swarved from *Decorum*, if he had made his Miller, his Cook, and his Carpenter, tell such honest and good tales, as he made his Knight, his Squire, his Lawyer, and his Scholler? But shewing the disposition of the baser sort of men, he declareth in their Prologues and Tales, that their chief delight was in undecent speeches of their owne, and in their false defamations of others. — No man can imagine in his so large compasse, purposing to describe all Englishmen's humours living in those daies, how it had been possible for him to have left untouched their filthy delights; or in discovering their desires, how to have exprest them without some of their words.

And now to compare him with other Poets: His *Canterbury Tales* containe in them almost the same Argument, that is handled in Comedies: his Stile therein for the most part is lowe and open, like unto theirs; but herein they differ: The Comedie writers doe all follow and borrowe one from another; as *Terence* from *Plautus* and *Menander*; *Plautus* from *Menander* and *Demophilus*; *Statius* and *Cacilius* from *Diphilus*, *Apollodorus* and *Philemon*; and almost all the last Comedians from that which was called *antiqua Comædia*. Chaucer's devise of his *Canterbury Pilgrimage* is meerely his owne: His drift is to touch all sorts of men, and to discover all vices of that Age, and that he doth so feelingly, and with so true an ayme, as he never failes to hit whatsoever marke he levels at.

Sir Henry Savil in the Preface to his Edition of *Bradwardine De Causâ Dei*. Lond. 1617.

DE Galfrido Chaucero illorum fere temporum æquali, poetarum nostrorum principe, acris judicii, non lepidi tantum ingenii, viro, qui de Thoma hoc nostrate non tacuit, nobis nefas sit hic tacere. Is, cum esset philosophicis Theologicisque haud mediocriter imbutus, ac hæc Cantuariensis Archiepiscopi lucubrationes jam tum recens emissas, ut videtur, pervolvisset, pro more suo jocis seria intertextens, in fabella quadam Cantuariensi arduam de Dei præscientia, rerumque contingentia questionem obiter attingit; ac Augustino Bradwar-

dinum annumerat, ex iis unum scilicet. 'qui in difficili hac controversia exagitanda farinam usque ad furtures (sic enim familiariter eleganterque ille noster) excusserunt, hoc est, veritatem in profundo demersam elicuerunt. Ipsum, si placet (placet autem antiqua Anglicana etiam styli simplicitas) focco suo indutum in medium deducamus.

But what that god afore wote, must needs bee,
After the opinion of certain clerkis.
Witnesse of him that any clerk is,
That in schoole is great altercation
In this matter, and great disputation,
And hath been of an hundred thousand men,
But I ne cannot boult it to the bren,
As can the holy doctour S. Austin,
Or Boece, or the Bishop Bradwardin,
Whether that God's worthy foreweting
Straineth me needly to do a thing,
(Needly clepe I simple necessite)
Or if the free choice be granted me
To do the same thing, or do it nought,
Tho God forewot it or it was wrought.
Or if his weting straineth never a dele,
But by necessite conditionele,
I woll not have to done of such matere.

Which he thus renders into Latin;

Non evenire non potest quicquid Deus
Præscivit; ita fert crebra Doctorem cohors.
Hic literatum quemlibet testem voco
Quantis utrinque fluctibus lis hæc Scholas
Trivit, teritque, pene inextricabili
Ingenia nodo centies mille implicans.
Excutere nudos hæc ad usque fursures,
(Quod ab Augustino præstium, & Boethio;
Ac BRADWARDINO Episcopo) non sum potis.
Utrumne me divina præscientia
Ad aliquid unum, ut exequar, necessitet;
(Necessitatem hic absolutam intelligo)
An mihi stet hujus frue agendi seu minus
Electionis salva libertas, licet
Præscierit ipsum hoc, antequam fieret, Deus.
An præscientis obliget necessitas
Illa una, quam supposita conditio struit,
In tam profundum haud ego insiliam mare.

Mr. Selden in his Preface to Drayton's Polyolbion. See the Glossary in *Dulcarnon*.

Sir John Denham on Mr. Abraham Cowley; in his Works printed 1709. p. 84.

OLD Chaucer, like the Morning Star,
To us discovers Day from far,
His Light those Mists and Clouds dissolv'd,
Which our dark Nation long involv'd;
But he descending to the Shades,
Darkness again the Age invades.
Next (like Aurora) Spencer rose,
Whose purple Blush the Day foretells.

Milton

GEOF. CHAUCER.



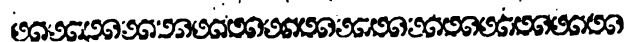
Milton in his Poem entituled *Il Penseroso*.

BUT, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise *Musæus* from his bower;
Or bid the Soul of *Orpheus* sing——
Or call up him that left half told
The Story of *Cambuscan* bold,
Of *Camball*, and of *Algarfise*,
And who had *Canace* to wife,
That own the vertuous Ring and Glas,
And of the wond'rous Horle of Brass,
On which the Tártar King did ride——



Dr. *Sprat* (late Bishop of *Rocheſter*)
in his History of the Royal Society,
Printed 1668. p. 41, 42.

THE Truth is, it [the English Language] has
been hitherto too careleſly handled; and I
think has had leſs labour ſpent about it's poliſhing,
than it deſerves. Till the time of King *Henry* the
Eighth, there was ſcarce any man regarded it, but
Chaucer; and nothing was written in it, which one
would be willing to read twice, but ſome of his
Poetry. But then it began to raiſe it ſelf a little,
and to ſound tolerably well.



Dr. *Skinner* in the Preface to his *Ety-
mologicon Linguae Anglicanae*. p. 5.

Chaucerus poeta, peſſimo exemplo, integris vocum
plauſtris ex eadem Gallia in noſtram Linguam
inveſtis, eam, nimis antea à *Normannorum* victoria a-
dukeratam, omni fere nativa gratia & nitore ſpoliavit,
pro geminis coloribus facum illinens, pro vera facie lar-
vam induens.



Sir *Richard Baker* in the History of
England, Printed 1684. p. 134.

SIR *Geoffrey Chaucer* the *Homer* of our Nation,
ſound as ſweet a Muſe in the Groves of *Wood-
ſtock*, as the Ancients did upon the banks of *Hel-
con*. And p. 167. The next place is juſtly due to
Geoffrey Chaucer, and *John Gower*, two famous Poets
in this time [of *Hen. IV.*] and the Fathers of Eng-
liſh Poets in all the times after.



Peacham's Compleat Gentleman Prin-
ted 1661. Chap. x. Of Poetry. p. 94.

OF English Poets of our own Nation, eſteem Sir
Geoffrey Chaucer the Father; altho' the ſtyle for

the antiquity may diſtaſte you, yet as under a bit-
ter and rough rinde, there lieth a delicate kernell of
conceit and ſweet invention. What Examples, Si-
mitudes, Times, Places, and above all, Perſons
with their ſpeeches and attributes do (as in his
Canterbury Tales, like the threads of Gold, the rich
Arras) beautify his work quite through? And albeit
divers of his works are but meerly translations out
of Latin and French; yet he hath handled them ſo
artificially, that thereby he hath made them his
own. In brief, account him among the beſt of
your English Books in your Library.



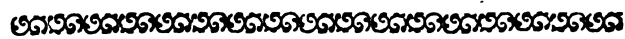
Will. Winstanley in his *England's Wor-
thies*, Printed 1684. p. 117. [Ta-
ken out of Mr. *Beaumont's* Letter
to Mr. *Speght*.]

OF whom [*Chaucer*] for the ſweetneſs of
his Poetry, may be ſaid that which is
reported of *Stefichorus*; and as *Cethegus* was tearmed
Suada Medulla, ſo may *Chaucer* be rightly called
the pith and ſinews of Eloquence, and the very
life it ſelf of all mirth and pleaſant writing: Be-
ſides, one gift he had above all other Authors,
and that is, by the excellencies of his deſcriptions
to poſſeſs his Readers with a ſtronger imagination
of ſeeing that done before their eyes, which they
read, than any other that ever writ in any Tongue.



Edw. Phillips in the Preface to his
Theatrum Poetarum. p. 13, 14.

TRue it is that the ſtyle of Poetry till *Henry* the
Eighth's time, and partly alſo within his
Reign, may very well appear uncouth, ſtrange and
unpleaſant to thoſe that are affected only with what
is familiar, and accuſtom'd to them; not but there
were even before thoſe times ſome that had their
Poetical excellencies if well examin'd, and chiefly
among the reſt *Chaucer*, who through all the ne-
glect of former-aged Poets, ſtill keeps a name, be-
ing by ſome few admired for his real worth, to o-
thers not unpleaſing for his facetious way, &c.



The ſame Author in the Second Part
of that Book. p. 50, 51.

SIR *Geoffrey Chaucer*, the Prince and *Coryphaeus*
(generally ſo reputed till this Age) of our Eng-
liſh Poets, and as much as we triumph over his old
faſhion'd phraſe, and obſolete words, one of the
firſt refiners of the English Language, &c.



Sir *Tho. Pope Blount* in his Characters
and Cenſures of the moſt conſidera-
ble Poets. 1694. p. 41.

THis is agreed upon by all hands that he [*Chaucer*]
was counted the chief of the English Poets,
not only of his time, but continued to be ſo eſteem-
ed till this Age, &c.

Mr. Ry-

TESTIMONIES concerning

Mr. Rymer's Short View of Tragedy.
1693. p. 78.

They who attempted Verse in English, down till *Chaucer's* time, made an heavy pudder, and are always miserably put to't for a word to clink; which commonly fall so awkward, and unexpectedly as dropping from the Clouds by some Machine or Miracle. *Chaucer* found an Herculean labour on his hands; and did perform to admiration. He seizes all Provençal, French or Latin that came in his way, gives them a new garb and livery, and mingles them amongst our English: turns out English gowty, or superannuated, to place in their room the foreigners, fit for service, train'd and accustomed to Poetical Discipline.

And a little further;

Chaucer threw in Latin, French, Provençal, and other Languages, like new Stum to raise a Fermentation: In Queen *Elizabeth's* time it grew fine, but came not to an Head and Spirit, did not shine and sparkle till Mr. *Waller* set it a running.

Mr. Dryden in the Preface to his Fables.

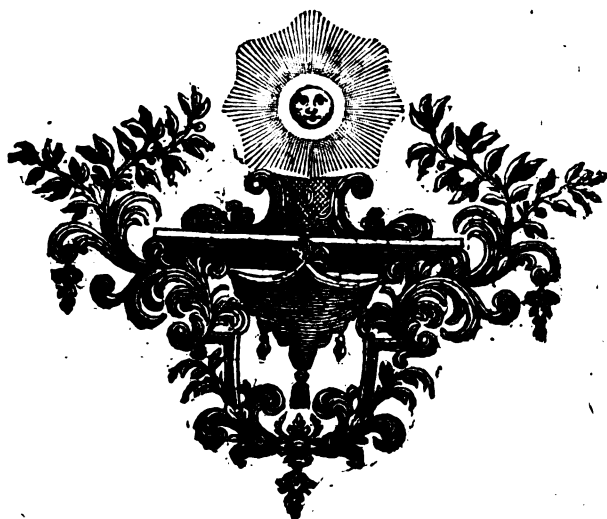
As he [*Chaucer*] is the Father of English Poetry, so I hold him in the same degree of Veneration as the Grecians held *Homer*, or the Romans, *Virgil*: He is a perpetual Fountain of good Sense; learn'd in all Sciences; and therefore speaks properly on all Subjects. As he knew what to say, so he knows also when to leave off.

Chaucer followed Nature every where, but was never so bold to go beyond her. — The Verse of *Chaucer*, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but 'tis like the Eloquence of one whom *Tacitus* commends, it was, *auribus istius temporis accommodata*: They who liv'd with him, and some time after him, thought it musical; and it continues so even in our

Judgment, if compared with the Numbers of *Lidgate* and *Gower* his Contemporaries: There is the rude sweetness of a Scotch Tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. 'Tis true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last Edition of him; for he would make us believe the Fault is in our Ears; and that there were really Ten Syllables in a Verse, where we find but Nine: But this opinion is not worth confuting; 'tis so gross and obvious an error, that common Sense must convince the Reader that Equality of Numbers in every Verse which we call *Heroick*, was either not known, or not always practis'd in *Chaucer's* Age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his Verses, which are lame for want of half a Foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no Pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the Infancy of our Poetry, and that nothing is brought to Perfection at the first.

And further;

He [*Chaucer*] must have been a man of a most wonderful comprehensive Nature, because, as it has been truly observed of him, he has taken into the Compass of his *Canterbury Tales* the various Manners and Humours (as we now call them) of the English Nation in his Age. Not a single Character has escap'd him. All his Pilgrims are severally distinguish'd from each other; and not only in their Inclinations, but in their very Physiognomies and Persons. *Baptista Porta* could not have described their Natures better, than by the Marks which the Poet gives them. The matter and manner of their Tales, and of their Telling, are so suited to their different Educations, Humours, and Callings, that each of them would be improper in any other Mouth. Even the grave and serious Characters are distinguished by their several sorts of Gravity: Their Discourses are such as belong to their Age, their Calling, and their Breeding; such as are becoming of them, and of them only. Some of his Persons are Vicious, and some Vertuous; some are unlearned, or (as *Chaucer* calls them) Lewd, and some are Learn'd. Even the Ribaldry of the Low Characters is different: The *Reeve*, the *Miller*, and the *Cook*, are several Men, and distinguish'd from each other, as much as the mincing Lady Prioresse, and the broad-speaking, gap-tooth'd Wife of *Baith*.



THE



THE P R E F A C E.

THE Reader will meet with no more interruption here, than will be necessary to acquaint him in some measure with Mr. *Urry's* Design in this Edition, and the Methods he took for the accomplishment of it. This might have been better performed by others, of themselves inclined to this sort of Study, who upon that account, as well as their particular intimacy with Mr. *Urry*, were thought to have been made acquainted with his whole Scheme, and to have been consulted by him upon every part of it. It were to be wished that such Persons could have been prevailed upon to give the World an Account of this Work, and at the same time to do Justice to the Merit and Memory of their Friend, who was taken away in the midst of it.

As for my self, I was equally a stranger to Mr. *Urry* and his Undertaking, till some time after his Death; when a Person, whose Commands I was in all Duty bound to obey, put the Works of *Chaucer* into my hands, with his Instructions to assist in carrying on this Edition, and to prepare Matter for a *Glossary* to it. Mr. *Thomas Ainsworth* of *Christ-Church* had been employed by Mr. *Urry* in transcribing part of the Work for the Press, and was therefore thought qualified to proceed in preparing the rest for my perusal. This Gentleman likewise dyed in *August* 1719. soon after the whole Text of *Chaucer* was printed off. Had he lived, he could have given a fuller account of this Work than is to be expected here, which I am perswaded he would not have declined; but as he always had the greatest veneration for the Memory of Mr. *Urry*, would have readily embraced such an opportunity of expressing it. What I have to say on this Subject is chiefly owing to his Information; but as I did not expect to have this Task enjoined me, I took no Notes of what I heard from him from time to time relating to this matter: I shall therefore acquaint the Reader with every thing just as it occurs to my memory upon a Recollection; adding such particulars as I find noted in those Papers of Mr. *Urry* which have come to my hands.

About the latter end of the Year 1711. some Persons well acquainted with Mr. *Urry's* Qualifications (who, he thought, had a right to command him) proposed to him to put out a new Edition of *Chaucer*; which he was perswaded to undertake, though much against his inclination: "For, though (as he says) his skill in the Northern Language spoken in the Low-lands of *Scotland* qualified him to read this Poet with more ease and pleasure than one altogether bred be-*South Trent* could do without more than common Application, yet he assures us, he had not the least thought of publishing his private Diversions.

Having thus undertaken the Work, he proposed to proceed in this Method, *viz.* to correct the Text of *Chaucer*, and add what he could find of his Works in MSS. which had not been printed; to make some Observations upon the Author, and among other things to shew where he had imitated or borrowed from the *Greek* or *Latin* Poets; to add a more copious *Glossary* than had been printed before; to write a fuller Account of his Life than had been yet published; and to acquaint the Reader in a Preface what he should have performed in this Edition.

Having not lived to finish the Work, it was not to be expected that he should leave Materials for a Preface: Nor was there any thing found for that purpose amongst his Papers, but a very short Sketch couched in very general words, not at all entering into the main Subject which was proposed to be explained in it; and an Account of such MSS. of *Chaucer's* Works

The PREFACE.

as he had seen and perused, which shall be taken notice of hereafter. He left some Extracts out of Records, which were intended for *Chaucer's* Life; but as they were very few, and those for the most part relating to *Thomas Chaucer*, who is supposed to be his Son, it was judged necessary to employ a Gentleman who had made some Collections that way, to draw up the account of our Author's Life, which is prefixed to this Edition. But I could never find that Mr. *Urry* had made any progress in the Notes or Observations which he intended, nor have I seen any Comparisons with, or References to the ancient Poets; except a Reference to *Ausonius* against the *Eight godely Questions with their answers*; which makes it probable that he never proceeded further in that matter. Nor had he done any more towards a *Glossary*, than collecting a few words, which was done in such a manner that it could be of very little service to any body but himself.

His chief business was to make the Text more correct and compleat than before. He found it was the opinion of some learned Men that *Chaucer's* Verses originally consisted of an equal number of Feet; and he himself was persuaded that *Chaucer* made them exact Metre, and therefore he proposed in this Edition to restore him (to use his own Expression) *to his feet again*, which he thought might be performed by a careful Collation of the best printed Editions and good MSS.

He had observed that several Initial and Final Syllables in use in *Chaucer's* time, and since, had been omitted or added at pleasure in the MSS. by unskilful Transcribers, from whence the same Errors crept into the Printed Editions, whereby many Verses were rendered unjust in their Measure; so that the lameness of many of them might easily be remedied by the discreet Addition or Omission of such Syllables.

The Initial Syllables were chiefly *a*, *i*, and *y*, which were to be prefixed to Verbs (for the most part in the Preter Tenses) and Participles: as *Ago* for *Gone*, *Ilast* for *Last* or *Left*, *Trunn* for *Run*, &c. And *a* was sometimes to be put before Adverbs, as *Abak* for *Back*; and *i*, or *y*, were often to be put before Nouns; as *Iliche*, or *Tliche*, for *Like*: And sometimes they were to be omitted as the measure of the Verse required.

The Final Syllables were for the most part such as might be said rather to be added in the Pronunciation, than by Writing: The chiefest of which, and the most frequently made use of to help out a Verse otherwise deficient, was the Final *è*, which he always marked with an accent when he judged it necessary to pronounce it; as *sweetè*, *halvè*, *smalè*, Prol. 5, 8, 9. for *sweet*, *halve* or *half*, *small*; of which there are many Instances in every page. Whether the assistance of this Final *è* be not here too frequently, and sometimes unnecessarily, called in, is not my business at present to enquire into: But it seems beyond contradiction that it was anciently pronounced; and I have seen a Note of Mr. *Urry's*, wherein he affirms that in some parts of *England* it is still used, and instances in the words *pipè*, *buttonè*, *don't finè*, &c. wherein the Final *è* is pronounced in *Dorsetshire* at this day.

The next thing to be taken notice of as used for lengthening of words, is the distinct pronouncing of the Termination *ed* or *id* in the Preter Tenses of Verbs, and in Participles; as *Percid*, *Bathid*, *Harnisid*, for *Pierc'd*, *Bath'd*, *Harnes'd*: Not that Mr. *Urry* thought this Termination was always to be pronounced as a distinct Syllable, but only as the measure of the Verse required; and therefore he contrived this Distinction to run through the whole Text, that it should be written *ed*, when it is not to be taken as a distinct Syllable, and *id* when it was to be pronounced as such. The same thing, under the proper restrictions, is to be observed of *est* and *ist*, *eth* and *ith*, the Terminations of the second and third Persons Singular in the Indicative Mood, and the latter also very often a Termination of the Imperative Mood from the *AS.* as, *Holdith*, *Drawith*, for *Hold*, *Draw*.

Another help he saw might be gained by making a discreet use of *en*, or *in*, a Termination of Verbs, Nouns and Adverbs, but most frequently of Verbs; as *Servin*, *Wendin*, *Wouldin*, *Werin*, &c. for *Serve*, *Wende*, *Would*, *Were*, &c. *Selfin* for *Self*, and *Selvin* in the Plural Number for *Selves*, *Withoutin* for *Without*, *Aboutin* for *About*, *Abovin* for *Above*.

And again the pronouncing of *es* or *is*, the Plural Termination of Substantives, and sometimes of Adverbs, and also of *is* the Termination of the Genitive Case Singular has contributed no small assistance towards the supply of a Foot to many Verses, which must otherwise have halted; as *Croppis*, *Bootis*, instead of *Crops*, *Boots*; *Oftimis*, *Sometimis*, *Thryis*, for *Oftimes*, *Sometimes*, *Thrice*; *Shir'is end*, *Godd'is name*, *Mann'is wit*, for *Shire's end*, *God's name*, *Man's wit*. And here likewise it must be observed, that these Terminations are not always to be pronounced, but only where the Metre is deficient without it; and whenever the Plural Termination is to be quiescent it is printed *es*; as *Londes*, *Strondes*, *Sleves*, in one Syllable, not *Londis*, *Strondis*, *Slevis*, as they are in other places, where they are to be pronounced as distinct Syllables. The same thing must be understood of the Genitive Case Singular, and the Adverbs. And here it may be proper to acquaint the Reader that the Genitive Case Singular is throughout the whole Book distinguished from the other Terminations in *is* by an Apostrophe thus [*'is*] which perhaps might proceed from an opinion that *is* in such cases is a Contraction of *his* (as some write it) and not a proper English Termination of the Genitive Case derived to us from the *Saxon*. The same Mistake has induced some Learned men to write

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write *her* instead of the Termination 's, after a Feminine Noun, as *The Wife her Prologue*, or *Tale*, &c. instead of *The Wive's Prologue*, or *Tale*, &c.

There are also some Syllables in the middle of words, which though not founded at this time, were thought anciently to have been left in Poetry to the discretion of the Reader to pronounce, or not, as it should be most agreeable to the Measure of the Verse; as *Semely*, *Daiësey*, *Juggement*, *Commaundement*, &c. for *Seemly*, *Daisy*, *Judgment*, *Commandment*, &c.

Mr. Urry had observed particularly, that the word *which* was sometimes written *whiche*, and very frequently followed by *that*, and that without the one or the other, or sometimes both, the Verse was lame, but that with one or both it would have it's just number of Feet; and therefore he added them accordingly as he found it requisite. And in short I find it acknowledged by him, "That whenever he could by no other way help a Verse to a Foot, which he was perswaded it had when it came from the Maker's hands, but lost by the Ignorance of Transcribers, or Negligence of Printers, he made no scruple to supply it with some Word or Syllable that serv'd for an Expletive": But I find at the same time that he had once a design of enclosing such words in hooks thus [] to distinguish them from what he found justified by the authority of MSS. but how it came to pass that so just, useful and necessary a Design was not executed, I cannot satisfy the curious Reader.

Besides all those Methods for lengthening out Verses, which was the thing generally wanted, he had occasion sometimes to shorten them; and for that purpose he frequently makes use of an Apostrophe where he would have a Syllable dropt in the pronouncing of a word, as, *Sove'rane prize*, *Carry'a morsel*, Prol. 67, 130. for, *Soverane prize*, *Carry a morsel*. And oftentimes he contracts two words after the modern fashion, by throwing out a Letter or two; as *That's*, *He's*, *Th'art*, Prol. 180, 182, 856. for, *That is*, *He is*, *Thou art*: But besides this method of reducing to it's proper measure a Verse which had a redundancy of Syllables, it must be remembered that he reserved to himself a discretionary power of retaining or omitting the Initial, Middle or Final Syllables before mentioned for the lengthening or shortning of a Verse.

But that the use of all these helps for compleating the measure of Verses might be made with more Judgment and Authority, and for the correcting and improving a great number of places, where the Text had been corrupted in the common Editions, and so made unintelligible, and sometimes downright Nonsense; and that such Pieces as were judged to be *Chaucer's*, which had not been before printed, might be recovered and appear in this Edition; and in short to make the Book in all respects more correct and compleat, it was thought necessary to collect not only all the printed Editions of value, but also all the MSS. that could be procured. I find no account of the printed Copies which Mr. Urry had perused; but he has left a Catalogue of the MSS. made use of in this Edition, which is very particular, both with respect to the Contents and Condition of them, and also the names of the Persons from whom they were borrowed, or by whose means they were procured: An Abstract of which is thought proper to be here inserted, not only to inform the Reader of the Advantages of this Edition above the former ones, but also to inform any person that may hereafter undertake a new Edition of this Author, where to make his Enquiries in order to a further Improvement of him.

I. In the first place he mentions Two MSS. belonging to the Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford. One of them is a large Folio, written on Velom in a fair hand, marked 93. B. 2. and in the *Glossary*, H. 1. containing the *Canterbury Tales*, but it is imperfect in several places. It has the Tale of *Gamelyn* (which wants the beginning) as spoken by the *Coke*; and the *Coke's Tale* is the running Title of it. The MS. begins thus; *Here beginneth the book of the tales of Caunterburye compiled by Geffraie Chauciers of Brytayne chef poete*. It hath the *Retraction* after the *Parson's Tale*; and at the end of it this Note; *Here endeth the book of the tales of Caunterburye. Compyled by Geffraie Chaucers. Of whos soule Jhu Crist have mercye. Amen quod Cornhyll*, which seems to be the Transcriber's Name. This Book has some particularities in the Orthography; as *sch* for *sh* (so *scho* for *she*) sometimes for *u* or *v*; *y* very frequently for *i*. The first Letters of such Tales as are perfect at the beginning, are beautifully illuminated in this MS. and it is probable that the Pictures of the Pilgrims were intended to be inserted before their Tales, there being a void space left capable of containing them: But none of them were finished, unless we may suppose that of the *Knight* to be done, which might be the occasion of cutting out the first Leaf of that Tale.

II. The other *Harleyan MS.* is likewise written on Velom in a long Folio, marked 67. C. 3. and contains, besides the Poem of *Troilus* and *Creseide*, part of the *Knight's Tale*, and the Tales of the *Man of Law*, the *Wife of Bath*, the *Clerk of Oxenford*, and the *Frankelien*, which last differs in the beginning from the Printed Editions. In the first Letters of *Troilus* and *Creseide* (which begins the Book) are the Arms of *Speke* and *Shepey* impaled, and at the end of the Tales, which are written in another hand is this Note, which seems to be added by the Writer of the latter part of it; *Vestre magnifice & generosissime dominacionis*

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nis humilimus serviens & orat. heremita de Grenewych, mundo qui totaliter segregatus ac mentibus suorum fortune amicorum & hominum peroblitus.

III. In the next place he describes two MSS. which he had borrowed of the worthy and learned Dr. Sloan, now Sir Hans Sloan; one of them written on Velom, the other on Paper. The former is imperfect at the beginning, and ends with the Tale of the *Nonne's Priest*; it hath the *Legend of Gamelyn*, but imperfect, as it is in other places.

IV. Sir Hans Sloan's Paper MS. besides other imperfections, wants all the *Parson's Tale*, but the *Legend of Gamelyn* is there told by the *Coke*.

V. He then acknowledges the favour of the Right Honourable the Earl of Carnarvon, now Duke of Chandos, in allowing him the perusal of a very fair MS. on Velom, well preserved, containing all the Tales, and ending with the *Retraction*. It may be proper here once for all to advertise the Reader, that the *Plowman's Tale* is not in any of the MSS. which Mr. Urry describes, nor in any other that I have seen or been informed of.

VI. He borrowed from the Honourable Colonel Hen. Worsely a Paper MS. imperfect at the beginning and end, containing all the Tales, but in a different order.

VII. He saw two MSS. in the Royal Library, one on Velom, N^o. 1541. *Lumley*. which contains all the Tales with the *Retraction*. The Story of *Gamelyn* is thus introduced (as it is in several other MSS.) after that of the *unthriftly Prentice*;

*But hereof woll I passe as now,
And of yong Gamelyn I wol tell you.*

The *Shipman's Tale*, by the Transcriber's mistake is in this MS. entitled the *Marchand's Tale*; the *Marchaunt's* being before written in it's proper place.

VIII. The other MS. in the Royal Library is on Paper, and contains the Tales as in the other, but is much torn in the *Manciple's* and *Parson's* Tales. Before *Gamelyn* it has this Rubrick; *Here endeth the Tale of the Cook, and here followeth another Tale of the same Cook. a long Legend of yong Gamelyn.*

IX. He borrowed, by the means of the Reverend Mr. Harbin and Mr. Tarborough, of Mr. Edmond Canbey of Thorn in Yorkshire, another fair MS. well preserved: This Book wants the *Coke's Tale* and *Gamelyn*, and also the *Squire's* and the *Marchaunt's* Tales, and is imperfect in the end.

X. He borrowed of Mr. Norton of Suthwic in Hampshire, by the favour of John Chicheley Esq; a MS. which he guesses to have been written in the time of Rich. II. the Writing being very like that in the Patent of that King to Chaucer for a *Pycher* of Wine daily: But it is most miserably mangled, a great many leaves being cut out, in every part of it; so that there is scarce one Tale or Prologue entire; and particularly the *Parson's Tale* has neither beginning nor end. The *Legend of Gamelyn* is introduced in this Book by the same Verses which have been before set down out of the Velom Book in the Royal Library.

XI. The Reverend and Learned Dr. Jenkins Master of St. John's College in Cambridge, and Margaret Professor in that University, procured from the Publick Library there, a very fine MS. for his perusal; in which are many leaves wanting, which are supplied by a Modern hand (as he thinks) out of the printed Books. It hath before the Tales *Chaucer's A. B. C. Littera de Scogan, Balad de bon conseil*, A Poem beginning,

*In them when any hert is light,
And flouris freshly spred and spring;*

De amico ad amicum responsio, V Bookis of *Troilus and Creseide*. Then follow the Tales in their order: But Mr. Urry does not take notice of the Tale of *Gamelyn*, nor the *Retraction* in this Book. After the Tales are the following Poems; The Legend of Good Women, *Legenda Cleopatre Regine*, The Legend of *Pyramis and Thisbe*, The Legend of *Dido Q. of Carthage*, The Legend of *Hipsiphile and Medea*, The Legend of *Lucrece of Rome*, The Legend of *Philomene*, The Legend of *Phyllis*, The Legend of *Hypermetestre*, The Parlement of Foulis in die *Sancti Valentini tent*. The Temple of Glas (but this is Dan Lidgate's *Supplicatio Amantis*) *La Compleyn*. There are in this Book Figures of some of the Pilgrims on horseback illuminated, which Mr. Urry had not seen in any other MS. of this Author, and he doubts not but this Book originally had them all. Before it is the Picture of Chaucer drawn by Sir Thomas Occleve on a leaf of his Book *De Regimine Principis*; and Mr. Urry had been informed of another upon the Margin of one of the same Books; and there is a third in the Cotton Library at the end of OTHO. A. XVIII. From which Mr. Urry very justly infers that Occleve, to preserve his Master Chaucer's memory, caused his Picture to be limn'd in every Book that was presented by him to his friends; of the number of which, seems to be that beautiful Copy of it in the Royal Society's Library [N^o 38.] which, besides a Picture of Occleve presenting a Book to Henry V. had doubtless Chaucer's Picture on a Leaf, where that honourable mention is made of him, which has been cut out, perhaps to adorn

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adorn some MS. of *Chaucer*, such as that here described in the Publick Library at *Cambridge*; or that in the *Cotton Library*, which last contains no more of *Chaucer* than those Poems beginning, *Flie fro the prese*, &c. and *Sometyme the worlde so stedfast was and stable* (which is there entituled *Balade Ryalle made by Poeticall Chaucer*) *Chaucer's Song to his emptye purse*, and the first Stanza of *Troilus's Song*, in the first Book of that Poem.

XII. Mr. *Urry* gives an account of a MS. of the late Bishop of *Ely* which he had collated, containing all the Tales with *Gamelyn*, and the *Retraction* thus introduced at the end of the *Parson's Tale*, *Here takith the maker of this book his leave*; and after it this Rubrick, *Here endith the Canterbury tales compiled by Geffrey Chaucer, of whose soule Jhu Crist have mercy. Amen.*

XIII. The Honourable Mrs. *Thynne*, Widow of the Honourable *Henry Thynne Esq*; Son to the late Lord Viscount *Weymouth*, was pleased to lend him a MS. purchased by her, which had belonged to Mr. *Long* a Prebendary of the Church of *Exeter*. It is a fair Book, but is imperfect at the beginning and end, and wants the *Coke's Tale*, and that of *Gamelyn*: But this Defect is sufficiently compensated by the addition of two new Pieces, not extant in any of the other MSS. which are there inserted between the Tale of the *Chanon's Teman* and *Chaucer's Tale of Melibeus*, viz. *The Adventure of the Pardoner and the Tapster at the Inn in Canterbury*, and the *Merchant's Tale* in the Pilgrim's Return from thence, of which more hereafter.

XIV. The last MS. mentioned by Mr. *Urry* is a fair and perfect one, borrowed from Sir *Nicholas L'Estrange*. This he says was the best preserved of any he had seen, and not deficient in any leaves that he had observed. He supposes it had been Sir *Henry Spelman's*, by the Characters of S^r *H. S.* on the outside of the Cover, the Book having been newly bound in 1623. He gives no further account of it, but that it contains the following Tales, which being not set down as in his Description of the other MSS. it should seem he did not live to go through it.

With these helps Mr. *Urry* had made several Corrections throughout the greatest part of *Chaucer's Works*, and had prepared a fair Copy for the Press, written partly in his own hand and partly by Mr. *Ainsworth*, to the end of the *Frankleyn's Tale*. He also printed Proposals for Subscriptions some time before his Death, which happened in *March 1714*.

In the Proposals it was published that Three new Tales of this Author, never yet printed, were recovered, and would be added to this Edition: By which were certainly meant *The Coke's Tale of Gamelyn*, *The Merchant's Second Tale*, or *The History of Beryn*, and *The Adventure of the Pardoner and Tapster at the Inn at Canterbury*. Though the latter is not properly a Tale, but an Account of the Behaviour of the Pilgrims; and particularly of the *Pardoner*, at their Journey's end, and a kind of Prologue to a set of Tales to be told in their Return, it was not judged proper to make any Alteration in that part of the Title Page, lest it should be thought that any thing is omitted in this Edition, which was intended by Mr. *Urry*.

As to the Tale of *Gamelyn*, Mr. *Urry's* Sentiments concerning it may be seen in the Note before it. Mr. *Selden* was of opinion * that what is called the *Tale of the unthristy Prentice*, was only a kind of Prelude, and not the Tale it self which the *Coke* intended to tell; and that those two Verses which immediately precede it, viz.

*And therewithall he lough and made [^b glad] chere,
And seid his Tale, as you shall after here,*

are misplaced, and should have come after it, as an Introduction to the Tale of *Gamelyn*; and he says they were so placed in a very fair MS. which he had, and in some others.

It were to be wished that this Tale had been more carefully collated with the several MSS. wherein it is found. It may be made much more perfect and correct from the two MSS. which I have had an opportunity of collating, viz. the *Harleyan MS. H. i.* and Mr. *Cholmondley's MS.* which shall be described in it's proper place. I shall not take notice here of the minute Variations; some of them which affect the sense being noted in the Glossary as occasion offered: I shall only make a few Remarks out of them in this place.

The Reader will observe a *Lacuna* after Verse 477. which may be made up out of those MSS. thus;

*Thanne seyde yong Gamelyn
Unto the Champioun:
Thou art faste aboute
For to brynge me adoun.*

And v. 530, 531. are thus read in MS. *Ch.*

* De Synedriis Ebraeorum. Amst. 1679. L. II. C. 2. §. 3. p. 360.

^b So it is in MS. *Ch.*

There

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*There weren two gentellmen,
God yeve hem gode grace,
That comen to Gamelyn,
Were keperis of the place.*

ŷ. 540, 541.

*Thanne seyde the Champioun,
So browke I my swere.*

After ŷ. 555. *MS. Ch.* proceed thus;

*And seyde have Gamelyn, thee ring and the ram
For thee beste wrastelere, that evere here cam.
And thus wan, &c.*

which may be made very good Metre, with very little Alteration.

Instead of *beste* ŷ. 647. should be read *cheste*, i.e. Quarrel, debate, &c. See *Gower's Conf. Amantis*. L. 2. fol. 49. b. Edit. 1554.

ŷ. 706. may be read,

Of fiftene plowis land the prowte. See ŷ. 713.

Instead of *bonde* ŷ. 865. *H. 1.* hath *bound*; but *MS. Ch.* hath it *handefast*. In ŷ. 972. both MSS. want *be*, which is only an Explanation of *worthe*. After *rout*, ŷ. 1192. should follow,

*Adam seyde Gamelyn,
What ben now thy redis?
Here comith the Shiregereve,
And wolde have our bedis.
Adam seyde to Gamelyn
My rede is now this, &c.*

Instead of *say*, ŷ. 1226. the MSS. have *see*; and ŷ. 1413. *Both husbunde and wif*; and ŷ. 1629. *And with the Jusfice speke*. And ŷ. 1692 and the following Verses may out of them be thus read;

*Gamelyn sette hym adoun
In the Jusfic's fete,
And Adam and Ote his brother
Settyn at his fete.
Whanne Gamelyn was sette
In the Jusfic's fete,
Will ye herin of a bourde,
That Gamelyn [tho] dede?
He lete^d fetre the Jusfice, &c.*

These are some of the most material Amendments that may be made out of these MSS. I doubt not but many more as considerable may be made by an exact Collation of all the MSS. wherein this Tale is to be found.

There is very little to be added to what has been said before concerning the other Two Pieces added in this Edition. As they are printed from the single *MS.* of Mrs. *Thynne*, the Reader is to expect no more than an exact Transcript from it, which Mr. *Ainsworth* assured me he had made. It may (perhaps with some shew of reason) be suspected that *Chaucer* was not the Author of them, but a later Writer, who may have taken the hint from what is suggested in ŷ. 796. of the *Prologues*, that the Pilgrims were to tell Tales in their Return homewards; but as to that the Reader must be left to his own Judgment. But supposing they

^c *H. 1.* hath these Verses thus;

And Sir Ote his brother by hym, and Adam at his fete.

^d So it is in *MS. Ch.*

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were not writ by our Author, we are however obliged to Mr. Urry's diligence for finding out and publishing Two ancient Poems, not unworthy our perusal: And they have as good a right to appear at the end of this Edition, as *Lidgate's Story of Thebes* had to be printed in former ones.

When the greatest part of the Tales were printed off, there came to my hands another MS. of the *Canterbury Tales*, which Mr. Urry had not seen. It belongs to *Charles Cholmondley Esq;* of *Vale-Royal* in *Cheshire*, whose Name should be mentioned with particular respect for his readiness in communicating this MS. without any previous application, as soon as he understood where a new Edition of *Chaucer's Works* was preparing. It is imperfect at the beginning and in most of the Tales; but those of the *Frere* and *Sompnour* are entirely lost. This MS. hath the *Retraction* at the end of the *Parson's Tale*. Though this was the first Copy of it which I had seen, yet I had an opportunity of collating it with other Copies before it went to the Press; and therefore the Reader may expect to find it more compleat and correct than any single MS. represents it. The valuableness of it will appear by the use which has been made of it in the *Glossary*. It was indeed designed that some of the different Readings of it should have been set down at the bottom of the Page in those Tales, which were not printed off when I received it; but my direction being misunderstood at the Press, some of them were inserted in the Text: But this is more particularly taken notice of in the *Glossary*, where other material differences are also observed as occasion offers. This MS. is quoted by the Abbreviation [*MS. Ch.*]

The Reader will observe *MS. Sp.* often quoted in the *Glossary*, by which is meant a MS. in Octavo partly written on Velum and partly on Paper, containing the Five Books of *Troilus* and *Cresseide*. This I found amongst Books and Papers left by Mr. Urry; but I could not perceive that he had made any use of it. It came not to my hands till a long time after that Poem was printed off: But where upon collating I found any material variations in the Reading, I have inserted them in the *Glossary*. When I made this use of it, I did not know to whom it belonged, and therefore quoted it in the manner mentioned above; because it seemed to have once belonged to that Learned Antiquary Sir *Henry Spelman*, his name [*Henrici Spelman*] being written in fair hand on the first leaf of it, and at the beginning of other Tracts contained in that Volume. But I have been since informed that it belonged to the late Lord Viscount *Weymouth*, from whom it is probable Mr. Urry borrowed it not long before his Death; which might be the reason that no notice is taken of it in that Catalogue he left of the MSS. which he had seen and perused.

There is another MS. of this Poem in the Lord *Harley's* Library, which has been occasionally consulted when any difficulty occurred in revising the *Glossary*, and is there meant by *H. 3.*

It may be of use in this place to give the Reader notice of another MS. in the *Harleian* Library [*34. B. 18.*] which, though it contains but Two small Pieces of our Author's, viz. *How pyte is dede*, &c. p. 421. and that beginning, *The longe nyghtis*, &c. p. 558. it may be worth an Editor's while to collate for the many Improvements and Corrections that may be made from it, especially in the former Poem; one of which is observed under *Herenus* in the *Glossary*, wherein this Book is designed by *H. 4.*

And it may be equally useful to a future Editor to be advertised, that *Chaucer's Tale of Melibeus* and his Wife *Prudence* may receive considerable Improvements from a Fragment of it at the end of a Paper MS. [*Nº. 140.*] in the *Arundelian* Collection belonging to the Royal Society; which is the only MS. there that contains any of our Author's Works. This is mentioned here to prevent any future Loss of time in searching amongst those MSS. for the Continuation of the *Squier's Tale*, which some have pretended to have been compleat in *Arundel-House* Library: Nor is it likely the curious Enquirer should be more successful in his Researches elsewhere for the Remainder of that Tale, which no doubt was left imperfect by the Author, as it is mentioned in some MSS. and in that MS. of Mr. *Selden* in the *Bodleian* Library [*Archiv. B. 30. 3360.*] after the two Verses which we have of the third part of that Tale, these Eight Verses follow;

*But I here now wol maken a knotte,
To the tyme it come next to my lotte;
For here ben felawes behynde an hepe truly,
That wolden talke full besily,
And have here sport as well as I;
And the day passith certaynly:
Therefore, Ofe, taketh now good bede
Who shall nexte telle, and late him spede.*

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And certainly *Spenser* was of opinion that *Chaucer* never finished it, when he undertook to carry on that Story, so far at least as it made for his purpose, in his *Fairy Queen*^f; which gave occasion to others to fancy he wrote a Continuation of it. That indeed was attempted by one *John Lane* in *Q. Elizabeth's* time: How well he succeeded in his performance is left to the Judgment of such as have leisure to peruse it in the *Ashmolean Museum*, N^o. 6937.

I had also an opportunity by the favour of an ingenious Friend, of collating a MS. of *Jack Upland*, on Vellum in a very small Volume, which was of use to explain some, and correct other Passages in it; but the Text is generally so different there from that which is exhibited in this, as well as former Editions of *Chaucer*, that it may deserve to be printed entire as it is in that MS. which is now in the possession of that indefatigable Collector, *Thomas Rawlinson Esq*;

I had likewise the assistance of my friends in collating most of the old, and all the valuable Editions; some of which the Reader will find often mention'd in the *Glossary*, especially those of *Caxton* and *Pynson*, which are designed by *Ca.* 1. 2. and *Py.* 1. 2. And here it may not be unacceptable to give a short account of such Editions of *Chaucer* as have come to my hands, or have been collated for me by my friends, not omitting in their proper places such as I find mentioned by others, and particularly by the late industrious Mr. *John Bagford* in his Collections towards the History of Printing, in the *Lord Harley's Library*.

Mr. *William Thynne* in his Dedication of *Chaucer's Works* to King *Henry VIII.* says that divers Imprints of them came to his hands, in which he deprehended many errors, falsities, and depravations: But when his Edition came out, which was much more compleat as well as more correct than the former ones, they were totally neglected, and therefore it is very rare to meet with any Copies of them but what are imperfect, especially at the beginning and end; so that the Reader is not to expect here an exact account of the Dates of the first Impressions.

We are told by Mr. *Stow* in his Survey of *London*, that the Works of *Chaucer* were first printed by *William Caxton* in a thin Folio in 1466. but this is a mistake, for (as Mr. *Bagford* well observes) *Caxton* did not print so early. But I have seen Two Editions of the *Canterbury Tales* published by that Printer, both in a small Folio, in single Columns: The first in a fair large Character, without Cuts, Running Title, or distinction of Stanza's: But the Copy which I perused being imperfect both at the beginning and end, the Date of it no where appears. The other hath rude wooden Cuts of most of the Pilgrims, and of the Supper at the *Tabbard Inn*, and is printed in a smaller Letter, which is the same with that used in *Caxton's* Edition of *Troilus and Creseide*^h, at the end of which he put his name thus; *Explicit per Caxton*. But the Copy which I saw of this Edition being likewise imperfect, there appears no Date. But that this was not the first Edition of *Chaucer*, cannot be doubted; many omissions in the former being supplied in this, and several Corrections made where that was very erroneous.

William Caxton, or rather *Wynkin de Werde* (as Mr. *Bagford* thought) printed in 4^o. amongst other things, several small pieces of *Chaucer's*, as *The Counsel to* [f. of] *Chaucer*, *His Envoy to Scogan*, *Little John* called the *Book of Courtesy*, *Annelida and false Arcyte*, *The Complaynt of Chaucer to his empty purse*, &c. This seems to have been intended as a Supplement to his Editions of the Tales, and is supposed by Mr. *Bagford* to have been printed in 149...

Mr. *Stow*^k also mentions the English Translation of *Boethius* set forth by *Caxton* with *Suigrigus's Verses*.

Richard Pynson was the next that printed *Chaucer's Works*, of which he published Two Editions. The first is in a small Folio, containing only the *Canterbury Tales*, printed in a large and fair Letter, in one Column, except the Tale of *Melibeus* and that of the *Parson*, which are printed in a smaller Character and in two Columns. This seems to have been printed from *Caxton's* Second Edition; and he acknowledges in the *Prohemye* to this Edition that it was printed by a Copy of his Master *William Caxton*^l. But the Copy of it which I per-

^f See the Passage in the *Testimonies*.

^g In *Lord Harley's Library*.

^h *Ibid.*

ⁱ Amongst Mr. *Aston's* Books in the *Royal Society's Library*. B. II. 19.

^k Survey of *London*.

^l The *Prohemye* is as follows;

Grete thankes, laude and honoure ought to be yewyn unto the clerkes, poets and historiagraphs that have writen many noble bokes of wisdom, of the lyves, passions and miracles of holy seyntes, of histories of noble and famous actes and faittes, and of the cronicles sithen the begynnyng of the creatioun of the world unto this present tyme; by whiche we ben daily enfourmed and have knowlege of manys thynges, of whom we shuld nat have knowen yf they had nat left to us theire monuments writen. Emong whom and inespecial tofore alle other we ought to gyve a singlar laude unto that noble and gret

philosopher *Geffrey Chaucer*, the whiche for his ornat writing in our tonge may wel have the name of a laureate poete. For tofore that he by his laboure enbelisshid, ornated and made faire our englishe, in this Realme was hadde rude speche and incongrue, as yet is apperithe by olde bokes; whiche at this daie oughte nat to have place ne be compared among his beauteous volumes and ornat writings: Of whom he made manys a noble hystorie as wel in metre as ryme and prose, and theym so craftely made, that he comprehended his maters in short, quicke and high sentences, eschewing prolixite, and casting away the chaf and superfluite, and shewing the pyked grayne of sentence, watered by crafty and sugred eloquence. Of whom I, among alle other of his bokes, the boke of the tales of *Canterburie* (in whiche ben manys a noble historie of wisdom, policie, mirth and gentilnes, and also of vertue and holynes) which boke di-

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used ^m wanting the Title Page, I cannot determine the year wherein it was published, but Mr. Bagford says it was in 1520, or 1522. This is adorned with wooden Cuts of most of the Pilgrims and of the Supper, differing from those in Caxton's Second Edition, but not much improved.

Pynson's Second Edition came out in 1526. and is printed in two Columns, and contains, besides the *Canterbury Tales*, and the *Retraction* at the end of the Parson's Tale (which was the first, and I believe the only time it was printed before the present Edition of it) the Poems following;

The Boke of Troylus and Cresyde, The Boke of Fame, *The Assemble of Foules*, otherwise called *saynt Valentine's day*, *La bele Dame sauns mercy translate out of Frenche into Englyshe by Geffray Chaucer, flour of poetes*, &c. *Bonum consilium Galfredi Chaucer*, contra fortunam; *Flye fro the preace*, &c. *Morall proverbes of Christine*, beginning, *The great vertues of our elders notable*, and ending, *Wo may be that to God endeth mys*; *The Complaynt of Mary Magdaleyne, The Letter of Dido to Eneas, Proverbs of Lydgate*: What other pieces it may contain I know not, the Copy which I had the use of ^o being imperfect at the end.

The Cuts in this are generally the same in the Tales with those in the former Edition of Pynson, and some of them are a little improved. There are also Cuts before most of the other Poems contained in this Edition, which have some relation to the subject matter of them. It has this Note after the *Retraction*; *Thus endeth the boke of Caunterbury tales. Imprinted at London in fletestrete, by me Rycharde Pynson, printer unto the kynges noble grace: and fynished the yere of our lorde god a. M. CCCCC. and xvi. the fourth day of June*. This Edition was printed from a Copy of one of Caxton's, which he had corrected for the Press; and the *Prohemie* to this Edition differs in that part from that to his first Edition ^p.

The next to these in Antiquity is a large Folio in two Columns. This has for the most part the same Cuts which were used in Caxton's second Edition, but worn and much damaged, and therefore most of the Borders of them are cut off; the Cuts of the *Knight* and *Parson* are new. Besides the Tales and other Works of Chaucer mentioned in the foregoing Article, it contains the *Retraction*, (which is in none of the subsequent Editions that I know of) *The Romaunt of the Rose, The Complaynt and Testament of Cresseide, The Legend of good Women, The Translacion of Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ, The Dreame of Chaucer, The floure of Curtesy, How pite is ded*, &c. *Of quene Annelida and false Arcite, The Assemble of ladies, The Conclusions of the Astrolabie, The Complaynt of the Black knyght, A Prayse of Women, and The Testament of Love*, which is imperfect in the Copy ^q I perused, both the beginning and end of the Book being lost; so that I cannot determine whether this be the first Edition put out by William Thynne, printed (as Leland says) by Berthelet, to which Brian Tucca added an elaborate and elegant Preface^r; or the second, increased by Mr. Stow; and printed by Thomas Godfray in 1532. *Cum privilegio à Rege indulto*^s.

In 1542. William Bonham dwellynge at the sygne of the Kinges Armes in Paul's Church-yard put out *The Workes of Geffray Chaucer, wyth dyvers workes whych were never in print before, Cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. This has Mr. Thynne's Preface to King Henry VIII. and is the first printed Book that I have seen with the *Plowman's Tale*, which

lignely overseen and duely examined by the polittike reason and oversight of my worshipful master William Caxton, accordinge to the entent and effecte of the seyd Geffrey Chaucer, and by a copy of the seyd master Caxton, purpos to imprens, by ye grate, ayde and supporte of almighty god; whom I humbly beseeche, that he of his grete and habundant grace wil so dispose that I may it fynyshe to his plesure, laude and glorie: And that alle we that shalle therein se or rede may so take and understande the gode and vertuous tales, that it may so profite to the helth of oure soules, and inespacial of the soule of the seyd Geffrey Chaucer, first autour and maker of this forsaide boke, that after this short and transitorye lyfe we may comme to the evirlastyn lyf in hevynne. Amen.

By Richard Pynson.

^m It belongs to the Royal Society. C. III. 24.

ⁿ At the end of the *Boke of Fame* there is this Note;

There is no more of this foresaid worke, for as it may be wel understoode, this noble man Geffray Chaucer, fynished it at the said conclusyon of the metyng of leysyng and sothsaue: where (as yet) they ben checked and may nat departe. Whiche worke as me semeth, is craftely made, and digne to be written and knownen: for he toucheth in it right great wysedome and subtell understandyng, and so in all his workes he excelleth in myn opynion all other writers in Englyshe, for he writeth no voyde wordes, but all his mater is full of hye and quicke sentence, to whom ought to be gyven laude and praisse, for his noble makynge and writyng: And I humbly beseeche and pray

you among your prayers, to remembre his soule, on whiche, and on all christen soules, I beseeche Iesu have mercy. Amen.

^o In the Harl. Library. 31. A. 5.

^p The principal difference is in the latter part, which is as follows;

I purpose to emprente by the grace of Iesu, the boke of the tales of Canterbury, in whiche I fynde many a noble historie, of every astate and degre. Fyrst reherseyng the condicions and the aray of eche of them, as properly as possible is to be said, and after their tales, which ben of nobleste, wysdome, gentleste, myrthe, and also of very holynesse and vertue, wherein he fynyssheth this sayde boke; whiche boke is diligently and trewly corrected, by a copy of William Caxton's imprimsyng, according to the true makinge of the sayd Geffray Chaucer, as hereafter shall followe all along by the helpe of almighty god: to whom I humbly beseeche, that I maye it so archyve and accomplyshe, that it be to his laude, honour and glory; and that all ye that shall in this boke rede or here, wyll of your charite amonge your dedes of mercy, remembre the soule of the sayd Geffrey Chaucer fyrste auttour and maker of this boke; and also, all we that shall se and rede therein, maye so take and understande the good and vertuous tales, that it may so profyete unto the helth of our soules, that after this shorte and transitorye lyfe, we may comme to everlastyng joye in heaven. Amen.

^q In Lord Harley's Library.

^r In *vitâ* Chauceri.

^s Mr. Bagford in his Collections.

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in this follows that of the *Parson*, whereas in other Editions it immediately precedes that Tale. The Cuts in this are the same with those in the Edition last mentioned, except one which represents the Knight and the Squier attending him.

In this Edition the following Poems are added;

The Remedy of Love, The Complaynt of Mars and Venus, The Letter of Cupyde, A balade in commendation of our Lady, John Gower unto the worthy and noble kynge Henry the fourth, Of the Cuckow and the Nightyngale, A Poem beginning, O leude boke with thy foule rudenesse, &c. Scogan unto the lordes, &c. The Poem beginning, Sometime the worlde so stedfast was, &c. Balade of the vyllage wythout payntyng, Chaucer unto his empty purse, Chaucer unto the kynge, The Poem beginning, Consyder wel every circumstance, &c. and Chaucer's Epitaph by Surigonus.

Mr. Bagford mentions another Edition in 1542. by John Reyne at the signe of the St. George in Paul's Churchyard; and says that about this time Chaucer's Works were printed by Thomas Petit living in Paul's Churchyard without Date, with Mr. Thynne's Preface to Henry VIII. at the beginning, and Surigonus's Verses at the end, without Cuts.

In 1555. *The Works of Geffray Chaucer newly printed, with divers works which never were printed before*, were printed by Richard Kele in Lombard street, Cum privilegio. This Edition has only a Cut of the Knight. The great Initials are finely cut in Wood, and the A hath I. R. in it.

There is another Edition printed by Robert Toye dwelling in Poule's Churchyard at the sign of the Bell, very like this, having I. R. in the A, as the former; but it has no Date. It has the *Plowman's Tale* before the *Parson's*; and the Contents are the same with those of Bonham's Edition 1542. and seems to be the same with that of 1561. at the end of which is printed the Story of *Thebes* by Lidgate, after which is this Note; *Imprinted at London by Jhon Kyngstone for Jhon Wight dwellyng in Poules Churchyard. Anno 1561. which was the Edition which Mr. Stow says was increased by his labour*. It is thought he received great helps in this Work from the Collections of John Shirley Esq; who was a great Traveller in divers Countries, and among other labours, had painfully collected the Works of Geffrey Chaucer, and John Lidgate and other learned Writers, in sundry Volumes, which Mr. Stow owns he saw, and partly possessed. This Gentleman dyed the twenty first of October 1456. and was buried in the Parish Church of St. Bartholomew the Less, London. Mr. Bagford says, Chaucer's Works were printed by John Kingstone, and George Bishop in 1561. and the year following by Adam Islip.

Mr. Stow tells us, that they were the Third time put forth with Notes by him collected out of divers Records and Monuments, which he delivered to his loving and learned friend Mr. Thomas Speght, who having drawn them into a good form and method, printed them in 1597. Mr. Stow's additions begin at Fol. CCCXL. and are as follows;

A Balad of gentillesse, A Proverb against Covetise and Negligence, Against unconstant women, In the praise (or rather dispraise) of women for their doubleness, The Craft of Lovers, A Poem beginning, Of their nature they greatly them delite, The X Commaundements of Love, The IX Ladies worthie, The Poems beginning, Alone walkyng, &c. In the season of Fevverere, &c. O mercifull and o merciabe. How Mercury with Pallas, Venus, and Minerva appered to Paris of Troie, &c. I have a Ladie, &c. O mossie Quince, &c. Loke well aboute, &c. A Poem beginning, The long nyghtes when every creature, and that beginning, In womanbede as auctours all write, The Court of Love. There were also added in this Edition Chaucer's Dreame, beginning, When Flora the Queene, &c. and The Floure and the Leaf.

This was printed by Adam Islip, at the charges of Thomas Wight, and was begun in 1597, but not published till the year following. It was dedicated by Mr. Speght to Sir Robert Cecil afterwards Earl of Salisbury; after which follows Mr. Beaumont's Letter to Mr. Speght (pressing him to hasten this Edition with his Notes) and the Life of Chaucer drawn up by Mr. Speght from Mr. Stow's Collections, together with a Print of Chaucer from his Picture in Occleve's Book: And at the end is added an Explanation of old and obscure Words, a Translation of the French in Chaucer, a Declaration of the Authors cited by him, together with some Corrections and Annotations; and after the Story of *Thebes* there is a Catalogue of Lidgate's Works. This was reprinted in the same year by Richard Kele, and (as Mr. Bagford says) by George Bishop towards the end of the year.

There is a Copy of the Edition 1597. with MS. Notes of Junius in the Bodleyan Library amongst his MSS. [N^o. 5121. 9.] but neither did those Notes nor his other Papers there of that nature (which I likewise consulted) afford that assistance which might be expected from so

^r Mr. Bagford in his Collections.

^u In his Survey of London and Westminster. Last Edit. B. 6. p. 15, 18.

^w *ibid.*

^x *ibid.* B. 4. p. 232, 233.

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great a Name; most of them being very imperfect, or drawn up rather for his own use than for the information of others.

In 1602. Mr. *Speght* put out another Edition with some Improvements; in which was first printed the Treatise intituled *Jack Upland*. He also inserted the Notes of the former Edition amongst the old and obscure words, and added a Translation of the *Latin* in *Chaucer*.

Mr. *Francis Thynne*, Lancaster Herald, Son to Mr. *William Thynne*, intended to have put out an Edition of *Chaucer* with Notes, as the *Italians* had *Petrarch*, and others, in their Language¹; having, besides the helps left him by his Father, made Collections of his own for that purpose: But whether Mr. *Speght* had the use of them for this Edition, or what became of them doth not appear. Mr. *A. Wood* says Mr. *Thynne* assisted Mr. *Speght* with his Notes and Directions, as also with considerable Materials for writing of *Chaucer's* Life²: But that is very improbable, since Mr. *Speght* doth not acknowledge any such assistance where he mentions Mr. *Thynne's* intention of undertaking a new Edition of *Chaucer*³.

The last Edition in 1687. scarce deserves a mention here, having all the defects of the former ones, with many additional Errors of it's own. It is furnished with a pompous Title Page only for Sale, pretending that it was compared with the best MSS. and that several things were added never before in print, which are only Two Advertisements; one at the beginning, that the *Pilgrim's* Tale could not be found; the other at the end, pretending to have found the Conclusion of the *Coke's* and *Squier's* Tales. To the former he directs these Lines to be added;

*What throw himself and his felaw that fought,
Unto a mischief both they were brought,
The one ydamned to prison perpetually,
The tother to deth, for he cou not of clergy,
And therefore yong men learne while ye may,
That with many divers thoughts both pricked all the day,
Remembre you what mischief cometh of misgouvernaunce,
Thus mowe ye learne worship and come to substaunce;
Think how grace and governaunce hath brought aboune
Many a poore man's Son chese state of the Town.
Ever rule thee after the best man of name,
And God may grace thee to come to the same.*

At the end of the *Squier's* Tale, after the two Verses of the third part which are extant, he directs to add the Lines before set down out of Mr. *Selden's* MS. with the addition of the two following Lines between the sixth and seventh Verses;

*So on this mattere I may no lenger dwell,
But stint my clack, and let the other tell,
Therefore oft [l. oft] taketh, &c.*

Besides these Editions of *Chaucer's* Works together, several of his Poems have been printed separately, at several times.

The Description of the *Plowman* and his Tale, were printed in 1606. in 4^o. with Notes which are thought by some to be Mr. *Francis Thynne's*.

In 1635. Sir *Francis Kinaston* of *Otely* in *Shropshire* published the First and Second Books of *Troilus* and *Cresseide*, with an elegant *Latin* Version of them in Rhime, dedicated to *Pat. Junius*, Library Keeper to the King: And in the Epistle to the Reader, he promises to translate the remaining Books in the same manner; and in case that Essay met with the Approbation of the Learned to publish the whole, with a Comment or Notes for the fuller Illustration of that Poem. And it seems he lived to finish this Work, though not to publish it; for I have been informed that there was a MS. of it in the hands of the late Mr. *Henry Aldriche*, Dean of *Christ-Church*, *Oxon.* (whose Name is never to be mentioned by a Member of that Society without the utmost Respect and Gratitude) out of which Mr. *Urry* procured some of the Notes to be transcribed, which have been made use of in the *Glossary*. I could never learn what became of that MS. but I am perswaded if it falls into the hands of a person capable to judge of it, he will not grudge the Learned World the use of so valuable a Piece by suppressing it, or delaying it's Publication.

An Anonymous Writer published a Comment on the *Miller's* Tale, and on the *Prologue* and *Tale of the Wife of Bath* in 1665. at the instance (as he says) of several Persons of Qua-

¹ *Speght* to the Reader, before this Edition.

² *Ath. Oxon.* Vol. I. col. 319. in *Francis Thynne*.

³ In his Epistle to the Reader, as before;

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lity, who importuned him to go on with the rest; but the Author excuses himself, on account of his Age, from proceeding any further in that Work.

Mr. *Ashmole* printed the *Chanon's Teme's Tale* with some Notes, in his *Theatrum Chemicum* in 1652.

Mr. *Dryden* turned into modern language the *Knight's Tale*, the *Wife of Bath her Tale*, and the *Nonne's Priest's Tale*, and also the Poem *Of the Floure and the Leafe*, which are printed amongst his Fables in 1700. and at the end of that Book, those Poems are printed as they were written by *Chaucer*. He also wrote the *Character of a Good Parson*, in Imitation of *Chaucer's* Description of the *Parson* in his *Prologues*, with some Enlargements, which is printed in the same Volume.

Mr. *Pope* also modernized two of the *Canterbury Tales*, viz. *The Merchant's Tale* of *January* and *May*, and the *Wife of Bath her Prologue*, which are among his Works printed in 1717. And some other of our Author's Poems have been attempted by other ingenious Persons in the same manner.

I shall not trouble the Reader in this place with a particular Enumeration of the other Books which I had occasion to make use of in compiling the *Glossary*, many of them being mentioned in the *Explanation of the Abbreviations*, &c. before it, and the rest quoted at length where they are referr'd to in the Body of it. He will easily observe how much this Work, such as it is, owes to the *Harleyan Libraries*: But I must not omit making my particular Acknowledgments to the Right Honourable the Lord HARLEY, not only for his readiness in communicating such MSS. and printed Books as were necessary to be consulted in the progress of it (a Quality which he enjoys in common with other learned Collectors of Books) but for his personal Directions in very many Particulars relating to it, without which the use of his numerous and valuable Collection could not have been so available to my Design. Had I consulted his Lordship's Inclinations more than the Advantages which the Learned may receive from his Communicative Disposition, I should have concealed this, as I do many other uncommon Favours I have received from him: But it may be of no small service to such as may be hereafter engaged in a Task of the like nature, to be informed where they may receive the best Instructions, as well as Materials, for the accomplishment of it.

Before I proceed to make an Apology for the Defects of the *Glossary*, I should acquaint the Reader, that many of the Ancient English Poets have been read over in order to make it the more perfect, many words occurring frequently in them, which we read but once, or very seldom, in our Author; and therefore the sense could not be well determined without looking into other Writers of the same Age. Amongst these *Gower* and *Lidgate* were of most use, the latter being a close Imitator of *Chaucer's* Language, as He was of that of the former; and as they borrow Thoughts and Expressions from one another, so they give light to the mutual Illustration of one another. What is said of *Lidgate* holds true in a great measure of *Occleve*: And had there been time allowed for more Reading in this way, the *Glossary* might have been made more universal; but as it is, it will be found useful for the understanding of most of the Old English Poets as well as *Chaucer*.

Some will no doubt account it a Defect in this *Glossary*, that I have not entered further into the Etymologies of Words: To which I shall only answer, that I was at first enjoyed to be as short as possible in the Explanation of them; which has been scrupulously observed, where it was not necessary to give the Origine of a Word in order to determine it's signification. But to make amends for the Compendiousness of it, in this respect, I have very frequently referred to the Authors where a fuller Explanation may be found.

It was once intended to have prefixed to the *Glossary* some general Rules for the better understanding of *Chaucer's* Language: But as there was not time allowed for drawing them up in a proper Method, the Reader must be content to take them as he finds them occasionally dispersed through it. For the same reason another Design was laid aside, which would in some degree have compensated the want of Notes upon *Chaucer*; and that was to give a short History of Persons and Places so far as they were referred or alluded to in his Works: But that would have taken up more time to do it to the learned Reader's Satisfaction, as well as my own, than has been spent in putting out this Edition, as long as it has been in hand: For besides the hints out of the *Greek* and *Latin* Authors, there are frequent Allusions to Romances and Legends in several Languages well known in *Chaucer's* time; so that to make that Work tolerable, the Undertaker must be Master of all that sort of Learning and Knowledge which was peculiar to that Age. The Reader must therefore be contented with the few Notions of that kind which he will find interspersed in the *Glossary*, and the Account of Authors subjoined to it, printed out of the former Editions with some Improvements.

The Reader will find at the end of the *Glossary* a compleat Collection of the *French* and *Latin* Expressions used in *Chaucer*, which are not only translated, but more fully explained than in the former Editions: And some Corrections are also attempted where there are manifest Corruptions.

I must

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I must not leave this Subject without doing justice to that worthy Gentleman, whose Name was mentioned in the last Proposals for this Edition, as having undertaken *a more useful and copious Glossary for the better understanding of this Poet*. Such a Work performed by a Person of his extensive Learning and uncommon Knowledge in this particular Study, would have fully answered that Character: But as we are deprived of the Benefit of his Labours in this kind (for what reasons I am not at this time satisfied) I would not have his Reputation suffer by the imperfection of this Performance, and therefore am bound to acquit him of having any hand in compiling this *Glossary*.

Some may possibly expect in a Preface of this kind an Account of the Original of *English* Poësie, and of it's Progress to our Author's time: But this hath been so fully and accurately performed by the learned Dr. *Hickes*, that I need not be ashamed to own I had nothing to add, nor do I care to transcribe.

Nor shall I be more solicitous to vindicate this Author from the Imputation of Smut and Obscenity. It has been very well observed by others that he has put it into proper mouths; and that having proposed to himself to describe the Manners of all Degrees of Persons in his time, he was under a sort of necessity to introduce this Character. I shall only add, that our present Words of Ribaldry, which are of *English* growth, were anciently Words of Decency, and had then a clean and modest signification.

The Number of *Errata's* needs no Apology to such as are acquainted with Works of this nature; especially if it be consider'd that my distance from the Press could not, without very much retarding the Work, allow me to revise the Sheets more than once: But I chose rather to the risk of Censure by giving a full List of the most material ones, than impose upon the Reader by concealing them. Many of them had passed unregarded in the former Editions, and were propagated from one of them to another: But I made a scruple of correcting any of those in the Text without express Authority, but I have in the *Glossary* given my Conjectures concerning some of them as occasion offered, and the rest are corrected among the *Errata*. Those parts of our Author's Works which are written in Prose abound most with Errors of this sort; but none more than his Translation of *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophiæ*: But upon collating the several passages which are corrupted with the *Latin* Original, it will be found not very difficult to restore most of them. The Reader will find in the *Glossary* some Specimens of what may be done by that means.

I cannot conclude this Preface without expressing my Regret that I have not sufficient Materials for enlarging upon the Character of Mr. *Urry*, a Gentleman so remarkable, not only for his Learning and Industry, but more particularly for his great Charity, constant Integrity, and a peculiar Happiness of being always most agreeable to his private Friends. But I must not omit the mention of his Gratitude to the Place of his Education, which he intended to express by a Legacy of Five hundred Pounds towards the new building of *Peckwater*: And he often took occasion to tell his Friends, with what cheerfulness he went on with this Work, as it would enable him the better to perform his pious and generous Intention; which since he did not live to accomplish, must however be gratefully acknowledged to be in some measure made good by his worthy Executor *William Brome* Esq; formerly of *Christ Church* (who was likewise Mr. *Urry's* intimate Friend, and at the same time with him an Ornament to that Society) by appropriating a Third part of the Profits of this Edition to the carrying on of that Building.

Having finished what I had here to offer to the Reader's consideration, I shall dismiss him from any further trouble, with Mr. *Urry's* own words to him in the short Sketch of a Preface, which was mentioned before: "If this is the First Edition of *Chaucer* that ever thou didst read, it will be to little purpose to tell thee what pains I have been at to fit out this Edition for thee. Thou wilt, may be, not thank me for what I have done, and complain of me for having left so much undone. All this I do believe thou mayst do justly: But if thou hast read any of the former Editions, thou wilt be my witness that I have been at some trouble in settling the Text, and giving Metre to the Poet's Verse, in collating many MSS. and not a few Printed Books, writing out Indexes, looking over a great many Dictionaries for words I could not find, as well as for words I could. In short, if thou ever wert an Editor of such Books, thou wilt have some compassion on my failings, being sensible of the toil of such sort of creatures; and if thou art not yet an Editor, I beg truce of thee till thou art one, before thou censurest my Endeavours."





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N. B. The follownig Cut should have been placed before the Rhime of Sir *Thopaz*.





Eight godely QUESTIONS with their ANSWERS*.

Sometime in Grece, that noble region,
There were eight clerkis of full grete science,
Philosophers of notable discrecion;
Of whom was asked, to provin their prudence;
Eight questions of derke intelligence:
To which they answered after their entent,
As here doth appere plaine and evident.

Thee first question was, What ertly thing
Is best, and unto God most commendable?
The first clerke answered without tarying,
A mann's soule ever firme and stable
In right, [and] from the trouh not variable.
But now alas! full sore may we wepe;
For covetise hath broughte trowth alkepe.

The second, What thing is most odious?
A double man, sayed the Philosopher,
With virgine face, and a taile venomous,
With a fair view, and a false profer:
A corrupt carien in a golden tree.
It is a monster in natures linage,
One man to havin a double visage.

The third [question,] What is the beste dower
That may be to a wife appropriate?
A clene life, was the clerkis answer.
Without sinne, all chaste, and inviolate
From all deceits, and speches inornate,
Or countenance, which shall be to dispise:
No fire make, and then no smoke woll arise.

The fourth question [was,] What maiden may
Be called clene in chastitie?
The fourthe clerke answered, which alway
Every creature is ashamde on to lie,
Of whom men reporten great honestie:
Good maidens kepe youre chastitie forth,
And remember that good name is gold worth.

[The fifth] Who' is a pore man ev'er full of wo?
A covetous man which is a nigon,
He that in his herte can never say ho;
The more gode, the lesse distribution;
The richer, the worse of condition:

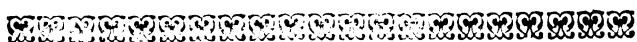
Men in this coast clepen him a niggard,
[And] Sir Guy the bribour is his steward.

[The sixth] Which is a rich man without fraud?
He that canne to his gode suffice;
Whatever he hath, he yeveth God the laud,
And kepeth him clene from all covetise;
He desires nothing in ungodly wise;
His body is here, his mind is above:
He is a rich man, for God doth him love.

Who is a foole? is the seventh demand;
He that wolde hurt, and bath no powere;
Might he mikell, much wolde he command;
His malice grete, his might nought were;
He threteth full fast, full little may he dere:
He thinketh not how men have sayed beforne,
God sendeth a shreude Cowe a short horn.

Who is a wise man? is the eight question;
He that might noye, and doth no annoiance;
Might punish, and leaveth punission;
A man mercifull, without vengeance:
A wise man puttith in remembraunce
[This] Saying, Had I venged all mine harme,
My cloke had not been furred halfe so warme.

Explicit.



To the Kinges most noble grace, and
to the Lords and Knightes of the
Garter.

TO you welle of honour and worthinesse,
Our Christen King, the heire and successour
Unto Justinian's devout tendernesse,
In the faith of Jesu our redemptour;
And to you, lordis of the Garter, floure
Of chevalrie, as men you clepe and call,
The lord of vertue, and of grace outhour,
Graunt the fruit of your lose never appall.

* Septem Sapientum Sententiæ apud Auson.

BIAS PRIENEUS.

*Quenam summa boni? Mens qua sibi conscia recti.
Pernicies homini qua maxima? Solus homo alter.*

*Quis dives? Qui nil cupiat. Quis pauper? Avarus.
Qua dos matrona pulcherrima? Vita pudica.
Qua casta est? De qua mentiri fama veretur.
Quod prudentis opus? Quum possit, nolle nocere.
Quid stulti proprium? Non posse, & velle nocere.*

O liege lorde, that have the likenesse
 Of Constantine, th'ensample and mirrour
 To princes all, in humble buxomenesse
 To holy church, O veray sustainour
 And pillar of our faith, and werriour
 Againe of heresies the bitter gall:
 Doe forth, doe forth, continue your succour,
 Hold up Christis banner, let it not fall.

This Isle or this had ben but hethenesse,
 N'ad be of your faith the force and vigour;
 And yet this day the fiendis crabbednesse
 Wenith fully to catch a time and houre,
 To have on us your lieges a sharpe shoure,
 And to his servitude us knitte and thrall:
 But aye we trust in you our protectour,
 On your constaunce we awaitin all.

Commaundith that no wight have hardinesse,
 O worthy king, our Christen Emperour,
 Of the faith to disputin more or lesse
 Openly emonges peple: Her errour
 Springeth all day, and engendrith rumour.
 Makith such law, and for ought may befall,
 Observe it wele, thereto be ye doctour;
 Doth so, and God in glorie shall you stall.

Ye Lordis eke, shining in noble fame,
 To which approped is the maintenaunce
 Of Christ's cause, in honour of his name,
 Shove on and put his foes to utteraunce;
 God wolde so, and so wolde eke your legiaunce;
 To the two aye prickith you your dewte.
 Who so nat kepeth this double observaunce,
 Of merite and honour naked is he.

Your stile sayith [that] ye ben foes to shame:
 Now kith of your faith the perseveraunce,
 In which an hepe of us ben halt and lame,
 Our christen king of Englonde and of Fraunce,
 And ye my lordis with your alliaunce,
 And other faithful peple that there be,
 Trust I to God, shall quench al this noisance,
 And this lond set in high prosperite.

Conquest of high prowesse is for to tame
 The wild wodenesse of all this miscreaunce;
 Right to the rote daily repe ye that fame.
 Slegen nat this, but for God's plessaunce
 And his mother, and in signifaunce
 That ye ben of saint George's livere,
 Dorth him service, and knightly obeisaunce;
 For Christis cause is his, well knowin ye.

Stiffe stand in that, and ye shall greve and grame
 The foe to pece, the norice of distaunce;
 That now is ernest, turne it into game;
 Now kith of your beleve the constaunce,
 Lord liege and lordis, have in remembraunce,
 Lord of all is the blisfull Trinite,
 Of whose vertue the mightie habundaunce
 You herten and strengthen in faithfull unite.

Explicit.

† *Chaucer's Prophecie.*

When faith faylith in Priest's sawes,
 And lordes hestes are holde for lawes,
 And robberie is holde purchase,
 And letcherie is holde solace;
 Then shall the lond of Albion
 Be brought to great confusoun.

It falleth for a gentleman
 To say the best that he can
 Alwaies in mann's absence,
 And the sooth in his presence.

It commeth by kind of gentil blood
 To cast away all hevinesse,
 And gadher togither wordis good,
 The werke of wisdom beareth witnesse.

† So this Stanza is entitled in a Book in the *Ashmolean Museum*. No. 6986. 78r. p. 162.



The

ANNE R.

WHEREAS Our Trusty and Well-beloved *John Urry*, Student of *Christ-Church* College in our University of *Oxford*, hath humbly represented unto Us, that he hath with great Labour and Expence prepared for the Press a compleat and correct Copy of the Works of *Geffrey Chaucer*, with a Glossary, and in order thereunto has carefully perused and compared not only all the former Editions of Value, but many rare and ancient Manuscripts not hitherto consulted; from the collating of which he hath in a great measure restored and perfected the Text, amending many Errors and Corruptions that have crept in, and continued in all the Editions hitherto printed, remarked many Pieces in them falsely ascribed to *Chaucer*, and added several entire Tales never yet printed, as well as many single Lines hitherto omitted in former Editions of this Work; by which Alterations, Amendments and Additions, the Work is in a manner become new; and has therefore humbly besought Us to grant him Our Royal Privilege and Licence for the sole Printing and Publishing thereof for the Term of Fourteen Years: We being graciously inclined to encourage the said Undertaking, are pleased to condescend to his Request, and do therefore by these Presents grant unto him the said *John Urry*, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns, Our Royal Licence and Privilege for the sole Printing and Publishing the Works of *Geffrey Chaucer* as he hath collated them with the Manuscripts, and the Glossary aforesaid, for the Term of Fourteen Years from the Date hereof, strictly forbidding and prohibiting all Our Subjects within Our Kingdoms and Dominions to reprint the same, either in the like, or in any other Volume or Volumes whatsoever, or to import, buy, vend, utter or distribute any Copies thereof reprinted beyond the Seas, during the aforesaid Term of Fourteen Years, without the Consent or Approbation of the said *John Urry*, his Heirs, Executors, Administrators and Assigns, under his or their Hand and Seals first had and obtained, as they will answer the contrary at their Peril. Whereof the Master, Warden, and Company of *Stationers* are to take notice that the same may be entered in their Register, and that due Obedience be rendered thereunto.

Given at Our Court at *Kensington* the Twentieth Day of *July* 1714. in the Thirteenth Year of Our Reign.

By Her Majesty's Command,

W. Bromley.

N. B. This Licence was Assigned by *Mr. Urry* unto *Bernard Lintot* Bookseller, the Seventeenth Day of *December* 1714.



THE
WORKS
OF
JEOFFREY CHAUCER.

The PROLOGUES of the Canterbury Tales
of CHAUCER, from the MSS.



WHEN that Aprilis with his Shouris fote,
The drought of March had percid to
the rote,
And bathid every veyn in such licour,
Of which vertue engendrid is the flour.
When Zephyrus eke, with his swete breth
Enspirid hath, in every holt and heth
The tender croppis; and that the yong Sunn
Hath in the Ramm his halve cours yrunn:
And smale foulis makin melodye,
That slepin alle night with opin eye,
(So prickith them nature in ther corage)
Then longin folk to go on pilgrimage:
And Palmers for to sekin strange stondes,
To servin Hallowes couth in sondry londes:
And specially fro every shir'is end
Of England, to Canterbury they wend,
The holy blisfull Martyr for to seke,
That them hath holpin, whan that they were seke.

Befell that in that seson on a day
In Southwerk at the Tabberd as I lay,
Redy to wendin on my Pilgrimage
To Canterbury, with devote corage,
At night wer come into that Hostery
Wele nine and twenty in a company

Of fundrie folk, by aventure yfall
In felasship; and Pilgrimes wer they all;
That toward Canterbury wouldin ride.
The Chambers and the Stablis werin wide,
And well we werin esid at the best:
And shortly whan the Sunne was to rest,
So had I spokin with them everychone,
That I was of ther felasship anone;
And made forward erli for to rise,
To take our weye, ther as I did devise.
But nathleß while that I have time and space,
Er' that I farther in this Tale pace,
Methinkith it accordaunt to reson,
To tell you alle the Condition
Of ech of them, so as it semid me;
And which they werin, and of what degree,
And eke in what array that they wer in:
And at a Knight then woll I first begin.

The Knight.

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he first began
To ridin out, he lovid Chevalrie,
Trough and Honour, Fredome and Curtesy,

B

Full

Full worthy was he in his Lord's werre,
And thereto had he riddin nane more ferre
As well in Christendom, as in Hethnes;
And evyr honoured for his worthines.

At Aleffandre' he was whan it was won;
Full oft timis he had the bord begon
Abovin allè Naciouns in Puce;
In Lettow had he riddin, and in Luce,
No Christen-man so oft of his degree
In Granada; in the Sege had he be
Of Algezir, and ridd in Belmary;
At Leyis was he, and at Sataly,
Whan that they wer won; and in the grete See
At many'a noble army had he be:
At mortal battails had he ben fiftene,
And foughtin for our feith at Tramesene,
In listis thrys, and alwey slein his fo.

This ilke worthy Knight had ben also
Sometimis with the Lord of Palathy,
Ayens anothir hethin in Turkey;
And evirmore he had a Sov'raane prize;
And though that he was worthy, he was wise;
And of his port as meke as is a Maid,
He nevyr yet no villany ne said
In all his life unto no manner wight:
He was a very parfit gentil Knight.
But for to tellin you of his array,
His hors wer good; but he was nothing gay,
Of Fustian he werid a gipon,
Allè besmottrid with his haburgeon.
For he was late ycome from his viage,
And wentè for to do his pilgrimage.

The Squire.

With him there was his Sonn, a yongè Squire,
A Lovir, and a lusty Bachillere,
With lockis curle, as they were leid in prefs;
Of twenty yere of age he was, I ghesse,
Of his Stature he was of evin length,
Wondirly delyver, and of grete Strength;
And he had ben sometime in Chivauchie
In Flandris, in Artois and Picardye,
And born him wele, as of so littil space,
In hope to standin in his Lady's grace.
Embroudid was he, as it were a Mede,
All full of fresh flouris both white and rede;
Singing he was or floyting all the day,
He was as fresh as is the Month of May.
Short was his goune with slevis long and wide,
Well couth he sit an hors, and feire yride;
And Songis he couth make, and wel endite,
Just, and eke daunce, and well portraie and write.
So hote he lovid, that by nighter tale
He slept no more than doth the Nightingale.
Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,
And karft before his faðir at the table.

The Squire's Yoman.

A Yoman had he, and Servantes no mo,
At that time, for him list to ridin fo.
And he was clad in Cote and hode of grene,
A sheff of Pecoock arrowes, bright and kene,
Undir his belt he bare, full thriftily;
Wel couth he drefs his tackle yomanly,
His arrowes droupid not with fethris low;
And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.

A nott hede had he, with a brown visage,
Of wood-craft wel couth he all the usage.
Upon his arme he bare a gay bracer,
And by his side a Swerd and bokeler,
And on that othir side a gay daggere
Harnisid wele and sharp as point of Spere;

A Christopher on' his brest of silver shene,
An horne he bare, the baudrick was of grene;
A Foster was he sothly, as I ghesse.

The Prioreße.

There was also a Nonne, a Prioreße,
That of her smiling was simble and coy;
Her gretist oth was but by Seint Eloye. 120
And she was clepid Madame Eglentine;
Full wele she song tho the Service devine,
Entunid in her nose full family;
And French she spake full fayr and fetisly,
After the School of Stratford attè Bowe,
For French of Paris was to her unknowe.
At Metè was she well ytaught withall,
She let no morfell from her lippis fall;
Ne wet her fingris in her saucè depe;
Well couth she carry' a morfell, and well kepe, 130
That no dropè ne fell upon her brest;
In curtesie was sett full much her lest.
Her over-lippè wipid she so clene,
That in her cup there was no ferthing sene
Of grece, whan she dronkin had her draught;
Full family aftir her mete she raught;
And sikerly she was of gret disport,
And full plesant and amiable of port;
And painid her to counterfete chere
Of Court, and to ben stately of Manere, 140
And to ben holdin digne of reverence.

But for to spekin of her conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wouldè wepe, if that she saw a Mous
Caught in a Trapp, if it were ded or bled.
Of smale houndis had she that she fed,
With rostid flesh, or milk and wastel bred;
But fore wept she, if any' of them were ded,
Or if men smote them with a yard smert,
And all was conscience, and tendir hert. 150

Full family her wimple pinchid was:
Her nose was tretes, her yin gray as glas,
Her mouth full smale, and thereto soft and red,
But sikirly she had a fayr forehed;
It was almost a spannè brode I trow;
For hardity she was not undergrow.

Full fetise was her cloke, as I was ware;
Of smale corall about her arm she bare 90
A pair of bedis, gaudid alle with grene,
And theron hong a broch of gold full shene, 160
On whiche ther was first writ a crownid A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.
Another Nonn also with her had she,
That was her chapelein, and priestis thre.

The Monke.

A Monke ther was fayr for the Maistery,
An outrider, that lovid Venery;
A Manly man, to ben an Abbot able,
Many a dainty horse had he in stable:
And when he rode, Men might his bridle here 170
Gingiling in a whistling wind as clere
And eke as lowd, as doth the Chappell bell
Ther as this Lord was keper of the Cell;
The rule of St. Maure and of St. Benet,
Because that it was old and somdele streit,
This ilke Monke let old thingis to pace,
And heldin after the new world the trace.
He gave not of the text a pullid hen,
That faith, that Hunters be not holy men,
Ne that a Monke, whan he is recheles,
Is likenid till a fish, that's waterles: 180
This is to say, a Monke out of Cloystre,
This ilk text yeeld he's not worth an Oystre:

I seide

I seide his opinion was good,
What shuld he study, or make himself wood,
Upon a boke in cloystre alweie poure,
Or swinke with his hondis, or labour,
As Austyn did. How shall the world be served?
Let Austyn have his swinke to him reserved.
Therefore he was a Prikasoure aright;
Greiounds he had as swift as foule of flight: 190
Of pricking, and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust, for no cost would he spare.

I see his sleves purfilid at the hande
With grys, and that the finist in a lande.
And to sustene his hood under his chinn,
He had of gold wrought a full curious pinn;
A Love-knot in the greter end ther was.
His hed was bald, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face as he had ben anoint;
He was a Lord full fat, and in gode point: 200
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemid as a furneis of led.
His bootis souple, his hors in gret estate;
Now certainly he was a fayr Prelate!
He was not pale as a forpinid ghost,
A fat Swann loved he beste of any rost.
His palfry was as browne as is a berry.

A Frere

A Frere there was, a wanton and a merry,
A Limitour, and a full solempne man,
In all the Orders four is none that can
So much of daliaunce and fair langage.
He haddè made full many'a marriage
Of yongè women, all at his own cost,
Till his Order he was a noble post.
Full wele beloved, and familier was he,
With Frankleins all over his Contre,
And with the worthie Women of the towne;
For he had powir of confessioun,
As he seide himself more than a Curate,
For of his Order he was Licentiate: 210
Full swetely herde he their confessioun,
And plesant was his absolutioun.
He was an esy man to give pennaunce,
Ther as he wist to have a gode pittaunce;
For unto a pore Order for to give
Is a signe that a man is wele yshrive:
For if he gave ought, he durst make avaunt,
He wist wele that that man was repentaunt;
For many' a man so herde is of his herte,
That he may not wepe, although him fore smert; 230
Therefore instede of weping and prayers,
Men mote give silver to the pore Freres.
His tippet was ay farfid full of knives,
And pinnis for to givin to faire wives.
And certainly he had a merry note,
Wele couth he sing and playin on a Rote:
Of yedding he bare utterly the price.
His neck was white as is the Floure de lis.
Therto stronge was he as a champion,
And knewe the Tavernes wele in every toun, 240
And every hostiler and tapistere,
Better than a Lazere, or a beggere;
For unto such a worthy man as he
Accordith naught, as by his faculte,
To have with such like Lazares acqueyntaunce,
It is naught honest, it may not avaunce,
For to have deling with suche base poraille;
But alle with rich and sellers of Vitayle,
And over alle, as profit shulde arise;
Courtis he was, and lowly of servise.
Ther na's no man no wher so vertuouse,
He was the best beggere in alle his house.

And gavin a certaine ferme for the graunt,
None of his brethren camin in his haunt.
For though a Wedowe had nought but a Scho,
(So plesant was his *In principio*)
Yet would he have a ferthing er he wente,
His purchase was wele better than his rente:
And rage he couth as it werin a whelpe.
In love dayis ther couth he mikill helpe, 260
For ther he was not like a Cloisterere,
In a thred-bare Cope, like a pore Scolere;
But he was like a Maistere or a Pope;
Of double worstede was his semy Cope,
So roundid 'twas as a bell out of presse.
Somewhat he lipsid for his wantonnesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge,
And in his harping whan that he had songe,
His eyen twinkelid in his hede aright, 270
As don the Sterris in a frosty night.
This worthy Limitour was cleped Huberde.

A Marchaunt.

A Marchaunt was ther with a forkid berde,
In motley, and high on his horse he fere,
Upon his hed a Flaunders' bevir hat,
His bootis clafsid faire and fetisly,
His refons ay spake he full solempnly,
Shewing alweye the' encrease of his winning,
He would the See wer kept for any thing,
Betwixte Middleborough and Orewell;
Well couth he in eschaunge his Sheldis sell. 280
This worthy man so wele his wit bifett,
That there wist no wight that he was in debt.
So statly was he with his governaunce,
With his bargeins, and with his chevifaunce.
Forsooth he was a worthy man with all;
But sooth to faine, I n'ot what men him call.

The Clerke of Oxenford.

A Clerke there was of Oxenford also,
That unto Logik longe time had y go.
As lenè was his horse as is a rake,
And He was nothing fat I undertake, 290
But lookid hollow, thereto soberly:
Full thredbare was his overist Courtpy;
For he had gettin him no benefice,
Ne was so worldly for to have office:
For him had lever han at his bedshed
Twentie bokis, yclad with black or red,
Of Aristotle' and his Philosophie,
Than robis riche, fithell, or gay sautrie.
But albe that he was a Philosopher,
Yet had he but little gold in his Coffer, 300
But alle that he might of his frendis hent,
On bokis and on learning he it spent;
And busily gan for the Soulis praye
Of them, that gave him wherewith to Scholeie.
Of studie tookin he most cure and hede
Nought oo word spak he more than ther was nede,
And that was seide in forme and reverence,
And short and quick, and full of high Sentence.
Sowning in moral vertue was his speche,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teche. 310

The Sargeant at Law.

A Sargeant of the Law both ware and wise,
That oftin had yben at the Pervise,
That was also full rich of excellence,
Discrete he was, and of grete reverence, 250
He semid suche, his wordis were so wise:
Justice he was full oftin in Assise,

By

By Patent, and by pleine Commissioun;
 For his Science, and for his high renoun,
 Of fees and robis had he many oon.
 So grete a purchasour was no wher none.
 All was fee simple to him in effect,
 His purchasynge might not ben in suspect.
 No wher so besy'a man as he ther n'as,
 And yet he semid besier than he was.
 In termis had he caas and domis all,
 That fro the time of King William were fall.
 Thereto he couth endite, and make a thing;
 Ther couth no wight pinchin at his writing.
 And every statute couth he plaine by rote,
 He rode but homely in a medley cote,
 Girt with a Seint of Silk, with barris smale;
 Of his aray telle I no lenger tale.

The Frankelein.

A Frankleyn was in his company;
 White was his berde as is the Daiysefey,
 Of his complexion he was sanguine;
 Well loved he by the morrow' a sop in wine:
 To live in delight was ever his wonne,
 For he was Epicurus his own Sonne,
 That held Opinioun, that plaine delite
 Was the verray felicitye perfite.
 An Householder, and that a grete, was he,
 St. Julian he was in his Countre;
 His brede, his Ale was alweye after one;
 A bett viendid Man was no wher none;
 Withoutin bake mete never was his house,
 Of fishe and fleshe, and that so plenteouse,
 It snwid in his house of mete and drinke,
 And of all dainties that men couth of think:
 After the soudre sefons of the yere
 So chaungid he his mete and his suppere.
 Many a fat Partriche had he in mewe,
 And many' a Breme, and many' a Luce in stewe.
 Woe was his Coke, but that his saucis were
 Poinant and sharp, and redy alle his gere.
 His table dormaunt in his halle alwey
 Stode redy covered all the longè dey.
 At Cessiounes ther was he Lord and Sire,
 Full often times he was Knight of the Shire.
 An Anlas, and a gipsire alle of silk
 Hing at his girdill, white as morowe milk.
 A Shereve had he ben, and Coronner,
 Was no wher such a worthy Vavefor.

Haberdasher, &c.

An Haberdasher and a Carpenter,
 A Webbe, a Dier, and a Tapiser,
 All they were clothid in oo lyvere,
 Of a solempne and grete fraternite,
 Full fresh and newe their gere y pikid was,
 Their knives y chapid ne wer not with brads,
 But al with silver wrought ful clene and wele,
 There gurtheles and there pouchis every dele.
 Well semid eche of them a faire burgeys,
 To sittin in a yelde Hall on the deys;
 Everich for the wisdome that he cann,
 Was Shape lich for to ben an Aldermann.
 For Cattaile had they right inough and rent,
 And eke their wivis woulde it wele assent,
 And ellis certain thei werin to blame,
 It is full fair to ben clepid Madame,
 And to gone to Vigillis all before,
 And have a Mantell roialiche y bore.

The Coke.

A Coke thei haddè with them for the nones
 To boyle the chickens and the marie-bones,

And poudre Marchaunt, tarte, and galingale;
 Well couth he know a draught of London Ale.
 He couth rostè, boilè, grillè and frie;
 And make mortreis and well bake a Pie.
 But grete harme was it, as it semid me,
 That on his Schinnè a Mormall had he,
 For blank manger that made he with the best.

The Shipman.

A Shipman was there wonning ferre by West; 390
 For ought I wote he was of Dertemouth;
 He rode upon a rouncy, as he couth,
 In a gownè of falding to the knee: 330
 A dagger hanging on a lace had he,
 About his neck, under his arm adoun:
 The hot Sommer had made his hew all broun.
 And certeynly he was a gode felaw,
 Full many' a draught of Wine had he ydraw
 Fro Burdeux ward while that the chapmen slepe,
 Of nycè Conscience toke he no kepe. 400
 If that he faught, and had the higher hand,
 He sent them home by water to eche land.
 But of his craft to rekin wele his tides,
 His strems, and his daungeres him besides,
 His herbrough, his mone, and his Lode menage, 340
 There was none such fro Hull unto Cartage.
 Hardie he was, and wise to undertake;
 With many' a tempest had his berde ben shake:
 He well knew all the Havins as they were,
 Fro Scotland to the Cape of Fynyftere, 410
 And every creek in Brittain and in Spain,
 His barge y calid was the Maudelain.

The Dr. of Phisick.

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisick,
 In all this world ne was ther none him like
 To speke of Phisike and of Surgery;
 For he was groundid in Astronomy;
 He kept his pacient a full gret dele
 In houris by his Magike naturele;
 Well couth he fortunè the ascendent
 Of his images for his pacient. 420
 He knewe the cause of every maladic,
 Were it of hote, or cold, or moist, or drie;
 And where engendrid, and of what humour,
 He was a very parfit practifour.
 The cause yknow, and of his harme the rote,
 Anon he gave to the sike man his bote.
 Full redy had he his 'Pothecaries,
 To send him druggis and 'lectuaries,
 For eche of them made other for to winne:
 Their frendship n'as not new, now to beginne. 430
 Well knew he the old Esculapius,
 And Dioscorides, and eke Rufus,
 Old Hippocrates, Haly, and Galen,
 Serapion, Rasis, and Avicen,
 Averrois, Damascene, Constantine,
 Bernard, and Gatifden, and Gilbertin.
 Of his diete mesurable was he,
 For it was of no superfluite,
 But of grete norisshing, and digestible.
 His studie was but litil in the Bible; 440
 In Sanguine, and in Perse he was clad all
 Linid with Tafata, and with Sandall.
 And yet he was but esy of dispence,
 He keptè that he wan in Pestilence;
 For gold in Phisike is a cordiall;
 Therefore he lovid gold in special.

The

The Wife of Bath.

A gode wife there was also beside Bathe,
But she was somdele defe, and that was scathe.
Of Clothmaking she hadde such a haunt,
She passid them of Ipre, and of Gaunt. 450
In all the Parish wife ne was there none,
That to the offryng shoulde before her gone,
And if there did, certaine so wroth was she,
That she was outin of all charite.
Her covercheifes were large and fine of ground,
I durst to swere that thei weyid thre pound,
That on a Sonday were upon her hedde;
Her hofin werin of fine Scarlet redde,
Full strait ystrainid, and her shoos full new;
Bold was her face, and fayr and red her hew: 460
She was a worthy woman all her live,
Husbandes at the Chirche dore had she had fve,
Withoutin other companie in youth,
But thereof nedith not to speke as nouth.
Thries hadde she ben at Jerusalem,
She had passid many a straunge strete,
At Rome had she ben, and als at Boloine,
In Gallice, at Seint Jame, and at Coloine;
She couth much talk of wandring by the way;
Gap-tothid was she, soothly for to say: 470
Upon an Ambler esily she satte,
All wimplid well, and on her hed an hatte
As brode as is a bokeler or a Targe;
A foot-mantill about her hippis large,
And on her feet a paire of Spurris sharpe.
In felawship wele couth she laugh and carpe,
Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,
For she couth of that art the oldè daunce.

The Parfone.

A gode Man there was of Religioun,
And he was a pore Parfone of a Toun: 480
But riche he was of holy thought and werke,
He was als a lernid Man, and a Clerk,
That Christ's gospell trewly wolde preche,
His Parish'ners devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in Adversite full pacient:
And soch one he was provid oftè sithes.
Full loth were him to cursin for his tithes,
But rather wolde he gevin out of dout,
Unto his pore Parish'ners all about, 490
Both of his offryng and of his substaunce;
He couth in liry thing have suffisaunce.
Wide was his parish, and housis asonder,
But he ne left, neither for raine, ne thonder,
In Sikeness, ne in mischief to visite
The ferthist in his parish, much or lite,
Upon his fete, and in his hand a staffe;
This gode ensample to his shepe he yafte,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught;
Out of the Gospell he the wordis caught, 500
And this figure he addid eke therto,
That if gold rustid, what shoulde iron do?
For yef a Priest be foule, on whome we trust,
No wonder is it a lewde man to rust:
And shame it is (but that a Priest take kepe)
To see a shittin Shepherd and clene Shepe.
Well ought a Priest ensample for to yeve,
By his own clenesse how his Shepe shoulde live.
He sette not his Benefice to hire, 510
And let his Shepe acomber in the mire;
And ren to London, unto Seintè Powles,
To sekin him a chaunterie for Soules;
Or with a broðerhede to ben withhold:
But dwell'd at home, and keptè well his fold,

So that the wolf ne made 'hem not miscary,
He was a shepherd, not a mercenary.
And though he holy were and vertuouus,
He was not to sinfull men dispitous.
Ne of his spechè daungerous, ne digne, 520
But in his teching discrete and benigne,
To drawin folk to hevin bi fairenesse,
Bi gode ensample, this was his besnesse.
But if were any person obstinate,
Whether he were of high or low estate,
Him woulde he snibb sharpely for the nonis:
A better Priest I trowe no where none is.
He waitid after no pomp ne reve'ence,
Ne makid him no spicid Conscience,
But Christ's lore and his Apostles twelve
He taught, but first he followed himselve. 530

The Ploughman.

With him there was a Ploughman his broðer,
That had lad of dong many a fother;
And a trewe Swinker, and a gode was he,
Living in pece and perfite charite.
God lov'd he best with all his wholè herte,
At alle timis, though him gained or smerte;
And then his neighbouris right as himselve;
And he would thresh, and thereto dike and delve,
For Christ's sake, for every pore wight,
Withoutin hire, if it lay in his might. 540
His tithis payid he full faire and well,
Both of his proper swink, and his cattell:
In a Tabbarde he rode upon a Mare.
There was also a Reve, and a Millare,
A Sompnour, and a Pardoner also,
A Manciple, and my self, ther was no mo.

The Millare.

The Millare was a stout Carle for the nones,
Full bigge he was of braune and eke of bones,
That prov'd he wele, for o're all there he cam 550
At wrastring he would have away the Ram.
He was short shulder'd, and a thicke gnarr,
There n'as no dore but he would have the barr,
Or breke it at a renning with his hedde;
His berde as anie Sow or Fox was redde,
And thereto brode as though it were a Spade:
Upon the Coppe right of his nose he hade
A wert, and thereon stode a tuffte of heeres,
Red as the bristelles of a Sow's eres; 490
His nostrilles also black werin and wide,
A Swerde and bokeler bare he by his side; 560
His mouth as wide was as a grete forneis,
He was a jangler and a Golierdeis,
And that was most of Sinne and harlotreis;
Wele couth he stele corne, and tolle thrys,
And yet he had a thombe of gold parde.
A white Cote, and a blew hode werid he;
A Bagge pipe well couth he blow and sowne,
And therewithall brought he us out of towne.

The Manciple.

A Manciple there was of the Temple,
Of which all Catours might take ensample, 570
For to ben wise in buying of Vitaille;
For whether he payid or toke by taile,
Algate he waitid so in his ashate,
That he was ay before in gode estate.
Now is not that of God a full faire grace,
That such a lewde Mann's wit shall pace
The wisdom of a hepe of lernid Men?
Of Maisters had he mo than thryis ten,

C

That

That were of lawe expert and curious,
Of which ther were a dofin in that house,
Worthy to ben Stuaards of house and londe
Of any Lordè that is in Englonde,
To make him livin by his proper gode,
In honour detteles, but if he were wode,
Or live as scarfly as him list desire,
And able for to helpin al a Shire
In any caas that might fallin or hap:
And yet this Manciple set all ther cap.

The Reve.

The Revè was a sklender colerik man,
His berde was shawe as nie as e're he can;
His here was by his eris rounde thorne,
His top was dokkid like a priest beforne:
Full longè were his leggis, and full lene,
Ylike a Staf, ther was no calfe y fene.
Well couth he kepe a Garner and a Binn,
Ther was none Auditour couth on him winn.
Well wist he by the drought and by the raine
The yelding of his fede, and of his graine.
His Lord's shepe, his nete, and his deirie,
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were wholly in this Reve's governing,
And by his Covènaunt yave he rekening,
Syn that his Lord was twenty yere of age,
Ther couth no man bring him in arrerage.
There ne was Bailie, herd, nor other hine,
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine;
They were adradd of him as of the deth:
His wonning was full fayr upon an heth.
With grenè trees yshadowd was his place,
He couthè better than his Lord purchase;
Full rich he was astorid prively;
His Lord he couth wele plesin subtilly,
To yeve and lenin him of his own gode,
And have a thank, and get a Cote and hode.
In youth he had ylernd a gode mistere,
He was a Whelewright and a Carpenter.
This Revè sat upon a right gode Stot,
That was all pomelly gray, and hight Scot.
A longè Surcote of Perfe blew he hade,
And by his Side he bare a rustie blade.
Of Norfolkè was this Reve of whiche I tell,
Beside a town men clepin Baldifwell.
Tuckid he was as is a Frere about,
And ever he rode hinderest of our rowte.

The Sompnour.

A Sompnour was ther with us in the place,
That had a fry red cherubimes face,
For fauflemè he was, with eyin narow,
All hote he was, and lech'rous as a Sparow,
With scallid browis blak, and pilid berde,
Of his visage childern were fore afferde.
Ther n'as quyksilver, litarge, ne brimstone,
Borace, Cereuse, ne oile of Tarter none,
Ne Ointement, that woldè clesse or bite,
That him might helpin of his whelkis white,
Ne of his knobbis sitting on his chekes.
Well loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinkin strong wine, red as blode,
Then wold he speke and crie as he were wode.
And when that he well dronkin had the wine,
Then wolde he speke no word but Latine:
A few Schole termis couth he, two or thre,
That he had lernid out of some decre:
No wonder is, he herde it all the day,
And ye well knowin eke, how that a jay
Can clepe watt, as well as can the Pope,
But whofo couth, in other thinges, him grope,

Then had he spent all his Philosophie,
(*A questio quid juris*) wolde he crie.
He was a gentil harlot and a kind,
A better felaw sholde a man not find;
He woldè suffer for a quarte of wine,
A gode felaw to have his Concubine
A twelvemonth, and excuse him at the full;
Full prively eke a finch couth he pull,
And if he found owher a gode felawe,
He woldè techin him to have none awe
In sochè caas of the Archdekin's curse,
But if a Mann's Soule wer in his purse,
For in his purse he sholdè punish'd be,
Purs is the Archdekin's hellè, seid he.
But well I wot, he lyith right indede,
Of cursing ought eche sinfull man to drede:
Cursing woll slay, right as affoiling savith,
And als ware him of a *significavit*.
In daungere had he, at his ownè gife,
All the yong girlis of the diocise,
And knew ther counsaile, and was of ther rede.
A Garlond had he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it werin for an Alestake,
A Bokeler had he made him of a Cake.

The Pardoner.

With him ther rode a gentil Pardonere,
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That strait was comè from the Court of Rome;
Full loude he song, come hiðir lov'is sone;
This Sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never tromp of half so gret a Sown.
This Pardonere had here as yellowe' as wax,
And smothe it heng as doth a strike of flax;
By ouncis heng his lokkis that he had,
And therewith he his shulderes oversprad,
Full thynne it lay, by culpons one by one;
But hode for jollitie werid he none,
For it was trussid up in his walet;
Him thought he rode all of the newè fet,
Dischevele, saaf his cappe, he rode al bare:
Such glaring eyin had he as an hare.
A vernycle had he sewd on his cappe.
His Walet lay before him in his lappe.
Bret full of pardon come fro Rome al hote,
A voice he had as smale as hath a gote.
No berde he had, ne never shuldin have,
As smothe it was as it were late shave.
I trowe he were a gelding or a mare;
But of his craft, fro Barwike unto Ware,
Ne was there such another Pardonere:
For in his Male he had a pilowbere,
Which, as he seidè, was our Ladies vaile:
He saide, he had a gobbet of the Saile
Which Seint Peter haddè, whan that he went
Upon the See, till Jesu Christ him hent.
He had a croos of Laton full offstones,
And in a glas haddè he piggis bones;
But with these relikis, whan that he fonde,
A pover parfone dwelling up on londe,
Upon o day he gat him more money,
Than that Parfone got him in monthis tweye.
And thus with fainid flatering and japes,
He made the Parson and the peple' his apes.
But truly for to tellin at the last,
He was in Church a nobill ecclesiast;
Well couth he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest he songe an offertorie:
For wele he wistè, whan that song was songe,
He must prechè, and well afile his tonge,
To winnè silvir, as he full wele cou'd,
Therefore he songe so merrily and lowd.

Now

Now have I tolde you sothly in a claufe,
The State, aray, and nomber, and the Cause,
Why that assemblid was this companie
In Southwerke, at this gentil hostelrie;
That hight the Tabbarde, faste by the Bell.
But now it is time to you for to tell,
How that we barin us that ilke night,
Whan we wer in that hostelrie alight,
And after woll I tellin our viage,
And all the remnaunt of our Pilgrimage.
But first I pray you of your curtasie,
That ye n'arett it nought my villanie,
Though that I plainly speke in this mattere;
To tellin you ther words, and eke ther chere,
Ne though I speke ther wordis properly.
For this ye knowin al as wel as I,
Whofo shall telle a tale after a man,
Mote reherse, as nygh as ever he can,
Everich word, if it ben in his charge,
Al speke he nevir so rudely ne large:
Or ellis he mote telle his tale untrewre,
Or feynè thingis, or find wordis newe:
He may not spare tho he wer his brother,
But as wele say o word as another.
Christ speke himself full brode in holie writ,
And wele ye wote no villanie is it.
Eke Plato sayith, whofo can him rede
The wordis mote be Cofin to the dede.
Also I pray you to forgive it me,
All have I not set folk in ther degre,
Here in these talis as thei sholdè stonde,
My wit is short ye may well understonde.
Grete chere made our host as everichone,
And to the suppere set he us anone:
And servid us with vitales of the best,
Strong was the wine, and wele to drink us left.
A femely man our hoste was withal,
To ben a Marshall in a Lord's Hall;
A large man he was, with eyin stepe,
A fayrer Burgeis is there none in Chepe.
Bold of his speche, and wise, and well ytaught,
And of manhodè lakkid him right naught.
And eke thereto he was a mery man,
And after suppere playin he began,
And spake of mirth amongis other thinges,
Whan that we haddè made our rekeninges;
And seide thus, now Lordingis trewly,
Ye ben to me welcome right hertely:
For by my trouth, if that I shal not lie,
I saw not this yere soche a cumpanie
At onis in this herbrue' as is now,
Fain would I don you mirthè, wist I how.
And of a mirth I am right now bethought,
To don you ese, and it shal coste nought.
Ye gon to Canterbury, God you speke,
The blisfull Martir quite you your mede:
And well I wot as ye gon by the way,
Ye shapin you to talkin and to play:
For trewly comfort ne mirth is there none,
To ridin by the way as domb as stone.
And therefore woll I makin you disport,
As I seide erst, and done you some comfort.
And if you likith all by one assent
For to stonde at my will and judgement;
And for to workin as I shal you say,
To morrow, whan we ridin on the way;
Now by my fa'ir's Soule, that is dede,
But ye be mery, I woll give my hede;
Holdith up your hondis without more speche;
Our Counsaile was not longe for to seche:
Us thought it was not worth to make it nice,
And grauntid him withoutin more avise,

And bad him say his verdict as him left:
Lordinges, quoth he, now herk'nith for the best, 790
But take it not I pray you in disdaine,
This is the point to speke it plat and plaine,
That eche of you to shortin oth'er's way
In this viage, shall tellin talis tway;
To Canterbury ward, I mean it so,
And homewardes he shall tellin other two,
Of Aventures, whilome that have befall;
And which of you him berith best of all,
That is to sayn, that tellith in this case,
Talis of best Sentence, and most so'ace, 800
Shall have a Suppere at our alder cost
Here in this place sitting by this Post,
When we come ayen fro Canterbury.
And for to makin you the more mery
I woll my selvin godelie with you ryde,
Right at mine ownè cost, and be your gyde.
And whofo wolle my judgement withsay,
Shall pay for all we spendin by the way.
And if that ye vouchsaaf that it be so,
Telle me anon withoutin wordis mo; 810
And I woll erely shapin me therefore.
This thing was grauntid, and our othis swore,
With full glad herte, and praydin him also,
That he woldè vouchsaaf for to do so,
And that he woldè ben our governour,
And of our talis judge, and reportour:
And set a Suppere at a certaine price;
And we wold rulid ben at his devise,
In hie and low; and thus by one assent
We ben accordid to his judgement. 820
And thereuppon the wine was fett anone,
We dronkin, and to rest went ilke one,
Withoutin any longer tarying.
The Morrow whan the day began to spring,
Uprose our Host, and was our alder Cock,
And ga'drid us togethir on a flock.
And forth we riddin all a litil space
Unto the watering of St. Thomas:
And there our Host began his horse arest,
And seide, Lordingis, herk'nith if ye lest, 830
Ye wote your foreword, and I it record,
If Ev'esong and Morrowsong accord.
Let see now who shall tellin the first tale.
As ever mote I drinkin wine or ale,
Whofo is rebell to my judgement,
Shall pay for all that by the way is spent.
Now drawith Cut ere that ye farther twin,
The whiche that hath the shortist shall begin.
Sir Knight, quod he, my Maister and my Lord,
Now drawith Cut, for that is mine accord,
Come nere, quod he, my Ladie Prioreffe,
And ye, Sir Clerke, let be your shamefacednesse, 770
Ne studie not, lay hand to, every man;
Anone to drawin every wight began.
And shortly for to tellin as it was,
Were it by Adventure, or Sort, or Caas,
The sothe is thus, the Cut fell to the Knight,
Of which full blithe and glad was every wight.
And tell he must his tale, as was refon,
By foreword, and by Composition, 850
As ye han herde; what nedith wordis mo?
And whan this gode Man saw that it was so,
As he that wise was, and obedient,
To kepin his forward by free assent,
He seide, sithin I shall begynn the game,
Th'art welcome, Cut, to me a Godd's name.
Now let us ride, and herk'nith what I say,
And with that word, we ridin forth our way,
And he began, with a right mery chere,
His Tale, the which anon right shall ye here.

Thus endith the Prologues of the Canterbury Tales. And follows, I. The KNIGHT's TALE.



I. The KNIGHT's TALE.



Hylome, as oldè stories tellin us,
There was a Duke, that hightè Theseus,
Of Athens he was Lord and Governour,
And in his timè soche a Conquerour,
That greter was there non under the Son:

Full many a rich countrie had he wonn,
What with his wisdome, and his chivalrie,
He conquer'd all the reign of Feminie,
That whilome was yclepid Scythia:
And weddid the Quene call'd Hypolita, 870
And brought hir home with him to his Countrie,
With mikill glorie and solempnitie,
And eke hir yongè Sister Emelie.
And thus with victorie and melodie
Let I this worthy Duke to Athens ryde,
And all his host in armis him beside.

And certis if it n'ere too long to here,
I would have toldè fully the manere,
How wonnin was the reign of Feminie,
By Theseus, and by his chevalrie.
880 And of the gretè bataile for the nones,
Betwixt Athenis and the Amazones.
And how befegit was Hyppolita,
The feire, yonge, hardie Quene of Scythia.
And of the feste that was at their wedding,
And of the tempest at their home-coming.
But al these thynges I mote as now forbere,
I have, God wot, a largè felde to ere,
And wekid ben the oxin in the plow,
The remnaunt of my tale is long inow.

I will not lettin eke none of this rout,
Let every felaw tell his tale about;

And let see now who shall the Suppere win:
But there I left I woll agayn begin.

This Duke, of whome I makin mencion,
When he was come almost unto the toun,
In all his welè, and in his most pride,
He was ware, as he cast his eye aside,
Where that there knelid in the highè wey
A companie of Ladys twey and twey, 900
Eche aftir other, cladde in clothis blake,
But soch a crie, and soch a wo they make,
That in this world ne is cature living,
That evir herdè such a weymenting.
And of this crie they n'oldè nevir stentin,
Till they the reins of his bridle hentin.

What folk be ye, that at my home-comming
Perturbin so my feest with your crying,
Quoð Theseus? have ye so grete envie
Of mine honour, that thus compleine and crie? 910
Or who hath you misbodid, or offended?
890 Now tellith me, that it may be amended,
And why that ye be clothid thus in blake?

The oldist Lady of them allè spake,
Whan she had fownid with a dedelie chere,
That it was ruthe her for to see and here:
She seidè, Lord, to whom Fortune hath given
Victory' and as a conquerour to liven,
Nought grevith us your glorie and honour,
But we besechin mercie and succour, 920
Have mercie on our wo and our distres,
890 Some drop of pitè through thy gentilnes,
Upon us wretchid wymin, let thou fall;
For certis, Lord, there n'is none of us all,

That

That she n'ath ben a Duchesse or a Quene,
 Now be we Catives, as it is wele sene.
 Thankid be Fortune, and her false whele,
 That none estate asurith to be wele.
 Now certis, Lord, to abide your presence,
 Here in this Temple of the Goddesse Clemence, 930
 We have ben weyting all this fourtenyght;
 Help us, Lord, sith it lyith in thi might.
 I wretch, which that wepe and weyle thus,
 Was whilome wyf to King Capanëus,
 That starfe at Thebis, cursid be the day;
 And allè we that ben in this aray,
 And makin all this Lamentacioun,
 We lostin all our husbondes at that toun,
 While that the Segè there about is lay;
 And yet now the old Creon (Welaway) 940
 That Lord is now of Thebis the Citie,
 Fulfillid of ire and iniquitie,
 He, for despite and for his tirannie,
 To doin the dede bodies villanie,
 Of all our Lordis which that ben yslaw,
 Hath all the bodyes on an hepe ydraw,
 And woll not suffre them by none assent
 Neither to ben buried, nowther ybrent;
 But makith houndes to ete them in dispite.
 And with that worde withoutin more respite 950
 They fallin gruf and cridin pitoussie,
 Have on us wretchid wymmen some mercie,
 And let our Sorow sink into thine herte.
 This gentil Duke down from his Courser sterte,
 With hertè pitous, whan he herde them speke,
 Him thoughtin that his herte wou'de al to breke,
 Whan he saw them so pitous and so mate,
 That whylome werin of so gret estate,
 And in his armis he them al uphent,
 And them comfortith in full gode entent, 960
 And swore his ooth, as he was a trew Knight,
 He wold doin so ferforthly his might,
 Upon the Tiraunt Creon them to wreke,
 That all the pepyl of Grece shuldè speke,
 How Creon was by Theseus y served,
 As he that hath his dethe ful wele deserved.
 And right anon withoutin more abode
 His baner he displayid and forth rode
 To Thebis ward, and all his host beside.
 No nerre Athenis wolde he go ne ride, 970
 Ne takin his ese fully half a day,
 But onward on his wey that night he lay:
 And sent anon Hippolita the Quene,
 And Emelie her yongè Sustir shene,
 Unto the Toune of Athenis to dwelle,
 And forth he ritte, ther n'is no more to telle.
 The red Statue of Mars with spere and targe
 So shinith in his white banner large,
 That alle the feldis glittrin up and doune:
 And by his banner borne is his pennon 980
 Of gold ful rich, in which there was ybete
 The Minotaur, which that he wan in Crete.
 Thus ritt this Duke, thus ritt this Conquerour,
 And in his host of chivalrie the flour,
 Tyl that he came to Thebis, and alight
 Feire in a felde, ther as he thought to fight.
 But shortlie for to spekin of this thing,
 With Creon, which that was of Thebis King,
 He fought, and slew him manly as a Knight
 In plain bataille; and put his folke to flight. 990
 And by assault he wan the Citie after;
 And rent adoune both wall, and sparre, and rafter;
 And to the ladies he restor'd ageyn
 The bonis of ther frendis that were fleyn;
 To don obsequies, as tho was the gife.
 But it were all too long for to devise
 The grete clamour, and eke the weymenting,
 That the Ladies madin at the brenning

Of the bodies, and the gretè honout
 That Theseus the nobil Conquerour 1000
 Doth to the Ladys, whan they from him went.
 But shortly for to telle is mine entent:
 Whan that this worthy Duke, this Theseus
 Hath Creon slaine, and wonne Thebis thus,
 Stille in that felde he toke all nyght his rest,
 And did with alle the Countrie as him lest.
 To ransake in the taas of bodys dede,
 Them for to strip of harneis and of wede
 The Pillours did their besinesse and cure,
 Aftir the bataille and discomfiture. 1010
 And so befell, that in the taas thei found
 Through grit with many grevous blodie wound
 Two yongè Knightis, ligging by and by,
 Both in armis same, wrought full richely.
 Of whichè two Arcitè hight that one,
 And that othir Knight hightè Palamon.
 Not fully quik, ne fully dede they were,
 But by their Cote-Armoures, and by their gere
 The Heraulds knew them best in speciall,
 As thei that werin of the blode riall 1020
 Of Thebis, and of Sustir two yborne;
 Out of the taas the Pillours han them torne,
 And han them caried soft into the tent
 Of Theseus, and he ful sone them sent
 To Athenis, to dwellin in prisoun
 Perpetuelly, them n'olde he ransoun.
 And whan this worthi Duke hath thus ydone,
 He toke his hoste, and home he goth anone,
 With laurell crounid, as a Conquerour;
 And there he livith in joy and honour 1030
 Terme of his life, what nedith wordis mo?
 And in a Toure in anguish and in wo
 Dwellith this Palamon, and eke Arcite
 For evir more, there may no gold them quite.
 Thus passith yere by yere, and day by day;
 Tyl it fell once in a morrow of May,
 That Emelie, that fayrer was to sene
 Than is the lilly upon the stalk grene,
 And fresher than the May, with flouris newe,
 For with the rose colour strofe hir hewe, 1040
 I n'ote which was the fayrer of them two;
 Er it was day, as was her wont to do,
 She was arisin; and all redie dight,
 For May woll have not sluggardy annight.
 The Seson prikkith every gentill herte,
 And makith it out of his slepe to sterte,
 And faith, aryse, and do May observaunce:
 This makith Emelie have remembraunce
 To don honour to May, and for to rise;
 Y clothid was she freshe for to devise, 1050
 Her yellow heer was broidid in a tresse;
 Behind her back, a yardè long I gesse;
 And in the gardyn, as the sunn up risfe,
 She romid up and down, and as she listè
 She gaðrith flouris party white and rede,
 To make a sotill garland for her hede;
 And as an Aungel hevynly she song
 The grete Tour, that was so thik and strong;
 [Which of the Castell was the chief Dongeon;
 Ther as the Knightis werin in Prifon, 1060
 Of which I toldè you, and tellin shall]
 Was evyn joynaut to the gardyn wall,
 There as this Emelie had her playing.
 Bright was the Sunn, and clere in the morning,
 And Palamon, this woful Prifonere,
 As was his wont, by leve of his gaylere
 Was up, and romid in a Chambr' on high,
 In which he all the nobill citie figh;
 And eke the gardyn, full of braunchis grene
 There as this freshe Emilia the Shene. 1070
 Was in her walk, and romid up and down;
 This sorowfull pris'oner, this Palamon
 D
 Goth

Goth in his chambre roming to and fro,
 And to himself compleyning of his wo;
 That he was born, ful ofte he seid alas!
 And so befel by aventure or caas
 That through a window, thik of many'a bar
 Of iren grete, and square as any spar,
 He cast his eyin on Emilia;
 And therewithall he blent, and cryid A!
 As though he stongin were unto the herte;
 And with that crie Arcit' anon up-stert,
 And seide, Cofin myne, what eylith The
 That art so pale, and dedly for to se?
 Why cridist'ow? Who hath The don offence?
 For Godd'is love take al in pacience
 Our Prison, for it may none othir be:
 Fortune hath geve us this Adversitie.
 Some wikk' aspect, or disposicion
 Of Saturne, by some constellacion
 Hath yeve us this; although we had it sworn,
 So stood the hevyn whan that we were born!
 We mote endure it: This is short and playn.
 This Palamon answerde, and seide agayn,
 Cofyn, forsoth of this opinion
 Thou hast a vaine imaginacion;
 This Prison causid me not for to crie,
 But I was hurt right now thorough min eye
 Into myne hert; that woll my banè be:
 The fairnesse of that Lady, that I fe
 In yondir Gardyn roming to and fro,
 Is cause of all my crying and my wo.
 I n'ore wher she be Womman or Godesse!
 But Venus it is sothly, as I gesse;
 And therewithall on knees adown he fyll
 And seide, Venus, if it be thy will,
 You, in this gardyn, thus to transfigure
 Before me forowfull wretchid cature,
 Out of this Prison help that we may scape;
 And if so be my destinie be shape,
 By eterne word to dyin in Prison,
 Of our lynage have some compassion,
 That is so low ybrought by Tirannie.
 And with that word, Arcitè gan espie
 Whereas the Lady romid to and fro:
 And with that sight her beauty hurt him so,
 That, if that Palamon was woundid fore,
 Arcit' was hurt as much as he, or more;
 And with a like, he seide pitoullie
 The fresh beautie, slayith me bodilie
 Of her, that romith in the yondir place
 And but I have her mercy and her grace,
 That I may seen her at the lestè wey,
 I n'am but dede: ther n'ys no more to sey.

This Palamon, whan he these wordis herde,
 Dispitoullly he lokid, and answerde
 Wher' seist'ow this in ernest or in play?

Nay, qð Arcit' in ernest by my fay:
 God help me so, me list full ill to pley.
 This Palamon gan knyt his browis twey,
 It were, qð he, to The no grete honour
 For to be false, ne to be a Traytour
 To me, that am thy Cofyn, and thy broðir
 Ysworne full depe, and ech of us to othir.
 That nevir for to dyin in the peyne
 Tyll that the deth departin shall us tweyne,
 Neither of us in love to hindir othir,
 Ne in none othir caas, my levè brothir;
 But that thou shuldist trewly furthir me
 In every caas as I shuld furthir The;
 This was thine Oth, and mine also certayn.
 I wot right wele thou dar'st it not withsain:
 Thus art'ow of my counseill out of doute,
 And now thou woldist falsly ben aboute
 To love my Lady; whom I love, and serve,
 And evir shall, till that myne herte sterfe.

Now certis, false Arcit', thou shalt not so;
 I lovid hir first, and tolde The my wo
 As to my Counseyle, and my broðir sworne
 To furthir me; as I have seide before;
 For which thou art y boundin, as a Knight
 To helpin me, if it lye in thy might,
 Or ellis art'ow false, I dare well sayn.

1080 This Arcitè full proudly spake agayn,
 Thou shalt, qð he, be rathir false than I:
 And thou art false. I tell the utterly;
 For Paramour, I loved her first er' thou;
 What wilt'ow sayn, thou wist it nought yet now
 Whethir she be a woman, or Godesse.

This is affection of Holynesse;
 And mine is love to an erthly creature
 For which I toldè The mine aventure
 As to my Cofyn, and my broðir sworne.
 1090 Suppose that thou lovidist her before,
 Wotist'ow wel the oldè clerkis saw
 That who shall give a Lovir any Law?
 Love is a gretter Lawè, by my pan,
 Than may be yeve to any erthly man;
 Therefore positive Law, and such decre,
 Is broke all day for love; in ech degre.
 1170 A man mote nedis love, maugre his hede,
 He may not fleen it, though he shuld be dede,
 Albè she maide, widow, or ellis wife.

And eke it is not likely all thy life
 To stondin in her Grace, no more than I:
 For wele thou wost, thy selfin verily,
 That thou and I ben damnid to prison
 Perpetuell, us gainith no ransom.
 We strive, as did the Houndis for the bone
 That fought al day, and yet ther part was none.
 1180 There came a Cur, while that they wer so wroth,
 And bare away the bone betwixt them both.
 And therfore atte a King's court; my broðir,
 1110 Ech man for himself, ther is none othir.
 Love if thou list; for I love, and ay shall;
 And soothly, lese broðir, this is all.
 Here, in this Prison, motè we endure,
 And everich of us take his aventure.

Grete was the strife and long betwixt them twey
 If that I haddè lesure for to sey:

1190 But to th' effect, it happid on a day
 (To tell it you as shortly as I may)
 A worthie Duke, that hight Perithous,
 (That felaw was unto Duke Theseus
 Sithin the day that they were childrin lite)
 Was come t' Athenes his felaw to visite,
 And for to play, as he was wont to do:
 For in this world he lovid nō man so:
 And he loved him as tenderly again,
 So wele they lovid, as old bokis sain,
 1200 That when that one was dede, soothly to tell,
 His felaw went, and sought him down in Hell.
 But of that Story list me not to write.

Duke Perithous lovid well Arcite,
 And had hym known at Thebis yere by yere,
 And finally at the request and prayer
 Of Perithous, withoutin ransom

Duke Theseus let him out of Prison
 Freely to gon, wher' that him list o'r all,
 In such a gise, as I you tellin shall.
 1210

This was the Foreward plainly to endite
 Betwixt Duke Theseus, and him Arcite
 That if so were, that Arcitè were found
 Evre' in his life, by day, or night, o flound
 In any Contre of this Duke Theseus
 And he were caught, it was acordid thus;
 That with a Swerde, he shuldè lese his hede.
 There n'as none othir remedie, ne rede,
 But takith his leve, and homeward him sped
 Let him be ware, his neck lyith to wed:

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How

How grette sorow suff'rith now Arcite?
 The deth, he felith through his herte smite.
 He wepith, wailith, cryith pitoullie,
 To slein himself he waitith privily.
 And seide, alas! the day, that I was borne.
 Now is my Prison worse than beforne!
 Now is me shape eternally to dwell
 Nought in Purgatorie, but right in Hell.
 Alas, that e'r I knew Perithous!
 For ellis had I dwelt with Thesèus,
 Fetterid in his Prison evir mo:
 Than had I ben in blifs, and not in Wo.
 Only the sighte of hir, whom that I serve,
 Though that I nevir may her Grace deserve,
 Wold have sufficid right ynow for me.
 O deerist Cosyn Palamon, q'ð he,
 Thine is the Victoite' of this Aventure,
 Full blisfull in Prison mayst thou endure,
 In Prison? nay certis in Paradys,
 Well hath Fortune to The turnid the Dice,
 That hast the sight of her, and I th' absence.
 Possible is [fyn thou hast her presence,
 And art a Knight, a worthy and an able,
 That by some caas, since Fortune is changable].
 Thou mayst sometime to thy desire attaine,
 But I that am exilid, and barraine
 Of allè grace, and in so grete despaire,
 That ther n'is water, erth, ne fire, nor aire,
 Ne cature, that of them y makid is,
 That may me hele, or done comfort in this,
 Well ought I serve in wanhope, and distresse.
 Farewell my life, my lust, and my gladnesse;
 Alas! why pleyne men so in commune
 Of purveyance of God; or of Fortune,
 That givith them full ofte in many a gise,
 Well bettir, than themselvin can devise.
 Some man desirith for to have richesse,
 That cause is of his murdre or siknesse.
 And some man wolde out of his prison faine,
 That, in his house, is of his meinye flaine.
 Infinite harmis ben in this matere!
 We wote not for what thinges we prayin here.
 We fare as he, that dronk is as a mouse,
 A drunken man wot well, he hath an house,
 But he n'ot whichè is the right wey thithir:
 And to a dronkin man the wey is slidir.
 And certis in this world so farin we.
 We sekin fast aftir felicitie,
 But we gon wrong full oftè trewily;
 Thus may we sayin all, and namelich I,
 That ween'd, and had a grete opinion
 That if I might escape fro the prison,
 Then had I ben in joy, and perfite hele;
 Ther now I am exilid fro my wele,
 Sith that I may non seen you Emilie
 I n'am but dede. Ther n'is no remedie.
 Upon that othir side, whan Palamon
 Wist, that his Cosin Arcite was gon,
 Such sorow makyth he, that the grete Tour
 Resownid of his yelling and clamour,
 The fetteris, upon his Shinnis grete,
 Wcrin of his bittir salt teris wete.
 Alas, q'ð he, Arcite Cosyn mine
 Of all our strife, God wot, the frute is thine.
 Thou walkist now in Thebis attè large
 And of my wo, thou yernist litil charge!
 Thou maist, sith thou hast wisdom and manhede
 Assemble all the-folk of our kinrede
 And make a war so sharp on this contrè;
 That by some aventure, or some treté,
 Thou mayst have her to Lady, and to wife,
 For whom that I must nedis lese my life.
 For as by way of possibilitie
 Sith thou art at thy large, of Prison fre,

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And art a Lord, grete is thine avantage
 More than is mine, that sterve here in a cage.
 For I may wepe and wayle, while that I live
 With all the wo, that Prison may me yeve,
 And eke with peyn, love yevith me also,
 That doublith all my turment, and my wo. 1300
 Therewith the fire of jelosie upstert
 Within his brest, and hent him by the hert
 So woodly, that he like was to behold
 The box-tree, or the ashin dede and cold;
 Then seid, O cruel Goddis! that governe
 This worlde, with binding of your word eterne,
 Y writtin in the Table' of Adamant,
 Your Parlement, and you eternè grant,
 What is mankynd more unto you yhold,
 Than is the shepe, that ronkith in the fold? 1310
 For slayn is man, right as an othir beste,
 And dwellith eke in Prison, and areste,
 And hath siknesse, and grete adversitie,
 And oftin timis guiltilese Pardè.
 What gouvernance is in this prescience
 That guiltilefs turmentith innocence?
 And encrefith thus allè my pennaunce,
 That man is boundin to his observaunce
 For Godd's sake to lettin of his will,
 Theras a beste may all his lustes fulfill, 1320
 And when a beste is dede he hath no paine,
 But aftir his dethe man mote wepe and plaine,
 Though in this worlde he have care and wo;
 Withoutin doutè it may stonidin so.
 The answer of this lete I to Divinis,
 But well I wot, that in this world grete pine is.
 Alas! I se a Serpent or a theef,
 That many a trew man hath don mischeef,
 Gon at his large, and wher him list may turn;
 But I mote ben in prisoun through Saturne, 1330
 And eke through Juno jelous, and eke wode,
 That hath destroyid well nygh all the blode
 Of Thebis, with his waste wallis wyde,
 And Venus sleeth me on that othir syde,
 For jelosie and fere of him Arcite.
 Now woll I flint of Palamon a lite,
 And let him in his prisone stillè dwell,
 And of Arcite forth I woll you tell.
 The Sommir passith, and the nightis long
 Encrefith doubil wyse the painis strong 1340
 Both of the lovir and the prisonere,
 I n'ot which hath the wofuller mistere.
 For shortly for to seyn, this Palamon
 Perpetuel is damnid to prison,
 In cheinis and in fett'ris to the deed;
 And Arcite is exilid on his heed
 For evirmore as out of that Contrè,
 Ne nevirmore shall he his Ladie se.
 You Lovers ask I now this question,
 Who hath the worse, Arcite or Palamon? 1350
 That one may se his lady day by day,
 But in prisoun mote he dwellin alway;
 That othir wher him list may ride or go,
 But sene his Ladie shall he nevir mo.
 Now demith as ye listè ye that can,
 For I woll tall my tale, as I began.
 Whan that Arcite to Thebis comin was,
 Full oft a day he swelt, and seide alas!
 For sene his lady shall he nevir mo;
 And shortly to concludin all his wo, 1360
 So mochill sorow nevir had cature,
 That is or shall be while the world may dure:
 His slepe, his mete, his drink is hym byraft,
 That lene he waxith and drie as a shaft:
 His eyin holow, gryllie to behold,
 His hew fallow, and pale as ashin cold:
 Solitary he was evir alone,
 And weyling all the nyght, making his mone:

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And

And if he herd song or instrument,
 Than wold he wepin, he might not be stent. 1370
 So febyl were his Spirits and so low,
 And chaungid so, that no man couth him know,
 His speche, nothir his voice, tho men it herde,
 And in his gyre, for all the world he ferd,
 Nought comly, like to Lovers maladye,
 Of Eros, but raðir like to manie
 Engendrid of humours melancholik
 Beforn in his Cervellè fantastik,
 And shortly turnid was all upside doun
 Both habit eke and dispositioun 1380
 Of hym, this wofull Lovir Dan Arcite.
 What shuld I all dey of his wo endite?
 When he endurid had a yere or two,
 This cruel turment, and this peine and wo,
 At Thebis, in his Contre, as I seide,
 Upon a nyght in slepe as he him leide,
 Hym thought how that the wingid Mercury
 Beforn him stode, and bad him be mery,
 His slepe yerd in hond he bare upright
 An hat he werid on his heris bright. 1390
 Arayid was this God, as he toke kepe,
 As he was, whan that Argus toke his slepe,
 And seide him thus; to Athens shalt thou wend,
 There is The shapin of thy wo an end.
 And with that word Arcite awoke and stert;
 Now trewly how fore that evir me smert,
 Quoð he, to Athens ryght now woll I fare,
 Ne for the drede of deth shall I nought spare,
 To se my lady, that I love and serve,
 In her presence I ne reck nought to sserve. 1400
 And wyth that word he caught a grete myrour,
 And saw that chaungid was all his colour,
 And saw his visage all in othir kind,
 And right anon it ran him in his mind,
 That sithins his face was so disfigur'd
 Of Maladie, the which he had endur'd,
 He mighte wele, if that he bare him low,
 Livin in Athens evirmore unknow,
 And sene his lady well nigh day by day;
 And right anon he chaungid his aray,
 And clad him as a povir laborer,
 And all alone, save only a Squier,
 That knew his privy and all his caas,
 Which was disguisid porely, as he was;
 To Athens is he gone the nexte way,
 And to the Court he went upon a day,
 And at the gate he proffrid his servise,
 To drugge and draw what so men woll devise.
 And shortly of this mattir for to saine;
 He fell in office with a Chamberlaine, 1420
 The which that dwellyng was with Emilie;
 For he was wise, and sonè couth espy
 The thews of every servaunt that serv'd her;
 Wele couth he hewin wood, and watir bere:
 For he was yonge and mightie for the nones,
 And thereto he was stronge and big of bones,
 To don what any wight him can devise.
 A yere or two he was in this servise,
 Page of the chambir of Em'ly the bright,
 And Philostrat, he seide, that he hight; 1430
 But half so wele belov'd a man as he
 Ne was ther none in Court of his degre.
 He was so gentil of Condicioun,
 That throughout all the Court was his renoun.
 They seide, that it were a charite
 That Theseus woude enhansin his degre,
 And put hym in a wurshipful servise,
 There as he might his vertue exercise.
 And thus within a while his name is sprong,
 Both of his dedis, and of his gode tong, 1440
 That Theseus hath takin hym so nere,
 That of his chambre he hath made him squere:

And yafe him gold to mainteine his degre,
 And eke men brought him out of his Contre
 Fro yere to yere ful privilich his rent,
 But honestly and flyly he it spent,
 That no man wonderid how he it had,
 And thre yere in this wise his lyfe he lad,
 And bare hym so in pece, and eke in werre,
 There is no man that Theseus hath so derre. 1450
 And in this blifs levin I now Arcite;
 And speke I woll of Palamon a lite.
 In derkness horrible and strong prison
 This sevyn yere hath sittin Palamon,
 Forepinid, what for love, and for distres:
 Who felith double sore and hevynes
 But Palamon? That Love distreinith so,
 That wode out of his wit he goth for wo.
 And eke therto he is a Prisonere,
 Perpetuel, not only for a yere. 1460
 O who couth ryme in English propirly
 His Martyrdome? forsothe it am not I.
 Therefore I pass it lightly as I may.
 It befell that in the sev'nth yere, in May
 The third night, as old bokis to us saine,
 (That allè this story tellith more plaine)
 Were it by aventure, or destiny,
 (As when a thing is shapin, it mot be)
 That sone afir the midnyght Palamon,
 By helping of a frend brake his prison, 1470
 And fleeth the Cite fast as he may go,
 For he had giv'n his gailer drinkè so
 Of a Clarie, madin of certein wine,
 With Narcotise, and Opie of Thebes fine,
 That all the nyght, tho that men shulde him shake,
 The Gailer slept; they might him nat awake.
 And thus he fleith as fast as he may.
 The nyght was short and fast by was the day.
 That nedis cost he mote himselvin hide,
 And tyl a Grove, that was fast there beside, 1480
 With dredful fote then stalkith Palamon.
 For shortly this was his opinion,
 That in the Grove he wulde him hyde al day,
 And in the nyght then woude he take his way,
 To Thebis ward, his frendis for to pray,
 On Theseus to help him to warraye:
 And shortly ether he wuld lese his life,
 Or winnin Emily to ben his wife.
 This is th' effect, and his intention pleine.
 Now woll I turne to Arcite ageine, 1490
 That litil wist how nye that was his care,
 Tyl that Fortune had brought him in her snare.
 The mery lark, messengere of the day,
 Salewith in her song the morow gray,
 And firie Phebus rysith up so bright,
 That all the Orient laughith at the sight,
 And with his stremis dryith in the greves
 The silvir dropis hanging in the leves.
 And Arcite, that in the Court riall
 With Theseus is Squyir Principall, 1500
 Is rise, and lookith on the mery day,
 And to don his observauncis to May,
 Remembring of the poynt of his desire,
 He on his courser, startling as the fire,
 Is riddin to the feldis him to pley,
 Out of the Court, were it a mile or twey.
 And to the Grove, of which that I you told,
 By aventure his wey he gan to hold,
 To makin him a garlond of the greves,
 Were it of wodebine, or the hawthorne leves. 1510
 And lowde he song ayenst the Sonnè shene,
 May, with allè thy flouris, and thy grene,
 Welcome be thou, seide he, feire freshe May,
 I hope that I some grene thing gettin may.
 And from his Courser with a lusty herte
 Into the Grove full hastily he sterte.

And

And in a path he romid up and down,
 Ther as by aventure this Palamon,
 Was in a bussh, that no man myght him se,
 For sore afraied of his prisoun was he.
 1520 Nothing ne knew he that it was Arcite,
 God wot he wold have trowid that ful lite;
 But sothe is seide gon sithins manie yeres,
 That felde hath eyin, and the wode hath eres.
 It is ful fayre a man to bere him evin,
 For all day metè men at unset Stevin:
 Ful lityl wote Arcite of his felaw,
 That was so nye to herkin of his saw,
 1530 For in the bussh he sittith now ful still,
 Whan that Arcite had romid al his fill,
 And songin all the Roundell lustily,
 Into a studie he fell sodenly,
 As don thes lovers in ther queyntè gires,
 Now in the crop, and now down in the briers,
 Now up, now down, as boket in a well,
 Ryght as the Fryday, sothly for to tell,
 Now rainith it, and now it shinith fast,
 Ryght so gan gery Venus ovircast
 The hertis of her folk, right as her day
 Is gerifull, so chaungith she aray:
 Selde is the Fryday al the weke ylike.
 Whan that Arcite had song, he gan to sike,
 And set him down withoutin any more;
 Alas, qð he, the day that I was bore!
 How longè, Juno, through thy cruelte
 Wilt'ow weryin Thebis the Cite?
 Alas! ybrought is to Confusion
 The blode riall of Cadme' and Amphion;
 Of Cadmus, I seye, which was the first man,
 That Thebis built, or first the toun began,
 1540 And of that Citie first was crownid King;
 Of his lynage am I, and his ofspring,
 By very line, as of the stock riall:
 But now I am so catife, and so thrall,
 That he that is my mortal enemie,
 I serve him as his Squyir povirle.
 And yet doth Juno me well more shame,
 For I dare not be know by my own name:
 But theras I was wont to hight Arcite,
 Now hight I Philostrat, not worth a mite.
 1550 Alas thow fill Mars! alas thou Juno!
 Thus hath your ire our Lynage all fordoo,
 Saaf only me, and wretchid Palamon,
 That Thesèus martyrið in prifon.
 And ovir all, to sleen me uttirly,
 Love hath his fry dert so brenningly
 Stikid thorough my trewe and carefull herte,
 That shapid was my deth erst than my shert.
 Ye sleen me with your eyin Emily,
 Ye ben the causè wherfore that I dye:
 1560 Of all the remnaunt of myn othir care
 Ne sett I not the mount.unce of a tare,
 So that I couth do ought to your plesaunce.
 And with that word he fell down in a traunce,
 A long tyme, and afirward he upstert.
 This Palamon, that thought that through his herte
 He felt a colde Swerde sodeinly to glide,
 For ire he quoke, no longer wold he bide;
 And whan that he had herde Arcit's tale,
 As he were wode, wyth face all dede and pale,
 1570 He sterde him up out of the busshis thik,
 And seide, Arcite, thow false trayter wik,
 Now art'ow hent, that lov'st my lady so,
 For whom that I have al this peyn and wo,
 And art my blode, and to my counceill sworne,
 As I ful oft have tolde The heretoforne:
 And has bejapid here Duke Thesèus,
 And falsely chaungid hast thy name thus:
 I wold be dedde, or ellis thow shalt die,
 1580 Thou shalt not love my Ladie Emelie,

But I wold love hir only and no mo,
 For I am Palamon thy mortal fo.
 Though that I no wepin have in this place,
 But out of prisoun am aftar by grace,
 1590 I dredè nought that either thow shalt dye,
 Or thow ne shalt not lovin Emelie.
 Ches whiche thou wilt, for thow shalt not aftar.
 This Arcite, with full dispitous hert,
 Whan he him knew, and had his tale yherde,
 As fiers as Lyon drew he out his swerde, 1600
 And seide, by God that sittith above,
 Ne wer that thou art sike and wode for love,
 And eke thow no wepin hast in this place,
 1610 Thou shuldist nevir out of this grove pace,
 That thow ne shuldist dyin of myn hond.
 For I desie the suretie and the bond,
 Which that thow saist that I have made to the;
 What veray fole! think wele that love is fre:
 But I wold love her, maugre all thy might;
 For as moch as thow art a worthy Knight, 1620
 And willnist to dareyn here by bataile,
 Have here my trouth, to morow I n'll faile,
 Without witting of any othir wight,
 1630 That here I wold be foundin as a Knight;
 And bringin harneis right ynow for The,
 And ches the best, and leve the worst for me;
 And mete and drinkè this nyght wold I bring,
 Ynough for The, and clothes for thy bedding;
 And if so be that thow my Lady winn,
 And sle me in this wode, there I am in, 1640
 Thou maist wel have thy lady as for me.
 This Palamon answerde, I graunt it The;
 And thus they ben departid tyl a morow,
 Whan eche of them had leide his feith to borow.
 O Cupido out of all charite!
 O Reign that wuld'ft have no felaw with The!
 Full sothe is seide, that Love ne Lordship
 Will not his thankes have any felawship,
 We find that of Arcite and Palamon:
 Arcite is ridd anon into the towne: 1650
 And on the morow er it were day light,
 Full privily two harneis had he dight,
 Both sufficient and metè to darreigne
 The bataile in the felde betwixt them tweite:
 And on his hors alone as he was borne,
 He carieth all his harneis him beforne;
 And in the Grove, at tyme and place yset,
 That Arcite, and this Palamon ben met:
 To chaungin gan the colour of their face,
 Right as the hunter in the reign of Thrace, 1660
 That stondith at a gappè with a spere,
 When huntid is a lyon or a bere,
 And herith hym come rushing in the greves,
 And brekith both the bowis and the leves:
 1670 Thinks here comith my mortal enemie,
 Withoutin faile he mote be dede or I,
 For either I mote sea hym at the gappe,
 Or he mote sea me, if that me mislappè.
 So ferdin they in chaunging of their hew,
 As fer as everich of them othir knew: 1680
 Ther n'as no gode day, ne no falewing,
 But streight withoutin word or rehcrsing,
 Ev'rich of them helpid to atmè othir,
 As frendly as he wer his ownè broðer:
 And afir that with sharpè speris strong
 They foinin at eche othir wondir long:
 Thow mightist wenin that this Palamon
 In his fighting werin a Wode lyon,
 And as a cruel tigre was Arcite.
 As wild boris gan they to fight and fmite, 1690
 That frothin white as some for ire wode;
 Up to the ancle foughte they in ther blode.
 And in this wise I lete them fighting dwell,
 And forth I wold of Thesèus yon tell.

The destiny, Mynyſter general,
 That executith in the world o're al
 The purveiaunce, that God hath ſeide before,
 So ſtrong it is, that tho the world had ſwore
 The contrary thing by ye or by nay,
 Yet ſometime it ſhall fallin on a day,
 That nevir fill yet in a thouſand yere.
 For certainly our appetitis here
 (Be it of werre or pece, or hate or love)
 Are rulid allè by the ſight above.
 This mene I now by mighty Theſeus,
 That for to huntin is ſo deſirous;
 And namily at the grete hert in May,
 That in his bedde ther dawith him no day,
 That he n'is clad and redy for to ride
 With hunt and horn and houndis him beſide.
 For in his hunting hath he ſuch delite,
 That it is al his joy and appetite,
 To ben himſelf the grete hart's bane:
 For aſtir Mars he ſervith now Diane.
 Clere was the day, as I have told er this,
 And Theſeus with allè joye and blis,
 With his Hypolita, the fayir Quene,
 And Emelie, yclothid al in grene,
 On hunting ben they riddin roiallie,
 Unto the grove that ſtode ther full faſt by:
 In whych ther was a Hart, as men him told.
 Duke Theſeus the ſtreightè way hath hold,
 And to the Laund he ridith him full right:
 For thithir was the Hart wont t' have his flight;
 And ou'r a broke, and ſo forth on his wey;
 This Duke woll have a courſe at him or twey,
 With houndis ſuch, as him leſt to commaund;
 And when this Duke was come into the Laund,
 Undir the ſonne he lokid, and anon
 He was ware of Arcite and Palamon,
 That foughtin breme, as it were bullis two,
 The brightè ſwerdis went faſt to and fro
 So hideouſly, that with the leſtè ſtroke
 It ſemith that it wouldè fell an Oke.
 But what they werin, nothing he ne wote;
 This Duke his courſer with his ſporis ſmote,
 And at aſtert he was betwixt them two,
 And pullid out his ſwerde, and cryid, Ho,
 No more on peine of leſing of your hede;
 By mighty Mars he ſhall anon be dede,
 That ſmitith any ſtroke, that I may ſene;
 But tellith me what miſter men ye ben,
 That ben ſo hardie for to fightin here,
 Withoutin judge or othir officere,
 As though it were in liſtis royally.
 This Palamon anſwerid haſtily,
 And ſeidè, Sir, what nedith wordis mo?
 We have the dethe deſervid bothè two:
 Two woful wretchis ben we and Catives,
 That ben encombrid of our ownè lives;
 And as thou art a rightful Lord and judge,
 Ne geve us neither mercie nor refuge;
 But ſlea me firſtè, for Seinte Charite,
 But ſlea my felaw eke as well as me:
 Or ſlea him firſt, for though thou know it lite,
 This is thy mortal fo, this is Arcite,
 That fro thy land is baniſh'd on his hede,
 For which he hath deſervid to be dede,
 For this is he, that came unto thy gate,
 And ſeidè, that he hightè Philoſtrate;
 Thus hath he japid the full many'a yere;
 And thou haſt makid hym thy cheſè Squire:
 And this is he that lovith Emely.

For ſith the dey is come that I ſhall dye,
 I make plainly my Confession,
 That I am thilke woful Palamon,
 That hath thy priſon brokin wikidly,
 I am thy mortal fo, and it am I,

That ſo hote lovith Emely the bright,
 That I woll dye here preſent in her ſight; 1740
 Wherefore I aſke dethe, and my jewiſe,
 But ſlea my felaw eke in the ſame wiſe:
 For both we have deſervid to be ſlaine.

1670 This worthy Duke anſwer'd anon againe,
 Tnd ſeid, this is a ſhort Concluſion,
 Your own mouth by your own confeſſion
 Hath damnid you, and I woll it record;
 It nedith not to pine you with a cord,
 Ye ſhall be dede by mighty Mars the redde.

The Quene anon for very womanhedde 1750
 Gan for to wepe, and ſo did Emelie;
 And all the Ladys in the Companie.
 Grete pite was it, as it thought them al,
 That evyr ſoce a chance ſhuld beſal.

For gentlemen they wer of grete eſtate,
 And nothing but for love was this debate,
 And ſaugh their bloody woundis wide and fore,
 And all crydin at once both leſs and more,
 Have mercy, Lord, upon us wymin al,
 And on their bare knees adoun they fall, 1760
 And wold have kiſt his fete there as he ſtode,
 Tyl at the laſt aſlakid was his mode.

For pite rennith ſone in gentil hert;
 And though at firſt for ire he quoke and ſtert,
 He hath concludid ſhortly in a Claufe
 The trespas of them both, and eke the Cauſe;
 And although that his ire their gilt accuſed,
 Yet in his reſon he them both excuſed.

As thus: he thoughtè well that every man
 Woll help himſelf in love all that he can; 1770
 And eke delivir him out of priſon;
 And in his herte he had compaſſion
 Of wymin, for they wepe evir in oon;

And in his gentill hert he thought anone,
 And ſoft unto himſelf he ſeid, ſie, ſie
 Upon a Lord, that woll have no mercie;
 But be a Lyon both in word and dede,
 To them that ben in repentaunce and drede,
 As well as to a proud diſpitous man, 1780
 That woll maintainin that he firſt began.

That Lord hath lityl of diſcretion,
 That in ſoche caas can no diſtinction,
 But weighith pryde and humbles aſtir one;
 And ſhortly, when his ire was thus agone,
 He gan to lokin up with eyin light,
 And ſpake in place thes wordis all on hight.

The God of Love, ah *benedicite*,
 How mighty, and how gret a Lord is he!
 Againe his might there gainith no obſtacles,
 He may be cleped a God for his Miracles: 1790
 For he can makin at his ownè giſe
 Of every hert as that him liſt deviſe.

Lo here this Arcite, and this Palamon,
 That quietly were fro my priſon gon,
 And might have liv'd in Thebis rially,
 And wete I am their mortal enemy,
 And that their dethe is in my might alſo,
 And yet hath love, maugre ther eyin two,
 Y brought them hither bothè for to die;
 Now lokith, is not this a grete folie? 1800

Who may be a ſole, but if that he love!
 Behold! for God's love that ſittith above;
 Se how they blede! be they not well ara'd?
 Thus hath ther Lord, the God of Love, them pay'd,
 Ther wagis and ther fees, for ther ſerviſe:
 And yet they wepin for to ben full wiſe,
 That ſervith Love, for ought that may beſal.
 But yet this is the beſtè game of al,
 That ſhe, for whom they have this jolitye,
 Con them therefore as mochill thank as me. 1810
 She wote no more of allè this hote fare,
 By God, than wot a Cuckow, or an Hare;

But

But al mot ben assayid, hot and cold,
 A man mote ben a fole, or yonge or old,
 I wote it by my self ful yore agone :
 For in my tyme a Servaunt I was one ;
 And therefore sith I know of lov'is peine,
 I wote how fore it can a man distreine,
 As he that oft hath ben caught in his laas.
 I you forgeve all wholly this trespas, 1820
 At request of the Quene, that knelith here,
 And eke of Emely, my Sustir dere.
 And ye shall both anon unto me swere,
 That ye shall never more my Contre dere,
 Ne makin werre upon me night ne day,
 But ben my frendis in all that ye may :
 I yow forgeve this trespas every dele.
 And they hym swore his asking faire and wele,
 And hym of Lordship and of mercy prayde ;
 And he them grauntid grace ; and thus he sayde : 1830
 To speke of rial lynage and rychese,
 Though that she wer a quene, or a princefe,
 Eche of you both is worthie doutelefs,
 To weddin whan tyme is ; but nathelès,
 I speke as for my Sustir Emelie,
 For whome ye have this stryfe and jelousie,
 Ye wote your self, she may not weddin two,
 At onys, though ye fightin evirmo,
 But one of you, al be hym lothe or lese,
 He must go pipin in an ivie lese. 1840
 This is to say, she may not now have both,
 Ben ye never so jelouse, ne so wroth.
 And therefore I you put in this degre,
 That eche of you shall have his destine,
 As hym is shape ; and herkin in what wise ;
 Lo here your end of that I shall devise.
 My wyll is this, for flat conclusion,
 Withoutin any replication,
 If that you likith, take it for the best ;
 That everich of you shall go wher him lest, 1850
 Frely withoutin ransoume or daungere ;
 And this day fifty wekis, fer ne nere,
 Everich of you shall bring a hundrid Knights,
 Ar'md for the listis upon allè rights,
 Al redy to darrein here by bataile :
 And this behote I you withoutin faile.
 Upon my trouth, and as I am a Knyght,
 That whethir of you bothè hath that myght,
 That is to sey, that whethir he or thow
 May with his hundrid, as I spake of now, 1860
 Slea his contrary' or out of lyftis dryve,
 Him shall I geve Emilia to wyve,
 To whom fortune gevith so fayre a grace.
 The listis shall I do make in this place.
 And God so wisly on my soule rew,
 As I shall evin judge ben and trew.
 Ye shall noon othir endè wyth me make,
 That one of you shall be dedde or take.
 And yf ye thinkin this is well yseide,
 Seye your avise, and hold you well apeide : 1870
 This is your end, and your conclusion.
 Who lokith lightly now but Palamon ?
 Who springith up for joyè but Arcite ?
 Who couldè tell, or who couldè rightly' endite
 The joye that is y makid in that place,
 Whan Theseus had don so fayre a grace !
 But down on knees went every manner wyght,
 And thankid him wyth all ther hert and myght,
 And namily thes Thebans many' a sith.
 And thus with hopis gode, and hertis blith 1880
 They take ther leve, and homward gan they ride
 To Thebis ward, with his olde wallis wide.
 I trow men wouldin deme it negligence,
 If I forgett to tellin the dispence
 Of Theseus, that goth so besily
 To makin up the listis rially :

That soche a noble Theatre' as this was,
 I dare well say in all this world ther n'as.
 The circuite wherof was a myle about, 1890
 Wallid with stone, and dichid all about.
 Round was the shape in mannre' of a compas,
 Full of degrees, the height of sixty paas.
 That whan a man was sett on oo degre,
 He lettid not his felaw for to fe.
 Estward there stode a gate of marble white,
 Westward right soch anothir opposite ;
 And shortly to concludin, soch a place
 Was non in yerth, as in so lityl space.
 For in the Lond ther was no craftis man
 That Geometry' or Arithmetik can, 1900
 Ne portraitour, ne kervir of imagis,
 That Theseus ne gaf him mete and wagis,
 That Theater to make and to devise ;
 And for to don his rite and sacrifice,
 He Estward hath, upon the gate above,
 In wurship of Venus, Goddes of Love,
 Don make an Auter and an Oratory ;
 And on the westward side, in memory
 Of Mars, he makid hath right soch anothir,
 That costè largely did of gold a fothir.
 And Northward, in a turrut on the wall,
 Of alabaster white, and red corall,
 An Oratory riche was for to fe, 1910
 In worship of Diane of chastite,
 Hath Theseus don wrought in a nobill wife.
 But yet had I forgettin to devise
 The nobil carvings, and the purtreitures,
 The shape, the countenance, and the figures,
 That werin in the Oratorys thre.
 First then, in Venus temple thou mayst se, 1920
 Wrought on the wall full pitous to behold,
 The brokin slepis, and the sighis cold,
 The teris fault, and the sad weymenting,
 The fry strokis of the desiring,
 That Lov'is servaunts in this life enduren,
 The Othis, that ther Covenantes assuren,
 Pleasance, and hope, desire, folehardines,
 Beauty, and youth, baudrie, and eke ryches,
 Charmis, and force, lesinges, and flatterie, 1930
 Dispense, and besines, and jelousie,
 That wer'd of yelow goldis a garland,
 And had a Cuckow sitting on her hand ;
 Festes, Instrumentis, Carollis, and dauncis,
 Justis, array, and all the Circumstauncis
 Of Love, which I reknid, and rekin shall,
 By order, werin paintid on the wall ;
 And mo than I can make of mentioun,
 For sothly all the Mount of Citheron,
 Wher Venus hath hir principal dwelling,
 Was shewid on the wall in purtreying, 1940
 Wyth all the joye, and all the lustiness,
 Nought was forgett the Portreis Idleness ;
 Ne Narcissus the fayr, of yore agon,
 Ne yet the folye of King Solomon,
 Ne yet the gretè strength of Hercules,
 Th'enchautments of Medea and Circes,
 Ne of Turnus with his hardie Corage,
 The rych Cresus full catife in servage.
 Thus may ye sene, that wisdom ne ryches,
 Beautie, ne sight, ne strength, ne hardines, 1950
 Ne may with Venus holdin champartie,
 For as her list the world then she may gye.
 Lo all thes folk so caught wer in her laas,
 Tyl they for wo full oftin seyde alas !
 Suffisith here one example or two,
 Although I couth rekin a thoufand mo.
 And Venus Statue glorious to se
 Was makid fletyng in the largè See,
 And fro the Navill down all coverid was,
 With wavis grene, and bright as any glas. 1960
 A Citriole

A Citriole in her ryght hand had she,
And on her hede, full femely for to fe,
A rosey garlond, fresh and well smelling,
Above hir hede her Dovyis flittering:
Before her stou'd her sonne Cupido,
Upon his shuldris wingis had he two,
And blynd he was, as it is oftyn sene,
A bow he bare, and arowes bright and kene.
Why shuld I not as well you tellin all
The Purtreiture, that was upon the wall
Within the temple of great Mars the redde?
All paintid was the wall in length and brede,
Like to the Estris of the grisly place,
That hight the grete Temple of Mars in Thrace,
In thilke cold and frosty region,

Ther as Mars hath his Sov'rain Mansion.
First on the wall was paintid a forrest,
In which there wometh nowther Man ne best,
Wyth knotty-knarry-barrein treys old,
Of flubbis sharpe and hideous to behold,
In which there was a rombyll and a swough,
As though a storm shulde brestin every bough;
And downward from an hill undir a bent
There stode the temple of Mars armipotent,
Wrought all of burnyd stele, of which th' entre
Was long, and streight, and ghastly for to fe:
And therout came such a rage and avise,
That it made all the gatys for to ryfe.
The Northern light in at the doris shone,
For window on the wall ne was there none,
Through which men mightin any light discern.
The dore was al of Adamant eterne,
Yclenchid overthwart and endelong
With iron tough, for to makin it strong.
Every piller the tempyl to sustene
Was tonne grete of yren bright and shone.
Ther saw I first the derk ymagining
Of Felony, and all the Compassing;
The cruell ire, redde as any glede,
The pikpurse also, and eke the pale drede,
The smiler wyth the knyfe undir the cloke,
The shepin brenning with the blake smoke,
The treison of the murd'ring in the bedde,
The opin werre with woundis all bebledde.
Conteke with blodie knyves and sharp menace,
All full of chirking was that fory place.
The fleer of himself, yet saw I there,
His herte blode hath bathid all his here.
The naile ydrivin in the shode anyght,
With the cold deth, with mouth gaping upright,
Amiddis of the temple sat mischaunce,
With discomfort and fory countenance:
Yet saw I wodenefs laughing in his rage,
Armid compleint on theft and fers corage,
The Carrein in the bush, with throtycorve,
A thousand fleine, and not of qualme ystorve:
The tyrant with the prey by force yraft,
The town destroyid, ther was nothyng laft.
Yet saw I brent the Ships hoppolsteris,
The hunter straungid with the wild boris,
The Sow fretting the chyld right in the cradel,
The Coke scaldid for all his longe ladel.
Nought was forgett the infortunc of Mart,
The Cartir ovirridin by his Cart,
Undir the whele full low he lay adown,
Ther wer also of Marts divisoun,
The Barbour, and the Butchir, and the Smith
That forgoth sharpe swerdis on the stith:
And all above depeintid in a towr,
Saw I conquest sitting in gret honour,
With the sharpe swerde right ovir his hede,
Hanging but by a subtill twinid thred.
Depeintid was the slaughter of Julius,
Of cruel Nero, and Antonius,

Albe that thilke tyme they wer unborn,
Yet was their dethe depeintid ther befor.
By manacing of Mars, right by figure,
So was it shewid in the purtreiture,
As is depeintid in the Sterres above,
Who shall be dede or ellis fleine for love.
Suffisith one ensample in storys old,
I may not rekin them although I wold.
The Statue of Mars upon a Cart stode
Armid, and lokid grym as he were wode:
And o're his hede ther shinin two figures,
Of Sterris that ben clepid in Scriptures,
That one (Puella) rothir (Rubeus)
This God of Armis was arayid thus.
A woof ther stode before him at his fete,
With eyin red, and of a man he ete.
With sotill pensill peintid was this story
In redouting Mars, and of his glorie.

Now to the temple of Diane the chaf,
As shortly as I can I woll me haf,
To tellin you all the description;
Depeintid were the wallis up and down
Of hunting, and of shamefast Chastite;
There saw I how wofull Calisto, pite!
Whan that Diana grevid was with her,
Was tarnid fro a woman to a bere;
And aftirward was she made the Lodesterre,
Thus was it peintid, I can sey no ferre;
Her sone is eke a sterre, as men may fe.
There saw I Daphne turnid to a tre,
I menè not the Goddes Diane,
But Peneus doughtir, which that hight Daphne.

There saw I Actron a hert y makid,
For vengeance that he saw Diane all nakid:
I saw how that his houndis have him caught,
And fretin him, for that they knew him nought.
Yet peintid was a lityl furthirmore,
How Atalanta huntid the wyld bore,
With Meleager, and many othir mo,
For which Diana wrought them care and wo.
There saw I many othir wondir story,
Which me list not to draw in memory.
This Goddes on an hert full wele she sette,
With smale houndis all about her fete,
And undirnethe her fete she had a Mone,
Wexing it was, and yet shuld weine Sone.
In gaudy grene hir Statue clothid was,
With bow in hand, and arowes in a Caas.
Her eyin ay she kest full low adoun,
There Pluto hath his derke Region.
A womman travelling was her befor;
For that her childè was so long unborn,
Full pitoufly Lucina gan she cal,
And seide, help, for thou mayst best of al.
Well couth he purtray lively, that it wrought,
With many a florein he the hewis bought.

Now ben these Listis made, and Theseus,
That at his grete cost arayid thus,
The Temples and Theater every dele,
Whan 'twas done, it him likid wondir wele.

But stint I woll of Theseus alite,
And speke of Palamon, and of Arcite.
The day approachith of ther returning,
That everich shuld an hundrid Knightis bring,
The bataile to darrein as I you told:
And to Athenes ther Covenantes to hold,
Hath everich of them brought an hundrid Knightes,
Well armid for the werre at alle rightes,
And sikirly there trowid many a man,
That nevir fithins that the world began,
As for to speke of Knyghthode of ther hond,
As ferre as God hath makid se or lond,
N'as of so few, so noble a Company:
For every wight, that lovid chivalry,

And

And to his thanks wolde have a passing name,
 Hath prayid that he might be of that game, 2110
 And wel was hym that therto chosin was.
 For if there fell to morow suche a caas,
 Ye knowin wele that every lusty Knyght,
 That lovith Paramoures, and hath his myght,
 Were it in Englund, or were it else where,
 They woldin faine all willin to be there.
 To fight for Lady! ah *benedicite*!
 It were a lusty fight for men to fe!
 And ryght so fardin they with Palamon.
 With him ther wentin Knyghtis many one: 2120
 Some wolde ben armid in an haburgeon,
 And in a brestplate with a light gippon,
 And some wolde have a payre of platis large,
 And some wou'de have a Pruceheld, some a targe;
 Some wolde be armid on his leggis wele,
 And have an axe; and some a mace of Stele;
 There n'as none new gife, that it ne was old;
 Armid they werin, as I have you told,
 Everich after his Opinion.
 There mayst'ow see commyng with Palamon 2130
 Lycurgus himself, the grete King of Thrace;
 Blak was his berde, and manly was his face:
 The circles of the eyin in his hede
 They glowdin betwixt yelow and rede:
 And like a Lyon lokid he about,
 With kempid heiris on his browis stout:
 His limis grete, his brawn is herd and strong,
 His Shulderes brode, his armis round and long.
 And as the guise ywas in his Contre,
 Full high upon a char of gold stode he, 2140
 With four grete white bullis in the tracys;
 Instede of Cote Armure on his harneis,
 With yelow nayles, and bright as any gold;
 He hath a beri's skinn, coleblak for old.
 His longe here was kemped behind his bak,
 As any raven's fethre't shone for blak.
 A wrethe of gold armgrete, of hugè weight,
 Upon his hede set ful of stonis bright,
 Of fine rubys, and clere diamondes.
 About his Char ther wentin white alandes 2150
 Twentie and mo, as grete as any stere,
 To huntin at the Lyon, or wild Bere,
 And folowed him with Mosil fast ybound,
 Colleres of gold and torretes filid round.
 An hundrid Lordis had he in his rout,
 Armid full wele, with hertis stern and stout.
 With Arcite, (in Storys as men find)
 The grete Emetrius, the King of Inde,
 Upon a Stedè bay, trappid in Stele,
 Coverid with cloth of gold diaprid wele, 2160
 Came ridin like the God of armis Mars,
 His Cote Armure was of the Cloth of Tars
 Couchid with perlis white, and round, and grete;
 His Saddil was of brent gold new ybete,
 A Mantlet upon his Shulderes hanging,
 Bretfull of Rubys redde as fire sparkling.
 His crispè heir like ringis was yronne,
 And it was yelow, glitt'ring as the Sonne.
 His nose was high, his eyin bright citryn,
 Ruddy his lippes, his colour was sanguyn, 2170
 And a fewe freklis in his face yspreint
 Betwixt yelow, and somedele blak ymeint.
 And as a Lyon he his eyin kest.
 Of five and twenty yere his age I ghest.
 His berde was well begonnin for to spring,
 His throte was as a trompet thondiring.
 Upon his hede he wered of laurer grene
 A garlond freshe, and lustie for to sene.
 Upon his hond he bare for his delite
 An Egle tame, as ony lillie white. 2180
 And hundrid Lordis had he with him there,
 All armid, saaf their hedis, in ther gere,

Full rychely in allè manner thinges,
 For trustith wele, that Erlis, Dukes, and Kinges,
 Were ga'drid in this nobil company
 For Love, and for encrese of Chivalry.
 About this King ther ran on every part
 Full many a tame Lyon and Libart.
 And in this wyse these Lordis al and some
 Ben on the Sunday to the Citie come 2190
 Aboutin Prime, and in the Town alight.
 This Theseus, this Duke, this worthy Knyght,
 Whan he had brought them into his Cite,
 And innid them, eche aftir his degre,
 He festith them, and doth so grete labour
 To esin them and don them all honour,
 That yet men wenin that no mann'is wit
 Of none estat ne couth amending it.
 The minstrelcie, the service at the feste,
 The grete gestes also to the most and leste, 2200
 The ryche aray of Theseus Palleis,
 Ne who sat first or last upon the Deis,
 What Ladys fayrist ben or best daunfing,
 Or whiche of them can best dancin or sing,
 Ne who most felingly spekith of Love,
 Ne what haukes sittin on perchis above,
 Ne what houndes liggin on the floure adoun,
 Of all this now make I no mentoun;
 But of the effect that thinkith me the best,
 Now comith the point, herk'nith, if you lest. 2210
 The Sondag nyght, er day began to spring,
 Whan Palamon the Lark herdè sing,
 Although it were not day by houris two,
 Yet song the Lark, and Palamon right tho
 Wyth holy hert, and with an high corage
 He rose, to wending on his Pilgrimage,
 Unto the blisfull Cithera benigne,
 I mene Venus, honourable and digne
 And in her hour he walkith foorth apaas
 Unto the listis ther her temple was; 2220
 And down he knelith and wyth humble chere,
 And herte full fore, he seide as ye shull here.
 Fairist of faire, o Ladie mine Venus,
 Doughtir of Jove, and Spouse to Vulcanus,
 Thou gladir of the Mount of Citheron,
 For thilkè Love thou haddist to Adon,
 Have pitè of my bittir teris smert,
 And take my humble prayir at thine hert.
 Alas! I ne have no langage to tell
 The effect, ne the turment of mine hell; 2230
 Mine herte may mine harmis not bewray,
 I'am so confusid that I cannot saye,
 But mercie, Ladie bryght, that wotist wele
 My thought, and seest what harmis that I fele.
 Confidir this, and rue upon my fore,
 As wisly as I shall for evirmore
 Enforce my myght thy true Servaunt to be,
 And holdin werre alwey with chastite.
 That make I mine avow, so ye me help.
 I kepe not of armis for to yelp, 2240
 I ne ask not to morow victory,
 Ne renoun in this caas, ne vaine glory,
 Of prisè of Armis blowin up and doun:
 But I wolde have fully possessioun
 Of Emily, and dye in her Servise,
 Fynd thou the mannir how and in what wise.
 I rekè not, but it may betir be
 To have victory' of them or they of me,
 So that I have my lemman in mine armes.
 For tho so be that Mars is God of Armes, 2250
 Your vertue is so grete in heaven above,
 That if The list I shall wele have my Love.
 Thy temple shall I worship evir mo,
 And on thine aulter, where I ryde or go,
 I woll don sacrificè, and firis bete;
 And yef ye woll nat so my Lady swete,

F

Then

Then pray I you to morow with a spere
 That Arcite do me through the herte bere:
 Then reke I not, whan I have lost my life,
 Though Arcite winnin her to his wife.
 This is th' effect, and ende of my prayere;
 Yef me my Lady, blisfull lady dere.
 Whan th' Orison was done of Palamon,
 His Sacrifice he did, and that anon
 Full pitously with alle circumstaunces,
 Al telle I nat as now his observaunces.
 But atte last the Statu' of Venus foke,
 And made a signe, whereby that he toke
 That his prayere acceptid was that day.
 For though the signe shewid a delay,
 Yet wist he wele that grauntid was his bone,
 And with glad hert he went away ful sone.

The third hour in equal that Palamon
 Began to Venus tempyl for to gon,
 Uprose the Sunne, and uprose Emelye,
 And to the temple of Diane gan hie
 Her Maidins, that she thithir with her ladde,
 Full redily with them the fire they hadde,
 The incense, clothis, and the remnaunt al,
 That to the Sacrifice belongin shal:
 The hornys full of Melth, as was the gyse,
 There lakkid nought to don ther Sacrifice
 Smoking the tempyl, full of clothis faire;
 This Emely with herte debonaire
 Her body wisshè with watir of a well;
 But how she did het rite I dare not tell,
 But if it be ony thing in geheral,
 And yet it were a game to here it al,
 To him that menith well it were no charge,
 But it is gode a man be at his large.
 Her bright here was kempt and untressid all,
 A Corown, of a grene oke ceriall,
 Upon her hede was set full faire and mete:
 Two fris on the autler gan she bere,
 And did her thingis, as men may behold
 In State of Thebis, and these bokis old.
 When kindlid was the fire, with pitous chere
 Unto Dian she spake, as ye may here.

O chaste Goddess of the wodis grene,
 To whome both heaven, and erth, and se is sene, 2300
 Quene of the regne of Pluto derk and low,
 Goddess of Maidins, that mine hert hast know
 Full many' a yere, and wost what I desire,
 Ay kepe me from the vengeance of Thine ire;
 That Actæon aboutin cruilly;
 Chaste Goddess, well wotist Thou that I
 Desire to ben a Maidin all my life,
 Ne nevir woll I be ne Love, ne Wife:
 I am thou wost well of thy company
 A Maid, and love hunting and Venery, 2310
 And for to walkin in the wodis wild,
 And not to be a wife, and be with child,
 Nought woll I know the company of Man.
 Now help me, Lady, sith Ye may and can,
 For tho thre formis that Thow hast in The:
 And Palamon, that hath soche love to me,
 And eke Arcite, that lovith me so fore.
 This grace I prayin The withoutin more,
 As to send love and pece betwixt them two,
 And fro me turn away their hertis so,
 That all their hot love, and all their desire,
 And all their busy turment, and their fire
 Be queint, or turnid to an othir place.
 And if so be thou wolt do me no grace,
 Or if my destiny be shapin so,
 That I shall nedis have one of them two,
 As send me him, that most desirith me;
 Behold, o Goddess of clene chastite,
 The bittir teres, that on my chekis fall,
 Syn thou art Mayde, and kepir of us all, 2330

My Maydinhode thou kepe, and well conserve,
 And while I live a Maide I woll The serve.
 The fris bren upon the Autler clere,
 While Emelye was thus in her prayere:
 But sodenly she saw a thinge queint,
 For right anon on of the fris queint,
 And quikid ageyn; aftir that anon,
 That othir fire was queynt, and all ygone;
 And as it queint it made a whisteling,
 As don the wet brondis in their brenning, 2340
 And at the brond's end out ran anon
 As it were bloody dropis many one.
 For which so fore aghast was Emely,
 That she was well nie mad, and gan to crie:
 For she ne wistè what it signified,
 But only for the fere thus hath she cryed,
 And wept, that it was pite for to here.
 And therewithal Diana gan to' appere
 With bow in hond, right as an hunteress,
 And seide, Daughter, stint thine heviness, 2350
 Among the Goddis hie it is affirmed,
 And by eterne word written and confirmed,
 Thou shalt ben weddid unto one of two,
 That have for The so muchil care and wo:
 But unto whiche of them I may not tell,
 Farewell, for I ne may no longir dwell:
 The fris, which that on mine Autler bren,
 Shall The declarin, er that thou go hen,
 Thine aventure of Love, as in this caas.
 And with that word the arrowes in the Case 2360
 Of the Goddess clatterin fast and ring,
 And forth she went, and made a vanishing,
 For which this Emely astonied was,
 And seide, what amountith this, alas!
 I put me undir thy protection,
 Diane, and in thy disposition.
 And home she goth anon the nexte wey;
 This is th' effect, there n'is no more to sey.

The nexte hour of Mars folowing this,
 Arcite unto the temple walkid is 2370
 Of fiersè Mars, to don his Sacrifice,
 With all the rytis of his paynim wife;
 With pitous hert and hie devotion,
 Right thus to Mars he seide his Orison.
 O stronge God, that in the reignis cold
 Of Thrace honourid art, and God yhold,
 And hast in every reign, and every lond
 Of armis all the bridil in thine hond,
 And them fortunist, as The lest devise,
 Accept of me my pitous Sacrifice, 2380
 If it so be that my thought may deserve,
 And that my might be worthy for to serve
 Thy Godhede, that I may be oon of thine,
 Then pray I The to rue upon my pine,
 For thilk fore paine, and for thilk hotte fire,
 In which Thou brentist whilome for desire,
 Whan that thou usidist the fayre bewte
 Of fayre, yonge, freshe Venus for to se,
 And haddist her in thine armis at will,
 Although thou onys at a time misfill, 2390
 Whan Vulcanus had caught The in his laas,
 And found The ligging by his wife, alas!
 For thilke sorow, that was in thine hert,
 Have ruthe as well upon my painis smert.
 I am yonge, and unkonning, as thou wost,
 And as I trow with Love offendid most
 That evir was any livis cature.
 For she, that doth me all this wo endure,
 Ne rekith nevir wher I sinke or flete;
 And well I wote, er she me mercy hete, 2400
 I mote with strength winnin her in this place:
 And well I wote withoutin help or grace
 Of The, ne may my strengthe not availe;
 Then help me Lord to morow in bataille,

For

For thilke fire, that whilome brennid The,
As well as thilke fire now brennith me;
And do, that I may have the victory,
Mine be the travill, Thine be the glory.
Thy Sovereign Temple wold I most honour
Of any place, and alwey most labour
In thy plesaunce, and in thy craftis strong,
And in thy temple wold my banner hong,
And all the Armis of my Cumpany,
And evirmore untill the day I dy
Eterne fire I wold before The find,
And eke to this avow I wold me bind,
My berde, my heire that hongith low adoun,
That nevir yet ne felt offensoun
Of rasour ne of shere, I wold The geve,
And bin thy trow servaunt whyle that I live
Now, Lord, have ruth upon my sorowes fore,
Geve me the victory, I ask no more.

The prayere stint of Arcite the strong,
The ringis on the temple dore they rong,
And eke the doris clatterdin full fast,
Of which Arcite somewhat was aghast.
The fire brennin on the Aulter bright,
That it gan all the temple for to light:
And a swete smell anon the ground upyafe;
And Arcite anon his hond uphase,
And more incense into the fire he cast,
With othir rytis mo: And at the last
The Statue of Mars gan his hauberk ring:
And with that sound he herde a murmuring,
Full low and dim, that seide thus, *Victory.*
For which he yafe Mars honour and glory;
And thus with joy and hope well to fare
Arcite goth home lessid of his care,
As faine as foule is of the brighte Sunne,
And right anon soche a strife is begunne,
For thilke graunting, in the heven above,
Betwixt Venus, that Goddess is of Love,
And Mars the stern, the God Armipotent,
That Jupiter was busy it to stent;
Untill that pale Saturnus the cold,
That knew so many adventures of old,
Found in his old experience an Art,
That he full sone hath plesid every part.
And sothe is seide, Eld hath grete avauntage,
In Eld is both wyfedom, and usage,
Men may the old outgan, but not outrede;
Saturne anon to stintin strife and drede,
(Albeit that it be againe his kind)
Of all this strife he can remedie find.

My derer daughter Venus, qd Saturne,
My Course, that hath so wide for to turne,
Hath more powir, than wote any man.
Myn is the drenching in the See so wann,
Myn is the prisoun in the derke cote,
Myn is the strangling, hanging by the throte,
The murmure, and the churlis rebelling,
The groning, and privie empoysoning;
I do vengeaunce, and pleine Correction,
While I dwell in the sign of the Lyon.
Myn is the ruine of the highe halles,
The falling of the Towris, and the Walles,
Upon the Minours, or the Carpenteres,
I slough strong Sampson shaking the pilleres;
And myn ben also the Maladys cold,
The derk trefonnis, and the castis old;
My loking is Fathir of Pestilence.
Now wepe no more, I shall do diligence,
That Palamon, that is thine owne Knight,
Shall have his Lady, as thou hast hym right.
Though Mars shall help his Knight, yet natheless
Betwixt you twein it mote be sometime pees,
All be ye not of one Complexion,
That causith all day soche division:

I am thine ayel, redy at thy will,
Wepe no more, I wold thy lust fulfill.
Now wold I stintin of these Goddes above,
Of Mars, and of Venus Goddes of Love;
And pleyndly wold I tell you as I can,
The grete effect, for which that I began.

2480

Grete was the feste in Athenis that day,
And eke that lusty seson of that May
Made every wight to ben in soche plesaunce,
That all that Monday justin they and daunce,
And spendin it in Venus high servise:
But be the cause that they shuldin arise

2490

Erly, to se the grete and straunge fight,
Unto their reste wentin they at night.
And on the morow whan day gan to spring,
Of horse and harneis, noise and clattering

2420

There was in the hostelryes all about:
And to the Palleis rode there many a rout
Of Lordis upon Stedis and Palfreis;
There maystow se devising of harneis,
So uncouth, and so ryche, and wrought so wele

2500

Of goldsmithry, of braudry, and of stele,
The sheldis bright, testuris, and trapures,
Gold-hewin helms, hauberkis, and Cotearmures,
Lordis in Parementes on their Coursers,

2430

Knightis of retinue, and eke Esqueres,
Nailing of Speres, and helmis bokiling,
Gigging of Sheldis with Lainers lacing,
As there nede is that they were nothing idyl;
The foming Stedis on the goldin bridyl
Gnawing, and fast the Armureres also
With file and hamer riding to and fro:

2510

Yemen on fote, and commyns many one,
With shorte stavis, thik as they may gone:
Pipes, trompis, nakoners, and clariouns,
That in the bataille blowin blodie sowns,
The palleis full of pepil up and down,
Here thre, there ten, holding their questoun,
Devining of these Theban Knightis two,
Some seide thus, some seide it shulde be so.
Some heldin with him with the blake berde,
Some with the ballid, some with the thik heerd.

2520

He hath a sparth of twentie pound of weight.
Thus was the Halle full of devining,
Long aftir that the Sunne gan to spring.
The grete Theseus of his slepe gan wake,
With Minstralcie, and noyse that they make;
Held yet the chambir of his Palleis ryche,
Tyll that the Theban Knightis both ylich
Honourid weren, and to the place fett;

2530

Duke Theseus is at the window sett,
Arrayid as he were a God in Trone;
The pepil pressid thithirward full sone
Hym for to sene, and don him reverence,
And eke to here his heste and his sentence.

2460

An Herawd on a Scaffold made an oo,
Tyll all the noyse of the pepil was doo.
And whan he se the pepil of noyse still,
Thus shewid he the mighty Duk's will.

2540

The Lord hath of his hie discretion
Confidrid, that it were destruction
To gentill blode, to fightin in this wise,
Of mortal bataille, now in this emprise,
Wherefore to shapin that they shall not dye
He woldin his first purpose modifye.

2470

No man therefore, up payne of los of life,
No mannir shot, ne Polax, ne short knife,
Into the listis send, or thidir bring,
Ne short Swerd for to stik with point biting
No man ne draw, ne bere it by his side:

2550

Ne no man shall unto his felaw ride
But one cours, with a sharpe groundin spere:
Foin if hym list on fote, he it shall were.

And

And he that is at mischief shall be take,
And not slayn, but be broughtin to a Stake,
That shall ben ordeynid on othir side,
Thithir he shall be force, and ther abide.
And if so fall, that the chieftain be take,
On eithir side, or ellis sleen his make,
No lengir shall the turnementè last,
God spede you, goth, and leyith it on fast, 2560
With Swerdes and long macis fightith your fill,
Goth now your wey, this is the Lord's will.

The voycè of the pepil touchid heven,
So loudè cryid they with mery Steven,
God savè soche a Lord, that is so gode,
He willith no destruction of blode.
Up goon the trompis, and the melody,
And to the Listis ritt the Cumpany,
By ordinaunce throughout the Cite large,
Hangid with cloth of gold, and not with farge. 2570

Full like a Lord this nobil Duke gan ryde,
And those two Thebanis on eithir syde:
And afir rode the Quene and Emely,
And afir that anothir Cumpany
Of one and othir, afir their degre;
And thus they passin throughout the Cite,
And to the listis comin they bytime;
It n'as not of the day yet fully prime,
Whan set was Theseus full ryche and hie,
Hippolyta the Quene and Emely, 2580
And othir Ladys in degrees about:
Unto the Setis presith all the rout.

And westward through the gatis undir Mart
Arcite and eke an hundrid of his part
Wyth bannir redde is entrid right anon;
And the selve moment entrid Palamon
Is, undir Venus Estward in that place,
Wyth bannir white, and hardy chere and face.
In all the world to sekin up and down,
So evin without variatioun 2590

There n'as no where soche cumpanyis twey,
For there was none so wise, that coude seye,
That any had of othir avauntage
Of worthiness, ne of estat, ne age.
So evin were they chosin for to ghesse:
And into rengis tweyn fayr they them dres.
Whan that their namis rad were everichone,
That in their nombre gile were there none,
Tho were the gatis shut, and cryed was loude,
Do now your devir yonge Knightis proude. 2600

The Herawdes left their priking up and down,
Now ringin trompis loud and Clarioun,
There is no more to seyn but Est and West
In goth the sharpe spere sadly in the Rest
In goth the sharpe spore into the horse side;
There see Men who can just and who can ride!
There shiverin shaftis upon sheldis thik,
He felith through the hertè spone the prik,
Upspringith speris twenty fote on hight,
Out goth the swerdis as the silvir bright; 2610
The helmis they to hewin, and to shred,
Out brestith the blode with stern stremis red;
With mighty macis they the bones to brest,
He through the thikist of the throng gan threst,
There stomblin stedis strong, and down gon all,
He rollith undir fote as doth a ball.

He foinith on his fote with his tronchoun,
And he him hurtlith with his horse adoun.
He through the body born, and sith is take
Maugre his hede, and brought unto the stake, 2620
As foreward was, right there he must abide.
Anothir had is on that othir side.

And sometime doth them Theseus to rest,
Them to refresh, and drinkin, if them lest.
Full ofte a day have these Thebanis two
Togethir met, and done eche othir wo;

Unhorfid hath ech othir of them twey;
There n'as Tigre' in the Vale of Galgophy,
Whan that her whelp is stolen whan it is lite, 2630
So cruill on the hunt, as is Arcite
For jelous hert upon this Palamon:

Ne in Belmarie there is no Lion
That huntid is, or for his hungir wode,
Ne of his prey desirith so the blode,
As Palamon to sle his foe Arcite:
The jelous strokis on their helmis bite,
Out rennith blode on both their sidis rede,
Sometime an end there is of every dede!
For er the Sunne unto the Westè went,
The strongè King Emetrius gan hent 2640
This Palamon, as he fought with Arcite,
And made his swerde depe in his flesch ybite.
And by the force of twenty is he take,
Unyoldin, and ydrawin to the stake.

And in the rescous of this Palamon
The strong King Lycurgus is born adoun:
And King Emetrius, for all his strength,
Is borne out of the saddle his swerd's length,
So smote him Palamon ere he were take;
But all for nought; he was brought to the stake: 2650
His hardy herte might him ne helpin naught,
He must abidin, whan that he was caught,
By force, and eke by Composition.

Who soroweth now but woful Palamon,
That mote no more gone again to fight?
And whan that Theseus had sene that sight,
He cryid ho: no more; for it is done,
Ne none shall lengir to his felaw gone.

I woll be a true judge, and not party,
Arcite of Thebis shall have Emely, 2660
That by his fortune hath her fayr ywonn.
Anon there is a noyse of pepil gonn,
For joy of this, so loud and hie withall,
It semid that the Listis shuldin fall.

What now can fayr Venus doin above?
What seith she now? what doth this Quene of Love?
But wepith sore for wanting of her will,
Till that her teris on the listis fill.

She seide, I am ashamid douteless;
Saturnus seide, fayr daughtir, hold thy pece, 2670
Mars hath his wyll, his Knight hath all his bone,
But by my hede thou shalt be esid sone.
The trompis with the loudè Minstralcie,
The Herawdis, that full loude yell and crie,
Ben in their wele, for joy of Dan Arcite.
But herk'nith me, and stintith noyse a lite;
Which a Miracle there befell anon.

The fiers Arcite hath of his helmè don,
And on a Courser for to shew his face
He prikith endlong in the large space, 2680
Loking upward upon his Emely,
And the ayen him cast a frendly eye,
(For wemyn, as to spekin in commune,
Followin all the favour of Fortune)

And was allè his chere, as in his herte.
Out of the ground a fire infernall sterte
From Pluto sent, at request of Saturne,
For which his horse for fere began to turn,
And lepe aside, and foundrid as he lepe,
And er that Arcite may takin kepe, 2690
He pight him on the pomill of his hede,
That in the place he lay as he were dede.
His brest to brostin with his sadill bow;
As blake he ley as any Cole or Crow,
So was the blode yronnin in his face;
Anon he was ybrought out of that place,
With hert full fore to Theseus Palleis.
Tho was he corvin out of his harneis,
And in a bedde ybrought full fayr and blive, 2700
For he was yet in memory, on live,

And

And alwey crying aftir Emely.

Duke Theseus, with all his Cumpany,
Is comin home to Athenes the Cite,
With allè blifs, and grete Solempnite,
Albeit that this aventure was fall,
He wuldè not discumfortin them all.
Men seide eke that Arcitè shou'd not dye,
He shulde ben helid of his Maladye.
And of anothir thing they were as fayne,
That of them allè there was no man slayne; 2710
Al were they forely hurt, and namely one,
That with a Spere was thirlid his brest bone:
Two othir woundis hadde, two brokin armes,
Some of them haddin salves, and some had charmes,
Sondry fermacis of herbs, and eke Save,
They dronkin, for they wolde their livis save.
For which this nobill Duke, as he wele can,
Cumfortith, and honourith every man.
And made a grete revill all the long night,
Unto the straungè Lordes, as it was right. 2720
Ne there n'as holdin no discomforting,
But as is at justis or turnying:
For sothly there n'as no discomfiture,
For falling n'is not but an aventure:
Ne to beladde by force unto a stake
Unyoldin, and with twentie Knightis take,
One persone alone, without any mo,
And haryid foorth by arm and fote and too,
And eke his Stedè drivin foorth with staves,
With fotemen, bothè yemyn, and eke knaves, 2730
It was arrettid him no villany:
There may no Man clepin it cowardy.
For which anon Duke Theseus let cry
To stintin blive all rancour and envy.
They grete as wele of one side as of other,
And either side is like as other's brother:
And yafe them gestis aftir their degre,
And fully held a festè dayis thre.
And conveyid the Kingis worthily
Out of his Town a largè dayes journey. 2740
And home went every man the rightè wey,
There n'as no more but farewell, and gode dey.
Of this bataille I woll no more endite,
But speke of Palamon and of Arcite.

Swellith the brest of Arcite, and the fore
Encresith at his herte still more and more.
The clor'rid blode for any lech'is craft
Corrumpid, and is in his body laft,
That neithir veinè blode, ne ventousing,
Ne drinkis of herbis may ben helping,
By vertue expulsive or animall;
For thilkè vertue clepid naturall
Ne may the venim voidè ne expell.
The pipis of his lungs begun to swell,
And every lacert of his brest adoun
Is shent with venim and corruption.
Him gainith neithir, for to get his life,
Vomit upward, ne downward laxatife:
All is to borstin thilkè regioun,
Nature hath there no domination; 2760
And certainly where nature woll not wurch,
Farewell Phisike, go bere the Corse to chirch.
This all and some is Arcitè must dye,
For whiche he sendith aftir Emely,
And Palamon that was his Cofin dere:
Then seide he thus, as ye shull aftir here.

Nought may my woful Spirit in my herte
Declare oo point of all my sorowes smerte;
To you, my Lady, that I lovin most,
But I bequeth the servise of my ghost 2770
To you abovin every Creture,
Syn that my lyfe no lengir may endure.
Alas my wo! alas my peinis strong!
That I for you have sufferid so long.

Alas the dethe! alas mine Emily!
Alas departing of our Cumpany!
Alas mine hert'is quene! alas my wife!
Myn hert'is Lady, endir of my life!
What is the world? what askin men to have?
Now with his love, now in his coldè grave, 2780
Allone withoutin any cumpany.
Farewell my foe, farewell myn Emely,
And soft do take me in your armis twey,
For love of God, and herk'nith what I sey.
I have here with my Cofin Palamon
Had strife and rancour many' a day agon
For lufe of you, and for my jelosy:
And Jupiter my Soule so wisly gie,
To spekin of a Servaunt propirly,
With Circumstauncis all, and truily, 2790
That is to say, Trouth, Honour, and Knighthede,
Wisdomè, Humblefs, Estate, and hie Kinrede,
Fredome, and all that length to that Art
So Jupiter have in my Soule part,
As in this worldè right now know I none,
So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon,
That servith you, and woll don all his life,
And if that you shall evir ben a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentil Man.
And with that word his speche to faile began. 2800
For from his fete unto his brest was come
The cold of dethe, that hath him ovircome.
And yet moreovir for in his armes two
The vital strength is lost, and all ago,
And also th' intellect withoutin more,
That dwellith in his hertè sike and fore,
Gan failin, whan that his herte felt the dethe,
Duskid his eyin twey, and failith brethe.
But on his Lady yet cast he his eye,
His lastè worde was, Mercy Emily. 2810
His spirit chaungid housè, and out went there,
As I come nevir, I cannot tell where.
Therefore I stint, I am no Divinistre,
Of Soulis fynd I nought in this Registre.
Ne me list not chilk opinions to tell
Of them, though that they writin where they dwell.
Arcite is cold, there lat Mars his Soule gie.
Now woll I spekin forth of Emely;
Shright Emely, and howlith Palamon.
And Theseus his Sustir toke anon, 2820
Swouning, and bare her fro the Corse away.
What helpith it to tary forth the day,
To tellin how she wept both even and morue,
For in soche caas wymin have mochill sorue,
Whan that their husbonds ben fro them ago,
That for the more part they sorowin so,
Or ellis fallin in soche Malady,
That at the lastè certainly they dye.
Infinite ben the sorow, and the teres,
Of oldè folk, and folk of tendir yeres, 2830
In all the town for dethe of this Theban;
For him there wepith bothè child and man.
So grete a weping was there none certaine,
Whan Hector was ybrought all fresh yslaine
To Troy, alas! the pitè that was there,
Scratching of chekis, renting eke of here.
Why wuldist thou be dede, the wymin crie,
And haddist gold ynow, and Emilie?
There is no mann may gladdin Theseus,
Saving his agid fathir Ægeus, 2840
That knew this world'is transmutatioun,
As he had seynin it, both up and down,
Joy aftir wo, and wo aftir gladness,
And shewith him ensamples, and likenesse.
Right as there dyid nevir mann, q'ð he,
That he ne lived in Erth in some degre,
Right so ther livid nevir man, he seide,
In all this world, that sometime he ne deyde.

G

This

This world is but a throughfare full of wo,
And we ben pilgrimes passing to and fro.
Dethe is the End of every worldly fore.
And ovir all this yet seide he much more
To this effect, full wisely to exhort
The peple, that they shulde them recomfort.

Duke Theseus with all his busie cure
Castith about where that the Sepulture
Of gode Arcite, may best ymakid be,
And eke most honourable in degre.
And at the last he toke Conclufion,
That there as first Arcite and Palamon
Haddin for love the battaile them betwene,
That in the self same grove swete and grene,
There as he hadde his amorous desires,
His Complaint, and for Love his horte fires
He woude make a fire, in whiche the Office
Funerall he mightin all accomplissh,
And commaundid anon to hake and hew
The Okis old, and lay them all on rew,
In culpons, well arrayid for to brenne;
His officeres with swifte fote they renne
All ryght anon at his commaundement;
And aftir that Theseus hath ysent
For a large Beir, and it all orespradde
Wyth cloth of gold, the richest that he hadde.
And of the same sute he clothid Arcite,
Upon his hondis he put his gloves white,
Eke on his hede a Croune of laurer grene,
And in his hond a swerde full bright and kene.
He leyd him bare visagid on the bier,
Therewith he wept, that pite was to here. 2850
And for the peple shuld sein him all,
Whan it was day they brought him to the Hall,
That rorith of the crying and the sowne.
Tho gan this wofull Theban Palamon
With sotry berde, and ruggy ashey heres,
In clothis blake bedroppid all with teres,
And (passyng ovir weping Emily)
Was rufullist of all the Cumpany.
And in as much as the servise shulde be
The more nobil and ryche in his degre,
Duke Theseus lete forth the Stedis bring,
That trappid were in Stele all glittering,
And covered with the Armes of Dan Arcite:
Upon these Stedis grete and lilly white
Ther sattin folk, of whiche one bare his shelde,
Anothir his spere in his honde held:
The third bare with him his bow Turkis,
Of fine gold was the case and the harnais:
And ridin forth apafe with fory chere
Toward the grove, as ye shull aftir here. 2900
The noblist of the Grekes that werin there
Upon their shulderes carryid the biere
With a slake pace, and eyin redde and wete,
Throughout the Cite, by the Maistir strete,
That spradde was all with blake and wondir hie;
Right of the same is the strete ywrie.
Upon the ryght hond went old Ageus,
And on the othir side Duke Theseus
With Vessils in ther hond of gold full fine,
All full of hony, milk, and blode and wine. 2910
Eke Palamon with full grete Cumpany,
And aftir that came wofull Emily,
With fire in hond, as was that time the gyfe
To do the office of funerall Servise.
Hie labour, and full grete apparelling
Was at the servise, and the fire-making,
That with his grenè top the hevin wrought,
And twenty fadom of brede armis straught,
This is to feyne, the boughis were so brode,
Of fire first there was layde many a lode. 2920
But how the fire was makid up on hight,
And eke the namys how the treis hight,

As oke, firr, birch, asp, aldir, elm, poplere,
Willow, holm, plane, ash, box, cheften, and laurere,
Maple, thorn, beche, ewe, hasill, whipultre,
How they were feld, shall not be told for me.
Ne how the Goddis rennin up and doune,
Dissherite of their habitaoun,
In which they wonnid in rest and in pece,
The Nymphs and Fawns and Hamadryades. 2930
Ne how the bestis, ne the birdis all
Fleddin for fere, whan that the wode was fall:
Ne how the ground aghast was of the light,
That was not wont to se the Sunne bright;
Ne how the fire was couchid first with stre,
And then with drie stikis clovin a thre,
And then with grenè wode and spicerie,
And then with cloth of gold and with perie,
And garlondes hanging with many a floure,
The myrrhe, the incense, with the swete odoure. 2940
Ne how Arcite lay among all this,
Ne what rycheise about his bodie is,
Ne how that Emelie, as was the gife,
Put in the fire of funeral servise:
Ne how she sowned, whan made was the fire,
Ne what she spake, ne what was her desire:
Ne what Jewillis men in the fire cast,
Whan that the fire was grete, and brennid fast:
Ne how some cast their shelde, and some their spere,
And some their vestimentis which they were, 2950
And cuppis full of milk, and wine, and blode,
Into the fire, that brent as it were wode.
Ne how the Grekis with a hugè rout
Thryis did ridin all the fire about,
Upon the left hand, with a loud shourting,
And thrys on the right with speres clattering:
And thrys how the Ladys gan all to crie:
Ne how that led was homeward Emily:
Ne how Arcite is brent to Ashin cold:
Ne how that there theliche-wake was yhold, 2960
All that night long, ne how the Grekis play
The Wake-playis; ne kepe I not to say
Who wraistlid best nakid, with oyle anoint,
Ne who that bare him best in every point.
I woll nat tellin eke how that they gon
Home till Athenis, whan the play is don.
But shortly to the point then woll I wend,
And makin of my longè tale an end.
By process of time and by length of yeres
All flintid is the mourning and the teres 2970
Of Grekis, by one general assent.
Then semid me there was a Parliment
At Athenes on a certain point and caas,
And among the which pointis spokin was
To have with certaine Countrys Alliaunce,
And have of Thebanes fully Obeisaunce.
For whiche the nobil Theseus anon
Let sendin aftir gentil Palamon,
Unwist of him, what was the cause and why.
But in his blake clothis sorowfully 2980
He came at his commaundement on hie;
Tho sent Theseus aftir Emilie.
Whan they were sett, and hushid was the place,
And Theseus abidin hath a space,
Er anie word came fro his wise brest,
His eyin sett he there as was his lest,
And with a sadde visage he sighid still,
And aftir that right thus he seide his will.
The first movir of the causis above,
Whan that he first made the fair chaine of Love, 2990
Grete was th' effect, and hie was his entent,
Wele wist he why, and what thereof he ment:
For with that faire chainè of Love he bonde,
The fire, the aire, the watir, and the lond,
In certaine bondis, that they may not sice;
The same Prince, and the same movir, qð he,
Hath

Hath stablished in this wretchid world adoun
 Certaine of dayis and duratioun,
 To all that are engendrid in this place,
 Ovir the whichè day they may not pace,
 Alle mowin they yet tho dayis abregge,
 There nedith none authoriry to legge,
 For it is provid by experience
 But that me list declarin my sentence.
 Then may men by this order wele discern
 That thilk movir stable is and eterne.
 Wele may man know, but that he be a fole,
 That every part derivith from his whole.
 Nature hath not takin his beginning
 Of no partis, or cantill of a thing,
 But of oo thing that parfite is and stable,
 Descending so till it be corrupable.
 And therefore of his wise purveyaunce
 He hath so wele besett his Ordinaunce,
 That space of thingis and progressions
 Shullith endure ay by successions
 And not eterne ben, without any lye.
 This mayst'ow undirstond, and sene at eye;
 Lo! th'Oke; that hath so long a norishing
 Fro the time that he first ginnith to spring,
 And hath so long a life, as ye may se,
 Yet at the last ywaftid is the tre.
 Confidrih eke, how that the hardè stone
 Undir our fete, on which we trede and gone,
 Yet wastith, as it lyith in the wey.
 And the brode rivir sometime wexith dry.
 The grete Townis so wide do wane and wend;
 Than ye sene that all these thingis hath end.
 In man and woman se shall we also,
 That endith in one of these termis two,
 That is to fayn, in youthe, or ellis age,
 He mote be dede, a King as shall a Page,
 Some in his bedde, some in the depè See,
 Some in the largè felde, as ye may see;
 It helpith nought, all goeth that ilkè way;
 Then may you sene that all thingis mote dye.
 What makith this but Jupiter the King?
 That is the Prince and Causir of all thing,
 Converting al wita his propir will,
 From which it is derivid, sothe to tell.
 And here agaimst no creature on live
 Of no degre avaith for to strive.
 Then it is wisdom, as it thinkith me,
 To make a virtue of necessity:
 And take that wele, that we may not eschew,
 And namely that, that to us all is dew.
 And whofo grutchith ought, he doth folye,
 And rebill is to him that all may gye.
 And certeynly a mann hath most honour
 To dyin in his excellence and floure;
 When he is fikkir of his godè name:
 Than he hath don his frendes and him no shame.
 And gladdir ought his frendes be of his dethe,

Whan yoldin up with honour is his brethe,
 Than whan his name appallid is for age,
 And all forgottin is his Vassalage,
 Then it is best as for a worthy fame,
 To dyin, whan that he is most of name.
 The contrary of this is wilfulness.
 Why grutchin we? why have we hevyness,
 That gode Arcite, of chivalrie the flowr,
 Departid is, with duty and honour,
 Out of this foulè prison of this life?
 Why grutchin here his cosin and his wife
 Of his welfare, that lovith him so wele?
 Can he them thank? nay God wot ner' a dele,
 That both his Soule, and eke themself offend,
 And yet they mow their lustis not amend.
 What may I conclude of this long serie,
 But aftir wo I rede us be merie,
 And thankin Jupiter for all his grace;
 And er that we departin from this place,
 I rede that we makin of sorowes two
 O perfite joyè lastig evirmo.
 And loke now where most sorow is herein
 There woll I first at this time begin.
 Sustir, q'ð he, this is my full assent,
 With the avise here of my Parliment,
 That gentil Palamon your ownè Knight,
 That servith you with will, and hert, and might,
 And evir hath sithins you first him knew,
 That ye shull of your grace upon him rew,
 And take him for your husbond and your Lord?
 Lene me your hond, for this is our accord,
 Lete se now of your womanly pite;
 He is a King's brother's sonne parde,
 And though he were but a pore batchelere,
 Syn he hath servid you so many' a yere,
 And hadde for you so grete adversite,
 It muste ben confid'rid, levith me,
 For gentil mercie ought to passin right.
 Then seide he thus to Palamon the Knight,
 I row there nedith littil farmoring
 To makin you assent unto this thing,
 Come nere, and take your Lady by the hond;
 Betwixt them two was made anon the bond,
 That Matrimonie hight, or Maryage,
 By all the Counsaile of his Baronage.
 And thus with alle blis and melodye
 Hath Palamon yweddid Emilie.
 And God, that all this widè world hath wrought,
 Send him his Love, that it hath dère about.
 For now is Palamon in alle wele,
 Living in blis, in riches, and in hele,
 And Emilie him lovith tendirly,
 And he hir servith ay so gentilly,
 That nevir was there no word them betwene,
 Of Jelousie, or any othir tene.
 Thus endith Palamon and Emilie,
 And God save alle this fayre Cumpanie.

Here endith the KNIGHTES TALE. And followeth II. The MILLERS TALE.





II. The MILLER's TALE.

NICHOLAS a Scholar of Oxford, practiseth with ALISON, the Carpenter's Wife of Osney, to deceive her Husband; but in the end is rewarded accordingly. This is one of those Tales, that Lidgate (in his Prologue to the Story of the Siege of Thebes) says, are of ribauldrie

To makin laughtir in the Cumpany.

So, Reader, you know what you are to expect, read, or forbear, as you think fitting.

The PROLOGUE.

WHAN that the Knyght had thus his Tale ytold, In all the Cump'ny n'as there yong ne old, That he ne feide' twas a nobill Story, And worthy to be drawn in Memory: And namily the gentiles everichone. Our Hostè lough, and fware, so mote I gone This goeth aright, unboklid is the male, Let se now who shall tell anothir tale: For truely the game is right well begonn: Now tellith us, Sir Monk, if that ye conn Somewhat to quite with the Knight's tale. The Millere that for dronkin was all pale, So that unnethe upon his horse he sat, Ne n'old availin, neithir hode ne hat,	Ne abide no Man for his Curtesie, But in Pilat's voice he began to crie, And swore by armis, by blode, and by bones, I can a nobill tale for the nones. With which I woll now quite the Knight's tale. Our Host saw that he dronkin was of Ale, 20 And feide, abide, Robin, myn levè brother, Some better man shall tell us first another, Abide, and let us werkin thriftily. By Godd's Soule, qð he, that woll not I, For I will speke, or ellis go my way. 10 Our Host answerde, say on a Devil way, Thou art a fole, thy wit is ovircome; Now herk'nith, qð the Millere, all and some; But first I make my protestatioun, That I am dronke, I know it by my sounne, 30 And
--	---

And therefore if I mispakin or say,
Wite it the Ale of Suthwerke, I-you pray.
For I woll tell a Legend, and a life,
Both of a Carpentere, and of his wife.
How that a Clarke hath sett a Wright's Capp.

The Reve answerid, and seide, stint thy clapp,
Let be thy lewde dronkin harlottrie,
It is a sinne, and eke a grete follie
To apaire any man, or him defame,
And eke to bringe wivis in soche blame,
Thou maist ynow of othir thingis saine.
This dronkin Millere spake full sone againe,
And seide, my leve brothir Ofwold,
Whoso hath no wife, he is no Cokold.
But I say not therefore that thou art one,
There be full gode wivis many a one,
And ere a thousand gode aginst one bad,
Thou knowist thy self, but if thou be mad,
Why art thou angry with my tale now?
I have a wife parde as well as thou,
Yet n'old I, for all th' Oxin in my plough,
Takin upon me more than is ynow,
To demin of my self that I am one,
I woll belivin wele that I am none.
An husbond shuld not ben inquisitive
Ne of God's privite, ne of his wife.
For so he fynde Godd's foison there,
Of the remnaunt hym nedith not t'enquere.
What shulde I more sey, but that this Millere
He n'old his worde for no man forbere,
But told his churl's tale in this manere.
Me forthinkith, I shall reherse it here,
And therefore every gentil wight I pray,
For Godd's Love, demith not that I say
Of ill intent, but that I mote reherse
Their talis all, ben they betir or werse,
Or ellis falsin some of my matere.
And therefore whoso list it not to here,
Turn ov'r the lese, and chuse anothir tale,
For ye shall find ynow both grete and smale,
Of history, and thinges touching gentlines,
And eke Morality, and Holines.
Blamith not me, if that ye chuse amiss,
The Millere is a churle, ye know wele this.
So was the Reve, and Coke, and othir mo,
And Harlotry they toldin eke both two.
Avisith you, and put me out of blame,
And eke Men shulde not make ernest of Game.

The TALE.

Whilome there was dwelling in Oxinford,
A ryche gnoffe, that gestis held to bord,
And of his craft he was a Carpentere;
With him there was dwelling a pore Schol-

lere,
Had lernid Art, but all his fantasie
Was turnid now to lerne Astrology,
And couth a certein of Conclusions,
To demin by Interrogations,
If that men askid hym in certeine houres,
Whan that men shuldin have or drought, or shoures.
Or if men askid hym what shulde befall
Of every thing, I may not reckin all.

This Clark yclepid was Hend Nicholas;
Of dernè love he couth, and of Solas.
And thereto he was flie, and right prive,
And like unto a Maidin meke to se.
A chambre he had in that hostellerie
Alone, withoutin any Company,

Full fetously ydight with herbis sote,
And he himself as swete as is the rote
Of Licoris, or any Seduwall.
His Almagiste, and bokis grete and smale, 100
His Afterlagour, longing for his Art,
His Augrim stonis lying feire apart,
On shelvis al couched at his bedd's hede,
His presse y covrid with a folding rede,
And all above there lay a gay Sautrie,
On which he made on Nightis melodie,
So swetely that all the chambre rong,
And *Angelus ad Virginem* he song.
And aftir that he song the King's note,
Full oftin blessid was his mery throte. 110
And thus the swete Clark all his time spent
Aftir his frendis finding, and his rent.

This Carpentere had weddid new a wife,
Which that he lovid, as he did his life,
Of eightene yere, I ghesse, she was of age,
Jelouse he was, and kept her strait in Cage,
For she was wild and yong, and he was old,
And demid himself to ben a Cokold.
He knew not Cato, for his wit was rude,
That bad men weddin their similitude. 120
Men shuldè weddin aftir their estate,
For Youth and Eld is oftin at debate.
But sith that he was fallin in the snare,
He must endure, as othir folk, his care.
Faire was this yonge wife, and therewithall
As a wifill, her body gent' and small. 130
A Seint she werid, barrid all with silk,
A barmecloth eke as white as morow milk,
Upon her lendis, full of many a gore.
White was her Smok embroudid all before, 140
And eke behind, on her Colere about,
Of cole blak silk within and eke without.
The tapis of her white Volipere
Were of the same sure of her colere.
Her fillit brode of silk, and set full hie:
And sikirly she had a likerous eye. 70
Full smale ypullid were her browis two,
And tho were bent, and blak as any flo.
And she was moche more blisfull for to se,
Than is the newè Perienet tre, 140
And softir than the woll is of a wether;
And by her girdil hong a purse of lether,
Tassid with Silk, and perlid with Latoun,
In all this world to sekin up and down
There n'is no man so wise that couthè thence
So gay a Popelote, or so gay a wench.

Full brightir was the shining of her hue
Than in the Towre the Noble forgid new.
But of her song she was so loude and yerne
As any Swallow sitting on a berne. 150
Thereto she couthè skipp, and make a game,
As any kid or calfe foll'wing his dame;
Her mouth was swete as brakit or the meth,
Or horde of Applis layd in hay or heth.
Winfing she was as is a jolly Colt,
Long as a Mast, and upright as a bolt.
A broche she bare upon her low Collere,
As brode as is the bosse of a bokelere.
Her shoes were lacid on her leggis hie, 160
She was a Primrose, and a Piggisnie,
For any Lord to liggin in his bedde,
Or yet for any gode yoman to wedde.

Now Sir, and eft Sir, so befell the caas,
That on a day this Hende Nicholas
Fill with this yonge wife to rage and pley,
While that her husbond was at Oseney,
As Clerkis ben full sotill and full queint,
And privily he caught her by the queint,
And seide, I wis but that I have my will,
For derne Love, Love of The, Lemman, I spill: 170
H And

And heldin her fast by the hanchè bones,
 And seide, Lemman, love me well at ones,
 Or I woll dyin, as so God me save.
 And she gan spring, as a Colt in a trave.
 And with her hede she wryith fast away,
 And seide, I woll not kisse The by my fay.
 Why! let be, qð she, let be, Nicholas,
 Or I will crie out harrow and alas!
 D'away your handis for your curtesy.

This Nicholas gan mercy for to crie,
 And spake so fayr, and proffered him so fast,
 That she her love hym grauntid at the last:
 And swore her oth by Seint Thomas of Kent,
 That she wulde ben at his Commaundement,
 Whan that she may her leysure well espie.
 Mine husbond is so full of jelousie,
 But that ye waitin well, and ben privy,
 I wote right well, I n'am but dede, qð she,
 Ye mote ben full derne, as in this caas.

Nay thereof care you nought, qð Nicholas: 190
 A Clerk had lithirly besett his while,
 But if he couth a Carpenterè beguile.
 And thus they were accordid, and ysworne,
 To waite a time, as I have seide before.
 Whan Nicholas had done this every dele,
 And thakkid her about the Lendis wele,
 He kist her swete, then takith his Sautrie,
 And playith fast and makith Melodye.

Then fell it thus, that to the Parish Chirch
 (Christ's owne workis for to ywirch)
 This gode wife went upon a Holyday:
 Her forehede shone as bright as any day,
 So was it washyn, whan she lete her werke;
 Now was there of the Chirch a Parish Clerke,
 The which that was yclepid Absolon,
 Crull was his heere, and as the gold it shone,
 And stroutid as a fannè large and brode,
 Full straight and evin lay his jollie shode.
 His rude was redde, his eyin gray as gose,
 With Poul's windowes corvin on his shose. 210
 In hofin redde he went full fetously,
 Yclad he was full smale and propirly,
 All in a kirtil of a light wachet,
 Full fayre, and thikè ben the pointis fet.
 And thereupon he hadde a gay surplice
 As white as is the blosome on the rice.
 A merie childe he was, so God me save.
 Well couth he lettin blode, and clip, and shave,
 Or make a Chartre of lond, or acquitaunce,
 In twenty manir couth he trip and daunce, 220
 Aftir the Schole of Oxinfordè tho,
 And with his leggis castin to and fro:
 And playin songis on a smale ribible,
 Thereto he song sometime a loud quynible:
 And as well couth he play on a gitterne.
 In all the Toune n'as brewhouse, ne taverne,
 There as ony gay gille or tapstere was,
 That he ne visitid with his Solas.
 But sothe to sayne, he was somedeles squaimus
 Of fartying, and of spechè daungerous.

This Absolon, that was jolly and gay,
 Goeth with a Censir on a Holliday,
 Censing the wivis of the Parish fast,
 And many a lovely loke on them he cast;
 And namely on this Carpenter's wife:
 To loke on her hym thought a mery life,
 She was so propre, and swete, and licorous,
 I dare wele say, if she had ben a Mousè,
 And he a Catte, he woude her hent anon.

This Parish Clerk, this jolly Absolon,
 Hath in his hertè soche a Love longing,
 That of no wife toke he none offering,
 For curtesy, he seide, he wulde have none.
 The Mone, whan it was night, full bright yshone,

And Absolon his gitterne hath ytake,
 For Paramoures he thought for to awake,
 And forth he goth jelouse and amorous,
 Till he came to the Carpenter's house,
 A littil aftir the Cok had y crow,
 And drestid hym undir a shot window, 250
 That was upon the Carpenter's wall,
 He singith in his voyce gentil and small,
Now derè Lady, if thy will it be,

180 *I pray you that ye welde rew on me,*
 Full wele according to his gitterning;
 This Carpenterè awoke, and herd him sing,
 And spake unto his wife, and seide anon,
 What, Alifon, here thou not Absolon,
 That chauntith thus undir our bour's wall?
 And she answerde her husbond there withall, 260
 Yes God wot, John, I here it every dele.

This passith forth, what woll ye bet than wele?
 Fro day to day this jolly Absolon,
 So woith her, that him was wo begon.
 He wakith all the night, and all the day,
 He kembith his lockes brode, and made him gay,
 He woith her by menis and brocage,
 And swore that he wulde ben her ownè page;

He singith broking as as a Nightingale,
 He sent her Piment, Methe, and spicid Ale; 270
 And Wafris piping hote out of the glede;
 And for she was of toun, he proff'rid Mede,
 For some folk will be wonnin for rychese,
 And some for strokes, and some for gentilnesse.
 Sometime to shew his lightness and Maistry,
 He playith Heraudes on a Scaffold hie;
 But what availith him, as in this caas,
 So lovith she this Hendè Nicholas,
 That Absolon may blow the buk's horne,
 He ne had for his labour but a scorne. 280

And thus she makith Absolon her Ape,
 And all his ernist turnith to a jape.
 Full sothe is this Proverb, it is no lie,
 Men sayin thus alwey, that the nye fly
 Still makith the ferre lovè to be lothe:
 For though that Absolon be wode or wrothe,
 Because that he was ferrè from her sight,
 This nye Nicholas stode still in his light.
 Now bere The wele, thou Hendè Nicholas. 290
 For Absolon may waile and sing alas!

And so befell it on a Saturday,
 This Carpenterè was gone to Osenei,
 And Hendè Nicholas and Alifon
 Accordid were to this Conclusion,
 That Nicholas shall shapin him a wile
 This sely jelouse husbond to begyle:
 And if so be that the game went aright,
 She shulde slepe in his armis all nyght,
 For this was his desire, and hers also.
 And right anon withoutin wordis mo, 300
 This Nicholas no lengir wulde tary,
 But doth full soft into his chambir cary
 Both mete and drinkè for a dey or twey.

230 And to her husbond bade her for to sey,
 If that he askid after Nicholas,
 She shulde answer she n'ist not where he was;
 Of all that day she saw him not with eye,
 She trowith he was in some maladye.
 For for no crie, she or her Maid couth call,
 He n'old answer, for nought that might befall. 310

Thus passith forth all that ilk Saturday,
 That Nicholas still in his chambre lay;
 And ete, and drank, and slept, did what hym lest,
 Till Sunday, that the Sunnè goth to rest.

This sely Carpenterè hath grete merveile
 Of Nicholas, or what thing might him aile,
 And seide, I am adradd by St. Thomas,
 It standith not aright with Nicholas,

God shild, that he ne dyid sodeinly,
This world is now full tickle sikirly:
I saw to day a Corse borne to the Cherche,
That now on Monday last I saw him werch.
Go up, qð he unto his knave anon,
Clepe at the dore, and knock fast with a Stone,
Loke how he is, and tell me boldely.

This knave goith him up full sturdily,
And at the chambir dore while that he stode,
He cryith and knockith, as he were wode.
What ho! what do ye, Mastir Nicholas?
How may you slepit all this longè day?
But all for nought, he herde never a word:
An hole he found full low undir a bord;
There as the Catt was wont in for to crepe,
And at that hole he lokid in full depe,
And at the last he had of him a sight.

This Nicholas sat ay gaping upright,
As he had kykid on the newe Mone.
Adoun he goth, and told his Mastir sone;
In what array he saw this ilke Man.

This Carpenter to blissin him began,
And seide, now helpin us, Seint Frideswide.
A man wot littil what shall him betide.
This man is fallen with his Astronomy,
In some wodeness, or in some Agony.
I thoughtin ay wele how it shulde be,
Men shulde not know of God's privity.
Yea blessid be alwey the lewde man,
That nought but only his belesse can.
So ferde anothir Clerk with Astronomy,
He walked into the feldis for to pry
Upon the Sterres, to wete what shulde befall,
Tyll he was in a Marlepit yfall;
He saw not that. But yet by Seint Thomas
Me ruith fore on Hende Nicholas:
He shall be ratid for his studying,
If that I may, by Jesus Hevin King.

Get me a staff, that I may undirspore,
While that thou, Robin, hevist up the dore.
He shall out of his studying I ghesse.
And to the chambir dore he gan him dresse.
His knave was a strong Carle for the nones,
And by the haspe he heved it up at ones,
Into the flore the dore it fill anone.

This Nicholas sat ay as still as stone,
And evir gapid upward in the aire.
This Carpenter wend he was in despaire,
And hent him by the shulderes mightily,
And shoke him hard, and cryith pitoussly,
What, Nicholas! what who, now loke adoun: 370
Awake, and think on Crist's passoun.
I crouch The fro Elves, and fro wikid Wightes;
And therewith the Night spell he seide arightes,
On four halvis of the house about,
And on the Dreshfold of the dore without,
' Jesu Christ, and Seint Benedight,
' Blesse this house from every wikid Wight,
' Fro the Nights Mare, the wite Paternoster,
' Where wonnist thou Seint Peters Suttir.
And at the last this Hende Nicholas,
Gan for to fike fore, and seide alas! 380
Shall all this world be lost eftsonis now?
This Carpenter answerde, what sayist thou?
What? think on God, as we Men do that swink.

This Nicholas answerid, fetch me drink,
And aftir wolle I speke in privy
Of certeinethinges, that touchith The and me:
I wolle tell it none othir Man certeine.

This Carpenter goth doune, and cometh againe,
And brought of mighty Ale a large quart,
And whan that eche of them had dronk his part, 390
This Nicholas his chambir dore fast shet,
And down the Carpenter by him he sett,

And seide, John, Host mine, both lese and dere;
320 Thou shalt upon thy trowth swere to me here,
That to no wight thou shalt my Counsaile wrey,
For it is Crist's counsaile that I sey,
And if thou tell it Man, thou art forlore,
For this Vengeaunce thou shalt havin therefore,
That if thou wrye me, thou shalt be wode,
Nay Crist it forbid, for his holy blode, 400
Qð tho this sely man, I am no blabb,
Nay though I say't, I n'am not lese to gabb.
Say what thou wolt, I shall it never tell,
330 To child, ne wyfe, by him that harrowed hell.
Now, John, qð Nicholas, I wolle nat lie,
I have foundin in mine Astrologye,
As I have lokid in the Mone bright,
That now on Munday next, at quartir night,
Shal fall a raine, and that so wilde and wode,
That half so grete was never Noes fode: 410
This world, he seide, in less than half an houre,
Shall all be dreint, so hideous is the shoure:
Thus shall mankind drenche, and lese their life.
This Carpenter then seide, alas my wife!
440 And shall she drench? Alas myn Alison!
And for sorow he fell almost adoun,
And seide, n'is there remedy in this caas?
Yes, yes, full gode replied Hende Nicholas,
If thou wilt work aftir my lore, and rede;
Thou maist not werkin aftir thine own hede. 420
For thus saith Solomon, that was full trew,
Werk all by counsaile, and thou shalt not rew.
But if thou werkin wilt by gode counsaile,
350 I undirtake withoutin Mast or Saile,
Yet shall I favin her, and The, and me.
Hast'ow not herde how favid was Noe,
Whan that our Lorde had warnid him beforne;
That all the world with watir shuld be lorn?
Yes, qð the Carpenter, full yore ago.
Hast'ow not herde, qð Nicholas, also, 430
Of Noes sorow with his felaschip,
Er that he mighte get his wife to ship!
Him had levir, I dare well undirtake,
360 At thilkè time, than all his wetheres blake,
That she had had a Ship her self alone:
And therefore wost'ow what is best to done?
This askith haste, and of a hasty thing
Men may not preche, ne make long tarying.
Anon go get us fast into this Inne,
A knedyng trough, or els a Kimelyn, 440
For eche of us, but loke that they ben large,
In which men mowin swim as in a barge:
And han therein Viteiles sufficient
But for a day, sic on the remanent:
The watir shall allake, and gon away
Aboutin prime upon the nextè day.
But Robin may not wete of this, thy knave,
Ne eke thy Maide Gille I may not save:
Axe me not why? for though thou askè me,
I wolle not tellin Godd's privity. 450
Suffisith The, but if thy wits be mad,
To have as grete a grace, as Noe had:
Thy wife shall I well favin out of doute,
380 Go now thy way, and spede The here about.
But whan thou hast for her, and The, and me,
Ygertin us these kneding Tubbis thre,
Then shalt thou heng them in the rose full hie,
That no man of our purveiaunce espie.
And whan thou hast done thus, as I have seide,
And hast our viteile fayr in them yleyde, 460
And eke an Axe to smite the Corde atwo,
Whan than the watir cometh, that we may go,
And breke an hole on hie upon the gable,
Unto the gardin ward, ovir the stable,
That we may frely passin forth our way,
Whan that the grete shoure is gone away,

Then

Then shak thou swim as mery I undirtake,
 As doth the white duck aftir her drake.
 Then woll I clepe hoe Alifon, how John,
 Be mery; for the flode will pass anon.
 And thou wolt fayn, haile Maistir Nicholay,
 God morow, I se The well, it is day.
 And then we shall be Lordis all our life
 Of all the worlde, as was Noe and his wife.
 But of one thing I warnè The full right,
 Be well avisid on that ilke night
 That we ben entrid into the Ship's bord,
 That none of us ne speke nought a word,
 Ne clepe, ne crie, but ben in his prayere,
 For so to done it is Goddes own heft dere.
 Thy wife and thou mote hengin ferre a twinn,
 For that betwixt you there shall be no sinn,
 No more in loking, than ther shal in dede:
 This Ordenaunce is seide, Goe, God The spede.
 To morue' at night, when men ben al aslepe,
 Unto our knedyng tubbis woll we crepe,
 And sirtin there abiding Godd's grace:
 Go now thy way, I have no lengir space,
 To make of this no lengir sermoning:
 Men sayin, send thy wife, and say nothing.
 Thou art so wise, it nedith The not teche,
 Go, save our livis, that I The besече.

This sely Carpentere goth forth his way,
 Full oft he seide, alas! and welaway!
 And to his wife he told his privite,
 And she was ware, and knew it bet than he,
 What al this queintè cast was for to seye,
 But nathèless she ferde as she shuld dye,
 And seide, alas! go forth thy wey anone,
 Help us to scape, or we be dede eche one:
 I am thy trewe verry weddid wife,
 Go dere Spouse, and help to save our life.
 Lo what a grete thing is affection,
 Men may die of imagination,
 So depè may impressioun be take:
 This sely Carpentere begins to quake:
 Him thinkith verrily that he may se
 This Noës flode come waltring as the See,
 To drenchin Alifon his hony dere.
 He wepith, wailith, makith fory chere,
 He sikith with full many' a fory swough,
 He goeth, and gettith hym a kneding trough,
 And aftir that a Tubb, and a Kemelin,
 And privily he sent them to his Inne,
 And hing them in the rose full privily.
 With his own hand he made them ladders thre
 To climbin by the ronges, and by the stalkes
 Into the Tubbis hanging by the balkes.
 And them vitailid bothe trough and tubbe
 With brede and chese, and gode ale in a jubbe: 520
 Suffying right ynow as for a day.

But er that he hadde made all this aray,
 He sent his knave, and eke his wench also
 Upon his nede to London for to go.
 And on the Monday, when it drew to Nigh,
 He shut his dore withoutin Candil light.
 And dressid all thing as it shulde be,
 And shortely they clombin up all thre.
 They sittin still well nigh a furlong way,
 Now Pater noster, clum, seide Nicholay,
 And clum qð John, and clum seide Alifon:
 This Carpenter seide his devotion,
 And still he sett, and bidith his prayere,
 Awaiting on the raine, if he it here
 Tyll the dede slepe for wery businesse
 Fell on this Carpentere, right as I ghesse,
 About the Curfew time, or littil more:
 For travaile of his ghost he gronith sore,
 And eft he routith, for his hede mislay;
 And doune the laddir stalkith Nicholay,

And Alifon adoune ful soft she spedde,
 Withoutin wordis mo they went to bedde,
 There as the Carpentere was wont to lie,
 470 There was the revill, and the melodye.
 Thus lyith Alifon, and Nicholas
 In businesse and mirth; and in solas,
 Till that the bell of Laudes gan to ring,
 And Freris in the Chancell gon to sing.
 This Parish Clerk, the amorous Absolon,
 That is for love alwey so wo bygon, 550
 Upon the Monday was at Osenay,
 With Company him to disport and play;
 And askid upon caas a Cloysterere,
 480 Full privily, for John the Carpentere:
 And he drew him apart out of the Chirch,
 And seide, In'ote, I saw him here not wurch
 Sith Saturday, I trow that he bewent
 For timber, there our Abbot hath him sent.
 For he is wont for timber for to go,
 And dwellin at the graunge a day or two: 560
 Or ellis he is at his house certeine,
 Where that he be I cannot sothly saine.

This Absolon full jolly was and light,
 490 And thought, now is my time to walk all night,
 For sikirly I saw him not stirring
 About his dore, sith day began to spring.
 So mote I thrive, I shall, at Cock's crow,
 Full privily knokin at his Window,
 That stant full low upon his bowr's Wall:
 To Alifon I now woll tellin all 570
 My Love longing, for yet I shall not miss,
 That at the leste way I shall have her kisse.
 Some manir comfort I shall have persey,
 500 My Mouth hath itchid all this longe day;
 That is a sign of kissing at the leste.
 All night me mette that I was at a feste.
 Therefore I woll go slepe an hour or twey,
 And all the night then woll I walk and pley.
 Whan that the firste Cok hath crow anon,
 Uprist this jolly lovir Absolon, 580
 And him arrayith gay at point devise,
 But first he chewith greyns and licorice,
 To smellin sote, er he had kempt his here,
 510 Under his tonge a trew love knot he bare,
 For thereby wend he to be graciouse,
 Than romith to the Carpenter's house,
 And still he stant undir the shop window,
 Unto his brest it raught, it was so low:
 And soft he coughid with a semisoun.
 What do ye honycumb, swete Alifon? 590
 My fayre bird, and my swete Sinamome,
 Awakith, Lemman mine, spekith to me,
 Full litil thinkin ye upon my wo,
 That for your love I swelt there as I go.
 No wondir is although I swelt and swete,
 I mourne as doth the lamb aftir the tete.
 I wis lemman, I have soche love longing,
 That like a turtle trew is my mourning.
 I may not ete no more than doth a Maid.
 Go fro the Window, go, Jack sole, she saide; 600
 As help me God, and also swete Seint Jame,
 I love anothir, els I were to blame,
 Wel bet than The, by Jesu, Absolon:
 530 Go forth thy wey, or I woll cast a stone,
 And let me slepe, a twentie devil way.

Alas! qð Absolon, and welaway!
 That true love was evir so ill besett;
 Than kisse me since that it may be no bett,
 For Jesus love, and for the love of me;
 Wilt thou then go thy way therewith, qð she? 610
 Yes certis, Lemman, qð this Absolon.
 Make The redy, qð she, I come anon.
 And unto Nicholas she seide still,
 540 Now pece, and thou shalt laugh anon thy fill.

This

This Absolon doune sett him on his knees;
And seide, I am a Lord at all degrees,
For aftir this I hope there comith more.
Lemman thy grace, and swetè bird thy nore.
The window she undoth, and that in haste,
Have do, qð she, come off, and spede The fast, 620
Left any of our neighbours The elpie.

This Absolon gan wipe his mouth full drie:
Derk was the night as any pitch or cole,
And at the window she put out her hole;
And Absolon spedde neither bett ne wers,
But with his mouth he kist her nakid Ers,
Full favorly; as he was ware of this
Abak he stert, and thought it was amis:
For well he wist, a woman had no berde,
He felt a thing all rough and long yhered, 630
And seide, fy alas! what have I do?
Te he qð she, and clapt the window to.
And Absolon goth forth a sory paas.
A berde, a berde, seide Hendè Nicholas,
By Godd's Corpus this goth faire and well.
This Absolon yherde it every dell,
And on his lipp he gan for angir bite,
And to himself he seide, I shall The quite.
Who rubbith now, who frottith now his lips,
With dust, with fond, with straw, with cloth, with chips,
But Absolon? that saith full oft alas!
My Soule betake I unto Sathanas,
But me were levir than this toun, qð he,
Of this despight awrekin for to be.
Alas! qð he, alas! I ne had bleint;
His hottè love is cold, and all yqueint:
For fro the time that he had kist her Ers,
Of Paramouris he sett not a kers,
For he was helid of his Maladye,
Full oftè Paramoures he gan defye, 650
And wepe as doth a child, that is ybete.
A softè pace he went ovir the strete,
Unto a Smith, Men clepin Dan Gerveys,
That in his forge smythieth plough harneys,
He sharpiþ shares and cukeres bysly.
This Absolon knokith all esly,
And seide undo, Gerveys, and that anon;
What who art'ow? It am I Absolon.
What Absolon? for Christ's swetè tre,
Why rise ye so rath? ey *benedicite*!
What eyliþ you, some gay gerl, God it wote,
Hath broughtin you thus on the Meritote,
By Seint Neotes, ye wote what I mene.
This Absolon ne raught not of a bene
Of all his play, no word again he gaffe,
He haddè much more tow on his distaffe,
Than Gerveys knew; and seide, frend so dere,
The hottè Culter in the chimeney here
As lene it me, I have therewith to done:
And I wolk bring it The againe full sone.
Gerveys answerid, certis were it Gold,
Or in a pokè noblis al untold,
Thou shuldist it have, as I am trew Smyth;
Eye Christ's fore, what wolk ye don therewith?
Thereof, qð Absolon, be as be may,
I shall well tellin The to morrow day:
And caught the Culter by the coldè stele.
Full soft out at the dorè gan he stele,
And went unto the Carpenter's wall;
He coughid first, and knokid therewithall 680

Upon the window right as he did ere;
This Alifon answerid, who is there,
That knokith so? I warrant it a thefe;
Why nay, qð he, God wot, my swetè lefe;
I am thine Absolon, thine own derling;
Of Gold, qð he, I have The brought a ring;
My Mother gave it me, so God me save,
Full fine it is, and thereto well ygrave;
This wolk I givin The, if thou me kifs.

This Nicholas was risin for to piss, 690
And thought he wulde amending all the jape;
He shuldè kifs his Ers, ere that he scape:
And up the window did he hastily,
And out his Ers he put full privily,
Ovir the buttock to the hanchè bone.
And therewith spake this Clark, this Absolon;
Speke swetè bridde, I n'ote wher that thou art.

This Nicholas anon let fle a fart,
As grete as it had ben a thondir dent,
That with the stroke he was nye yblent: 700
And he was redy with his iron hote,
And Hende Nicholas in the Ers he smote.
Of goeth the skinne a hondisbrede about,
The hottè Culter brennid so his tout,
That for the smerte he wenid for to dye,
As he were wode for wo he gan to crye,
Help, watir, watir, help for Godd's hert.

This Carpenter out of his slombir stert,
And herde one crie Watir, as he were wode,
And thought alas! now comith Noës flode; 710
And set him up withoutin wordis mo,
And with an ax he smote the corde atwo,
And doune goth all, he found neither to sell
Nor brede, nor ale, 'tyll he come to the Sell,
Upon the flore, and there aswoun he lay.

Up stert than Alifon and Nicholay,
And cryid out an harrow in the strete,
The neighbouris allè, both small and grete,
In ronnè for to gawrin on this man,
That in a swounè lay both pale and wan, 720
For with that fall he brostin hath his arme,
But stondin he must unto his own harme.
For whan he spake, he was yborn adoune
With Hende Nicholas, and Alifon.
They toldin every man that he was wode,
He was aghastè so of Noës flode,
Through fantasy, that of his Vanity
He hadde him gettin kneding tubbis thre,
And hadde them hongid in the rose above,
And that he prayid them for Godd's love 730
To sittin in the rose par Cumpany.

The folk gan laughin at his fantasy,
And in the rose they kykin and they gape,
And turnid all his harmis into jape.
For whatsoe're this Carpenter answerde,
It was for nought, no man his reson herde.
With othis grete he was so sworne adoune,
That he was holdin wode in all the toun.
For evèriche Clerk anon held with other,
They seide, the mann is wode, my lewè brother, 740
And every wight gan laughin at this strife.

Thus swivid was the Carpenter's Wife
For all his keping and his jelousie.
And Absolon hath kist her nethir eye,
And Nicholas is scaldid in the tout;
The Tale is done, and God save all the rout.

The End of the MILLER's TALE. III. Followeth the REVE's TALE.



III. The REVE's PROLOGUE.



WHAN folk had laughid at this nice
 caas
 Of Absolon and Hendè Nicholas
 Divers folk hereof diversly they seide,
 But for the more part they laughin and
 pley'd:
 Ne at this Tale I saw no man him greve,
 But it werin only Oswold the Reve:
 Because he was of Carpenter's craft,
 A littil ire in his hert it last.
 He gan to grutch, and blamin it a lite,
 Sothly, qð he, full well couth I The quite,
 With blering of a proude Miller's eye,
 If that me list to speke of ribaudrie.
 But I am olde, me lust not play for age,
 Grafs time is done, my foddur is forage.
 This white topp writith mine oldè yeres,
 Myn hert is also mouldid as my heres,
 But if I fare as doth an opin-ers,
 That ilke fruit is evir lengir the wers,
 Tyll it be rott in Mullok or in Stre.
 We oldè men I drede so farin we,
 Tyll we ben rottin can we not be ripe:
 We hoppin alwey while the world woll pipe.
 For in our will there stikith ay a Naile,
 To have a horie hede, and a grene taile,
 As hath a leke, for though our myght be gonn,
 Our will desirith follie evr' in one.
 For when we may not done, than woll we speke,
 Yet in our ashin old is fire yreke.
 Four gledis han we, which I shall devise,
 Avaunting, lying, angir, covetise,
 And these four sparklis longin unto elde,
 Our oldè limmis now well ben unweld,

But will ne shall not failin, that is sothe;
 And yet have I alweie a Colt's tothe,
 As many' a yere as it is passid henn,
 Sith that my tap of life began to renn.
 For fikirly whan I was borne, anon
 Dethe drew the tap of life, and let it gon,
 And evir sith hath so the tap yronne,
 Till that almost all emptie is the tonne,
 The streme of life now droppith on the chimb,
 The sely tongue may evil ring and chime,
 Of wretchidnesse, that passid is full yore,
 With oldè folk save dotage is no more.
 Whan that our Host hade herde this Sermoning,
 He gan to speke as Lordly as a King,
 And seide, what amountith al this witt?
 What shall we speke al day of holy writt?
 The Devil I think made a Reve to preche,
 Or a Souter, a Shipman, or a Leche.
 Say forth thy tale, and tary not the time:
 Lo Depford! and it is half wey to prime;
 Lo Grenewich! that many a shrew is in;
 It were hye time thy Tale for to begin.
 Now, Sirs, then qð this Oswoldè the Reve,
 I pray you allè, that ye nought you greve,
 That I answeere, and somedell sett his houfe,
 For lesfull it is force with force to shoufe.
 This dronkin Millere hath ytold us here,
 How that begylid was a Carpenter,
 Peradventure in scorn, for I am one,
 And by your leve I shall him quite anone.
 Right in his Churl's termis woll I speke,
 I pray to God his neck mote he to breke,
 He can well in myne eyin sene a stak,
 But in his own he can nought sene a balk.

Thus endeth the PROLOGUE.

The

The REVE's TALE.

DENYSE SIMKIN the Miller of Trompington, deceiveth two Clarkes of Soller's-Hall in Cambridge, in stealing their Corn; But they so manage their Matters, that they revenge the Wrong to the full. This Tale is imitated from Boccace, Novell the 6th, Day the 9th. — This you may pass over if you please.



A T T E Trompington, not ferrè fro Cantabrigge,
There goth a broke, and ovir that a brigge,
Upon the whiche broke there stant a Mell,

And this is very sothe as I you tell.
A Miller was there dwelling many' a day,
As any peacock he was proud and gay.
Pipin he couth, and fishin, and nets bete,
And cuppis turn, and wrastle well and shete. 820
Ay by his belt he bare a long pavade,
And of a swerde ful trenchaunt was the blade.
A joly popere bare he in his pouch,
There n'as no man for peril durst him he touch,
A Shefeld thwitid bare he in his hofe,
Round was his face, and camised was his nose.
As pilid as an Apè was his skull,
He was a Markit beter at the full.
There was no wight, that durst hand on him legge,
If that he swore he shulde it fore abegge. 830
A thefe he was forsothe of Corne and Mele,
And that a flye, as usant for to stele.
His name was hotin Deynouse Simkin,
A wife he had comin of nobil kin:
The Parson of the Town her fathir was,
With her he gaff full many' a pann of brass,
For that Simkin shuld in his blode allie,
She was yfostrid in a Nonnerie:
For Simkin wulde no wife as he saide,
But she were well ynorished, and a Maide, 840
To savin his Estate of Yomanry.
And she was proude, and pert as is a Pie;
A full fayre sight was it to se them two;
On hollidayes befor her wulde he go,
With his tippit woundin about his hede,
And she came astir in a gite of rede,
And Simkin haddè hofin of the same.
There durstè no wight clepin her but Dame;
Was none so hardy, that went by the way,
That with her onys durst to rage or play,
But if he wuldè be slaine of Simkin,
With Pavade, or with knife, or bodekin.
For jelous folk ben per'lous evirmo,
Algate they wolde their wivis wendin so.
And eke for she was somedeles smoterlich,
She was as digne as watir in a diche,
And as full of hokir, and of bismare,
Her thoughtè that a Ladie shuld her spare,
What for her kinrede, and her nortirly,
That she had lernid in the Nonnery. 860
A doughtir haddè they betwixt them two,
Of twentie yere, withoutin any mo,
Saafing a child, that was of half yere age,
In cradle' it lay, and was a propir page.
This wenchè thik and well ygrowin was,
With Camise nose, and eyin gray as glas:
With bottokes brode, and brestis round and hic,
But right faire was her heire, I woll not lie.

The Parson of the towne, for she was faire,
In purpose was to makin her his heir,
Both of his Cattle', and of his Mesuage,
And straunge he made it of her Mariage:

His purpose was for to bestow her hie,
Into some worthie blode of Ancestrie,
For holie Chirch'is gode mote ben dispended
On holie Chirch'is blode that is descended.
Therefore he wolde his holie blode honour,
Though that he holie Chirch shuldè devour.
Grete sokin hath this Millere out of dout 880
With Whete and Malt of al the land about.
And namily there was a grete College,
Men clepith the Solere Hall of Cambrige,
There was their Whete and eke their Malt yground;
And on a day it happid in a stound
Sike lay the Manciple' of a Malady,
Men wendin wisly that he shuldè die;
For which this Millere stele both Mele and Corn
An hundrid time more than he did befor.
For there before he stalle but curtislie,
But now he was a thefe outrageouslye; 890
For whiche the Wardin chidde, and madè fare,
But thereof set the Millere not a tare,
He crakid, boftid, swore it was not so.

Then there weren there yonge pore Scholeris two,
That dweltin in the Hall, of which I say,
Testife they were, and lustie for to play:
And only for their mirth and revilyr,
Upon the Wardin bysily they cry
To geve them leve but for a litil stound
To gon to Mill, to se their Corn ygrownd: 900
And hardily they durstin lay their nek
The Millere sholde not stele them half a pek
Of Corn by sleight, ne them by forcè reve.
And at the last the Wardin gafe them leve:
John hight that one, and Alein hight that other,
Of oo toune were they both, that hightè Strother,
Fer in the North, I cannot tellin where.
This Alein makith redie all his gere,
And on a horse the Sak he cast anon.
Forth goth Alein the Clark, and also John, 910
With gode swerdis and bokleres by their side.
850 John knew the weie, him nedith not a guide;
And at the Mill the Sak adoun he layth;
Alein spoke first, Al hail Simkin in faith,
How farith thy faire doughtir, and thy wife?
Alein, welcome, qð Simkin by my life,
And John also: how now, what do ye here?
By God, Simkin, qð John, nede has no pere;
Him behoves serve himself that has no Swaine,
Or els he is a sole, as Clerk'is saine. 920
Our Manciple I hope he will be dede,
860 Swa werkis ay the wangis in his hede,
And therefore is I come and eke Alein,
To grind our Corn, and bere it home ageyn:
We pray you spede us home in that ye may.
It shall be don, qð Simkin, by my fay:
What will you done, while that it is in honde?
By God right by the hopper woll I stonde
Qð John, and se how-gates the Corn goth in,
Yet saw I nevir by my faðir kinn 930
How that the hoppir waggith to and fra;
Alein answerid, Johan, wilt thou sa?
Then woll I stonde benethè, by my Cròune,
And se how gates the Mele fallith adoune,

Into

Into the trough, that shall be my disport:
 Qð John, in fay, I may ben of your fort,
 I is as ill a Millere as is ye.

This Millere smylith at their nycite,
 And thought, Al this n'is done but for a wile,
 They wenin that no Man mowe them begyle; 940
 But by my thrift yet shall I blere their eye,
 For all their sleight in their philosophy,
 The more queint Clerkis that themselves they make,
 The more woll I stele whan I gin to take:
 Insted of flour yet woll I give them brann,
 The grettist Clerkes be not the wisist Men,
 As whilome to the Wolfe thus spake the Mare.
 Of all their Art ne count I nought a tare.
 Out at the dore he goth full privily,
 Whan that he saw his time, subtilly 950
 He lokith up and down, till he hath found
 The Clerkis horse, there as he stode ybound,
 Behind the Mill, undir a levisell:
 And to the horse he goth him faire and well,
 He slippith of the bridil right anon.
 And whan the horse was loos, he ginnith gon
 Toward the fenn, thereas wild Maris rimm,
 And forth, with whehe, thorough thik and thinn,
 This Millere goth again, no word he saide,
 But doth his note, and with these Clerkis plaide, 960
 Till that their Corn was faire and well yground;
 And whan the Mele was sakkid, and ybound,
 This John goth out and fynt his horse away,
 And gan to crie harrow and welaway!
 Our horse is lost, Alein, for Godd'is benes,
 Step on thy fete, Man, come forth all atenes:
 Alas! our Wardin hath his palfry lorn.

This Aleine all forgate both Mele and Corn,
 All was out of his mind of husbandry,
 What? whilk weye is he gon? he gan to crie. 970
 The wife came leping inward at a renn,
 She seide, alas! your horse goth to the fenn,
 With wilde Maris, as fast as he may go,
 Unthank come on his hand, that bound him so,
 And he that betir sholde have knit the rein;
 Alas! qð John, Aleine, for Crist'is peine
 Lay down thy swerde, and I woll myne alswa,
 I is full swift, God wote, as is a Raa:
 By Godd'is Saul, he shall not scape us both.
 Why ne haddest thou put the Caple' in the lath? 980
 Ill heile, Alein, by God thou is a sonne.

These sely Clerkis han full fast yronne
 Toward the Fenn, both Alein, and eke John:
 And whan the Millere saw that they were gon,
 He half a bushell of their flour hath take,
 And bad his wife done knede it in a Cake.
 He seide, I trow the Clerkis were afferde;
 Yet can a Millere make a Clerk'is berde,
 For all their Art, yet let them gon their weye,
 Lo where they gon! ye let the children pleye: 990
 They get him not so lightly by my crown.

These sely Clerkis rennin up and doune,
 With kepe, kepe, stand, stand, joffa, wardarier,
 Go whistle thou, and I woll kepe him here.

But shortly, till it was very night
 They couth not, though they diddin all their might,
 Their Capell catch, he ran away so fast,
 Till in a ditch they caught him at the last.

Wery and wett, as bestis in the reine,
 Cometh sely John, and with him cometh Aleine. 1000
 Alas qð John the day that I was born!
 Now are we driven till hethin and to scorn:
 Our Corn is stole, Men woll us folis call,
 Both the Wardin, and eke our Felowes all,
 And namily the Millere, welaway!

Thus plainith John, as he goth by the way
 Toward the Mill, and bayard in his hond;
 The Millere sitting by the fire he fond,

For it was night, and further might they not;
 But for the love of God they him besought 1010
 Of herborough and ese, as for their penny;

The Millere seide agen, if there be any,
 Soche as it is, yet shall ye have your part:
 My house is strait, but ye have lern'd by Art,
 Ye can by Argumentis make a place
 A mile brode, of but twenty fote of space.
 Let se now if this place may you suffice,
 Or make more rome with speche, as is your gife.

Now Simkin, seid this John, by Seint Cuthberde,
 Ay is thou mery, that is faire answerde. 1020
 I have herde say, men shuld take of twa thinges
 Swilk as he findis, or swilk as he bringes.
 But specially I pray The, hoste dere,
 Get us some mete and drink, and make us chere,
 And we will pay The trewly at the full:
 With emptie hand men may not hawkis tull,
 Lo here our Silvir redy for to spend!

The Millere to the towne his daughtir send
 For ale and brede, and rostid them a gose,
 And bound their horse he shuld no more get lose. 1030
 And in his own chambir he made a bedd
 With shetis, and with shalons faire yspredd,
 Not from his ownè bedd ten fote or twelve:
 His doughtir had a bedd al by her selve
 Right in the same chambir, full fast them by.
 It mighte ben no bett, and the cause why,
 There was no romir herbrough in the place.
 They soupin, and they spekin of solas,
 And dronkin evir stronge Ale at the best.
 Abountin midnight wente they to rest. 1040

Well hath this Millere vernishid his hede,
 Full pale he was, for dronkin, and nought redde,
 He galpith, and he spekith through the Nose,
 As he were in the quakk, or in the pose.

To bedde he goth, and with him goth his wife,
 As any jay she light was and jolife,
 So was her jolie whistle well ywert.
 The cradil at her bedd'is fete was sett
 Torockin, and to give the child to souk;
 And whan that dronkin was al in the Cruk, 1050
 To bedde went the doughtir right anon,
 To bedde goth Alein, and goth also John,
 There n'as no more, them nedid now no dwale,
 This Millere hath so wisely bibbid Ale,
 That as a horse he snortith in his slepe,
 Ne of his taile behind he toke no kepe.
 His wife bare to him a burdon full strong,
 Men mightin here them routing a furlong:
 The wenchè routith eke par Cumpany.

Alein the Clerk, that herde this Melodie, 1060
 He pokid John, and seide stepist thou?
 Herdist thou evir swilk a sang er now?
 Lo! swilk a complyn is betwixt them all,
 A wildè fire mote on their bodies fall!
 Who herk'nid evir swilk a ferly thing,
 Ye they shull have the flour of ill ending.
 All this lang night there tidith me no rest,
 But yet na force all shall be for the best.
 For, John, seide he, as evir mote I thrive,
 If that I may, yon wenchè woll I swive. 1070
 Some esement hath law yshapin us,
 For, John, there is a law, that sayith thus,
 That if a Man in one point ben agreved,
 That in anothir he shall be releved,
 Our Corn is stoln, sothely, it is no nay,
 And we have had an evil fit to day.
 And since I shall have none amendement
 Again my los, I woll have myn esement:
 By Godd'is Saul, it shall none othir be.
 This John answerde, Alein, avise The,
 The Millere is a per'lous Man, he seide,
 And if that he out of his slepe abreide,

He

He mighte don us bath a Villony ;
 Alein answerde, I count him nought a fie.
 And up he rift, and by the wenche he crept,
 This wenche lay upright, and full fast she slept,
 Till he so nye was, er she might espie,
 That it had ben to late for her to crie.
 And shortly for to sey, they were at one.
 Now pley, Alein, for I woll speke of John. 1090
 This John lay stille a furlong wey or two,
 And to himself he makith routh and wo ;
 Alas! qð he, this is a wikid Jape,
 Now may I say, that I is but an Ape ;
 Yet hath my felaw somewhat for his harme,
 He hath the Millere's doughtir in his arme,
 He auntrith him, and hath his nedis spedde,
 And I lie as a draffe sak in my bedde:
 And when this jape is told anothir day,
 I shall be hold a daffe, or a Cokney: 1100
 I woll arise, and auntir me perfay,
Unhardy is unfely, thus Men say.
 And up he rose, and softly he went
 Unto the cradyl, and in his arme it hent,
 And bare it softly to his bedd'is fete.
 Sone aftir that the wife her routing lete,
 And gan awake, and went her out to pifs,
 And came again, and gan the Cradyl mis.
 And gropid here and there, but she fond none;
 Alas! qð she, I had almost misgone, 1110
 I had almost gone to the Clark's bedde,
Eye benedicite, than had I foule yspedde.
 And forth she goth till she the Cradyl fond,
 She gropith alwey furthir with her honde,
 And found the bedde, and thought on nought but gode,
 Bicause that the Cradyl by it stode,
 And ne wist where she was, for it was derk,
 But faire and wele she crept in by the Clerk,
 And lyith stille, and wou'd have caught a slepe;
 Within a while this John the Clerk uplepe, 1120
 And on this gode wife he layith full fore,
 So mery' a fitt ne had she nought full yore:
 He prikid hard and depe, as he were mad.
 This jollie life hath these two Clerkis lad,
 Tyll that the thridè Cok began to sing.
 Alein waxt wery in the day dawning,
 For he had swonkin all the longè night,
 And seide, farewell, Malin, my swete wight,
 The day is come, I may no lengir bide,
 But evirmo, wherso I go or ride, 1130
 I am thine ownè Clerk, so have I hele.
 Now, dere Lemman, qð she, go and farewele,
 But er thou go, one thing I woll The tell,
 Whan that thou wendist homeward by the Mell,
 Right at the Entre of the dore behind,
 Thou shalt a Cake of half a bushill find,
 That was ymakid right of thine owne Mele,
 Which I did help my faðir for to stele.
 And, my gode Lemman, God The save and kepe,
 And with that word she gan almost to wepe. 1140
 Alein uprist, and thought er that it dawe,
 He wolde go crepin in by his felaw,
 And fond the Cradyl with his hond anon,
 By God, thought he, all wrong have I misgone,
 My hede is totty of my swink this night,
 That makith me, that I go nought aright:
 I wote by the Cradyl I have misgo,
 Here lyeth the Millere, and his wife also.
 And forth he goth on twenty devil wey,

Unto the bedde, there as the Millere lay. 1150
 Him wend have cropin by his felaw John,
 And by the Millere he crept in anon,
 And caught him by the nek, and soft he spake,
 And seide, thou John, thou Swin'is hede, awake,
 For Christ's Soule, and here a nobil game.
 For by that Lord, that callid is St. Jame,
 As I have thryis in this shortè night,
 Swivid the Miller's doughtir bolt upright:
 Whilst thou hast as a Coward layn aghast.
 Ye, fals harlot, then qð the Millere, hast? 1160
 A false Traytor, a false Clerk, qð he,
 Thou shalt be dede by Godd'is dignity;
 Who durstè ben so bold to disparage
 My doughtir, that is come of soche linage.
 And by the throte boll he caught Aleine,
 And he him hent dispitously againe,
 And on the nose he smote him with his fist,
 Down ran the bloody streme upon his brest,
 And in the flore with Mouth and Nose to broke, 1170
 They wallowen, as doth piggis in a poke,
 And up they gon, and doune ageine anon,
 Till that the Millere spurnid on a stone
 And doune he fell bakward upon his wife,
 That wist nothing of all this nycè strife,
 For she was fall aslepe a litil wight,
 With John the Clerk, that wakid had al night.
 And with the fall out of her slepe she braide,
 Help, holy Cross of Broholmè, she seide;
 In *Manus tuas*, Lord to The I call, 1180
 Awake, Simonde, the fende is on me fall.
 My hert is brokin, help, I na'm but dede,
 There lith one up my womb, one up my hedde.
 Help, Simkin, for these fals Clerkis do fight.
 This John stert up as fast as er he might,
 And graspid by the wallis to and fro,
 To find a staff, and she stert up also,
 And knew the Estris bett than did this John,
 And by the wall she fond a staff anon,
 And saw a litil shimiring of light, 1190
 For at an hole in shone the Monè bright,
 And by that light she saw them bothè two,
 But sikirly she n'ist not who was who,
 But as she saw a white thing in her eye;
 And whan she gan this white thing espie,
 She wend the Clerk had wered a Voliper,
 And with the staff she drew ay ner and ner,
 And wend have hit this Alein attè full,
 And smote the Millere on the pillid Skull,
 That doune he goth, and cryed harrow I dye;
 These Clerkis bete him wele, and let him lye, 1200
 And rayith them, and toke their horse anon,
 And eke their Mele, and on their weie they gon:
 And at the Mill-dore eke they toke ther Cake,
 Of half a bushill floure, full well ybake.
 Thus is the proud Millere right well ybete,
 And hath ylost the grinding of the Whete,
 And payid for the Soupir every dele,
 Of Aleine, and of John, that bete him wele.
 His wife is swivid, and his doughtir als,
 Lo soche it is a Millere to be fals! 1210
 And therefore this proverbe is saw full sothe,
Him dare not wenin wele that evil doth:
A Guilor shall himself begylid be.
 And God, that sittith hye in Majesty,
 Save al this Cumpany both grete and smale:
 Thus have I quitt the Millere in my Tale.

Thus endeth the REVE's TALE.



The COOKE's PROLOGUE.



THE Coke of London, while that the
 Reve spake,
 For joy he lough, and claw'd him on
 the bak :
 Aha, quoth he, for Christ's passion,
 This Miller hath a sharp conclusion
 Upon this argument of herbigage;
 Well seidè Solomon in his Language,
 Ne bring not ev'ry man into thyn hous:
 For herbouring by night is perillouse;
 Wele ought a man avifid for to be,
 Whom that he brought into his privite.
 I pray to God yeve me sorow and care,
 If evir sithin I hight Hodge of Ware
 Herde I a Millere bettir set a werke,
 He had a jape of malice in the derke.
 But God forbiddè that we stintin here,
 And therefore if that ye vouchafe to here
 A Tale of me, that am but a pore man,
 I wol you tellin, as well as I can
 A litil jape, that fell in our Citè.

1220

1230

Our hostè seid, Rogger, I graunt it The.
 Now tell on, Rogger, loke that it be gode.
 Full many' a pastie hast thou lettin blode;
 And many' a jack of Dovyr hast thou sold,
 That hath ben twice hot and twice cold.
 Of many' a Pilgrim hast thou Christ's curse,
 For of thy perfly yet fare they the worse,
 That they have etin in thy stobil goos,
 For in thy shop is many a flie loos.

1240

Now tell on, gentyl Rogger by thy name,
 But yet, I pray The be not wrath for game;
 A man may so full sothe in game and play.

Thou faist full sothe, qð Rogger, by my fay,
 But *sothe play quade play*; as the Fleming saith,
 And therefore, Herrie Bailie, by thy feith,
 Be thou not wroth, er' we departin here,
 Though that my Tale ben of an Hostilere.
 But nethèles, I wol not tell it yett,
 But er' we part, I wis, thou shalt be quit:
 And therewithall he lough, and made chere,
 And seid his Tale, as ye shull aftir here.

1250



The

IV. The COKE's TALE.

The Description of an unthrifty Prentice, given to Dice, Women and Wine, wasting thereby his Master's Goods, and purchasing to himself Newgate. The most part of this Tale is lost, or never finished by the Author.

A Prentice whilom dwelt in our Cité,
And of the craft of Vitailers was he:
Galiard he was, as Goldfinch in a shaw,
Broun as a beri', a propre short felaw, 1260
With lokkis blake, and kempt full fetouslie;
Dauncin he couth ful wele and jolilie:
And he was callid Perkin Revellour.

He was as full of Love and Paramour,
As is the Hive full of the hony swete.
Well was the wench, that with him mightè mete.
At every Bridale wold he sing and hop,
He lovid bet the Taverns than the Shop.
For whan that any Riding was in Chepe,
Out of the shoppe thithir wold he lepe,
Till that he had of all the sighte ysene,
For sikirly, he wold not come agen,
But gathir him a meinie of his sort,
To hop and sing, and makè moch disport.
And there they fettè Stevin for to mete
To playin at the dice in such a strete,
For in the Cité n'as there no prentise
That fairer couth castin a pair of dice
Than Perkin couth, and thereto he was fre
Of his dispence, in place of privitie,
That found his master well in his chafare,
For oft timis he fond his box full bare.

For sikirly a Prentise Revellour
That hauntith dice, riot, or Paramour,
His mastir shall it in his shoppe abie;

Al have he no part of the Minstralcie.
For theft and roiot ben convertible,
Al can he play on getron or rebible,
Revill and trouth as in a low degre
Thei ben ful wroth all day, as men may se. 1290

This joly Printice with his mastre' abode
Till he were nigh out of his printishode,
Al were he snibbid both erli and late,
And sumetime led with revill to Newgate.
But at the last his Master him bethought
Upon a day when he his paper sought
Of a proverbe that sayith this same word,
Wele bett is rotten appyl out of horde

1270 *Than that it should rottin all the remnaunt.*

So fareth it by a riotous Servaunt. 1300
It is a moch less harm to let him pass,
Than he shend all the servaunts in the place;
Therefore his master gave him acquittance,
And bade him go with sorow and mischaunce.

And thus this jolly Prentice had his leve,
Now let him riot all the night, or leve.

And for there is no These without a Louke,
That helpith him to waftin and to souke 1280
Of that he bribè can, or borow may.

Anon he sent his bed and his array 1310
Unto a compere of his ownè sort,
That lovid dice, and revill and disport,
And had a wife, that held for countinaunce
A shop, but swifid for her sustinaunce.

This is all of the COOKE's TALE as yet found.

In some of the MSS is the History of Gamelyn under the Title of the Cooke's Tale; but it is not the Cooke's Tale that Lidgate saw, for that was, as he says, of Ribaldrie, as the abovesaid Tale favours of, and which in the MSS is joined to this by these Verses.

But hereof, Siris, I woll pass as, now,
And of yong Gamelyn I wol tell you.

Q^d the Cook.



V. COKE's



So many of the MSS have this Tale, that I can hardly think it could be unknown to the former Editors of this Poet's Works. Nor can I think of a Reason why they neglected to publish it. Possibly they met only with those MSS that had not this Tale in them, and contented themselves with the Number of Tales they found in those MSS. If they had any of those MSS in which it is, I cannot give a Reason why they did not give it a Place amongst the rest, unless they doubted of its being genuine. But because I find it in so many MSS, I have no doubt of it, and therefore make it publick, and call it the Fifth Tale. In all the MSS it is called the Cooke's Tale, and therefore I call it so in like manner: But had I found it without an Inscription, and had been left to my Fancy to have bestow'd it on which of the Pilgrims I had pleas'd, I should certainly have adjudg'd it to the Squire's Yeoman; who tho' as minutely describ'd by Chaucer, and characteriz'd in the third Place, yet I find no Tale of his in any of the MSS. And because I think there is not any one that would fit him so well as this, I have ventur'd to place his Picture before this Tale, tho' I leave the Cook in Possession of the Title.

V. COKE'S TALE of Gamelyn.

NOW lithin, and listinith, and
 Herkinith you aight,
 And ye shullin herè me tell
 You of a doughti Knight.
 Sir Johan of Boundis clepid was
 This ilke Knight's name,
 Wele coudin he of noriture,
 And eke of mochil game.
 Thre sonnis this Knight had, and with
 His bodi he them wan,

The Eldist was a mochè shrew,
 And sonè he began.
 His brotherin lov'd thir Faðir,
 And of him were agast;
 Th' Eldist deserv'd his Faðir's curse,
 And had it at the last.
 The godè Knighte his faðir did
 Ylive so long and yore,
 That Deth was comin him unto,
 And handlid him full fore.

10

20
The

The gode Knight ycarid moch,
 Sore fike there as he lay,
 How that his childerin shulde
 Lyvin after his day.
 He haddè ben widè where, but
 Noon Husbondè he was,
 Allè the londè, which that he had,
 It was verray purchas.
 And fayn he woldè that it were
 Dreffid among them all,
 That everich of them had his part
 As it mightè befall.
 Tho sent he into the Contrè
 Aftir wisè Knightis,
 To helpin dele his Londis, and
 Dreffin them to rightis.
 He sent them word by letteris
 That they shuld hyè blyve;
 If that they wol spekin with him
 While that he was on live.
 Sone as those Knightis herdin how
 Thus sekè that he lay,
 Tho haddè they no mannir rest
 Nothir by night nor day,
 Tyll that they comin unto him,
 There as he layd him still
 Upon his deth's bedde, for to
 Abidin Godd's will.
 Thus then saidin the gode Knight,
 Sekè there as he lay,
 Lordis, I warnè you forsothe,
 Withoutin any nay,
 I may no lengir livin here
 In this sorowful stound,
 For thorough Godd's will supreme
 Deth drawith me to ground.
 There ne was no one of them alle
 That herdin him aright,
 That thei ne haddè mochil routh
 Upon that ilke Knight:
 And seidè, Sir, for Godd's love,
 Ne dismayin you nought,
 God may don botè of bale
 Which that is now ywrought.
 Then answerid them the gode Knight,
 Sike there as he lay,
 Botè of bale God may send,
 I wote it is no nay.
 But I besèkè you Knightis
 Al for the love of me,
 Goith and dresth my Londis,
 Among my sonis thre.
 And frendis, for the love of God,
 Delith them nat amys,
 And forgettith not Gamelyn,
 My yongè Sone that is.
 Takith hedè unto that one
 As well as to that other,
 Seldome ye sein any heir
 That helpè woll his brother.
 Tho lettin they the Knighte liggin
 Which that was not in hele,
 And in thei wentin to counsaile
 His londis for to dele.
 For to delin them all to oon
 That was ther only thought,
 And for that Gamelyn yongist was,
 He shuldè havin nought,
 Al the londè which that there was
 They deltin it in two,
 And letè Gamelyn the yonge
 Withoutin londè go.
 And everich of them seidin
 Till othir fullè loude,

His bretherin mowe give him londe
 Whan that he godis koude.
 Whan they had delid the londis
 Aftir their ownè will,
 Tho camin they unto the Knight
 There as he lay full still,
 And toldin unto him anon
 How that they hadd ywrought,
 And the Knight there as he seke lay
 Ylikid it right nought.
 30 Then seidè the Knight angrily,
 I sware by Seint Martyn,
 For all that which ye have ydone,
 Yet is the londè myn.
 For Godd's love, my neighbouris,
 Standith ye allè still,
 And I woll delin my londè
 Aftir myn ownè will.
 40 Johan myn eldist Sone shall
 Y have plowis five,
 That was my faðir's heritage
 While that he was on live:
 And my middillist Sone shall
 Five plowis have of lond,
 That I holpè for to gettin
 With myn own rightè hond:
 120 And all myn othir purchafis
 Of landis and of Ledes,
 That I bequethè Gamelyn,
 And allè my gode Stedes.
 50 And I besèkè you, gode Men,
 That lawis con of lond,
 For Gamelyn's lovè that
 Thus my bequest may stond.
 Thus delid hath the gode Knightè
 His londè be his dai,
 Right upon his deth's bedde
 Sore fike there as he lay:
 And sonè aftirwerdis he
 60 Lay as a stonè still,
 And dyid whan the tyme came,
 As it was Crist's will.
 Anon aftir that he was dede,
 And undir grafs ygrave;
 Tho sonè the eldir brothir
 Begylid the yongè knave:
 140 He token into his hondis
 His londis and his lede,
 And also Gamelyn himself
 To clothin and to fede.
 70 He clothid him and feddè him
 Evil and eke wroth,
 And letin his londis for fare
 And als his housis both;
 His parkis eke, and his wodis,
 And diddè nothyng wel,
 150 And sithin he it aboughtè
 On his own feire fell.
 So longè tyme was Gamelyn
 In his brother's hall,
 80 For the strenght of gode will
 They doutidin him all.
 There ne was none wight in that place
 Nothir yongè ne olde,
 That woldè wrathin Gamelyn,
 Were he nevir so bold.
 160 Gamelyn stode upon a day
 In his brother's yerde,
 And he began with his hondè
 90 To handilin his berde.
 He thoughtin upon his londis,
 That layin long unfawe;
 And also of his feire Okis,
 That doune were ydraw.

His Parkis werin al brokin,
 And al his Deir reved,
 Of allè his gode Stedis noon
 Was there with him beleved;
 His housis werein unhelid
 And full evilly dight;
 Tho thought this yongè Gamelyn
 It wentè not aright.
 Aftir camè his brothir in
 Ywalkyng statelich thare,
 And seidè unto Gamelyn,
 What? is our metè yare?
 Tho Gamelyn ywrothid hym,
 And swore by Godd'is boke,
 Thou shalt y go bake luke thy self,
 I wol not be thy Coke.
 How? brothir Gamelyn, qð he,
 Thus answerist me thou?
 Thou spakist nevir soche a word
 Yet, as thou doist now.
 By my faith seidè Gamelyn,
 Now me it thinkith nede,
 Of all the harmis that I have
 I nevir yit toke hede.
 My Parkis ben y brokin, and
 My Deir ben yrevèd,
 Of myn harnis, and my stedis
 Noght is there me beleved.
 Al that my faðir me bequethe
 Al goith now to shame,
 And therefore have thou Godd'is curse
 Brothir John by thy name.
 Than thus bespakin his brothir,
 That rapè was of vees,
 Stondith stillè, thou gadiling,
 And holdith right thy pees:
 Thou shaltè ben full faign to have
 Thy metè and thy wede,
 What spekist thou, thou Gadiling,
 Of lond, othir of lede?
 Then seidè to him Gamelyn
 The childè that was yinge,
 Christ'is Cursè mote he havin
 That clepith me Gadlyng:
 I am no wors gadlyng than The,
 Parde ne no wors wight,
 But born I was of a Lady,
 And gottin of a Knyght.
 Ne durst he not to Gamelyn
 Not oo fote ferthir go,
 But clepid to him his meinè,
 And seidè to them tho,
 Goith and betith wele this boy,
 And ravith him his wit,
 And let him lere anothir time
 To answerin me bett.
 Then seid the Chyld, yong Gamelyn,

 Christ'is cursè mote thou havin
 What? brother art thou myn,
 And if that I shall algatis
 Y betin be anon,
 Christ'is cursè mote thou havin,
 But that thou be that one.
 And right anon his brothir did
 In that his gretè hete
 Makin his meinè fett flavis,
 This Gamelyn to bete.
 Whan everich of them had a staff
 Into his hond nomin,
 Gamelyn was aware tho,
 He forsaugh them comin.
 Tho Gamelyn saugh them comin,
 He lokid ovir all.

And was ware of a pestil
 Stodè undir the wall.
 And Gamelyn was fully light,
 And thiðir gan he lepe,
 And droffe allè his brother's men
 Right sonè on an hepe.
 He lokid like a wild Lion,
 And laidin on gode wone.
 Tho whan his brothir seye that,
 He begannè to gonne.
 He fleigh up untill a loftè,
 And shet the dorè fast.
 Thus Gamelyn with his pestil
 Madè them all agast.
 Somè for Gamelyn's love,
 And some for his envie,
 Allè withdrawin them to halves,
 Tho he began to pleie:
 What now? seide Gamelyn, brothir,
 Evil motè ye the:
 Wollè ye beginnin contek,
 And than so sonè fle?
 Gamelyn fought his brothir tho
 Whithir he was yflowe,
 And saugh where that he lokid out
 At a solere windowe.
 Brothir tho seidè Gamelyn,
 Comith a litil nere,
 And I woll techin The a plaie
 Attè the bokillere.
 His brothir to hym answerid,
 And swore by Seint Richere,
 While the pestil is in thyn honde
 I woll comin no nere.
 Brothir, I woll makin The pece,
 I swere by Crist'is ore,
 Castith away the pestil tho,
 And wrathè The na more.
 I mot nedis, seide Gamelyn,
 Wrathè me at onys,
 For that thou woldist make thy Men
 To brekin my bonis.
 Ne had I haddin meyn and might
 In myn ownè twey armes,
 To have y pushin them fro me,
 They would have done me harmes.
 To Gamelyn tho seidin his
 Brothir, be thou not wrothe,
 For to sein The havin harme
 Me werin rightè lothe.
 I ne did it not, my brothir,
 But right for a fonding,
 For to lokin if thou were strong,
 And art so very ying.
 Come adoun then to me, qð he,
 And grauntè me my bone,
 Of oo thing I woll askin The,
 And we shull saughtè sone.
 Adoun then camin his brothir,
 That fikill was and fell,
 And was swithè right fore aghast,
 Of that ilkè pestil.
 He seidè, brothir Gamelyn,
 Askè me now thy bone,
 And loke that you-me blamè, but
 I grauntè it full sone.
 Tho seidin yongè Gamelyn,
 Brothir mynè, I wifs,
 And if we shullè ben at one,
 Thou must me grauntè this:
 Al that my faðir me bequethe,
 While that he was on live,
 Thou mustè do me it to have,
 If that we shull not strive.

That

That shalt thou have, Gamelyn,
 I swere by Crist's ore,
 Al that thy faðir The bequethe,
 Though thou woldist have more.
 Thy londè, that now lyith lie,
 Full well it shall be sowe,
 And thyne housis yraisid up,
 That now ben layd full lowe.
 Thus seide the Knight to Gamelyn,
 But only with his Mouth,
 And thoughtè but of falsenefs,
 As he right welè couth.
 The Knightè thoughtin on traïson,
 But Gamelyn on noon,
 And went, and kissid his brothir;
 And then they were at oon.
 Alas! for yongè Gamelyn,
 Nothing at all he wist,
 With swichè falsè traïson
 His brothir hath him kist.
 Lithinith, and lestinith, and
 Holdith you stille your tonge,
 And ye shall herin straunge talking
 Of Gamelyn the yonge.
 There happid to be there beside
 Tryid a wraistiling,
 And therefore there was ysettin
 A Ram, and als a ring.
 And Gamelyn was in a will
 To wendè thereunto,
 For to previn his mighte, and se
 What that he couthè do.
 Now brothir myne, qð Gamelyn,
 By holie Seint Richere,
 Thou mustè nedis lene to night
 Me a litil Courfere,
 That is freshe to the sporis,
 Upon him for to ride,
 I mustin on an Errand go
 A litil here beside.
 Be God, seide his brothir tho,
 Of Stedis in my stall
 Goith and chesith The the best,
 And sparith none of alle,
 Of Stedis or of Courferis
 That stondith 'hem beside,
 And tellith me, my gode brothir,
 Whithur thou wiltè ride.
 Here befidis, brothir, is
 Y cryid a Wraistling,
 And therefore shallè ben y sett
 A Ram, and als a ring.
 Mochè worship it were sothly,
 Brothir unto us all,
 Might I the ram, and als the ring,
 Bringin home to the Hall.
 A Stedè there was fadilid,
 Smarth was it and eke flete,
 Gamelyn diddin a peire of
 Sporis fast on his fete.
 He sat his fore in the stirrop,
 The Stedè he bestrode,
 And towardis the wraistiling
 The yongè childè rode.
 Tho Gamelyn the yongè was
 Riddin out at the Gate,
 The falsè Knight his own brothir
 Lökkid it aftir thate.
 And he besoughtin Jesu Christ,
 That is of Hevin King,
 That he mightè brekin his nek
 In that ilk wraistiling.
 Assone as Gamelyn cam there,
 The wraistling placè was,

He lightid down of the Stedè,
 And stodin on the gras.
 And ther he herd a Frankelyn
 Weloway for to sing,
 320 And beganin all bittirly
 His handis for to wring.
 Godè Man, seide Gamelyn,
 Why makist thou this fare?
 Is there no man that may you help
 Out of this nicè care?
 Alas! seide this Frankelyn,
 That evir I was bore,
 For tweiè stalworthè Sonis
 I wene I have forlore.
 330 A Champion is in the place,
 That has wroughtin me sorow,
 For he hath slayn my too Sonis,
 But if that God them borrow.
 I woldè givin ten poundis,
 Be Jesu Crist, and more,
 With the nonis I fond a man,
 To handilin him fore.
 410 Godè Man seide Gamelyn,
 Wilt thou this welè done,
 340 Holdè my hors, while that my Man
 Ydrawith of my shone.
 And help my Man also to kepe
 My clothis and my stede,
 And I woll into the place gon,
 And loke how I may spede.
 By God, seide the Frankelyn,
 It shall right so be don,
 I woll my filfin be thy man,
 To drawin of thy shone.
 350 And wendè you into the place,
 Swete Jesu Crist The spede,
 And dredè noght of thy clothis,
 Nor of thy godè Stede.
 Barefote and ungert Gamelyn
 Into the ringe came,
 Allè that werin in the place
 Hedin of him the name,
 430 How he durstin aventure him
 On him to don his might,
 360 That was so doughti a Champion
 In wraistling and in fight.
 Upstertè tho the Champion
 Full rapely right anon
 Towardis yongè Gamelyn
 He tho began to gon,
 And seide who is thy faðir,
 And who is eke thy Sire?
 440 Forsothè thou art a gret fole,
 For that thou camist hire.
 Anon Gamelyn answerid
 The stout Champion tho,
 Thou knewist full welè my faðir
 While that he couthè go:
 Whilis that he was on livè,
 I swere by Seint Martyn,
 Sir John of Boundis was his name,
 And I am Gamelyn.
 450 Felawe, seide the Champion,
 So evir mote I thrive,
 380 I knew right welè thy faðir,
 While that he was on live;
 And thy selfin, yonge Gamelyn;
 I wil that thou it here,
 Whilis thou wert a yongè boy,
 A mochè shrew thou were.
 Then seide yongè Gamelyn,
 And swore bi Crist's ore,
 460 Now am I oldir vox thou shalt
 Y findin me a more.

Be

Be God, seide the Champion,
 Welcome mote thou be,
 Come thou onys in my honde,
 Shaltin thou nevir the.
 It was welè within the night,
 And bright the Monè shone,
 Whan Gamelyn, and the Champion
 Togiðir gan to gon.
 The Champion castè tornis
 To Gamelyn that was prest,
 And Gamelyn stodin stillè,
 And bad him don his best.
 Then seidin yongè Gamelyn
 Unto the Champion,
 Now that I have fully provid,
 Many tornis of thine,
 Thou mostin, seide Gamelyn,
 Prove oon or two of myn.
 Gamelyn to the Champion
 Yede smartily anon,
 Of all the tornis that he coude
 He shewid him but one:
 And kest him on the listè side
 That thre ribbis to brak,
 And thereunto his left armè,
 That gaf a grettè crak.
 Then seide yongè Gamelyn
 Smertly to him anon,
 Shall it be holdin for a Cast,
 Or ellis go for none.
 Bi God, seide the Champion,
 Wheðir so that it be,
 He that ones comith in thyn hand
 Shallin he nevir the.
 Than seide the Frankelyn, that
 Thre Sonis there had lore,
 Bleffid be thou, yongè Gamelyn,
 That evir thou were bore.
 For now unto the Champion,
 This have I for to seie,
 This is the yongè Gamelyn,
 That taughtè The to pleie.
 Ayen answerde the Champion,
 That likid nothyng well,
 He is allè their Maistir, and
 His pleiè is right fell.
 Sithin that I wrastillid first
 It is agon full yore,
 But I was nevir in my life
 Handilid so before.
 Yongè Gamelyn stode in the place
 Allone withoutin ferk,
 And seide, if there be any mo,
 Let them comè to werk.
 The Champion which that painid
 Him to workin so fore,
 It semith by his Countinaunce
 That he willè no more.
 Gamelyn in the placè stode,
 Stillè as any stone,
 For to abidin wrastillin,
 But there ycomith none.
 There ne was none with Gamelyn
 That woldè wrastle more,
 For he handilid the champion:
 So wonderouly fore.
 Two Gentilmeinè that owned the place
 Come to Gamelyn, God geve them grace,
 And seide to him have done on,
 Thy hofin and thy shone,
 Forsothè at this time all
 This faire it is ydone.
 Tho seide to them Gamelyn
 So mote I well yfare,

I have not yet halvindele
 Yfoldè all my ware.
 Than seide the champion so broke,
 I may it welè swere,
 He is a fole that thereof bieth,
 Thou sellist it so dere.
 470 Tho seide to him the Frankelyn,
 That was in mochill care,
 Fellow, he seide, whi lakkist
 Thou so moche of his ware,
 Be Seint Jame, that in Galis is,
 That many Man has fought,
 Yet it is moche too godè chepe,
 That thou hastin ybought.
 550 Tho that the Wardinis werin
 Of that ilk wrastillin,
 480 Comin forth, and brought Gamelyn
 The ram, and als the ring.
 And thus wann yongè Gamelyn
 The ram and eke the ring,
 And wentè forth with mochil joy
 Homeward in the morning.
 His brothir se where that he come
 560 With all the grettè rout,
 And bad the porter shute the gate,
 And holdin him without.
 490 The porter of his Lord's word
 Was so right fore agast,
 And stert anon unto the gate,
 And lokkid it full fast.
 Now lithinith, and lestinith,
 Bothè yongè and old,
 And ye shullin herè gamin
 570 Of Gamelyn the bold.
 Gamelyn comith thereunto
 For to have comin in,
 500 But all in vaine, the dore then was
 Y shitt fast with a pyn.
 Than seide yongè Gamelyn,
 Porter, undo the yate,
 For many a godè Mann's
 Sonnè stondith thereat.
 Then answerid him the porter,
 580 And swore by Godd's berde,
 Thou ne shalt, frendè Gamelyn,
 Comin into this yerde,
 510 Thou lyist, seide Gamelyn,
 So broukin I my Chynne.
 He smote the wikit with his fote,
 And brak away the pyn.
 The Porter streightwey saughè tho
 It might no bettir be,
 He sette fote on Erthè, and
 590 Fast he began to fle.
 Bi my faith, seide Gamelyn,
 That travaile is ylore,
 520 For I am on fote as light as
 Thow, though thow had yswore.
 Gamelyn ovirtoke the Porter,
 And his teenè ywrak,
 And gert him full upon the nek,
 That he the bon to brak.
 And toke him by that oon armè,
 600 And threw him in a well,
 Seven hundrid fathom it was depe,
 As I have herdè telle.
 530 Whan Gamelyn the yongè thus
 Had yplayid his play,
 Allè that in the yerde were,
 Withdrewin them away,
 That dredin him full fore for
 The wreke that he wrought,
 And for the fayir company
 610 That he had thithir brought.
 Yonge

Yong Gamelyn yede to the gate,
 And letè it up wide,
 He letin in allè the rout,
 That gon woldin or ride.
 And seide, ye ben ywelcome
 Withoutin any greve,
 For we wol ben Maisteris here,
 And askè no Man leve.
 It n'as but yesterdai I laft,
 Seide yongè Gamelyn,
 In my brother's seleris
 Five tonn of right gode wyne.
 I willè not this Cumpany
 Partyn with me on twyn,
 And if ye will don aftir me,
 Whil any sope is inn.
 And if my brothir grutchith us,
 Or makith foulè chere,
 Othir for spence of mete and drink
 That we shull spendin here,
 I am the Ovircatorir
 And bere our Althir purse,
 He shallè have for his grutching
Santa Maria's Curfe.
 My brothir is but a nigon,
 I swere by Crist's ore,
 And we woll spendè largily
 That he hath sparid yore,
 And whoso that makith grutching
 That we do here ydwell,
 He shall go unto the Porter,
 Into the drawè Well.
 Sevin dayis, and sevin nightes
 Gamelyn held his fest,
 With mochè Solace that there was,
 And eke no mannir heste.
 All in a litil torrit his
 Brothir laydè ysteke,
 And saugh him waftin his godis,
 But durstè not to speke.
 Right erli in a morrowning
 Upon the eightè day,
 The gestis come to Gamelyn
 And woldè gon thir way.
 Lordis, tho seide Gamelyn,
 And wollin ye so hie?
 Allè the wyne is not yet dronk,
 So broukin I mine eye.
 Yonge Gamelyn in his hertè
 Was sorowfull and wo,
 Whan that his gestis toke their leve,
 And fro him woldè go.
 He woldè that they had dwellid,
 Lengir, and they seide nay,
 But bitaught Gamelyn to God,
 And bad him have gode dai.
 Thus madè Gamelyn his feste,
 And brought it well to end;
 And aftirward his gestis toke
 Levè their way to wend.
 Now lithinith, and listinith,
 And holdith you your tonge,
 And ye shullin herè gamin
 Of Gamelyn the yonge.
 Herkinith Lordilingis, and
 Listinith you aright,
 Whan al the gestis werin gon
 How Gamelyn was dight.
 Allè the while that Gamelyn
 Had hold his Mangerie,
 His brothir thought on him bewreke,
 With his false trecherie
 Tho whan that Gamelyn's gestes
 Y ridin were and gon,

Gamelyn stode anon alone,
 Frendè tho had he none.
 Tho aftir this full sone it fell
 Within a littil stound,
 That Gamelyn was takin, and
 Full hardly was he bound.
 Than forth comith the falsè Knight
 Out of the Solerè,
 620 And to Gamelyn his brothir,
 He goith fullè nere,
 And seidin unto Gamelyn,
 Who madè The so bold,
 For to destroyin and wastè
 The store of my household?
 Brothir, answerid Gamelyn,
 700 Now wrathè The right noght,
 For it is many day agon,
 Sithins it was ybought.
 630 For, Brothir, thou hastin haddè,
 I swere by Seint Richere,
 Of fiftene plowis of Londè,
 This full sixtenè yere;
 And of allè the bestis which
 Thou hastè forth ybredd,
 That my faðir to me bequethè
 Upon his deth'sisbedd;
 Of allè this full sixtene yere
 I gevè The the Prow,
 640 For the metè and the drinkè
 That we have spendid now.
 Than thus seide the falsè Knight,
 (Full evil mote he the)
 Herkinith, Brothir Gamelyn,
 What I woll gevin The.
 For of my body, brothir, heir
 Y gettin have I none,
 I wollè makin The my heir,
 I swerè by Seint John.
 650 Par mafay, seide Gamelyn,
 And if that it so be,
 And thou thinkist, as thou seyist,
 May God yeldin it The.
 Nothing wistè yong Gamelyn
 Of his brother's gile;
 And therefore he him begilid
 730 In verry littil while.
 Gamelyn, seidin he, o thing
 I nedis must The tell,
 660 Tho whan thou threwè my portter
 Into the drawè well,
 I sworè in that wrathè, and
 In that my gretè mote,
 That thou shuldist ybondè be
 Both hondè and eke fote:
 And therefore I besechè The,
 740 My brothir Gamelyn,
 Letith thou noght me be forsworn,
 As brothir art thou mine:
 But letith me ybindin The
 670 Both hondè and eke fote,
 For me to holdin myne avough,
 Right as I The behote.
 Brothir, tho seide Gamelyn,
 As so motin I the,
 Thou shaltè not ben forsworin
 750 For the lovè of me.
 Tho madin thei this Gamelyn
 To fitte, might he not stand,
 Tyll that he him ybondin had
 Both fote and also hand.
 The falsè Knight his brothir of
 Gamelyn was agast,
 And sentè aftir fetteris
 To fetterin him fast.
 M

His

His brothir madè leſingis,
 On him ther as he ſtode,
 And toldè them that comin in
 That Gamelyn was wode.
 Gamelyn ſtode to a poſt
 Y bondin in the Hall,
 And tho that ther ycomin in
 Lokid upon him all.
 Evir ſtode yong Gamelyn
 Evin bolte upright,
 But mete nor drink ne had he none
 Nowthir by day ne night.
 Tho ſeide yongè Gamelyn,
 Brothir myn, by my hals,
 Now I have wele eſpyid that
 Thou art a parti fals.
 Had I but wiſtè that treſon
 That thou haddiſt yfond,
 I woldin have gevin ſtrokis
 Or I had ben ybound.
 Gamelyn ſtode thus bondin
 As ſtill as any ſtone,
 For too dayis, and too nightis,
 And mete had he none.
 Then ſeide at laſt this Gamelyn
 That ſtode boundin ſtrong,
 Adam Spencer, methinkith that
 I faſte al to long;
 Therefore, Adam le diſpencer,
 Now I beſechè The,
 For the mochè lovè with which
 My faðir lovid The,
 If thou may comin to the kaies,
 Leſith me out of bond,
 And for-thi I woll departin
 With The of my fre lond.
 Than him anſwerid this Adam,
 Which that was the Spencer,
 I have yſervid thy brothir
 This full ſixtene yere,
 And if I ſhuldè letin you
 To gon out of his bourè,
 He woldin aftirwardis ſeye
 That I were a Traytour.
 Adam, anſwerid Gamelyn,
 So broukin I myn hals
 Thou ſhaltè findin my brothir
 At the laſt rightè fals:
 And therefore, brothir Adam, me
 Loſè out of my bonds,
 And I wollè departin with
 The of myn own fre londs.
 Upon ſo gode a forewardè
 Saidin Adam, I wiſ,
 I wollè doin thereunto
 Allè that in me is.
 Adam, tho ſeide Gamelyn,
 As ſo mowin I the,
 I woll holdè The Covenant,
 An thou too wollè me.
 Anon as Adam his Lordè
 To beddè was ygone,
 Adam tokè the kaies, and lat
 Gamelyn out anon.
 He unlokid yongè Gamelyn
 Both hondis and eke fete,
 On hope of the avauncement
 Which that he him behete.
 Then ſeide yongè Gamelyn,
 Thankid be Godd'is ſonde,
 For now that I am yloſid
 Both fote and alſo hond,
 Had I but etin a litil
 And thereto dronk aright,

760 There is none in this houſe that
 Shuld bindè me this night.
 Tho Adam tokè Gamelyn,
 As ſtill as any ſtone,
 And haddin him into the Spence
 Right rapily anon:
 And ſettin him to his Soupere
 840 Right in a privie ſtede,
 And badin hym do gladily,
 And Gamelyn ſo dede.
 770 Anon aſſone as Gamelyn
 Had etin wel and fine,
 And thereunto had ydrankin
 Well of the reddè wyne,
 Adam, ſeide yongè Gamelyn,
 Tell what is now thy rede,
 850 For me to go to my brothir,
 And gerdin of his hede.
 No Gamelyn, ſeidin Adam,
 It ſhallè not be ſo:
 780 But I can tellè The a rede,
 That is yworth the too.
 I wotè wele forſothè that,
 (And this it is no nay,)
 We ſhullin have a Mangerie
 Rightè upon Sunday,
 860 Of Abbotis and Priouris
 Full many here ſhal be,
 And othir men of holie Cherch,
 As I can tellè The.
 790 Thou ſhaltè ſtand up by the poſt,
 As thou were honde faſt,
 And I ſhall them leve unlok, that
 Away thou may them caſt.
 And whan that they have y etin
 And waſhin have their hondes,
 870 Tho thou ſhalt beſpekin them all
 To bring The out of bondes.
 And if that they will borrow The,
 That werin a gode game,
 800 Than werin thou out of priſon,
 And I als out of blame:
 But if that everich of them
 Sayè unto us nay,
 I ſhullè don anothir thing,
 I ſwere by this day.
 Thou ſhallè have a godè ſtaffe,
 And I woll have another,
 And Criſt'is curſe have that oon
 That faile ſhall that other.
 810 Ye for God ſeide Gamelyn,
 I ſay it right for me,
 If that I failin on my ſide,
 Than evil mote I the.
 If that we ſhullin algatis
 Aſſoile them of thire Synne,
 890 Warnith me, my brothir Adam,
 Whan that we ſhall begynn.
 Now Gamelyn, ſeidin Adam,
 By Sainte Charitè,
 820 I wolle warnè The befor,
 Whan that the time ſhall be.
 Whan that I twinkin upon The,
 Lokè for to be gon,
 And caſt away the fetteris,
 And come to me anon.
 Adam, ſeide yong Gamelyn,
 900 Y bliſſid be thy bones,
 That is a rightè gode counſaile
 Y gevin for the nones.
 830 If that they ſhullin wernè me
 To bring The out of bendes,
 I wolle ſettin gode ſtrokis
 Full right upon their lendes.
 The

Tho the Sondag was ycomin,
 And these folk to the feste,
 Faire they werein ywelcomid
 Bothè the leste, and meste.
 And evir as they at the Hall
 Dorè were comin in,
 They evèrich castin an eie
 On yongè Gamelyn.
 The falsè Knight his own brothir,
 So full of trecherie,
 Allè the gestis that there were,
 At that ilk Mangerie,
 Of Gamelyn his own brothir
 He toldin them with Mouth
 Allè the harmis and the shame,
 That e're he tellè couth.
 Tho they werein yservid streit
 Of Messis too or thre,
 Than seidè yongè Gamelyn,
 How do ye servè me?
 It ne is not wele yservid,
 Be God that alle made,
 That I shold sittin here fasting,
 And othir men make glade.
 The falsè Knightè his brothir
 Thereas that he ystode,
 Toldin to allè his gestis,
 That Gamelyn was wode.
 And Gamelyn there stodè still,
 And answerid right noght,
 But of Adam's wordis he
 Helde still in his thought.
 Tho Gamelyn began to speke,
 Right doulefully withall,
 Unto the grettè Lordis, that
 Y satyn in the Hall.
 My Lordlingis, tho seidin he
 For Crist's passion,
 Helpin to bringè Gamelyn
 Out of thilke prison.
 Than seidè to him an Abbot,
 (Sorow upon his cheke)
 He shallin havè Crist's curse,
 And Seintè Maries eke,
 That shall The out of this prison
 Beggyn owthir borow,
 But evir worthè hym full wele,
 That doth the mykil sorow.
 And anon astir that Abbot
 Than spakin anothir,
 I woldè that thyn hede were of,
 Though thou were my brothir.
 Allè that The shall borrowin,
 Motè them foulè fall,
 And thus yseidin allè they
 That werin in the Hall.
 Than seidè to hem a Priour,
 Evil mowin he thrive,
 It is grettè sorow and care,
 Boy, that thou art on live.
 On, on, seidè yongè Gamelyn,
 So broukin I my bone,
 Now that I havin espyid
 That frendis have I none.
 A cursid mot he worthè be,
 Bothè fleshe and blode,
 That evir doth to Priouris,
 Or Abbotes any gode.
 Anon Adam the dispencer
 Takin up hath the Cloth,
 And lokid unto Gamelyn,
 And saugh that he was wroth.
 Adam of the Pantrie at thilk
 Timè litil he thought,

And too godè Stavys unto
 The hallè dore he brought.
 910 Adam lokid on Gamelyn,
 And he was war anon,
 And cast awaie the fetteris,
 And began for to gon.
 Tho he camin unto Adam,
 He toke to the one staff,
 And begannin to werkè wele,
 990 And gode strokis he gaff.
 Gamelyn came into the hall,
 And Adam Spencer both,
 920 And lokid them all aboutin,
 As they haddè ben wroth.
 Gamelyn sprenith holi watir
 All with an okin spire,
 That some of them that stode upright
 Fillin into the fire.
 There was no mannir lewde Man,
 1000 That in the Hallè stode,
 That woldè doin Gamelyn
 Any thingè but gode.
 930 But thei stodè besidin, and
 Letè them bothè werch,
 For thei ne haddè no routhè
 Of Men of holi Chersch,
 Of Abbot, or of Priour, or
 Of Monk, or of Canon,
 That Gamelyn hath ovirtokè,
 1010 Anon they yedin down.
 There ne was none of them allè,
 That with his staff ymette,
 940 That he madè them ovirthrowe,
 And quyttè them his dette.
 Tho Gamelyn, seidè Adam,
 For Seintè Charite,
 Payith, I pray, gode liveray,
 And for the love of me:
 And I wolle kepin the dore,
 1020 So evir here I Masse,
 Er that they ben assoilyd
 Ther shallè noon ypassè.
 950 Doutè The noght, seide Gamelyn,
 While that we ben in fere,
 But kepè thou welè the dore,
 And I woll werkin here:
 Besturith The, gode Adam, and
 Ne lettith none yfle,
 And we shall tellè largily
 1030 How many here there be.
 To Gamelyn, seidin Adam,
 Doith them all but gode,
 960 For thei ben Men of holi chersch,
 Drawith of them no blode:
 Savith right welè the Coroune,
 And doith them no harmes,
 But brekith bothè their leggis,
 And sithin here thir armes.
 Thus Gamelyn and Adam hath
 1040 Y wroughtin rightè fast,
 And pleidin with the Monkis tho,
 And madè them agast.
 970 Forth hiðir they comè riding
 Full jolily with Swaines,
 But home agen they werin ledde
 In cartis and in waines.
 Tho as they haddin all ydone,
 Than seidin a gray frere,
 1050 Alas! alas! my Lord Abbot,
 What diddè we now here?
 Tho that we hithir did ycome
 It was a coldè rede,
 980 Us had far bettir ben at home,
 With watir, and with brede.

While

While Gamelyn made Orderis
 Of Monkis and of Frere,
 Evir stodè his brothir stille,
 And madè foulè chere,
 Tho Gamelyn up with his staff,
 That he full welè knew,
 And grettin him upon the nek,
 That he him overthrewe,
 A litil above the girdil
 The riggin bone to braff,
 And sett him in the fetteris,
 There as he sattin arft.
 Sittith thou there, my brothir John,
 Tho seidè Gamelyn,
 For to colin thy hotte bodie,
 As I did colè myn.
 And swithe as they yhaddè wele
 Wrokin them on their fone,
 They askid for the watir, and
 They wislin them anon.
 What some of them for their lovè,
 And somè for their awe,
 Allè the servauntis servid
 Them of the bestè law.
 The Shereff was thennis away
 But about a five Myle,
 And all was toldin unto him
 Within a littil whyle,
 How Gamelyn and Adam had
 Ydon a sorry rès
 Boundin and woundin many Men
 Agen the King's pece.
 Eftsonis tho begannin sone,
 Striffè for to awake,
 And the Shiregereve about did
 Cast Gamelyn to take.
 Now lithinith, and lestinith,
 So God geve you gode fine,
 And ye shull herin a gode game
 Of yongè Gamelyne.
 Now four and twentie yongè Men,
 That holdin them full bold,
 Comin unto the Shiregereve,
 And seidè that they wold
 Both Gamelyn and eke Adam
 Y fettè be the way;
 The Shiregereve gafè them leve
 Tho, soth as I you say.
 Thes yongè Meinë hidin them
 Fast, woldè they not lynne,
 Tyll that they comin to the gate
 There Gamelyn was inne.
 They knokidin upon the gate,
 The Porter tho was nye,
 And lokid forth out at an hole,
 As Man that was full flye.
 The Porter had beholdin them
 But for a litil while,
 He lovid welè Gamelyn,
 And was adrad of gile,
 And forthi letè the wiket
 Y stondin fullè still,
 And askid them that stant without
 What ywas their will?
 For allè the gret Company
 Than spake bot one alone,
 Undo the gatis, porter, and
 Latè us in ygone.
 Then seidè to them the porter,
 So broukin I my chynne,
 Ye shullè sayin your Errand,
 Or that ye comin inne.
 Say to Gamelyn and Adam,
 If that their wille it be,

We wollè spekin here with them,
 Two wordis othir thre. 1130
 Fellow, seidè the porter tho,
 Stondith thou ther ystill,
 1060 And I woll wend to Gamelyn,
 To wetin of his wille.
 And in wentè the Porter tho
 To Gamelyn anon,
 And seidè, Sire, I warnè you,
 That here be come your fone,
 For lo! The Shiregerev's Men 1140
 Now ben all at the gate,
 For to ytekin you bothè,
 Shalle ye not escape.
 1070 Porter, tho seidè Gamelyn,
 So mote I welè the,
 I woll allowè The thy wordes,
 Whan I my timè fe.
 Go ageyn, porter, to the gate,
 And dwell with them a while,
 Awaiting, and thou shaltè fe, 1150
 Right sone, Porter, a gile.
 Adam, tho seidè Gamelyn,
 Lokè The to be gon,
 3080 We havè foomen at the gate,
 And frendis nevir one.
 It ben the Shiregerev's Men,
 That hithir ben comin,
 They ben yswore togiðeris,
 That we shull be nomin. 1169
 To Gamelyn seidè Adam,
 Hiè The righte belyve,
 And if I failè The this day,
 Than evil mote I thryve.
 1090 And we shullin so welcomè
 The Shiregerev's Men,
 That some of them, I trow, shall make
 Their beddis in the fen.
 Then thorough the posternè gate
 Yong Gamelyn out went,
 And a gode sturdie cartè staffe 1170
 In his hondè he hent.
 And Adam Spencer hentè sone
 Anothir grettè staffe,
 1100 For to helpe yong Gamelyn,
 And gode strokis he gaffe.
 Adam yfèllid hath his tweyne,
 And Gamelyn felled thre,
 The tothir fettè fete on erth,
 And fast began to fle.
 What? seidin Adam Spencer tho, 1180
 So evir hire I masse,
 I havè right gode reddè wyne,
 Pray drinkith er ye passe.
 1110 Nai nai by God, seidè they tho,
 Thy drink is nothing gode,
 It woldè makin Mann's brayne
 To lyin in his hode.
 Yong Gamelyn tho stodè still,
 And lokid him about,
 And faide, the Shiregereve comith 1190
 With a full grettè rout.
 Adam Spencer, seid Gamelyn,
 My rede it is now this,
 1120 Abidin we not lengir here,
 Lest we farin amys.
 I rede that we to Wode ygonn,
 Er that we be yfound,
 Betir is there losè for to gon,
 Than in the tounè ybound.
 Adam then tokè by the hond 1200
 This yongè Gamelyn,
 And echè of them to the othir
 Drankin a draft of wyne,
 And

And aftirwardis toke their courfe,
 And wente streight their way,
 Tho fond the Shiregereve the Nest,
 But in it was none ay.
 The Shiregereve lightid adoune,
 And went into the hall,
 And fond the Lord yfetterid,
 Full faste therewithall.
 The Shireve tho unfetterid
 Him righte sone anon,
 And sentin aftir a gode leche
 To hele his rigge bon.
 Lete we now this falsè Knight
 Lie in his mochill care.
 And tellè we of Gamèlyn,
 And lokè how he fare.
 Gamèlyn into the wild wode,
 Yftalkid is full stille,
 And Adam le dispencer it
 Ylikid but right ille,
 Tho Adam swore to Gamèlyn,
 And that be Seint Richere,
 Now I say that it is mery,
 To ben a dispencer:
 That muchè levire me werin
 The kays for to bere,
 Than walkin in this wildè wode,
 My clothis all to tere.
 Adam, seide yong Gamèlyn,
 Dismaye The right noght,
 For many a gode Mann's child
 In care is ybrought.
 As they thus in the wode stodin
 Ytalking both in fere,
 Adam herdè talking of Men,
 And nigh them thought they were.
 Tho Gamèlyn undir the wild
 Wodè lokid aright,
 Full sevin score of yongè Men
 He faugh right wel ydight;
 Allè were fattè at their mete
 In a compas about,
 Adam, tho seide Gamèlyn,
 Now havin ye no doute,
 For aftir balè comith bore,
 Thorough Godd'is grete might,
 Methinkith of mete, and of drink
 That I havin a fight.
 Adam le dispencer lokid
 Tho undir wodè bowe,
 And whan that he the metè faugh
 Tho he was glad inowe,
 For now he hopid unto God
 For to havin his dele,
 And he was full fore alongid
 Aftir a godè mele.
 Anon as he seide that word,
 Streight the Maistir outlawe
 Saugh Gamèlyn and Adam both
 Undir the wodè shaw.
 Lo! yongè Men, seide the Maistir
 Outlaw, by the gode rode,
 I am aware of some gestis
 Pray God sendin us gode.
 Loke! yondir be two yongè Men,
 That ben right wel adight,
 A peradventure they ben mo,
 Whofo lokid aright.
 Arisith up quick yongè men,
 And fettè them to me,
 For it is gode, that we wetin,
 What meinè that they be.
 Up thei stertin quik at that word
 Sevin fro the dinnere,

And they mettin with Gamèlyn,
 And Adam Dispencere.
 Whan that they werin ney to them,
 Than seide thus that one,
 Yeldith up to us, yongè men,
 Your bowis, and your fione.
 1210 Than seide to them Gamèlyn,
 That yongè was of elde,
 Full mochil sorow mote they have,
 That unto you shall yelde.
 I cursè woll none othir wight,
 But right mine ownè selve,
 1290 Tho ye may fettin unto you
 Fyve, and than be ye twelve.
 They herdin by his wordis that
 Gret might was in his arme,
 1220 And forthi there was none of them
 That woldè don him harme,
 But seidin unto Gamèlyn
 Right mildily and still,
 Comith aforin our Maistir,
 And say to him thy will.
 Yongè man, seide Gamèlyn,
 1300 Upon your leaute,
 Tellith what man your Maistir is,
 Which that ye with ybe.
 1230 Tho allè they answerid him
 At ones without lesing,
 Our Maistir is ycorounid
 Of Outlawis the King.
 Adam, seide yongè Gamèlyn,
 Go we in Crist's name,
 He may nothir metè nor drink
 1310 Y wernè us for shame,
 And if that he be hendè, and
 Comin of gentil blode,
 1240 He woll geve us both mete and drink,
 And doin us some gode.
 By Seintè Jame, seide Adam tho,
 What harme so that I gete,
 I will adventure me to the
 Dorè that I had mete.
 Tho Gamèlyn and Adam both
 1320 Y wentè forth in fere,
 And they both gretè the Maistir
 Which that they fondè there.
 1250 Than seide to them the Maistir,
 That King was of Outlawes,
 What do ye seke, ye yongè Men,
 Undir the wodè Shawes?
 Yong Gamèlyn answerid tho
 The King with his Coroune,
 He mustè nedis walk in wodes,
 1330 That may not walk in tounè.
 Sire, we walkè not here in wodes
 Non harmè for to do,
 1260 But if peradventure we mete
 A Dere, to shete thereto,
 As meinè that ben right hungry,
 And mow no metè fynd,
 And very hardè ben bestad
 Undir the wodè lynd.
 1340 Of Gamèlyn's wordis tho
 The Maistir haddè routhe,
 And seide to them, ye shall have
 Inow, have God my trouthe;
 1270 Anon he baddè them sittin
 Downe, for to take rest,
 And baddè them etin and drink,
 And that too of the best,
 As they were eting and drinking
 Of the best wele and fine,
 Than seide the ton to the tothir,
 1350 This is yongè Gamèlyne.
 N
 Tho

Tho was the Maistir of Outlawes
 Into Counsaile nomin,
 And told how it was Gamelyn,
 That thithir was comin.
 Anon as he had herdin all
 How that it was befall,
 He madè Gamelyn Maistir
 Undir him o're them all.
 Within the third weke aftir this
 To him comith tiding,
 To the Maistir of Outlawis,
 Which that now was their King,
 That he shulde ycomin home,
 For that his pees was made;
 And of that joyfull tiding he
 Was wonderously glade.
 Tho seide he to his yonge men,
 The sothè for to tell,
 To me be comin tidingis
 I may no lengir dwell.
 Tho was yong Gamelyn anon
 Withoutin taryng,
 Made Maistir of Outlawis, and
 Y corounid their King.
 Tho was yong Gamelyn crounid
 The King of the Outlawes,
 And among them walkid a while
 Undir the wodè shawes.
 The falsè Knight his brothir now
 Was Shiregereve and Sire,
 And letè his brothir be endite
 For hate and for ire.
 Tho werin all his bondmeine
 Sory, and nothing glad,
 Whan that Gamelyn their lordè,
 Wolves hede was cryed and made.
 And sentin outè his meine
 Where they mightin him fynd,
 For to sekin yonge Gamelyn
 Undir the wodè lynd.
 To tellè to him tidingis
 The windè was ywent,
 And alle his gode revid was,
 And all his men yscent.
 Whan that they haddè hym foundin,
 On kneys they them sette,
 And adoun with their hode, and
 Gamelyn, their Lord, grette.
 They seidin, Sire, now wrathè not
 You for the gode rode,
 For we have brought you tidingis,
 But they be nothing gode.
 Now is thy brothir Shiregereve,
 And he hath the baillie,
 And thereto hath enditid The,
 And wolves hede doth The crie.
 Allas! tho seidè Gamelyn,
 That e're I was so slak;
 That I ne hadd brokin his neck,
 Whan I his riggè brak.
 Goith, and gretith you welè,
 My housbondis an wif,
 I wolle ben at the next Shire
 So havè God my lif.
 Gamelyn camè well redy
 Unto the nextè Shire,
 And there the falsè Knight his brothir
 Was bothè Lord and Sire.
 Gamelyn camè boldilich
 Into the motè hall,
 And put adoun his hode among
 The Lordilingis all.
 God favè you, Lordilingis,
 Which that now herè be,

But as for The, brokebak Shereve,
 Evil motè thou the.
 Why hastè thou doin to me
 That shame and villonie,
 For to latin enditè me, 1430
 And wolf's hede me crie?
 Tho thought the falsè Knight on him
 For to have ben awreke,
 And letè takin Gamelyn,
 Must he no more yspeke.
 Mightè there be no mannir grace,
 But Gamelyn, at last,
 Was into prisoun ycastin,
 And fetterid full fast.
 This Gamelyn hath a brothir
 That clepid was Sir Ote, 1440
 As gode and hend a Knight he was,
 As mightin gon on fote.
 1370 Right anon yede a Messager
 Unto that godè Knight,
 And toldin him altogethir
 How Gamelyn was dight.
 Anon as Sir Ote herdin had
 How Gamelyn was dight,
 He was right passing sory tho, 1450
 Ne he was nothing light.
 And letè saddle him a stede,
 And streit the weie he name,
 1380 And unto his tweie bretherin
 Right sonè there he came.
 Sir, seidè this Sir Ote unto
 The Shiregerevè tho,
 We ben but only thre brethren,
 Shall we be nevir mo,
 And thus hast thou yprisounid
 The bestè of us all: 1460
 Soche anothir brothir as thou
 Evil mote him befall.
 1390 Sir Ote, seidè the falsè Knight,
 Now letè be thy curs,
 By God, for these thi wordis he
 Shalle farin the wors.
 Now to the King's prisoun he
 Is lesfully ynome;
 And there he shall abidin 1470
 Untill the Justice come.
 But parde, seidè Sir Ote tho,
 Bettir it shall ybe,
 1400 I biddin him unto Maynprife,
 And that thou grauntè me,
 Untill the nextè sitting shall
 Come of deliveraunce,
 And than letè Gamelyn fairely
 Ystondin to his chaunce.
 Brothir, in soche a forewardè 1480
 I takin him to The,
 And by thy fa'ir's soulè,
 That The begat and me,
 1410 If that he be not right redy
 Whan that the justice sitte,
 Thou shaltè berin the judgement,
 For all thy grette witt.
 I grauntin it wele, seide Sir Ote,
 That it shall so ybe,
 Letith delivir him anon, 1490
 And takin him to me.
 Tho Gamelyn was delivered
 To Sir Ote his brothir,
 1420 And that night ydwellid in fere
 The ton with the tothir.
 On the morow seide Gamelyn
 Unto Sir Ote the hend,
 My brothir, he seidè, forsothe,
 I motè from The wend,

To

To lokin how my yongè Men
 In wode ledin their lif,
 And whethir that they livin now
 In joie or elles in strif.
 Be God tho answerid Sir Ote,
 That is a coldè rede,
 Now I se that alle the Cark
 Shall fallin on my hede;
 For whan that the Justice sittith,
 And thou be not yfound,
 I shall anon be takin, and
 In thy stede be ybound.
 Brothir, tho seide Gamelyn,
 Dismayè The right noght,
 For be Seintè Jame in Galis,
 That many man hath sought,
 If so that God Almighty hold
 Me my lif, and my wit,
 I wolle ben there right redy
 Whan that the justice sit.
 Than seide Sir Ote to Gamelyn,
 God shelde The fro shame,
 Comith whan that thou seist tyme,
 And bring us out of blame.
 Now lithinith, and lestinith,
 And holdith you right still,
 And ye shullè herin how that
 Gamelyn had his will.
 Anon Gamelyn wentin his
 Way undir the wode rise,
 And he yfondè there playing
 His yongè men of prise.
 Tho was this yongè Gamelyn
 In hert right glad inow,
 Whan that he fond his yongè men
 Undir the wode bow.
 Gamelyn and his yongè men
 Ytalkidin in fere,
 And they all haddè right gode game
 Their Maistir for to here.
 His men told him of Aventures,
 Which that they had yfound,
 And Gamelyn told them agen
 How he was fast ybound.
 All the while that Gamelyn was
 Outlaw, had he no curs,
 There ne was no man that for him
 Yferid ought the wors,
 But Abbotis and Priouris,
 And Monkis, and Chanon,
 In them forsothe ne last he noght,
 Whan er he might them nom.
 While Gamelyn and his yong men
 Y madè mirthis ryve,
 The falsè Knight his own brothir,
 Evil motè he thryve,
 For all this while he waft about
 Both one day and othir,
 On purpose for to hire the quest
 To hangin his brothir.
 Gamelyn stodin on a day,
 And round him he beheld
 The wild wodis, and the shawis
 Within the wildè feld,
 He thoughtin upon his brothir,
 How that he him behete,
 That he ywoldin be redy
 Whan that the justice sete,
 He thoughtin welè that he wolde
 Withoutin more delay
 Y comin afore the justice
 For to kepin his day.
 And seide to his yongè men,
 Now dighrith you full yare,

1500 For whan that the justice sittith
 We mote nedis be there.
 For I am undir a borow
 Until that I comin,
 And my brothir instede of me
 To prison shall be nomin.
 Be Seint Jame seide his yongè men, 1580
 And that thou rede thereto,
 Ordeinith how it shallè be,
 And it shall so be dō.
 1510 While Gamelyn was ycoming
 There that the justice satt,
 The falsè Knight his own brothir
 Forgattin he not that,
 To hire the meinè on his quest,
 To hangin his brothir,
 And though thei haddè not that oon, 1590
 He wolde han that othir.
 Tho comith yongè Gamelyn
 From undir the wode rise,
 1520 And he broughtin along with him
 His yongè men of prise.
 I se wele, seide Gamelyn,
 The justice is ysette,
 Go thou afor us, Adam, and
 Lokè how that it spette.
 Adam wentè into the Hall, 1600
 And lokid all about,
 And he saugh there ystondè tho
 Lordingis grette and stout,
 1530 And Sir Ote Gamelyn's brothir
 Y fetterid wele fast,
 Tho wentin Adam out of Hall,
 As he werin agast.
 Adam seide to Gamelyn,
 And to his felawes all,
 Sir Ote ystondith fetterid
 Within the motè hall.
 Seide Gamelyn, if God geve us
 Gràcè wel for to do,
 1540 He shallin it abegge anon
 That him broughtin thereto.
 Then seidin Adam dispencer,
 That lokkis haddin hore,
 Christ's curse motè he havin,
 That boundin him so fore,
 And if thou wiltè, Gamelyn, 1620
 Doin afir my rede,
 There is none in the Hallè, that
 Shall bere aweie his hede.
 1550 Adam, tho seide Gamelyn,
 We wolle not do so,
 We woll sle only the giltif,
 And lat the othir go.
 Iwill my selve into the hall,
 And hire the justice speke,
 And on all them that ben giltif 1630
 I wolle ben awreke.
 Lat none escapin at the dore,
 Take, yongè meinè, yeme,
 1560 For I wolle ben the justice
 This day domis to deme.
 Pray God spedè me this ilk dai
 At this my newè werke;
 And Adam, comith thou with me,
 For thou shalt be my Clerke.
 His meinè all answerid him, 1640
 And bad hym don his best,
 And if thou to us havè nede,
 Thou shalt fyndin us preft.
 1570 For we wolle stondin with The
 Whilis that we may dure,
 And but that we werkin manly,
 Payith us then no hure.

Yongè

Yongè Men, seidè Gamèlyn,
 So mot I wele y the,
 As ye a right trusty Maistir
 Shullè findin of me.
 And rightè thereat the justice
 Yfattin in the Halle,
 In wentè tho yong Gamèlyn,
 Boldly amonges them all.
 Gamèlyn letè unfettir
 His brothir out of bend,
 Than seidè to him Sir Otis,
 His brothir that was hende,
 Thou haddist almost, Gamèlyn,
 Dwellid away to long,
 For the questè is ygon out
 On me, that I shulde honge.
 Brothir, tho seidè Gamèlyn,
 God gevè me gode rest,
 This gode day they shull ben hongid,
 That ben upon the quest;
 And thereto the justice bothè,
 That is the juggle man,
 And eke the Sheriff our brothir,
 For through him it began.
 Than seidè yongè Gamèlyn,
 Unto the false justice,
 Now is thi powir at an end,
 You must nedis arise.
 Thou hast ygevin domis that
 Ben evil allè dight,
 I wollè settin in thi fete,
 And dressein them aright.
 But the justice fattin stille,
 And roosè not anon,
 And Gamèlyn with his swardè
 Clevid his chekè bone.
 Yonge Gamèlyn toke him in his
 Armis, and no more spak,
 But threw him ovir the barre,
 And his armè to brak.
 Durst no one unto Gamèlyn
 Sayè nothing but gode,
 For fere of the gret company
 That withoutin ystode.
 Gamèlyn fattè him adoun
 In the Justice's stede,
 (Herkenith now of the bourdè
 That Gamèlyn tho dede)
 And Sir Otè by him he satte,
 And Adam at his fete;
 And whan Gamèlyn the yong was
 Satte in the justice fete,
 He letè fettè the Justice,
 And his false brothir,
 And letè them come to the barre,
 The ton with that othir;
 Whan Gamèlyn had thus ydone,
 Haddin he tho no rest,
 Till that he had enquerid who
 Werin upon the quest,
 For to demin his brothir dere
 Sir Otè for to be honge,
 Er that he wistè which they were
 It thoughtè him full longe.
 But al so sone as Gamèlyn
 Wistè where that thei were,
 He diddè them everichone
 Fetterin fast in fere,
 And bringè them unto the barre,
 And fettè them in vewe;

By my faith, seidè the justice,
 The Sheriff is a shrewe.
 1650 Than seidè yongè Gamèlyn,
 Unto the false justice,
 Thou hastè gevè thy domis,
 Al of the worst assise;
 And the twelve Sifouris, that
 Werin of the inquest,
 They shullè ben hongid this day,
 So God geve me gode rest.
 Than seidè the Sheriff pitously,
 To yongè Gamèlyn,
 1660 My Lord, I criè The Mercie,
 Brothir artè thou myn.
 Therefore, seidè yongè Gamèlyn,
 Havè you Crist's Curse,
 For if thou werin Maistir yet
 Shuldin I farè worse.
 But for to makè short my tale,
 And not to tary longe,
 He ordeynid him there a quest
 Of his own men so strong.
 1670 The false Justice, and the Sheriff,
 Bothè were hongid hie,
 To weyvin there with the ropis,
 And with the windè drie.
 And als the twelve Sifouris,
 Sorow havè that rekk,
 Allè they werin yhongid
 Full fastè by the nekk.
 Thus endid hath the false Knight
 With all his trechèrie,
 1680 That evir haddè lad his life,
 In falseness and folie.
 He was hongid up by the nek,
 And nought by the purse,
 That was the Mede that he had haddè
 From his fa'ir's curse.
 Sir Otè was the eldist tho,
 And Gamèlyn was yonge,
 They wentin with their frendis, and
 Passidin to the King.
 1690 They madin pece with the Kingè
 Of the bestè assise,
 The King lovid Sir Otè wele
 And made him a Justice;
 Aftir the King made Gamèlyn
 Bothè in Est and West,
 The Chefe Justice and Ridere of
 Allè his fre forest.
 Alle his wight yongè Men the King
 Forgafin them their gilt,
 1700 And sithen in gode office the King
 Hath allè them ypilt.
 Thus has wan yongè Gamèlyn
 His londè and his Lede,
 And wrake of him his Enemies,
 And quyte them their mede.
 And Sir Otè his brothir dere
 Ymade him hath his heir,
 And sithin weddid Gamèlyn
 A Wife both gode and faire:
 1710 They lividin togidèr wele,
 Whilis that Christè wolde,
 And sithin that was Gamèlyn
 Ygravin undir Molde;
 And so shallè we allè here,
 May there no man yse;
 God bringin us unto the joie,
 That evir shull ybe.

Thus endith the Legend of GAMELYN, call'd the COKE's TALE, in all the MSS that I have
 seen, and have this Tale.



The Man of Lawes PROLOGUE.



OUR Hostè saw well how that the bright
Sunne
The' Ark of his artificial day had ronn
The fourthe partè, and eke half an houre
more:

And though he were not depe expert in lore,
He wist wele that it was the eightene day
Of Aprill, that is Messenger to May;
And saw wele that the shadow of eche tre
Was in lengthè of the same quantite
As was the body' erect that causid it:
Therefore by the shadow he toke his wit,
That Phœbus, which that shone so clere and bright,
Degrees was forty fyve clombin of hight.

And for that dayè, as in Latitude,
It was ten of the Clok he gan conclude,
And sodeinly he plight his horse about,
Lordlinges, qð he, I warne you all the rout,
That the forth part of this day is agon,
Now for the love of God, and of Seint John,
Lesith no tyme, as ferforth as ye may,
Lordlinges, this tyme wastith both night and day,
And fleeth fro us whan privily sleeping,
And what through negligence in our waking,
As doth the streme, that turnith ne're ageyn,
Descending from the mountain to the plaine.
Wele can Senec, and many Philosophre
Bewailin tyme lost more than gold in Cofre.
For los of Cattle may recoverid be,
But los of timè shendith us, qð he,

It woll not come ageyn withoutin dred,
No more than will come Malkin's Maidinhede, 30
Whan she hath lost it in her wantonnefs.
Let us not mowlin thus in idlenefs.

Sir Man of Law, qð he, so have I blis,
Tell us a tale anon, as forewarde is:
Ye ben submittid through your fre assent
To stondin in this case at my judgement.
Acquittith now your self of your behest,
Than have you don your devyr at the lest.
Hostè, qð he, depardeux Ich assent,

To brekin forewarde is not mine entent; 40
Behest is dette, and I woll holdin faine
Al my behest, I can no bettir faine.
For soch law as Man gevith othir wight,
He shuld himself usin the same by right.
Thus woll our text; but nathèless certeine
I can right now no thrifty tale sayn
That Chaucer (though that he can but leudly
On Metris, and in riming craftily)
Hath seide them in soche English as he can,
Of olde tyme, as knowith many' a Man. 50
And if he have not seide them, levè brother,
In one boke, he hath seide them in another.
For he hath told of Loveres up and doune,
Mo than Ovid hath made of mentioune,
In his Epistilis, that ben full old.
What shuld I tellin them, sith they ben told?
In youth he made of Ceyx and Alcyon;
And sith he hath spokin of everichone

O

These

These nobil wivis, and these loveres eke,
 Whofo that will in his large volume feke,
 Clepid the Seintis Legend of Cupide:
 There may he fe the large woundis wide
 Of Lucrece, and of Babylon Thisbe,
 The swerd of Dido for her false Enee,
 The tree of Phillis for her Demophoon,
 The pleint of Deianire, and Hermion,
 Of Ariadne, and Hipsiphile;
 The barein Ille ystonding in the Se,
 Which that Leander dreint for his Hero,
 The teris of Helen, and eke the wo
 Of Briseis, and of Laodamia,
 The cruelty of the quene Medea.
 The litil childrin hanging by the hals,
 For thilk Jason, that was of love so fals.
 Of Hypermnestra, Penelope, Alcest,
 Your wivehode he commendith with the best.
 But certainly no word ne writith he
 Of thilk ensample wyke of Canace,

That lovid her own brothir sinfully:
 Of soche curfid Stories I say fye. 80
 Or els of Tyro Apolloneus,
 How that the curfid King Antiochus
 Biraft his doughtir of her Maidinhede;
 That is so horrible a tale to rede,
 Whan he her drew upon the Pavement.
 And therefore he of full avisement
 Nold nevir write in none of his sermons
 Of soche unkind Abhominations.
 Ne I woll non reherse, if that I may.
 But of my tale how shall I do this day? 90
 Me werin loth to be liknid doutles
 To Muses, that Men clepe Pierides,
 Metamorphoseos wot what I mene,
 But natheles I rechè not a bene,
 Though I comin astir him with hawbak,
 I speke in prose, and let him rimis make.
 And with that word he with a sobir chere
 Began his tale, as ye shall astir here.

Here endith the PROLOGUE.

VI. The Man of Lawe's TALE.

Lady Cunstance the Emperor's Daughter of Rome, after her Marriage with the Sowdan of Surrey, through the Malice of the Sowdan's Mother suffereth great Trouble and Misery with her young Child Maurice, but yet in the end is restor'd to comfort.

Hateful harme, Condition of Povert!
 With thirst, with cold, with hungir fore
 confoundid, 100

To askin help The shamith in thy hert,
 If Thou none ask, so fore art thou ywoundid,
 That very nede unwrappith all thy woundis hid,
 Mauge thy hede thou must for indigence
 Or stele, or beg, or borow thy dispence.

Thou blamist Crist, and seyst full bittirly,
 He misdepartith richis temporall,
 Thy neighbour eke thou writist sinfully,
 And seist thou hast to litil, he hath all, 110
 Parfay saist thou sometime he rekin shall,
 Whan that his tail shall brennin in the glede,
 For he ne helpith nedefull in their nede.

Herkin what is the Sentence of the wise,
 Bet is to dyin than have indigence,
 Thy self Neighbour wollin The to to dispise,
 If thou be pore, farewell thy reverence;
 Yet of the wise men take this Sentence,
 Alle the dayis of pore men ben wikk, 120
 Beware therefore er thou come at that prikk.

If thou be pore, thy brothir hatith The,
 And all thy frendis fleen fro The, alas!
 O rich Merchauntis, full of wele ye be,
 O noble prudent folk, as in this caas,
 Your baggis ben not filled with ambis aas,
 But with fice sink, that rennith for your chaunce,
 At Christmas then wele mery mow ye daunce.

Ye sekin Lond and See for your winning
 As wise folk ye knowin all the State
 Of reignes, ye ben fa'diris of tydinges,
 And talis bothin of pece and debate,
 I was right now of talis desolate,

130

Ne're that a Merchaunt, gone is many' a yere,
 Me taught a tale, the which ye shallin here.

In Surrey whilom dwelt a Cumpany
 Of champmen rich, and thereto sad and true,
 That wide were sentin their spicery,
 Clothis of gold, and Sattin rich of hew,
 Their chafare was so thrifty, and so new,
 That every wight hath dainty to chafare 140
 With them, and eke to sellin them their ware.

Now fell it that the Maistirs of that sort
 Han shapin them to Rome for to wend,
 Were it for chapmanhode, or for disport,
 None othir Messager woude they thithir send,
 But came themselfe to Rome, this is the end;
 And in soche place, as thought them advantage
 For their intent, there toke their herbigage.

Sojournid han these Marchauntes in that towne
 A certeine time, as fell to their plesauce, 150
 But so befell, that th' excellent renoune
 Of the Emperour's doughtir, Dame Cunstance,
 Reportid was, with every circumstance,
 Unto these Surrein Marchaunts, in soche wise,
 Fro day to day, as I shall you devise.

This was the comune voice of every Man,
 Our Emperour of Rome, Now God him se,
 A doughtir hath, that sin the world began,
 To rekin her godenefs, and her beaute,
 Was nevir soche anothir, as is she: 160
 I pray to God in honour her susteine,
 And wolde she were of all Europe the quene.

In her is high bewte withoutin pride,
 And youth withoutin grenehode or folie,
 To all her werkis vertue is hir gyde,

Humblets

Humbleſs in her hath ſlaine all tirannie,
She is a mirroure of all curteſy.
Her hert is very chambre' of holineſſe,
Her hond miniſter of fredome, and almes.

And all this voyce was ſothe, as God is true; 170
But now to purpoſe let us turn again;
Theſe Marchauntes had don fraught their ſhippis newe,
And whan they han this bliſfull Maidin ſene,
Home to Surrey ben they ywent agen,
And don their nedis, as they han done yore,
And livin wele, I can ſay you no more.

Now ſell it, that theſe Marchauntes ſtode in grace
Of him that was the Sowdan of Surrie:
For whan that they came from any ſtraunge place
He woldin of his benigne curtify 180
Make them gode chere, and beſſy eſpie
Tidinges of ſondry Londis for to lere,
The wondiris, that they might ſene or here.

Amongis other thingis ſpecially
Theſe Marchauntes have him told of Dame Cunſtance
So grete nobleſs, in erniſt ſeriously
That this Sowdan hath caught ſo grete pleaſaunce
To han her figure in his remembraunce,
And all his luſt, and all his beſy cure,
Was for to love her while his lif may dure.

Peraventure in that ilk large boke,
Which clepid is the Heven, ywrittin was
With ſterris, whan that he his birthè toke,
That he for love ſholde han his dethe alas!
For in the ſterres clerer than is the glas
Is writtin, God wor, whoſo couth it rede,
The dethe of every man withoutin drede.

In ſterris many' a Winter there before
Was write the deth of Hector, Achilles,
Of Pompey, Julius, or they were bore; 200
The ſtrife of Thebis, and of Hercules,
Of Sampſon, Turnus, and of Socrates,
The dethe; but that Men's wittis ben ſo dull,
That no wight can well rede it at the full.

This Sowdan for his privy Counſell ſent
And ſhortly of this matter for to pace,
He hath to them declarid his intent,
And ſeid certein but if he might have grace
To have Cunſtance, within a litil ſpace,
He n'as botdede; and chargid them to hie 210
To ſhapin for his lif ſome remedy.

And divers men divers thingis ſeidin,
And Argumentis caſtin up and doun,
Many' a ſubtill reſon forth they leydin,
They ſpeke of Magick, and Abusioun,
But finally, as in Concluſioun,
They cannot ſe in that none advantage,
Ne in none othir way, ſaaf Mariage.

Than ſawe thei therin ſoche difficulte,
By way of reſon for to ſpeke all plaine, 220
Becaufe that there was ſoche diverſity,
Betwenin both their lawis, that they ſain,
They trow that no Chriſtin prince woldè ſain
Weddin his child undir our lawe ſo ſwete,
That us was taught by Mahound our Prophete.

And he answerid, rathir than I leſe
Cunſtance, I woll be Chriſtinid doutleſs.
I mot ben hers, I may none othir cheſe,
I pray you hold your Arguments in pece,
Savith my lif, and be not rechileſſe 230

To gettin her, that hath my lif in cure,
For in this wo I may not long endure.

What nedith gretter dilatatioun?
I ſay by trefy and Embaſſadry,
And by the Pop's Mediatoun,
And all the Chirch, and all the Chivalry,
That in deſtruction of Maumetrie,
And in increſe of Chriſt's lawe dere,
They ben accordid, as ye ſhullin here.

How that the Sowdan, and his Baronage, 240
And all his Liegis ſhuld y Chriſt'nid be,
And he ſhall han Cunſtance in Mariage,
And certein gold, I n'ot what quantite,
And hereto find ſufficient ſurete;
The ſame accord was ſworn on either ſide;
Now, faire Cunſtance, Almighty God The gyde.

Now woldin ſome Men waitin, as I gheſſe,
That I ſhuld tellin all the purveiaunce,
That the Emperour of his nobilneſſe
Hath ſhapin for his doughtir Dame Cunſtance, 250
Wele may men know that ſo gret ordinaunce
May no man tellin in a little Claufe,
As was arrayid for ſo high a cauſe.

Biſhops ben ſhapin with her for to wend,
Lordis and Ladies, and Knightes of renoun,
And othir folk inow, this is the end,
And notifyd is throughout the toun,
That every wight with gret devotioun
Shuld prayin Criſt, that he this Mariage
Receive in gree, and ſpedin this voiage. 260

The day is comin of her departing,
I ſay the wofull fatal day is come,
That there may be no lengir tarying,
But forward they them dreſſin all and ſome;
Cunſtance, that is with ſorow all o'recome,
Full pale ariſt, and dreſſid her to wend,
For well ſhe ſeeth there is none othir end.

Alas! what wondir is it, though ſhe wept?
That ſhall be ſent to a ſtraunge Natioun,
Fro frendis, that ſo tendirly her kept, 270
And be boundin undir Subjeſtioun
Of one ſhe knoweth not his Condiſtioun.
Huſbondis ben all gode, and han ben yore,
That knowin wivis, I dare ſay no more.

Faſhir, ſhe ſaid, thy wretchid child Cunſtance,
Thy yonge doughtir, ſoft'rid up ſo ſoft,
And ye, my Moðir, my Soverayne pleaſaunce,
Ovir all thingis (out take Criſt on loſte)
Cunſtance your child her recommendith oft
Unto your grace, for I ſhall to Surrey, 280
Ne ſhall I nevir more ſee you with eye.

Alas! unto the barbary nation
I muſt anon, ſithin it is your will;
But Chriſt, that ſtarf for our redemption,
So geve me grace his heſtis to fulfill;
I wretchid woman no force though I ſpill,
Wymen are born to thraldom and pennaunce,
And to ben undir Mann's governaunce.

I trow at Troy, whan Pyrrhus brake the wall,
Of Ilion, or brent was Thebes Cite, 290
Nor Rome, for the grete harme of Hannibal,
That Romanes hath vanquiſhid timis thre,
N'as herde ſoche tender wepyng for pite,
As in the chambir was for her parting,
But forth ſhe mote, whether ſhe wepe or ſing.
O fers

O fers first moving cruill firmament
 With thy diurnal swegh that croudift aye,
 And hirlist all fro th' Est to th' Occident,
 That nat'rally wold hold anothir way,
 Thy crowding sett the heven in soche aray 300
 At the beginning of this fers voiage,
 That cruill Mars hath slaine this Mariage.

Infortunate ascendent tortuous,
 In which the Lord-is helpless fall'n, alas!
 Out of his Angle' into the derkist hous
 Of Mars, O occifer as in this caas,
 O feble Monc, unhappy ben thy paas,
 Thou knittist there thou n'art not receivid,
 There thou were well fro thence art thou weyvid.

Imprudent Empèrour of Rome alas! 310
 Was there no Philosophir in thy toun?
 Is no tyme bett than othir in soche caas?
 Of Voiage is there none Electioun?
 Namely to folk of high Conditoun
 Nat whan a rote is of a birth yknow?
 Alas! we ben too læaud, or too flow.

To Ship is brought this wofull fairè Maid
 Solempnly, with evèry Circumstaunce,
 Now Jesus Christ be with you al, she saide,
 Theren'is no more, but farewell faire Cunstance; 320
 She painith her to make gode Countenance;
 And forth I lete her saile in this manere,
 And toun I woll ageyn to my matere.

Explicit pars prima, sequitur pars secunda.

The Mo'ir of the Sowdan wel of vice
 Espyid hath her Sonn'is plaine entent,
 How he woll levin his old Sacrifice.
 And right anon she for her counsaile sent,
 And they ben comin to know what she ment,
 And whan assemblid was this folk in fere,
 She sett her doun, and seide as ye shull here, 330

Lordis, q'ð she, ye knowin everichone,
 How that my Sone on point is for to lete
 The holy lawis of our Alkoran,
 Gevin by God's Messinger Machomete,
 But one avowe to the Grete God I hete,
 Lif shall rathir out of my body stert,
 Er Machomet'is law out of my hert.

What shuld us tidin of this newè lawe
 But thraldome to our bodys and penaunce,
 And aftirward in hellè to be draw, 340
 For we renyid Mahound our Creaunce?
 But, Lordis, woll ye make me assuraunce,
 As I shall say, assenting to my lore,
 And I shall make us safe for evirmore.

They sworin and assentin every man,
 To live with her and dye, and by her stond:
 And everich in the best wise that he can
 To strengthin her shall all his frendis fond.
 And she hath this Emprise ytake in hond,
 Which ye shull here, that I shall you devise, 350
 And to them all she spakin in this wise.

We shull us first faine Christendom to take,
 Cold watir shall not greve us but a lite,
 And I shall soche a revill and fest make,
 That as I trow I shall the Sowdan quite:
 For though his wife be christ'nid nere so white

She shall have nede to wash away the rede,
 Though she a font of watir with her lede.

O Soudonnefs, rote of inquite,
 Virago, thou Semiram the second! 360
 O Serpent undir femininite,
 Like to the Serpent depe in helle ybound!
 O fainid woman, all that may confound
 Vertue and Innocence through thy Malice:
 Is bred in The a nest of every vice;

O Sathan envious, sithin thilk day
 That thou wert chasid from our heritage,
 Well knowist thou to wymen the old way:
 Thou madist Eve to bring us in servage,
 Thou wold for don this Christin Mariage, 370
 This instrument, so welaway the while,
 Makest thou of wymen, whan thou wolt begyle.

This Soudonnefs, whom I thus blame and warie,
 Lete privily her Counsaile gon their way;
 What shuld I lenger in this tale tarye?
 She ridith to the Sowdan on a day,
 And said him, that she wuld reny her lay,
 And Cristindome of prestis hondis fong,
 Repenting her she hethin was so long.

Beseching him to don her that honour, 380
 That she might have the Christin folk to fest,
 To plesin them I woll don my labour,
 The Sowdan said, I woll don all your hest,
 And kneling thankid her of that request.
 So glad he was, he n'ist not what to say,
 She kist her Sone, and home she goth her way.

Arrivid ben these Christin folk to lond,
 In Surrey, with a gret and solempne rout,
 And hastily this Sowdan sent his fond,
 First to his Mo'ir, than to th' reign about, 390
 And seide, his wife was comin out of dout,
 And praydin her to ryde agen the quene,
 The honour of his reign for to sustene.

Gret was the prefs, and rich was the aray,
 Of Surreians, and Romans met yfere,
 The Mo'ir of the Sowdan, rich and gay,
 Recevith her with all so glad a chere, 400
 As any Mo'ir mought her doughtir dere:
 And unto the next Cite there beside
 A softè paas solempnly they ryde.

Nought trow I the triumph of Julius,
 Of which that Lucan makith such a bofte,
 Ne was royaller, ne more curious,
 Than was th' assembling of this blisful hoste;
 But o this Scorpion, this wikkid ghost
 The Sowdonnefs, for all her flattering,
 Cast undir this full mortally to sting.

The Sowdan came himself sone aftir this,
 So rially, that wondir is to telle,
 He welcomith her with all joy and blifs, 410
 And thus in joy and mirth I lete them dwelle:
 The fruit of this mattere is for to telle.
 Whan time comin men thought it for the best,
 That revil stint, and men gon to their rest.

The time is come that this old Sowdannefs
 Ordainid hath the feste of which I told,
 And to the feste the Christin folk them drefs,
 And that in generall, both yong and old:
 And men may feste, and rialty behold, 420
 And deynties mo than I can you devise,
 But all to dere they bought it er they rise.

O Sowdan

O Sowdan, wo that thou art Succesfour
To worldly blis spreynid with bitternefs,
The end of joy is our worldly labour,
Wo occupith the fine of our gladnefs,
Harkin this Counsaile for thy sikirnefs:
Upon thy glad day have thou still in mind
Th' unware wo or harme that comteh behind.

For shortly to tellin at o word,
The Sowdan and the Christin everichone 430
Ben all to hew, and stikid at the bord,
But it were only Dame Cunstance alone,
This old Sowdonnefs, this accurfid Crone,
Hath with her frendis done this curfid dede,
For she her self woude all the Countre lede.

There ne was Surrein none that was converted,
That of the Counsaile of the Soudon wot,
That ne was all to hewe er he asterted,
And Cunstance han they take anon fore hot,
And in a Ship all steerilefs, God wot, 440
They han her fett, and bid her lerne to faile
Out of Surrey ayenward to Itaile.

A certeine trefour that she thithir ladd,
And sothe to faine of vitaille gret plentie
They han her geve, and clothis eke she had;
And forth she sailith in the saltè See.
O my Cunstance, full of benignity,
O Emperour's yongè doughtir so dere,
He that is Lord of fortune be thy stere.

She blessith her, and with full pitous voice 450
Unto the Crofs of Christ thus seide she,
O dere, o welefull Auter, holy croife,
Red of the lamb's blode, full of pite,
That wesh the world fro th' old iniquite,
Me fro the fend, and fro his clawis kepe,
That day that I shall drenchin in the depe.

Victorious tre, protection of true,
That only worthy werin for to bere
The King of hevin with his woundis newe,
The white lamb, that hurt was with a spere: 460
Flemere of fendis out of him and here,
On which thy lim is faithfully extenden,
Me kepe, and geve me might my life to menden.

Yeris and dayis fletè this Creture,
Throughout the See of Grece, unto the Straite
Of Marock, as it was her aventure;
On many' a fory mele now may she baite,
Aftir her deth full oftè may she waite,
Er that the wildè wavis wold her drive
Unto the place there she sholdè arrive. 470

Men mightin askin why she was not flaine
Eke at the feste, who might her body save?
And I answe're to that demaund againe,
Who favid Daniel in th' horrible Cave?
There every wight, were he maistir or knave,
Was with the lions fretted or he astert:
No wight, but God, that he bare in his hert.

God list to shew his wonderful miracle
In her, for she shold se his mighty werkis,
Christ which that is to every harm triacle, 480
By certeine menis oft (as knowin Clerkis)
Doth thing for certeine end that full derk is
To mann's witt, that for our ignorance
Ne cannot know his prudent purveiance.

Now sith she was not at the fest yslaw,
Who kepith her fro drenching in the See?

Who keptè Jonas in the fish's mawe
Till he was spoutid out at Ninive?
Well may men know it was no wight but he
That kept the peple Ebrak from drenching 490
With dry fete thorough the red See passig.

Who hath the four spirites of the tempest,
That powir han to annoy land and See,
Both North and South, and also West and Est;
Annoyith nothir See, ne land, ne tre:
Sothly the commander of that was he;
That fro the tempest ay this woman kept,
As well whan she awoke, as when she slept.

Where mightin this woman mete and drink have?
Thre yere and more how lastith her vitaille? 500
Who fed th' Egyptian Mary in the Cave,
Or in the desert (none but Christ Sans faile)
Five thousand folk, it was as grete marvaile
With loavis five, and fishis too to fede,
God sent his foisoun at her grettist nede.

She drivith forth unto our Ocean
Throughout the wildè see, till at the last
Undir an hold, that namin I ne can,
Fer in Northumberland, the wave her cast,
And in the sand her ship stikid so fast, 510
That thence n'olde it not for all the tide,
The will of Crist was, she shold there abide.

The Constable o'th' castle doune is fare
To sene this wreke, and all the ship he fought;
And found this wery woman full of care,
He found also the trefour she had brought,
And in her language mercy she besought
The life out of her body for to twynn,
Her to delivir of wo she was in.

A mannir Latin corrupt was her speche, 520
But algates thereby was she undirstond,
The Constable him list no lengir seche,
This wofull woman broughtin he to lond;
She knelith down, and thankith Godd's sond;
But what she was she wolde no man sey,
For foule ne faire, although she sholdè dey.

She seid she was so masid in the see,
That she forgate her mindè by her trouth;
The Constable of her hath soche pite,
And eke his wife, that they wepin for routh: 530
She was so diligent withoutin slouth
To serve and plese everichone in that place,
That all her love, that lokin on her face.

The Constable, and Hermigild his wife
Were Paynims, and that Countre every where,
But Hermigild lovid her as her life,
And Cunstance hath so long sojourned there,
In Orisons, with many bittir tere,
Till Jesu hath convertid through his grace
Dame Hermigild, Constables of that p.ace. 540

In all that lond no Christin durst arout,
All Christin folk ben flemed fro that Countre,
Through Painims that conquerid all about
The Plagis of the north by lond and See;
To Walis fled the Christianite
Of olde Britons dwelling in this Ile,
There was their refuge for the menè while.

But yet n'as Christin Britons so exiled,
But there was some still in their privite
Honourid Crist, aad hethin folk begiled; 550
And nie the Castle soche there dwellid thre,

P

That

That one of them was blind, and might not se,
But it were with thilk eyin of his mind,
With which men sein aftir they ben blind.

Bright was the Sunne, as in the Sommer's day,
For which the Constable, his wife also,
And Cunstance han ytakin the right way
Toward the see, a furlong wey or two,
To playin, and to romin to and fro,
And in their walk this blindè man they met, 560
Crokid and old, with eyin fast yshet.

In the name of Christ, cryed this blind Bretonn,
Dame Hermigild geve me my sight again,
This lady wax afraid of the sounne,
Lest that her husbond, shortly for to fain,
Wold her for Jesus Christ's lore have flaine.
Till Cunstance made her bold, and bid her werch
The will of Crist, as doughtir of his Cherche.

The Constable was abashed of that sight,
And seide, what amountith all this fare? 570
Cunstance answer'd, Sir, it is Crist's might,
That helpith folk out of the fend's snare:
And so ferforth she gan our law declare,
That she the Constable, er it was eve,
Convertid hath, and on Crist made him leve.

This Constable was nought lord of this place
Of which I speke, there as he Cunstance fond,
But kept it strongly many' a winter space,
Undir Alla King of Northumberland,
That was full wise, and worthy of his hond, 580
Again the Scottis, as men may well here;
But tourn I woll again to my mattere.

Sathan, that evre' us waitith to begile
Saw of Cunstance all her perfectiounne,
And cast anon how he might quite her wele,
And made a yong Knight, that dwelt in the tounne,
Love her so hote of foule affectiounne,
That verily him thought that he shold spill,
But he of her might onis have his will.

He woith her, but it availith nought, 590
She wold do no sin by no mannir wey,
And for despite he compassed in his thought
To makin her a shameful dethe to dey,
He waitith whan the Constable' is away.
And privily upon a night he crept
To Hermigild's chambir while she slept.

Werie for-wakid in their Orisons
Slepith Cunstance and Hermigild also,
This Knight through Sathanas temptaciouns
All softly is unto the bedd ygo, 600
And cut the throte of Hermigild atwo;
And laid the bloody knife by Dame Cunstance,
And went his wey, there God geve him mischance.

Sone aftir cometh this Constable again,
And eke Alla, that King was of that Lond,
And saw his wife dispitously yflaine,
For which he wept, and full oft wrang his hond,
And in the bedd the bloody knife he fond,
By Dame Cunstance, alas! what might she sey?
For very wo her wit was all away. 610

To King Alla was told all this mischance,
And eke the time, the where, and in what wise,
That in a Ship was fondin this Cunstance,
As heretofore ye han me herd devise;
The King's hert for pite gan agrise,

Whan he beheld so benign a Creture,
Fallen in disese, and in misaventure.

For as the lamb towards his deth is brought,
So stant this innocent before the King,
This false Knight that hath this trefoun ywrought 620
Berith her in hond, she hath don this thing,
But nathelès there was a gret murnyng
Emong the folk, that said they cannot ghes
That she had don so grete a wikidnes.

For they han sene her evir so vertuous,
And loving Hermigild right as her life,
Of this bare witness everich in the house,
Save he that Hermigild slew with his knife;
This gentill King hath caught a grete motife
Of this witness, and thought he wold enquire 630
Depir in this cause, the trowth for to lere.

Alas! Cunstance, thou hast no champion,
Ne fightin canst thou not, so welaway!
But he that starft for our redemption,
And bond Sathan that lyith there he lay,
So be thy stronge champion this day.
For but if Crist Miracle' upon The kithe,
Withoutin gilt thou shalt be flaine aswithe.

She set her doun on knees, and thus she said, 640
"Immortal God, that savidist Susanne
"Fro false blame, and thou mercifull maide,
"Mary I menè, doughtir to Seint Anne,
"Biforne whose child Angelis sing Ofanne,
"If I be gilty of this felonie,
"My succour be, or ellis shall I die.

Have ye not sene some time a pale face
Emong the prees, of them that hath ben lad
Toward his deth, where as him gat no grace,
Right soche a colour in his face he had,
The men might know his face that was bestad 650
Emongis all the facis in the rout,
So stont Cunstance, and lokith her about.

O Quenis, living in prosperite,
Dutcheßes, and ye ladys everichone,
Havith some ruthe on her adversite,
An Emperour's doughtir here stont alone
She hath no wight, to whome to make her mone,
O blode roiall, that stondith in this drede,
Fer ben thy frendis at thy gretift nede.

This Alla King hath soche Compassioun. 660
(As gentil hert is ay full of pite)
That from his eyin ran the watir doune:
Now hastily do fett a boke, qð he,
And if this Knight woll swerin how that she
This woman slough, yet woll we us avise,
Whom that we woll, that shall ben our Justice.

A Briton boke writt with Evangelis
Was fett, and on this boke he sware anon,
She giltif was; and in the mene whilis
A hond him smote upon the nekk's bone, 670
That doun he fell at onis as a stone;
And both his eyin braß upon his face,
In sight of every body in that place.

A voice was herd in gen'rall audience,
That seide, thou hast slaunderid giltless
The daughtre' of holy Cherch in high presence,
Thus hast thou don and yet I hold my pece.
Of this Marvaile agast was all the prese,
As masid folk they stod in everichone
For drede of wreck, save Dame Cunstance alone.
Grete

Grete was the drede, and eke the repentaunce
Of ~~them~~ that haddin wrong suspectioun
Upon this fely innocent Cunstance,
And for this marvaile in Conclufioun,
And by Cunstance's Mediatioun,
The King, and many othir in that place,
Conuertid was, thankid be Godd's grace.

This fals Knight was yllaine for his untruth,
By the judgement of King Alla' hastily,
And yet Cunstance had of his deth grete ruthe; 690
And aftir this, Jesus of his mercy
Made King Alla weddin full solempnly
This holy maide, that is so bright and shene,
And thus hath Christ madin Cunstance a Quene.

But who was wofull, if I shall not lie,
Of this wedding, but Donoyeld? no mo,
The King's Moðir, full of tirannie,
Her thought her curfid hert would braſt atwo,
She wold not that her ſonne had doin ſo:
Her thought it a deſpight that he ſhould take 700
So ſtraunge a Creture for to be his Make.

Me liſt not of the chaff ne of the ſtre
Makin ſo long a tale as of the Corn,
What ſhuld I tellin of the rialte
Of that wedding, or which courſe goth befor,
Who blowith in a trompe, or in an horn.
The fruit of every tale is for to ſay
They etin, drinkin, daunce, ſingin, and play.

They gon to bedd as it was ſkill and right,
For though that wivis ben full holy things, 710
Yet they muſt take in paciencce anight
Soche neceſſaries as yben pleſings
To folk that han yweddid them with rings,
And lay a lite their holineſs aſide
As for the time, it may no bett betide.

On her he gat a knave child anon,
To a Biſhop, and his Conſtable eke
He toke his wife to kepe, whan he is gon
To Scotland ward, his fomen for to ſeke.
Now Cunſtance, that is ſo humbil and meke, 720
So long is gon with thik child till that ſtill
She halt her chambre' abiding Criſt's will.

The time is come, and a Knave child ſhe bare,
Mauritius at font ſtone they him call,
This Conſtable doth forth a Meſſinger,
And wrote unto his king that clepid Alle,
How that this bliſſfull tidings is befall,
And othir tidings nedefull for to ſaie,
He takes the lettre' and forth he goth his waie.

This Meſſinger to don his advantage, 730
Unto the King's Moðir ridith ſwithe,
And ſalvith her full faire in his language,
Madam, qð he, ye may be glad and blithe,
And thankin God an hundrid thouſand ſithe,
My Lady Quene hath Knave child without dout
To joy and bliſs of all this reign about.

Lo here the letters ſelid of this thing,
That I mote bere in all the haſte I may;
Yeve ye well ought unto your ſonne the King,
I am your ſervant both by night and day, 740
Donegild answerde as at this time nay,
But here I woll all night thou take thy reſt,
To morow woll I ſay The what I leſt.

This Meſſinger drank ſadly ale and wine,
And ſtolin were his letters privily

Out of his box, while he ſlept as a ſwine;
And counterfittid was full ſubtilly
Anothir letter wrote full ſinfully
Unto the King direct of this mattere
Fro his Conſtable, as ye ſhullin here. 750

The letter ſpake the Quene deliv'rid was
Of ſo horrible a findiſh Creture,
That in the Caſtle none ſo hardy was
That any while durſtin therein endure:
The Moðir was an elf by aventure
Y come by charmis or by forcerie,
And every wight hatith her cumpany.

Wo was the King whan he the letter ſene,
But to no wight he told his ſorow ſore,
But with his ownè hand he wrote agene 760
Welcome the ſond of Criſt for evirmore
To me, that am new lernid in his lore:
Lord, welcome be thy luſt, and thy pleaſaunce,
My luſt I put all in thine ordinaunce,

Kepith this child, all be it foule or faire,
And eke my wife unto my home coming;
Chriſt, whan him liſt may ſendin me an heir
More greable than this to my liking;
This letter he ſeled privily weping,
Which to the Meſſinger was takin ſone, 770
And forth he goth, there is no more to done.

O Meſſinger fulfilled of dronkinneſs,
Strong is thy breth, thy limmis faltrin aye,
And thou ſtill bewrayiſt all ſecretneſs,
Thy mind is lorne, thou jangliſt as a jaye,
Thy face is tournid in a new aray,
There dronkinneſs reignith in any rout,
There n'is no counſaile hid withoutin dout.

O Donegild, I have none Engliſh digne
Unto thy malice, and thy tyrannie, 780
And therefore to the fend I The reſigne,
Let him enditin of thy traitery,
Fie! Manniſh fie! O nay by God I lie,
Fie fendith Spirit! for I dare wel tell
Though thou here walk, thy ſpirit is in hell.

This Meſſinger came from the King againe
And at the King's Moðir's houſe he light,
And ſhe was of this Meſſinger full faine,
And pleſid him in all that ere ſhe might, 790
He dronk, and well his girdle undir pight,
He ſlepith, and he ſnortith in his gile,
All night, untill the ſonne gan to ariſe.

Eft were his letters ſtolin everichone,
And counterfittid letters in this wiſe,
The King commands his Conſtable anon
On pain of hanging on a high Jewiſe,
That he ne ſhouldè ſuffrin in no wiſe
Cunſtance within his relme for to abide
Thre dayis, and a quarter of a tide.

But in the ſame ſhip as that he her ſond, 800
Her and her yongè ſonne, and all her gere
He ſhoulde croudin, and puttin fro the londe,
And charge her that ſhe nevir eft come there,
O my Cunſtance, well may thy goſt have fere
And ſleping in thy dreame ben in pennaunce
Whan Donegild caſt all this ordinaunce.

This Meſſinger, on morrow whan he woke,
Unto the Caſtle holdith the next way,
And to the Conſtable the letter toke,

And

And whan that he this pitous letter feie, 810
Full oft he feide alas and welaweie!
Lord Crist, qð he, how may this world endure?
So full of finn is many a Creture.

O mighty God, if that it be thy will,
Sin thou art rightful judge, how may it be
That thou wilt suffer innocence to spill,
And wikid folk reign in prosperite?
O Gode Cunstance, alas! so wo is me,
That I mot ben thy tormentour, or deie,
On þam'is deth, there n'is none othir weie. 820

Wepin both yong and old in all that place,
Whan that the king this curfid letter sent,
And Dame Cunstance with a dedly pale face
The fourthe day toward her ship she went,
Nathéles she takith in gode entent
The will of Crist, and kneling on the strond
She seide, Lord, aye welcome be thy sond.

He that me kepid from that false blame
While I was on the lond, emongis you,
He can me kepe fro harme and eke fro shame, 830
In the salt See, although I see not how:
As strong as evir he was he is now.
In him I trust, and in his Moðir dere,
That is to me my faile and eke my stere.

Her litil child lay weping in her arme,
And kneling pitouly to him she saide,
Pece litil Sonne, I woll do The no harme,
With that the kercheffe off her hede she braide,
And ore his litil eyin she it laide,
And in her arme she lullith it full fast, 840
And unto heaven her eyin up she cast.

Moðir, qð she, and Maidin bright Mary,
Sorth is that thorough woman's eggement
Mankind was lorn, and damnid aye to die,
For which thy child was on thy crosse yrent,
Thy blisfull eyin saw all his turment,
Then is there no comparifon betwene
Thy wo, and any wo man may sustene.

Thou saw thy chyld yslein before thyn eyn,
And yet livith my litil child parfay; 850
Now lady bright, to whom all wofull cryen,
Thou glory of womanhode, thou faire May,
Thou havin of refuge, bright Sterre of day,
Rewe on my child, that of thy gentilnes
Ruist on every rufull in distrefs.

O littil child alas! what is thy gilt
That nevir wroughtist finn as yet parde?
Why woll thyn harde faðir have The spilt?
O mercy dere Constable, qð she, 860
As let my litil child dwell here with The,
And if thou dost not savin him fro blame,
So kifs him onis in his faðir's name.

Therewith she lokith bakward to the lond,
And saide, farewell my husbond ruthles;
And up she rist, and walkith down the strond,
Toward the ship, her follows all the prefs,
And ay she prays her child to hold his pece,
And takith leve, and with holy entent
She bleffith her, and to the ship she went.

Vitailid was the ship, it is no drede, 870
Habundantly for her a full long space,
And othir necessities that shold nede,
She had ynow, herried be Godd'is grace;
Wind and wethir Almighty God purchase,

And bring her home, I can no bettir say,
But in the See she drivith forth her way.

Alla the King came home sone aftir this
Unto this Castle of which I you told,
And askith where his wife, and his child is; 880
The Constable gan at his hert wax cold,
And plainly all the manner him ytold,
Ye han herd, I can tell it no better,
And shewed the King his fele, and his letter:

And seide, Lord, as ye commaundid me
On peine of deth, so have I done certene:
This Messinger turmentid was till he
Must beknowin, and tellin plat and plaine
Fro night to night in what place he had laine.
And thus by witty subtil enquerung
Imagin'd was by whome this harme gan spring.

The hond was knowin that the letter wrot,
And all the venim of this curfid dede,
But in what wise certainly I n'ote,
Th' effect is this, that Alla out of drede
His Moðir slow, that may men plainly rede,
For that she traytour was t' her Allegeaunce,
Thus endith old Donegild with mischance.

The sorrow that this Alla night and day
Makith for his child, and his wife also,
There is no tonguè that it tellin may; 900
But now woll I unto Dame Cunstance go,
That steth in the See in paine and wo,
Five yere and more, as likid Crist'is sond
Er that her ship approchid unto lond;

Undir an Hethin Castle at the last,
(Of which the name in my text I not find)
Cunstance and eke her child the See upcast,
Almighty God, that savith all mankind,
Have on Cunstance, and on her child some mind,
That fallin are in hethin hond eftfone, 910
In point to spill, as I shall tell you sone.

Doun from the Castill comith many' a wight
To gaurin on this Ship, and on Cunstance,
But shortly fro the Castill on a night
The Lord'is Steward, God geve him mischance,
A thefe that had renyid our Creance,
Came to the Ship alone, and seide he shold
Her Lemman be, whethir she wold or n'old.

Tho was the wretchid woman wo bygon,
Her child and she cryid full pitouly, 920
But blisfull Mary halpe her anon,
And with her strogling well and mightily
The thefe fell ovir the bord sodeinly,
And in the See he drenchid for vengeance,
And thus hath Crist unwemmid kept Cunstance.

O foule lust of Luxury, lo thine end,
Not only that thou faintist Mann'is mind,
But verily thou wilt his body shend,
The end of thy werk, or thy lustis blind 930
Is complaining, how many men may find
That not for werk sometime, but for th'entent
To donn this finn, ben either slaine or shent?

How may this wekè woman have the strenght,
Her to defend against this renagate?
O Goliath, unmesurable' of length,
How mightin David make The so amate?
So yong, and of armure so desolate
How durst he lokin on thy dredful face?
Well may man sene it is but Godd'is grace.

Who

Who gave Judith corage and hardinefs
To slaine him Holofernes in his tent,
And to deliver out of wretchidnefs
The peple' of God? I fay for this intent
That right as God spirit and vigour sent
To them, and favid them out of mischaunce,
So sent he might and vigour to Cunfstance.

Forth goth her fhip thorough the narrow mouth
Of Jubalter and Cept, ydryving ay
Sometimis North, and sometime Weft and South,
And sometime Eft, full many werie day, 950
Till Chrift's Mothir, bleffid be fhe ay,
Hath fhapin thorough her endlefs godenefs
To make an end of all her hevinefs.

Explicit fecunda pars, & fequitur pars tertia.

Now let us ftint of Cunfstance but a throw,
And fpeke we of the Roman Empèrour,
That out of Surrey hath by letters know,
His flaughtered Chriftin folk, and difhonour
Done to his daughter by a falfe traytour,
I mene the curfid wikid Sowdonnefs,
That at the feftle let flene both more and lefs. 960

For which this Empèrour hath sent anon
His Senatour, with royall ordinaunce,
And othir Lordis, God wot, many one,
On Syrreians to takin high vengeaunce,
They brennin, flen, and bring them to mischaunce,
Full many' a day, but shortly this is th' end,
Homeward to Rome they fhapin them to wend.

This Senatour returns with victory,
To Romeward, failing full rially,
And met the fhip driving, as faith ftoory,
In which Cunfstance fettin full pitoufly, 970
Nothing ne knew he what fhe was, ne why
She was in foche aray, ne fhe nill fey
Of her eftate, although fhe fhouldè dey.

He bringith her to Rome, and to his wife
He gave her, and her yongè Sonn alfo,
And with the Senatour fhe lad her life.
Thus can our Lady bringin out of wo
Wofull Cunfstance, and many othir mo.
And longè time dwellid fhe in that place, 980
In holy werkis evir, as was her grace.

The Senatour's wife her Aunt ywas,
But for all that fhe knew her ne'er the more;
I woll no lengir tary in this caas,
But to King Alla, which I fpake of yore,
That for his wife wepith, and flikith fore,
I woll return, and let I woll Cunfstance
Undir the Senatour's governaunce.

King Alla, which that had his Mo'ðir flaine,
Upon a day fell in foche repentaunce, 990
That if I shortly tellin fhall and plaine,
To Rome he comith to receive pennaunce,
And put him in the Pop's Ordinaunce,
In hie and low, and Jefu Crift befought
Forgeve his wikid werkis that he wrought.

The fame anon thorough Rome tounè is born,
How Alla King fhall come in pilgrimage,
By Herbingers that wentin him beforin,
For which the Senatour, as was ufage, 1000
Rode him againe, and folk of his linage,
As well to shew his hie magnificence,
As to doin any King reverence.

940 Grete cherè doth this nobil Senatour
To King Alla, and he to him alfo,
Everich of them doth othir honour,
And fo befell, that in a day or two
This Senatour is to King Alla go,
To feftle, and shortly if I fhall not lie,
Cunfstance's Sonn went in his company.

Some fayin at the request of Cunfstance 1010
This Senatour had lad this child to feftle,
I may not tellin every circumftaunce
Be as be may, there was he at the left:
But fothe it is, right at his Mo'ðir's hefte
Biforn Alla, during the met's fpace,
The child ftode, loking in the King's face.

Alla King hath of the child gret wondir,
And to the Senatour he faide anon,
Whose is that faire child, that ftondith yondir?
I n'ot, q'ð he, by God, and by St. John: 1020
A Mo'ðir he hath, but ne fa'ðir non,
That I of wot; but shortly in a ftound
He told Alla how that the child was found.

But, God wot, q'ð the Senatour alfo,
So vertuous a liver in my life
Ne faugh I nevre' as fhe, ne herd of mo
Soch worldly woman, maidin ne of wife,
I dare well fay fhe had levir a knife
Thorough her brest, than ben a woman wik,
There is no man couth bring her to that prik.

Now was the child as like unto Cunfstance
As poffible is cature for to be,
King Alla hath the face in remembraunce
Of Dame Cunfstance, and thereon muftid he
Yeve that the child's Mo'ðir was not fhe, 970
That is his wife, and privily he fight,
And fped him fro the table all he might.

Parfay him thought the fantom in his hede,
And oughtin demin of skilfull judgment
That in the saltè See his wife is dede; 1040
And aftirward he made this argument,
What wot I if that Crift hath hithir sent
My wife by See, as well as he her sent
To my Countre fro thence that fhe was went?

And aftirnone home with the Senatour
Goth Alla, for to fe this wondir chance,
This Senatour doth Alla grete honour,
And haftily he sent aftir Cunfstance;
But trustith wele her luftith not to dance.
Whan that the wifte wherefore was that foud,
Unneth upon her fete fhe mightè ftoud,

Whan Alla faw his wife, faire he her grete,
And weptè that it was ruth for to fe,
For at the first loke that he on her fete,
He knew well verily that it was fhe, 990
And for forow as dumb ftant as a tre:
So was her herte yfhet in her diftrefs,
Whan fhe rememberid his unkindnefs.

Twyis fhe fownid in his ownè fight
He wept, and him excufith pitoufly, 1060
Now God, q'ð he, and his hallowis bright,
So wifly on my Soule havin mercy,
That of your harme as giltilefs am I,
As is Maurice my Sonne, fo like your face,
Ellis the fend me fetch out of this place.

Long was the fobbing, and the bittir paine,

Q

Er

Er that their wofull hertis mightin cese,
 Grete was the pitè for to here them plaine,
 Thorough which plaintis gan their wo encrese.
 I pray you all my labour to relese, 1070
 I may not tell their wo untill to morow,
 I am so werie for to speke their sorow.

But finally, whan that the soth is wist
 That Alla giltilefs was of her wo,
 I trow an hundren timis ben they kist,
 And soche a blifs is there betwixt them two,
 That save the joy, that lastith evirmo,
 There is no ylike, that any cature
 Hath sene or shall while the world may endure.

Tho prayid she her husbond mekily 1080
 In the relese of her long pitous paine
 That he wold pray her faðir specially,
 That of his Majesty he wold encline
 To vouchafin some day with him to dine.
 She prayid him eke, he shold by no way
 Unto her faðir no word of her say.

Some woldè fey, how that the Child Maurice
 Doth this message untill the Empèrour;
 But as I gesse, Alla was not so nice
 To him, that was of so sov'rain honour, 1090
 As he that is of Christen folk the flour,
 To send a child, but it is bet to deme
 He went himself, and so it may wele seme.

The Empèrour hath grauntid gentillie
 To come to dinner, as he him besought;
 Redy he came, and lokid besilie
 Upon the child, and on his daughter thought.
 Alla goth to his inn, and as him ought
 Arrayid for this feste in every wise,
 As ferforth as his conning may suffice. 1100

The morow came, and Alla gan him dres,
 And eke his wife, the Emperour to meet.
 And forth they ride in joy, and in gladness,
 And when she saw her Faðir in the street,
 She light adown, and fallith him to feet;
 Faðir, qð she, your yongè child Cunstance
 Is now full clene out of your remembrance.

I am your daughter Cunstance tho, qð she,
 That whilom ye han sent unto Surrye,
 It am I, Faðir, that in the salt See
 Was put alone, and dampnid for to dye:
 Now, my gode Faðir, I you mercy crye,
 Send me no more unto non Hethinesse,
 But thankin my Lord here of his kindnesse,

Who can the pitous joy ytellin all
 Betwixt them thre? Sith they ben thus ymett:
 But of my Tale makin an end I shall;
 The day goth fast, I wol no lengir lett.
 To dinner than thes glad folk them ysett
 In joy and blifs at mete I lete them dwell, 1120
 A thousand fold well more than I can tell.

This child Maurice was sithin Empèrour
 Made by the Pope, and livid Christinly;
 To Christ's Church he diddin grete honour;
 But I lete all this Story passin by,
 Of Cunstance is my Tale specially.
 In oldè Roman gestis men may find
 Mauric's life; I bere it not in mind.

This King Alla, whan he his timè fey
 With his Cunstance, his holy wife so swete, 1130
 To Eng lond ben they comin the right wey:
 Where as thei live in joy and in quite,
 But littil while it lastith, I you herte,
 Joy of this world. For time woll not abide,
 Fro day to night, it changith as the tide.

Who evir lived in soche delite a day
 That him ne mevid either Conscience,
 Or ire, or talent, or some kyn affray,
 Envy, or Pride, or Passion, or offence?
 I ne say but for this end and sentence,
 That littil while in joy, or in plesaunce
 Lastith the blifs of Alla with Cunstaunce.

For Deth, that taketh of hie and low his rente,
 When passid was a yere even as I gesse,
 Out of this world this King Alla hath hente;
 For whome Cunstance hath full grete hevinesse
 Now let us prayin God his Soule to blesse.
 And Dame Cunstance, thus finally to fey,
 Toward the Town of Rome goith her wey.

To Rome is commin this holy cature, 1150
 And findith there her Faðir whole and sound;
 Now is she scapid all her aventure:
 And whan that she her Fathir hath yfound
 Down on her knees, she fallith to the ground,
 Weeping for tendirnesse in her hert blith,
 And herryeth God an hundred thousand sith.

In vertue, and in holy alm'isdede
 Thei livin, and nevir asunder wende,
 Till deth departith them, this life thei lede.
 Now farith well, my Tale is at an end.
 Now Jesu Christ, that of his might may send
 Joy aftir wo; governe us in his grace
 And kepe us allè, that ben in this place.

Thus endeth the Man of Lawe's TALE. And next follows the SQUIER's PROLOGUE.





The SQUIER'S PROLOGUE.

OUR Host upon his stirups stode anon,
And seide, gode men, herk'nith everichon,
This was a thrifty tale for the nones,
Sir Parish priest, qð he, for Godd'is bones,
Tell us a Tale, as was thy forward yore,

I se well that ye lernid men in lore
Can mochil gode, by Godd'is dignity.

The Parlon him answerd, *benedicite!*
What ails the man so sinfully to fwere?

Our Host answerde, o Jenkin, be ye there? 10
Now gode Men, qð our Host, herk'nith to me,
I smell a loller in the wind, qð he,
Abidith for Godd'is digne passioun,
For we shull have a predicationn,

This loller here woll prechin us somewhat.

Nay by my faðir's soule, that shall he nat,
Saidè the Squier, here shall he not preche,
He shall no gospel glosin here ne teche.
We levith all in the grete God, qð he,
He woldè sowin some difficulte, 20
Or springin some Cokkle in our clene corn,
And therefore Host, I warnè The befor:
My jolly body shall a tale now tell,
And I shall klinkin you so mery' a bell,
That I shull wakin all this Cumpany,
But it shall not ben of Philosophy,
Ne of Phisik, ne termis queint of law;
There is but litil Latyn in my maw.



The

The SQUIER'S TALE.

The King of Araby sendith to Cambuscan, King of Sarra, a Horse and a Sword of rare qualite, and to his Daughter Canace a Glas and a Ring; by the virtue whereof she understandeth the Language of all Fowles. Much of this Tale is either lost, or else never finished by Chaucer.

T Sarra in the lond of Tartary
A There dwelt a King that warrid on Ruffy,
 Through which there dyid many a doughty
 Man;

This nobil King was callid Cambuscan
 Which in his time was of so grete renoune,
 That there n'as no where, in no regioun,
 So excellent a Lord in alle thing:
 Him lakkid nought that longid to a King.
 As of the Sect, of which that he was born,
 He kept his law, to which that he was sworn;
 And thereto he was hardy, wise, and rich,
 And pitous, and just, alwey yliche;
 True of his word, benign, and honourable
 Of his Corage, as any Centre stable,
 Yong, fresh, and strong, of armis desirous,
 As any bachelor of all his house.

A fair person he was, and fortunate,
 And alwey kept so well royall estate,
 That there was no where soche another Man.

This noble King, this Tartre Cambuscan,
 Had two sonnys on Eltheta his wife,
 Of which the eldist hightin Algarisse:
 That othir was yclepid Camballo.

A daughter had this worthy King also,
 That yongist was, and highte Canace;
 But for to tellin you all her bewte
 It lith not in my tongue, ne my conning,
 I dare not undertake so high a thing,
 Mine English eke is insufficient,
 It must be a Rhetor full excellent,
 That couth his colours longing for that art,
 If he shold her describe in any part.
 I am none soche, I mote speke as I can.

And so befell, that whan this Cambuscan
 Hath twenty winter born his diademe,
 As he was wont fro yere to yere, I deme,
 He lete the feste of his Nativity
 Do cryn thorough Sarra his city,
 The last Idus of March, after the yere
 Phæbus the Sunne full jolly was and clere:
 For he was nigh his exaltation.

In Mart's face, and in his Mansion
 In Aries, the cholerick hot signe,
 Full lusty was the weðir and benigne,
 For which the foules agen the Sunne shene,
 What for the Seson, and the yonge grene,
 Full loudè songin their affections,
 Them semid to han gettin protections
 Agen the swerd of winter kene and cold.

This Cambuscan, of which I have you told,
 In royall vestiments sit on his deis,
 With Diademe, full high in his paleis,
 And held his feste so royall and so riche,
 That in this world ne was there none itliche:
 Of which if I shold tell all the array,
 Then wolde it occupy a Sommer's day:
 And eke it nedith not for to devise
 At every coursè the order of service.
 I woll not tellin now of their straunge sews,
 Ne of their Swans, ne of their heronsews,

Eke in that lond (as tellin Knightis old)
 There is some mete, that is full dainty hold, 90
 That in this lond men retche of it but small;
 There is no man that may reportin all.

I woll not tarry you, for it is prime,
 And for it is no frute, but los of time;
 To my first purpose woll I have recourse.

And so befell, that aftir the third course,
 While that the King sat thus in his Noblay,
 Herk'ning his Ministrelis their thingis play
 Beforn him at his bord deliciously;

In at the hallè dore full sodeinly 100
 40 There came a Knight upon a stede of brafs,
 And in his hond a brode mirroure of glas,
 Upon his thomb he had of gold a ring,
 And by his side a nakid swerd hanging:
 And up he ridith to the hiè bord,
 In all the hall ne was there spoke a word,
 For marveile of this Knight, him to behold
 Full besily they waitin yong, and old.

This straunge Knight, that come thus sodeinly,
 All armid, save his hede, full royally, 110
 50 Salued the King and Quene, and Lordis all,

By ordir, as they sittin in the hall,
 With so hie reverence and obeisaunce,
 As well in Spechè as in Countinaunce,
 That Sir Gawayn with his old Curtisy
 (Although he come agen out of Fairy)
 He coude him nought amending with no word.

And aftir this beforn the hiè bord
 He with a manly voice saide his message
 Aftir the forme usid in his language 120
 60 Withoutin vice of syllable or letter,

And for his tale sholdin seme the better,
 Accordant to his wordis was his chere;
 As techith art of speche them that it lere.
 All be it that I cannot sowne his stile,
 Ne can I not climbin so high a stile,
 Yet say I that as to comune intent,
 Thus moche amountith all that er he ment,
 If so be that I have it in my mind;

He saide; The King of Araby and Inde, 130
 70 My Liege Lord, on this so solempne day
 Salewith you as he best can or may.

And sendith you, in honour of your feste,
 By me, that am redy at al your heste,
 This Stede of brafs, that esily and well
 Can in the space of a day naturell;

That is to say, in four and twenty hours,
 Where so you list, in drought or in shours,
 Berin your body into every place,
 Into which your herte willith to pace, 140

80 Withoutin wem of you, through foule or faire,
 Or if you list to flein in the aire,
 As doth an Egle, whan him list to fore,
 This same stede shall bere you evirmore,
 Withoutin harme, till you ben there you lest,
 Though that you slepin on his bak and rest,
 And tourn agen with writhing of a pin;
 He that it wrought couð full many a gin;

He

He waitid many' a Constellation;
Er he had don this operation;
And knew ful many fele, and many bond.

This Mirroure eke, that I have in my hond,
Hath soche a might, that men may in it se
Whan there shall fall any adverfite
Unto your reigne, or to your self also,
And opin se who is your frend or fo:
And ovir all, if any lady bright
Hath set her hert on any manir wight,
If he be false, she shall the trefoun se,
His newe love, and all his subtilte
So opinly, that there shall nothing hide.

Wherefore agen this lusty Sommer tide,
This Mirroure, and this ring, that ye may se,
He hath sent to my Lady Canace,
Your excellent doughtir that now is here.
The vertues of this ring if ye woll here,
Are these; that if she list it for to were
Upon her thomb, or in her purse it bere,
There is no foule that fleith undir heven
That she ne shall wele understond his steven,
And know his mening opinly and plain;
And answer him in his language againe.
And every grafs that growith upon rote
She shall wele know, and whom it woll do bote,
All be his wounds nevir so depe and wide.
This nakid swerd, that hangith by my side
Soche vertue hath, that what man so ye smite,
Thorough his armure it woll kerve and bite,
Were it as thik, as is a braunchid Oke:
And what man that is woundid with the stroke 180
Shall ne'r be whole, till that you list of grace
To stroke him with the plat in thilke place
There he is hurt, that is as moche to saine,
Ye motè with the platè swerd againe
Strokin him in the wound, and it woll close,
This is the very soth withoutin glose:
It failith not while it is in your hold.

And whan this Knight hath first his Tale ytold;
He ridd out of the Hall, and down he light;
His Stede, which that shone as the sunnè bright, 190
Stant in the Court as still as any stone;
The Knight is to his chambir lad anon,
He is unarmed, and to the mete ysette,
And all these presents full rich ben yfett,
That is to saine, the swerd, and the mirroure,
All born anon was unto the high tower,
With certeine officers ordeyned therefore;
And unto Canace the ring is bore
Solempnly there as she satt at the table;
But sikirly withoutin any fable,
The horse of brafs that may not be remewed 200
It stant as it were to the ground yglewed;
There may no man out of the place it drive
For non engine, or winlas, or polive,
And gode cause why, for they ken not the craft,
And therefore in the place they han it laft,
Tyll that the Knight hath taught them the mannere
To voidin him, as ye shull afir here.
Grete was the pres, that swarmid to and fro
To gaurin on this hors that stondith so,
For it so high was, and so brode and long,
So well proportionid for to ben strong,
Right as it were a stede of Lumbardy,
So horfly therewith, and so quick of eye;
As it a gentil Polish Courser were:
For certis fro his taile unto his ere
Nature ne art ne coude him nought amend:
In no degree as all the pepil wende,
But evirmore their most wondir it was,
How that it coude gon, and was all of brafs. 210
It was of Fairie' as the pepil semid,
Divers folk diversly they han demid,

150 As many hedes as many wittes ther bene:
Thei murmur, as doin a swarm of Bech,
And madin skilles afir their fantabes
Reherfing of the oldè poetries,
And said it was ylike the Pegase,
The horse that hadde wingis for to fle;
Or els it was the Grekis horse Sinon
That broughtin Troyè to destruction 230
As men may in the oldè gestis rede.
My hert, qð one, is evirmore in dredè,
I trow some men of armis ben therin,
160 That shapin them this cite for to win:
It were right gode that soch thingis wer know.
An othir rownid to his fellow low;
And seid, he lied; for it was rathir like
An apperaunce, ymade by some magike.
As joglours playin at these festis grete
Of sundry thoughts, thus jangle thei and tretè, 240
And as leaud pepil demith commonlie
Of thingis, that ben made more subtille
Than thei can in ther leandness comprehend
170 They demin gladly to the baddir end.

And some of them wondrin on the mirroure;
[That born was up into the Maister towr]
How men mightin in it such thingis se,
An othir seid, certis it might wele be
Naturally by compositiouns
Of angles, and of flie reflectiouns, 250
And seide that at Rome was soch an one;
Thei spak of Alcen, and Vitellion
And Aristote, that writith in their lives,
Of quaint mirrouris, and of perspectives;
As knowin thei that han their bokis herde.

And othir folk han wondrid on the swerde,
That wold so percin thorough every thing;
And fall in spech of Telephus the King,
And of Achilles for his quynè spere
For he couð with it bothe hele and dere 260
Right in soche wise, as men may with that swerde;
Of which right now you have your selfis herde.
They speke of fundri harding of metall,
And speke of Medicinis ther withall
And how and when it sholdin hardnid be
Which is unknowin algate unto me.

Tho spekin thei of Canace's ring,
And seidin all, that soch a wondir thing
Of craft of ringis herde thei nevir non,
Save that he Moïsis, and King Salomon 270
Haddin a name of cunning in soch art;
Thus sayn the peple', and drawin them apart.

But nathèless some seidin that it was
200 Wondir to makin of Fern afhin glas,
And yet is glas nought like afhin of fern,
But for that thei han knowin it so ferm.
Therefore thei cesin jangling and there wondir.

As fore some wondir on the cause of Thundir,
On ebb and flode, on gosomor, and mist, 280
And on all thing; till that the cause is wist.

Thus janglin thei, and demin and devise;
Till that the King gan fro his bord arise;
Phebus hath left th' angle Meridionall
And yet ascending was the beste royall, 290
The gentill Lyon, with his Aldrian.
Whan that this Tartar King, this Cambuscan
Rose from his borde, there as he fate full hie.
Befornè him goth the loud Minstralcie,
Till thei came to his chambre' of Paramentes,
There as they sounin diverse instrumentes 295
That it is like a Hevin for to here,
Now dancin lustie Venus children dere;
For in the Fish ther Ladie fate full hie,
And lokith on them with a frendly eye.

This nobill King is fate upon his Trône
This strangir Knight is fet to him full sone,

R

And

And on the daunce he goth with Canace.
 Here is the revill, and the jollitie,
 That a dul man n'is able to devise,
 He must have knowin love and her service,
 And bene a festlich-man, as fresh as May,
 That shoulde you devisin soch array,
 Who couthè tell you the form of dauncis
 So uncouth, and soch fresh countinauncis,
 Such subtil lokinges, and dissimulinges
 For dred of jelous menes appercevings?
 No man but Lancelot, and he is dede,
 Therefore I pafs of all this lustyhede.
 I say no more, but in this jollinefs
 I lete them, till men to suppir them drefs.

The Steward biddith spicis for to hye,
 And eke the wine in all this melodye,
 The Usheres and the Squiris ben ygone:
 The spicis and the wine is come anon.
 Thei ete and drink, and whan that had an end,
 To the Tempil, as reson was, they wend;
 The service done, thei suppin all by day,
 What nedith to rehersin their array?
 Ech man wot wele that at a King's feste
 Is plenty to the most and to the leste,
 And daintis mo than ben in my knowing.

And aftir suppir goth this nobill King
 To sene this horse of brafs, with all his rout
 Of Lordis, and of Ladies him about,
 Soch wondring there was on this horse of brafs,
 That sithin the grete Sege of Troyè was,
 There as men wondrid on an horse also,
 Ne was there soch a wondring as was tho.
 But finally the King askith the Knight
 The vertue of this coursere and the might,
 And prayid him to tell his governaunce;
 The horse anon gan forth to trip and daunce,
 Whan that this Knight laid hold upon his reine,
 And seide, Sir, there is no more to seine,
 But when you list to ridin any where,
 You motè trill a pin stant in his ere,
 Which I shall tellin you between us two
 Ye motè nempne' him to what place also,
 Or to what Contrè, that you list to ride;
 But when you come there as you list t'abide,
 Bid him descend; and trill anothir pin;
 [For therin lyth th' effect of all that gin]
 And he wol down descend, and done your will,
 And in that place he woll abidin still,
 Though all the world had the contrary sworne,
 He shall not thennis be throwin, ne borne.
 Or if you listin bid him thennis gone,
 Trill this pin, and he woll vanish anon
 Out of the sight of every mannere wight,
 And come agen, be it by day, or night,
 Whan that you list to clepin him agene,
 In soch a gise, as I shall to you seine,
 Betwixtin you and me, and that full sone.
 Ride when you list, there is no more to done.

Enfourmid whan the King was of the Knight,
 And hath concevid in his wit aright,
 The mannir and the form of all the thing,
 Full glad and blith, this nobil doughty King
 Repairith to his revill as before;
 The bridyl is unto the Towr yborn,
 And kept emong his jewelles lefe and dere;
 The horse vanishith: I n'ot in what mannere,
 Out of there sight, ye get no more of me.
 But thus I lete in lust and jollitie
 This Cambuscan, and his Lordis festing,
 Till wele nighè the day began to spring.

Explicit pars prima, & sequitur secunda pars.

The noris of digestion, the slepe
 Gan on them wink, and bad them to take kepe,

That mete and drink, and labour wol have rest,
 And with a galping mouth them all he kest: 370
 And seide it was time to ly adoun
 For blode was in his exaltatioun.
 Cherishith blode, natur's frend, qð he,
 Thei thankin him, galping by two by thre,
 And every wight gan drawin him to rest,
 As slepe them bade; thei toke it for the best.

Thei dremis shall not now be told of me,
 Ful wer their hedis of Fumositie,
 That causith dremes, of which there is no charge.
 Thei slepin soundly, til it was prime large. 380
 The moste part, but it were Canace,
 [She was full mesurable' as wymin be.]

For of her faðir had the toke her leve,
 And gon to rest sone aftir it was eve;
 Her leste not appallid for to be,
 Nor on the morrow unfeistlich to se:
 And slepte her first slepe, and then awoke.
 For soche a joy she in her herte toke
 Both of her queint ring, and of her mirroure,
 That twenty timis she chaunged her colour: 390
 And in her slepe, right for impressioun,
 Of her mirroure she had a Vision.

Wherefore ere that the Sunne gan up to glide,
 She clepid her Maistressis her beside,
 And seide, that her leste for to arise,
 These oldè wymen, that ben gladly wise
 As is their Maistress, answerde her anon,
 And seide, Madam, whiðir wol ye gon
 Thus erli? for folk ben allè at rest;
 I wol, qð she, arisin, for me lest 400
 No lengir for to slepe, but walk about.

Her Maistress clepith wymen a grete rout,
 And up they risin well nie ten or twelve,
 Upristh the fresh Canace her selve,
 As jolly and as bright as the yong Sunne,
 That in the ram up four degrees is runne;
 No higher was he whan she redy was,
 And forth she walkith esly a pace,
 Arayid for the lusty seson fote,
 For to play lightly, and to walk on fote, 410
 Not with but five or six of her meynè,
 And in a trench ferre in the Park goth she.
 The Vapor, which that fro the erthè glode,
 Makith the sunne to seme ruddy and brode,
 But nathelefs it was so faire a sight,
 That it made all their hertis for to light;
 What for the seson, and for the morning,
 And for the foulis that she herdè sing,
 For right anon she wistè what they ment,
 Right by their song, and knew all their intent. 420

The knottè why that every tale is told,
 If it be taryed till the lust be cold
 Of them that han it herk'nid aftir yore,
 The favour passith ere lengir the more
 For the fullomness of prolixite,
 And by the same reson, as thinkith me,
 I sholde unto the knottè condescend,
 And makin of her walking sone an end.

Amid a tre, for dry as white as chalk,
 As Canacè was playing in her walk, 430
 There satt a Faucon ovre' her hede ful hie,
 That with a pitous voice so gan to crie,
 That all the wode resoundid of her cry,
 And betin had her self ful pitously
 With both her wingis, till that the rede blode
 Ran endelong the tre there as she stode,
 And evir and anon she cryed and shrighit,
 And with her bek her selfin so she pight,
 That there ne was Tigre ne cruil beste,
 That dwellith or in wode, or in forest, 440
 That n'old han wept, if that they wepin coude,
 For sorow of her, she shrighit ay so loude.

For

For there was nevyr yet no man on live,
If that he couȝ a Faucon well describe;
That herd of soche anothir for fairenefs
As well of plumage as of gentilnefs
Of shape, of allè that might rek'nid be,
A Faucon peregrine than semid she
Of fremde lond, and evirmore as she stode.
She swoundid now and now for lak of blode; 450
Till well nie is she fallin from the tre.

This King's faire doughtir, this Canace,
(That on her finger brought the queintè ring
Through which she undirstode well every thing
That any foule may in his Leddin saine,
And couȝ answere in his Leddin againe).
Hath undirstondè what this Faucon seyde,
And well nye for the routh almost she deyde,
And to the tre she goeth full hastily,
And on this Falcon lokith pitously, 460
And held her lappe abrode, for well she wist
The Falcon muȝt yfallin fro the twist,
Whan that she swoundid next, for lak of blode;
A long while there to waitin her she stode,
Till at the last she spake in this manere
Unto the hauke, as ye shull astir here.

What is the cause, if it be for to tell,
That ye ben in this furiall peyne of Hell?
Q^{uod} Canace unto this Hauke above.
Is this for sorue' of deth or los of love?
For as I trow these ben the causis two,
That causin most in gentill hertis wo.
Of othir harme it nedith not to speke,
For this your self upon your self you wreke,
Which provith wele that either ire or drede
Mote ben encheson of your cruill dede,
Sin that I se none othir wight you chafe,
For love of God so doth your selfe grace.
Or what may be your help? for West or Est
I nevyr saw er now no bird ne beste
That fardè with himself so pitously;
Ye sle me with your sorow verily,
I have of you so grete compassioun;
For Godd's love come from the tre adoune,
And as I am a King's doughtir trewe,
If that I verily the causis knew
Of your disefe, if it lay in my might
I wolde amend it er that it were night,
As wisly help me the grete God of kind,
And herbis eke shall I right now yfind
To helin with your hurtis hastily.

Tho shright this Falcon yet more pitously
Than er she did, and fell to ground anon,
And lyth aswound as dede as any stone,
Till Canace hath in her lapp her take,
Unto the time she gan of swoune awake,
And astir that she gan of swoune abreyd,
Right in the Hauk's Leddin thus she seyde.

That pite rennith sone in gentil hert
(Feling his similitude in peins smert)
Is provid al day, as men may it se,
As wel by werk, as by authority;
For gentil hert kepith ay gentilnefs,
I se well that ye have of my distres
Compassion, my fairist Canace,
Of very wymenly benignity,
That Nature in your principles hath sett;
But for none hope for to farin the bett;
But for to obey unto your hert fre,
And for to make others beware by me,
As by the whelp chastised is the Lion,
Right for that cause and that conclusion;
While that I have a leysure, and a space,
Mine harme I woll confessin er I pacc.
And evir while that one her sorow told,
That othir wept, as she to watir wold.

Till that the Falcon bad her to be stil,
And with a sigh thus she seide her til.

There I was bred, alas! that ilke day,
And fostrid in a rock of Marble gray, 520
So tendirly, that nothing ailid me,
I ne wist not what was adversity,
Till I couȝ fly full hie undir the Sky.
Tho dwelled a Tercellet me faste by,
That semid a well of all gentilnesse;
Al were he full of trefon and falseness,
It was so wrappid undir humble chere,
And undir hew of trowth, in soche mannere,
Undir plefaunce, and undir bisy paine,
That no wight couȝ have wend that he couȝde saine,
So depe in graine he dyid his coloures;
Right as a Snake hidith him undir floures,
Till he may se his tyme for to bite:

Right so this God of Lov's hypocrite
Doth his Ceremonies and Obeyfaunce,
With his dissimuling, and faire semblaunce,
That sounith into gentilnefs of Love,
As in a tomb is allè faire above,
And undir is the Corse, soche as ye wot;
Soche was this hypocrite both cold and hote. 540

And in this wise he servid his intent,
That, save the fend, none wiste what he ment,
Till he so long hath wepid and complained,
And many'a yere his service to me fained,
Till that my hert too pitous, and too nice
All innocent of his cruil Malice,
For ferdè of his deth, as thoughtè me,
Upon his Othis, and his Suretie
Grauntid him love, on this Condition;
That evirmore mine honour and renoun 550
Were savid both privily, and apert.

That is to say, that astir his desert
I gaf him all myn hert, and all my thought,
God wote, and in none othir wise nought;
And toke his hert in chaunge of mine for ay;
But soth is said gon sithin many' a day,
A trew wight and a thefe thinkith not one.
And whan he saw the thing so farr ygone,
That I grauntid him fully all my love,
In soche a gyfe, as I have seide above; 560
And gevin him my trewe hert as fre
As he swore he gavin his hert to me,

Anon this Tigre, full of doublenesse,
Fell on his knees, with so devout humblefs,
With hie reverence, and eke by his chere
So like a gentil lovir, of manere
So ravishid, as it semid, for joy,
That nevyr Troylus, Paris of Troy,
Ne Jason certis, ne none othir Man
Since Lamech was, that aldirfirst began 570
To lovin two, as writin folk befor,

Ne nevyr sith the first Man was yborn
Ne couth Man by the twenty thousand part
Counterfete the Sophismis of his Att;
Ne were worthy t' unbokle his galoche,
There doublenes or faining shold approche;
Ne so couth thank a wight as he did me.
His manir was a hevyn for to se

To any woman were she ner' so wise,
So paintid he his chere at point devise; 580
As well his wordis as his Countinaunce;
I so lovid him for his obeyfaunce,
And for the trowth I demid in his hert,
That if so were that any thing him smert,
Al were it ne're so lite, and I it wist,
Methought I felt deth at my herte twist.
And shortly so ferforth this thing is went
That my will was his will's instrument,
That is to sey, my will obeyed his will,
In all thingis, as ferre as reson fil,

Keping

Keping the boundis of my worship evir,
Ne nevir had I thing so lese ne levir
As him, God wot, ne nevir shul no mo.

This last th lengir than a yere or two
That I supposid of him nothing but gode.

But finally, thus at the last it stode,
That fortune woldè that he must ytwirn
Out of that placè, which that I was inn.
Wher' me was wo, it is no question,
I cannot make of it description.

But o thing dare I tellin boldly,
I know what is the peine of deth thereby,
Soche harme I felt, that he ne might beleve.
So on a day of me he toke his leve,
So sorowfully, I wend verily

That he had felid as moche harme as I,
Whan that I herd him spake, and saw his hewe,
But nathèlès I thought he was so trewe,
And eke that he reparin shold againe,
Within a litil while, sothe to faine,
And reson wold also that he shold go
For his honour, as oftin happith so,

That I made vertue of necessity,
And toke it well, sith that it nedes must be:
As best I might I hid from him my sorow,
And toke him by the hond St. John to borow,
And seide him thus, lo! I am yours al,
Beth soche as I have ben to you and shal.
What he answerde it nedith not reherce,
Who can say bett than he, who can do werse? 620
Whan he hath all well said, than hath he done,
Therefore behovith him a full long sponè
That shall ete with a fend, thus herd I say.

So at the last he mote forth on his way,
And forth he fletth till he came there him left,
Whan it come him to purpose for to rest,
I trowe he haddin thilke text in mind.

That every thing repairing to his kind
Gladith themselves, thus faine men as I gesse,
Men love of propir kind new-fanglenesi, 630
As birdis don, that men in cagis fede,
For though thou night and day take of them hede,
And straw their cagis fair and soft as silk,
And geve them sugar, hony, brede, and milk,
Yet right anon as that his dore is up,
He with his fete will spurn adoun his cup,
And to the wode he wold, and wormis ete,
So new-fangle bein they of their mete,
And lovin novilries of propir kind,
No gentilnes of blode ne may they bind. 640

So ferd this Tercelet, alas the day!
Though he were gentil born, and fresh and gay,
And godely for to se, humble and fre,
He saw upon a time a kite yfle,

And sodeinly he lovid this kite so,
That all his love is clene fro me ygo,
And hath his trouth yfalsid in this wife;
Thus hath the Kite my love in her servise,
And I am lorn withoutin remedy.

And with that word this Falcon gan to cry, 650
And swounid oft in Canace's barme;
Grete was the sorow for that Faucon's harme,
That Canace, and all her wymen made,
They n'ist how that they might her Faucon glade!
But Canace home bereth her in her lapp,
And softily in plaisters gan her wrapp,
There as she with her bek had hurt her selve.

Now cannot Canace but herbis delve
Out of the ground, and makin salvis new
Of herbis pretioufe, and fine of hew, 660
To helin with the Hawk fro day to night
She doth her besinefs, and all her might.
And by her bedd's hede she made a mew,
And coverid it with velvettis blew,
In sign of trouth that is in woman sene,
And all without the mew is paintid grene,
In which were paintid all these false foules,
As ben these tidifes, Terceletes, and Oules,
Right for despite were paintid them beside
Pyes, on them for to cryin and to chide. 670

This leve I Canace her Hawk keping;
I wol no more as now speke of her ring,
Till it come eft to purpose for to faine
How that this Falcon got her love againe,
Repentant, as the story tellith us,
By Mediation of Camballus,
The King's Sone, of which I have you told.
But hennisforth I woll my purpose hold
To speke of Aventures, and of Battailes,
That yet was nevir herd so gret Mervailis. 680

First woll I tell you of King Cambuscan,
That in his time many a Cite wan,
How that he wan Thedora to his wife;
And aftir wol I speke of Algarfise,
For whom full oft in grete peril he was,
Ne had ben holpin but by th' hors of bras:
And aftir wol I speke of Camballo,
That fought in listis with the brethrin two,
For Canace er that they might her winn.
And there I left I woll againe beginn.

Explicit Pars secunda.

Apollo whirlith up his Chare so hie,
Till that the God Mercurius the flie.

There can no more be found of this TALE, which hath been sought for in diverse places, say all the
Printed Books that I have seen, and also MSS.

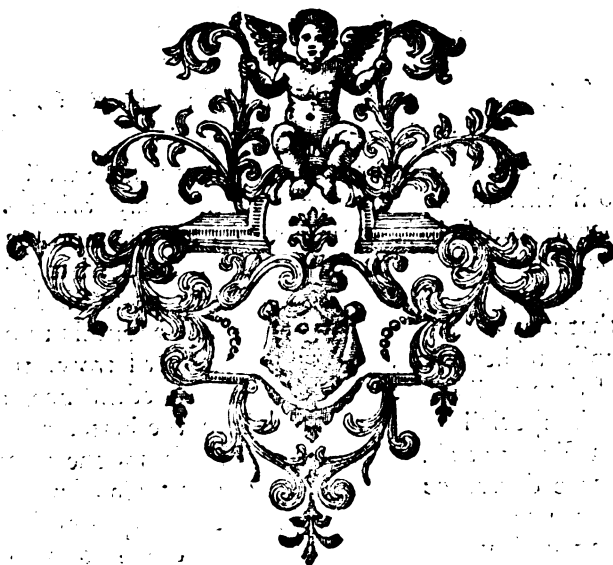


Here followeth the words of the Marchaunt to the Squier, and the words of the Host to the Marchaunt.

IN Faith, Squier, thou hast The well yquit,
And gently too, I praise well thy wit,
Qð the Marchaunt, considering thy youth,
So felingly thou spekest, I The alouth
As to my dome, there is none that is here
Of Eloquence that shallè be thy pere,
If that thou live, God give The right gode chance,
And in vertue send The perseverance. 700
For of thy speking I have grete deinte,
I have a Sonne, and by the Trinity
I had levir than twenty pounds worth lond
(Although it now were fallin in my hond)
He were a Man of soche discretioun
As that ye ben, fie on possessioun!
But if a Man be vertuouse withall.
I have my Sonne snybbid, and yet I shall;
For he to vertue listith not t' entend,
But for to play at dice, and for to spend, 710

And lese all that he hath, is his usage,
And he had levir to talk with a page,
Than to commune with any gentle wight,
Where he might lernin gentilnes aright.
Straw for your Gentilnesies, qð our Host,
What, Marchaunt? parde, Sir, full well thou wost
That eche of you mote tellin at the lest,
A tale or two, or brekin your behest.
That know I well, qð the Marchaunt, certein, 720
I pray you have me not in no disdain,
Though I to this Man speke a word or two.
Tell on thy Tale withoutin wordis mo.
Gladly, Sir Host, qð he, I woll obey
Unto your will, now herk'nith what I say,
I woll you not contrary in no wise
As ferre as my wittis wollin suffice,
I pray to God that it may plesin you,
Than wote I well that it is gode ynow.

Thus end the words of the Host, and the Marchaunt, and here follows the Marchaunt's Prologue.





The MARCHAUNT's PROLOGUE.

Weping, and wailing, care and othir sorow,
I have ynow bothevin and eke morow, 730
Qð the Marchaunt, and so have othir mo,
That weddid be, I trow that it be so.

For well I wot it farith so by me,
I have a wife the worst that mayin be,
For though the fendè couplid to her were,
She wold him ovirmatch I dare well swere.
What shold I you reherfin in speciall
Her high Malice? She is a Shrew at all.

There is a long and a large difference
Betwixtè Grisild'is grete pacience
And of my wife the passing cruilty,
Were I unbondin al so mote I The
I woldin nevir eft come in the snare.
We weddid Men live in sorow and care,

Assay whoso woll, and he shall yfind
That I say sothe; by St. Thomas of Inde,
As for the more part, I say not all,
God sheldè that it sholdin so befall.

Ah gode Sir Host, I have yweddid be,
These Monthis two, and more not parde, 750
And yet I trow, that he, that all his life
Hath weddid ben, although men shold him rise
Into the herte, ne couth in no manere
Tell so moche sorow as that I now here
Couth tellin of my wiv'is cursednes.

Now, qð our Host, Marchaunt so God The blefs,
Syn ye ben so moch knowin of that art,
Full hertily I pray you tell us part.

Gladly qð he, but of myn ownè fore
For forry hert I tellin may no more.

Here endith the PROLOGUE.

The

The MARCHAUNT's TALE.

Old January marrieth young May, and for his unequal Match receiveth a
foul Reward.



Hylom there was dwelling in Lombardy
A worthy Knight that born was at Pavy,
In which he lived in grete prosperity,
And sixty yere a wifeles Man was he,
And followed ay his bodily delite

On wymen, there as was his appetite:
As don these folis that ben seculeres.
And whan that he was past of sixty yeris,
Were it for holines, or for dotage,
I cannot say, but soche a grete corage
Had this same Knight to ben a weddid Man;
That day and night he doth all that he can
To espy where that he weddid may be,
Praying our Lord to grauntin him that he
Mightin once knowin of that blisfull life,
That is betwixt an husbond and a wife:
And for to live undir that holy bond,
With which God the first man and woman bond.

None othir life, seid he, is worth a bene,
For wedlock is so esy and so clene,
That in this world it is a Paradise.
Thus saith this old Knight that was so wise,
And certainly, as soth as God is King,
To take a wife it is a glorious thing,
And namely whan a Man is old and hore;
Than is a wife the frute of his trefore,
Than shold he take a yong wife and a faire,
On which he might engendrin him an heir,
And lede his life in joy and in solace,
Whereas these bachelers singin alas!
Whan that they find any adversite
In love, which n'is but child's vanite.
And trewly it sittin well to be so,
That bachelers han oftin peine and wo,
On brotill ground they bildin brotilnes,
They find freilty, when they wene sikirnes.
They live but as livin the birds and bests
In liberty, and undir nice arrests,
There as a weddid Man in his estate
Livith a life blisfull and ordinate,
Undir the yoke of marriage ybound
Well may his hert in joy and blis habound,
For who can be so buxome as a wife,
Who is so trew, and eke so attentife,
To kepe him sike and wele, as is his make?
For wele ne wo she will him not forsake,
She n'is not wery him to love and serve,
Though that he ly bedrid untill he sterve;
And yet some clerkis saine it is not so.
Of which Theophrast is one of tho.
What force though Theophrast listith to ly?
Ne take no wife, qð he, for husbondry,
As for to spare in household thy dispenche,
A trew servaunt doith more diligence,
Thy godes to kepe, than doth thine ownè wife;
For she woll claymin half part all her life,
And if that thou be sike, so God me save,
Thy very frendis, or thy own trew knave
Woll kepe The bett than she, that waitith ay
Aftir thy gode, and hath don many' a day.
And if thou take a wife that is untrew
Full oftin time it shall The forely rew.
This sentence, and an hundrid fithis worse
Writith this man there God his bonis curse,

But take no kepe of all soche vanity,
Defyith Theophrast, and herk'nith me.
A wife is Godd's gestè verily,
All othir mannir gestis hardily,
As londis, rentis, pasture, or commune,
Or movables, all ben gestes of fortune,
That passin as a shadow on a wall,
But drede it nought, if plainly speke I shall,
A wife woll last, and in thine house endure
Well lengir than The list peraventure.
Marriage is a full grete Sacrament,
He whichè hath no wife I hold him shent,
He liveth helpeles, and all desolate.
(I speke of folk in seculer estate)
And herkin why I say not this for nought,
The woman was for mann's help ywrought,
The highè God, whan he had Adam maked
And sawè him alone all belly naked,
That God of his grete godenefs seide than,
Let us now make an help unto this man,
Like to himself, and then he made him Eve;
Here ye may se, and hereby may ye preve,
That a wife is mann's help and comfort,
His paradise terrestre, and his disport:
So buxom, and so vertuouse is she,
They mote nedis livin in unity,
One flesh they ben, and two soules, as I gesse,
Have but one hert in wele and in distresse.
A wife! Seint Mary *benedicite*!
How may a man havin adversite
That hath a wife? Certis I cannot sey
The blis and joy, that is betwixt them twey,
There may no tongue tellin, or hertè think.
If he be pore, she helpith him to swink,
She kepith his gode, wastith nevre' a dele,
All that her husbond lust her likith wele;
She saith not onis nay, when he saith ye.
Do this, saith he; all redy Sir, qð she.
O blisful ordir of wedlok pretious,
Thou art so mery, and so vertuous,
And so commendid and approvid eke,
That every man that halt him worth a leke,
Upon his bare knees oughtin all his life
Thankin his God, that him hath sent a wife,
Or pray to God daily him for to send
A wife, to last unto his liv'is end.
For than his life is sett in sikerness,
He may not be decevid, as I gesse,
So that he werk aftir his wiv'is rede,
Than may he boldly berin up his hede.
They ben so trew, and therewithal so wise,
For which, if thou wilt werchin as the wife,
Do alwey so as wymen woll The rede.
Lo! how that Jacob, as these Clerkis rede,
By gode counsaile of his Mo'ir Rebek,
Boundin the kidd's skin about his nek,
For which his fa'ir's benifon he wan.
Lo! Judith, as the story tellin can,
By her wife counsaile Godd's peple kept,
And slew huge Holofernes while he slept.
Lo Abigail! by counsaile how that she
Savid her husbond Nabal, whan that he
Shold have ben slaine; and loke! Hester also
By gode counsaile deliverid out of wo

The

The peple' of God, and made him Mordoché
Of Alsueré enhansid for to be.

There n'is nothing in gree superlatife
(As saith Senec) above an humble wife,
Suffer thy wiv'is tunge, as Caton bid,
She shall commaund, and thou shalt suffer it,
And yet she wolle obey of curtesy.

A wife is kepir of thine husbondry,
Well may the sike man wailin and wepe,
Thereas there n'is no wife the houte to kepe.
I warn The, if that wisely thou wilt werch,
Lovith thy wife, as Christ lovith his Chérch.
If thou love thy self well, thou lovest thy wife,
No man hatith his flesh, but in his life
He fosstrith it, and therefore bid I The
Chérish thy wife, or thou shalt never the.
Husbond and wife, what men so jape and play,
Of worldly folk holdin the sikir way,
They ben so knit, there may no harme betide,
And namily upon the wiv'is side.

For which this January', of which I told,
Considerid hath in his day'is old
The lusty life, the vertuous quite,
That is in Marriag'is hony swete,
And for his frendis on a day he sent,
To tellin them th' effect of his entent,
With sobir face his tale he hath them told.
He said, gode frendis, I am hore and old,
And almost, God wot, on the pitt'is brink,
Upon my soule now somewhat must I think,
I have my body folily dispended,
Blessid be God, it shall ben amended,
For I wolle ben certein a weddid Man,
And that anon, in all the haste I can,
Unto some maidin faire, of tendir age,
I pray you shapith for my mariage,
All sodeinly, for I wolle not abide,
And I wolle sondin to spy on my side
To whome I may be weddid hastily.
But forasmoche as ye ben mo than I,
Ye shall rather soche a thing espyin
Than I, where me best were to allyin.
But one thing warn I you, my frendis dere,
I wolle none old wife have in no manere,
She shall not passin sixtene yere certeine,
Old fish, and yong flesh wolle I have full faine.

Bett is, qd he, a pike, than a pik'reel,
And bett than old beef is the tendir veel.
I n'ill woman of thirty wintir age,
It n'is but bené stalk, and grete forage.
And eke these olde wivis, God it wote,
They connin so moche craft in Wad'is bote,
So mochil brokin harm whan that them list,
That with them shold I never live in rest.
For sondry Scholis makith sotill Clarkis,
Woman of many Scholis half a Clark is.
But certainly a yong thing may men gye,
Right as men may warm wax with hondis plie.
Wherefore I say you plainly in a clause
I n'ill none old wife have right for this cause:

For if so were I had some soche mischance
That in her I ne cou'd have no plesance,
Than shold I lede my life in advoury,
And so freight to the Devill whan I dye.
Ne children shuld I none on her gettin,
Yet hadd I levir houndis had me etin,
Than that my heritage sholdin yfall
Into straunge hondes, and this I tell you all
I dote not, I wote well the causis why
Men shold weddin, and furthir more wot I
There spekith many man of marriage
That wote no more of it than doth my page,
For which causis man shoude take a wife,
If he ne may not livin chast his life;

890 Take him a wife with grete devotion
Bicause of lesfull procreation
Of childrin to th' honour of God above,
And not only for paramour or love,
And for they shuldin lechery eschue,
And yeeld their dettis whan that they be due,
Or for that eche of them shold help othir
In misfir, as a sustir shold a brothir,
And live in chastity full heviny.

But, Siris, by your leve that am not I,
For, God be thankid, I can make avaunt
900 I fele my limmis stark and suffisaunt
To don all that a man belongith to.
I wote my selvin best what I may do.
Though I be hore, I fare as doth a tre
That blossomith er that frute ywox be:
The blossom'd tre is neithir drie ne dedd,
I felin no where hore but on my hedd:
My herte and my limmis ben as grene
As laurell is thorough the yere to sene.
And sithin ye han herd all mine entent,
910 I pray you to my will ye wolle assent.

Diverse men diversly havin him told
Of Marriage many ensamplis old,
Some blamith it, some praisith it certeine:

But at the last, shortly for to saine
(As all day fallith altercation
Betwixt frendis in disputation)
920 There fel a strife betwixt his brethrin two,
Of which that one was clepid Placebo,
Justinus sothely callid was the other.

Placebo said, O January brother,
Full litil nede han ye my lord so dere
Counsaile to ask of any that is here,
But that ye ben so full of sapience,
That you ne likith for your hie prudence
To wayvin fro the words of Salomon,
This word sayith he unto everichone,
1000 Workith all thing by counsaile, thus saied he,
And then ne shalt thou not repentin The.
But though that Salomon speke soche a word,
390 Mine own dere brothir, and my lefist Lord,
So wisly God bringin my soule to rest,
I holde your own counsaile for the best.
For brothir myn, of me take this motife,
I have ben now a Courtman all my life,
And God wote though I now unworthy be,
I have ystondin in full grete degre
1010 Abovin Lordis of full high estate,
Yet had I ner' with none of them debate,
I never them contraryid truely,

940 I wote wele that my Lord can more than I;
What that he saith I hold it firm and stable,
I say the same, or ellis thing semblable;
A full grete sole is any Councillour,
That servith any Lord of high honour,
That dare presume, or onis thinkin it,
That his counsaile shold pass his lord'is wit.
1020 Nay Lordis be no folis by my fay,
Ye havin your selve spokin here to day
So hie sentence, so holi, and so well,
950 That I consent, and confirm every dell
Your wordis all, and your opinion,
By God there n'is no man in all this toun.
Ne in all Italie couth bett have saide;
Christ hold him of this Counsaile well apaid!
And trewily it is an high corage
For any man that is slopin in age
1030 To take a yong wife, by my fa'ir kin,
Your hert hongith upon a jolly pin;
Doth now in this mattere right as ye left,
For finally I hold it for the best.

Justinus, that aye stille sat and herd,
Right in this wise to Placebo answerd.

Now

Now brothir mine be pacient I pray,
 Sith ye have seid, and herk'nith what I say;
 Senec among his othir wordis wife
 Saith that a man oughtin him well avise,
 To whom he gevith his lond or carell;
 And sith I ought avise me right well
 To whome I geve my godes away fro me,
 Moche more I oughtin well avise be
 To whome I geve my body, for alweye
 I warne you well, it is no child's playe,
 To take a wife without avisement,
 Men must enquirin, this is mine assent,
 Wheðir she be wise, sober, or dronkelew,
 Or proud, or any othir ways a shrew?
 A chider, or a waster of thy gode,
 Or rich or pore? Or els a man is wode,
 Al be it so that no man findin shall
 None in this world that trottiþ whole in all;
 Ne man ne best, soch as men can devise,
 But nathelès it ought ynow suffice
 With any wife, if so were that she had
 Mo thewis gode than are her vicis bad.
 And al this askith leifure to enquire,
 For God wote I have wept many a tere
 Full privily sithin I had a wife,
 Praise whofo woll a weddid mann's life,
 Certein I find in it but cost and care,
 And observauncis of all blissis bare;
 And yet God thank my neighbouris about,
 And namily of wyemen a grete rout
 Sain that I havin the most stedfast wife,
 And eke the mekist one that berith life.
 But I wote best where wringith me my shoe,
 Ye may for me right as ye lust to do,
 Aviseþ you, ye ben a man of age,
 How that ye entrin into mariage,
 And namely with a yong wife and a faire,
 By him that made watir, fire, erth, and air,
 The yongist man that is in all this rout
 Is byfy ynow to bring it about,
 To have his wife alone, ytrustith me,
 Ye shullin not plesin her yeris thre,
 This is to saine, to doin her plesaunce,
 A wife askith full many observaunce.
 I pray you that you be not ill apaid.
 Qð January', and haft'ow alle said?
 Straw for thy Senec, and for thy proverbs,
 I count it not worth a pannir of herbs
 Of schole termis, full wiser men than thou,
 As thou haft herd, assentith it right now.
 To my purpose: Placebo, what say ye?
 I say it is a cursid man, qð he,
 That lettith Matrimony sikirly.
 And with that word they risin sodeinly,
 And ben assentid fully that he shold
 Be weddid whan him list, and where he wold.
 High fantasy, and this curiosnes
 Fro day to day gan in the soule emprefis
 Of January' about his mariage,
 Many fair shape, and many faire visage
 There passith thorough his hert night by night,
 As whofo toke a mirrour polished bright,
 And sett it in a common market place,
 Than shold he se many a figure pace
 By this mirrour, and in the samè wise
 Gan January in his thought devise
 Of Maidins which that dwellin him beside,
 He wist not where that he might best abide.
 For if that one had bewte in her face,
 Anothir stant so in the peplis grace
 For her sadnes and her benignite,
 That of the peple gretist voice had she.
 And some were rich, and haddin a bad name,
 But nathelès betwixt ernist and game

He at the last appointid him in one,
 And let al othir from his hert ygone,
 And chese her of his own authority,
 For love is blind all day, and may not se.
 And whan that he was in his bedde brought,
 Her portreyd in his hert, and in his thought,
 Her bewte fresh, and her age so tendir,
 Her middle smale, her armes long and slendir,
 Her wise governaunce, and her gentilnes,
 Her womanly bering, and her sadnes, 1120
 And whan he was on her condescendid,
 Him thought his choice might not ben amendid.
 For whan that he himself concludid had,
 Him thought ilk othir mann's wit so bad,
 That impossible it were to reply
 Against his choice, this was his fantasy.
 His frendis sent he to at his instaunce,
 And prayith them to don him that plesaunce,
 That hastily they wold unto him come,
 He wold abregge their labour al and some, 1130
 Nedith no more for them to go ne ride,
 He was appointid there he wold abide.
 Placebo came, and eke his frendis sone,
 And aldirfirst he bad of them a bone,
 That none of them none argumentis make,
 Agenst his purpose that he hath ytake,
 Which purpose was plesaunt to God, seid he,
 And very ground of his prosperite.
 He seid, there was a Maidin in the toun,
 Which that for bewte haddè grete renoune, 1140
 Al were it so she were of smale degre,
 Suffisith him her youth, and her bewte.
 Which Maid he said he wold her have to wife,
 To lede in ese and holines his life,
 And thonkid God that he might han her all,
 And that no wight his blis departin shall.
 And prayith them to labour in this nede,
 And shapin, that he failith not to spede.
 For then he seide his spirit was at ese,
 That is, qð he, nothing may me displese, 1150
 Save o thing prikith in my Conscience,
 The which I woll reherce in your pefrence.
 I have, qð he, herd say full yore ago,
 There may no man have perfite blissis two,
 That is to sey in yerth, and eke in heven,
 For though he kepe him from the finnis seven,
 And eke from every braunch of thilkè tre,
 Yet is there so perfite prosperite,
 And so grete ese and lust in mariage,
 That aye I am agast now in mine age, 1160
 That I shall ledin so mery a life,
 So delicate withoutin wo or strife,
 That I shall have my hevin on erth here,
 For sithin very heven is bought so dere
 With tribulation and grete pennaunce,
 How shold I then living in soche plesaunce
 As alle weddid men don with their wivis,
 Come to the blis there Crist eterne on live is?
 This is my drede, and ye my brethrin tweie
 Affoilith me this question I you prey. 1170
 Justinus, which that hatid his foly,
 Answerd anon right in his japery,
 And for he woldin his long tale abregge,
 He woldin none authority allegge,
 But seid, Sir, so there be none obstacle
 Othir than this, God of his miracle
 And of his mercy may so for you werch,
 That er ye han your rights of holy Cherch;
 Ye may repent of weddid mann's life,
 In which ye sain is neither wo ne strife; 1180
 And ellis God forbid but if he sent
 A weddid man the grace him to repent,
 Well oftin rather than a single man;
 And therefore, Sir, the best rede that I can,
 T Despeirith

Despeirith not, but have in memory
 Paraunter she may be your Purgatory.
 She may be Godd's mene, and Godd's whip,
 Than shall your Soule up to the Hevin skip
 Swifter than doth an arrow out of bow.
 I hope in God hereaftir ye shall know
 That there n'is none so grete felicite
 In mariage, ne nevir none shall be,
 That you shall let of your Salvation;
 So that ye use, as skill is and reson,
 The lustis of your wife attemp'rately,
 And that ye plesse her nat too am'rousfly,
 And that ye kepe you eke from othir Sinn,
 My tale is don, for my wit is but thinn.
 Beth not aghast hereof my derè brothir,
 But wade we fro this mattir to anothir.

The Wife of Bath, if ye woll undirstand
 Of Mariage, which ye now have in hand,
 Declarith full well in a litill space.

Farith now well, God have you in his grace.

And with this word Justin and his brothir
 Han take their leve eche one of the othir.
 For whan they saw that it must nedis be,
 They wroughtin so by wise and sie tretie,
 That she, this Maidin, which that May did hight,
 As hastily as evir that she might
 Shall weddid be to this January;
 I trow it were too long you to tary,
 If I told you of every scrite and bond
 By which she was feoffid in all his lond,
 Or for to herkin of her rich array.
 But finally ycomin is the day,
 That to the Cherchè both tway ben they went
 For to receive the holy Sacrament;
 Forth came the preest with stole about his nek,
 And bad her be like Sara and Rebek,
 In wifdome and in trouth of Mariage,
 And said his Orisons, as is th' usage,
 And crouchid them, and bad God shold them blefs,
 And made all sikre ynow with holiness.

Thus ben they weddid with solempnite,
 And at the feste sittith both he and she,
 With othir worthy folk upon the deis,
 All full of joy and blifs is the Paleis,
 And full of instruments, and of vitale,
 And the most deintyist of al Itaile.
 Beforn him stode soche instruments of sounne,
 That Orpheus, ne of Thebes Amphioune
 Ne madin nevir soche a melody,
 At every cours came the loud Minstralcie,
 That nevir Joab trompid for to here,
 Neither Theodamas yet half so clere,
 At Thebis, whan the Cite was in dout.
 Bacchus the wine them skinkith al about,
 And Venus laughith blith on every wight,
 For January was become her Knight,
 And woldin both assayin his corage,
 In liberty, and eke in mariage;
 And with her firebrond in her hond about
 Dauncith before the bride, and all the rout.
 And certainly I dare well say right this,
 Hymeneus, that God of wedding is,
 Saw nevir so mery a weddid Man.

Hold thou thy pece thou Poet Marcian,
 That writist us, that ilk wedding mery
 Of Philology, and of Mercury,
 And of the Songis that the Muses song,
 Too smale is both thy pen, and eke thy tonge
 For to descrivin of this Mariage,
 Whan tendir youth hath weddid stouping age,
 There is soche mirth, as may not be writtin,
 Assayith your selve, than may ye wittin,
 If that I lie, or non, in this mattere.
 May that sittin with so benign a chere,

That her to behold it semed a Feirie,
 Quene Hester lokid ner with soch an eye,
 On Asluere, so meke a loke hath she. 1260
 I may you not devise al her bewte,
 But thus moche of her bewte tell I may,
 That she was like the bright morow of May,
 Fulfillid of all bewte and plesauce.
 Tho January' is ravished in a traunce,
 At every time he lokid in her face,
 But in his hert he gan her to menace,
 That he that night in his arms wold her streine,
 Harder than evir Paris did Helein. 1270

But nathèless yet had he grete pite,
 That thilkè night offendin her must he.
 And thought alas! o the tendir cature!
 Now woldè God she mightin well endure
 All my corage, it is so sharpe and kene,
 I am aghast she shall it not sustene,
 But God forbid, that I did all my might;
 Now woldè God that it were waxin night,
 And that the night wold lastin evirmo,
 I wold that all these peple were ago. 1280
 And finally he doth al his labour
 As he best mightin saving his honour,
 To haste them fro the mete in sotill wife,
 The time ycame that reson was to rise,
 And aftir that men dauncin and drink fast,
 And spicis al about the house they cast,
 And full of joy and blifs is every man,
 Al but a Squire that hightin Damian,
 Which karfe before the Knight many a day,
 He was so ravished on his lady May, 1290
 That for the very peine he was nye wode,
 Almost he swelt and swoundid where he stode.
 So sore hath Venus hurt him with her brand!
 So fresh she was, and thereto so licand!
 And to his bedde he went him hastily,
 No more of him at this time speke I,
 But there I let him wepe ynow and pleine,
 Till the fresh May woll rewin on his peine.

O per'lous fire, that in the bedstrow bredeth,
 O foe familier, that his service bedeth! 1300
 O servaunt traytour false in holy hew,
 Like to the adder sly in bosome trew!
 O January dronkin in plesauce!
 (God sheld us all from your iniquitaunce
 Of Mariage) se how this Damian,
 Thine owne Squire, and eke thine own born Man,
 Entendith for to doen The villany!
 God graunt The thine homely foe to espie!
 For in this world n'is a werse pestilence
 Than homely foe, al day in thy presence. 1310

Perfourmid hath the Sunne his Ark diurne,
 No lengir may his body here sojourn,
 On th' Horison, as in that Latitude,
 Night with his mantill, that is derk and rude,
 Gan for to sprede the Hemisphere about;
 For which departid is the lusty rout
 Fro January with thonk on every side,
 Home to their housis lustily they ride,
 There as they don their thingis as them list,
 And whan they saw their time they gon to rest. 1320
 Sone aftir this lusty January
 Woll go to bedd, he woll no lengir tary,
 He drinkith Ipocras, clary, vernage,
 And spicis hot, to encrese his corage,
 And lectuaries had he then full fine,
 Soche as the cursid Monk Dan Constantine
 Hath writtin in his boke De Coitu,
 To ete them all he n'old nothing eschew.
 And thus to his privy frendis said he,
 For Godd's love, as sone as it may be, 1330
 Let void all this house in curteis wise sone;
 Men drinkin, and the Travers drew anone.

So hastid January', it must be done.
The bride was brought to bed as still as stone;
And whan the bed was with the Preeft yblessed,
Out of the chambir every wight them dresled.
And January' hath fast in his armes take
His freshe May, his paradise, his make,
He lullich her, he kisth her full oft,
With the thik bristles of his berde unsoft,
Ylike the skinn of houndfish, sharp as brere,
(For he was shave al new in his manere)
He rubbith her upon her tendir face,
And sayid thus, alas! I mote trespace
To you my spouse, and you gretely offend,
Or time come that I woll adoun descend.
But nathelès consid'rith this, qð he,
There n'is no werkman, whatsoere he be,
That may both werkin well and hastily,
This woll be don at lesure perfetely,
It is na force how longe that we play,
I trow in wedlok coupiid ben we tway,
And blessid be the yoke that we ben in,
For in our Actis we may do no sinn.
A man may do no sinn with his own wife,
Ne hurtin himself with his ownè knife,
Now we han leve to play us by the law.

Thus labourith he till the day gan daw.
Than takith he a fopp of fine clarie,
And upright in his bedd than sittith he.
And aftir he singith full loud and clere,
And kist his wife, and makith wanton chere,
He was all Coltish full of ragerie,
And full of gergon as a fleckid Pie.
The slakè Skin about his nekkè shakith
While that he song, so chauntith he and crakith.
But God wot what May thoughtin in her hert,
Whan she him saw upsitting in his Shert,
In his night capp, and with his nekk all lene,
She praisith not his playing worth a bene.
That seide he thus, my resting woll I take,
Now day is come, I may no lengir wake.
And down he laid his hedd and slept till prime,
And aftirward whan that he saw his time
Upristh January. But freshe May
Holdith her chambir unto the fourth day
As usage is of Wivis for the best:
For every labour sometime mote have rest,
Or ellis long time may he not endure.
That is to sayin no living cature
Be it or fish, or beste, or bird, or man.

Now woll I speke of wofull Damian,
That langurith for love, as ye shull here.
Therefore I speke to him in this manere.
I say, o fely Damian alas!
Answere to this demand as in this case,
How shalt thou to thy lady freshe May
Tellin thy wo? She woll alwey say nay.
Eke if thou speke, she woll thy wo bewray;
God be thine help, I can no bettir say.

This sike Damian in Venus fire
So brennith, that he dyith for desire;
For which he put his life in aventure,
No lengir might he in this wise endure.
But privily a pennir gan he borow,
And in a lettir wrote he all his sorow,
In mannir of a Compleint or a lay,
Unto this feire and freshe lady May,
And in a purse of silk hong on his Shert
He hath it put, and laid it at his hert.

The Mone, that at nonetide that ilke day
(That January' had weddid freshe May)
Out of Taurus was into Cancer gliden,
So longe hath she in her chambir biden,
As Custom is unto these noblis all,
A bride shall not etin in the Hall,

Till dayis four othir thre at the leste
Ypassid ben, then let her go to feste.

On the fourth day complete fro none to none,
Whan that the highè Mass was now ydone, 1410
In hallè satt this January' and May,
As freshe as is the brightè Sommer's day.
And so befell how that this gode Man
Remembrith him upon his Damian,
And seide, St. Mary! how may this be
That Damian entendith not to me?
Is he ay sike? or how may this betide?
His Squiris, which that stodin him beside,
Excusid him becaufe of his sikeness,
Which lettid him to do his besines. 1420
None othir Cause might makin him tary.

That me forthinkith, qð this January,
He is a gentill Squyir by my trouth,
If that he dyed it were grette harme and routh,
He is as wise, discrete, and as secre
As any man I wote of his degre,
And thereto manly, and eke servisable,
And forto ben a thrifty man right able.
But aftir mete as sone as evre' I may
I woll my self him visit, and eke May, 1430
To don him al the comfort that I can.
And for that word him blessid every man,
That of his bounty, and his gentilness
He wold so comfortin in his sikeness
His Squyir, for it was a gentil dede.

Dame, qð this January, take gode hede
That aftir mete, ye and your wymen all
Whan ye han ben in chambir out of hall,
That ye all gon to see this Damian,
Doth him disport, he is a gentill Man, 1440
And tellith him, that I woll him visite
Have I nothing but restid me a lite.
And spede you fast, for I wollin abide
Till that ye slepin fast here by my side.
And with that word he gan to him to call
A Squyir, that was Marshall of his hall,
And told him certeine thingis that he wold.

This freshe May hath streight her wey yhold
With all her wymen unto Damian,
And by his bedd'is side down sat she than, 1450
Comforting him as godely as she may.

This Damian, whan that he his time say,
In secret wise his purse, and eke his bill,
(In the which he had writtin all his will)
Hath put into her hond withoutin more,
Save that he sighid wondrous depe and fore,
And softly to her right thus sayid he,
Mercy, and that ye discovir nat me,
For I am dede, if that this thing be kid.
This purse hath she within her bosome hid, 1460
And went her wey, ye get no more of me,

But unto January come is she,
And on his bedd'is side she satt full soft,
He takith her, and kisth her full oft,
And lay'd him down to slepe, and that anon
She fainid her as tho' that she must gon
There as ye wot, that every wight hath nede,
And whan she of this bill hath takin hede,
She rent it all to cloutis, and at last
Into the privy softly she it cast. 1470

Who studyith now but faire freshe May?
Adoun by old January she lay,
That slept, till that the cough hath him awaked,
Anon he pray'd her to stripp her all naked,
He wold of her, he seid, have some plesaunce,
And seid, her clothis did him encombraunce.
And she obeyith, be she lese or lothe;
But lest that precious folk be with me wroth,
How that he wrought I dare not to you tell,
Or if she thought it Paradise or Hell. 1480

But

But I shall let them werkin in their wife,
Till Evefong ring, and that they must arise.

Were it by destiny, or aventure,
Were it by influence, or by nature
Of Constellation, that in soche estate
The hevin stode that timè fortunate,
(Was for to put a bill of Venus werkes,
For al thing hath a time, as sayin Clerkes)
To any womman for to get her love,
I cannot say; but the grete God above,
That knowith that no act is causeles,
Demith of all; for I woll hold my pece.

But soth is this, how that this freshe May
Hath takin soch empreffion that day
Of pite of this sike Damian,
That from her herte she ne drivin can
The remembraunce for to doin him ese.
Certein thought she, whom that this thing displese,
I reke not, for of this I him assure,
I lovin him best of any cature,
Although he no more haddin than his Shert.

Lo! pite rennith sone in gentill hert.
Here you may se how excellent Franchise
In wymen is, whan they them nar' avise.
Some Tiraunt is, as there ben many one,
That hath a hert as hard as any stone,
Which wold have let him stervin in the place,
Well rathir than have grauntid him that grace,
And her rejoisid in her cruill pride,
And rekid not to ben an homicide.

This gentill May, fillid of all pite,
Right so of her hond a lettir wrote she,
In which she grauntid him her very grace,
There lakkith nought but only time and place,
Where that she mightin to his lust suffise,
For it shall be right as he woll devise.

And whan she saw her time upon a day,
To visite Damian goth this faire May,
And sotilly this letter down she thrust
Undir his pillow, rede it if him lust,
She toke him by the hond, and hard him twist,
So secretly, that no wight of it wist,
And bid him ben all whole, and forth she went,
To January, whan he for her sent.

Uprifith Damian the next morow,
Al passed is his sikeness, and his sorow,
He kembith him, and promith him, and piketh,
And doth all that his lady list and liketh.
And eke to January he goth as low
As evir did a dogge for the bow,
He is so plesant unto every man,
For craft is allè, whofo that it can,
That every wight is faine to speke him gode,
And fully in his lady's grace he stode.
Thus lete I Damian about his nede,
And in my tale right forth woll I procede.

Some Clerkis holdin that felicite
Stont in delite, and therefore certein he,
This nobill January with all his might,
In honest wife as longith to a Knight,
Shope him to livin full deliciously,
His housing, his array, as honestly
To his degre, was makid as a kinges;
And among othir of his honest thinges
He had a gardin wallid all with stone,
A fairer garden wote I no where none,
For out of dout I verily suppose
That he that wrote the Romaunt of the Rose
Ne couth of it the bewte well devise,
Ne Priapus ne mightin not suffice,
Though he be God of gardins, for to tell
The bewte of the gardin and the well,
That stont undir a laurere alwey grene,
Full oftin time King Pluto and his Quene

Proserpina, and allè her fayrie
Disportin them, and makin melodie
About that well, and dauncid as men told.

This nobil Knight, this January the old,
Soch deinty hath in it to walk and play
That he woll suffir no wight bare the kay, 1560
Save he himself, and for the smale wicket
He barin alwey of silver a Cliket,
With which, whan he him list he wold unshet,
And whan that he wold pay his wife her dett
In Somir seson, thithir wold he go,
And May his wife, and no wight but they two,
And thingis which that were not don abed,
They in that gardin perfourmid and sped.
And in this wise many a mery day
Livid this January and this freshe May; 1570
But worldly joy may not alwey endure
To January, ne to no cature.

O sodein hap! O fortune unstable!
Like to the Scorpion decevable,
That flat'rist with thy hede whan thou wolt sting,
Thy taile is dethe through thy envenoming.
O brotill joie! O swete poison queint!
O Monster, that so sodeinly canst peint
Thy gilts undir the hew of stedfastness,
That thou decevist both the more and less! 1580
Why hast'ow January thus deceived?
And haddist him for thy full frend received,
And now thou hast biraft him both his eyn,
And he for sorow desirith to dyen.

Alas this nobil January so fre!
He wepith and he wailith pitously,
Amid his lust, and his prosperity
Is woxin blind, and that all sodeinly,
His deth therefore desireth he uttirly;
And therewithal the fire of jelousie 1590
(Lest that his wife shold fall in some foly)
So brent his herte, that he woldin faine
That some man bothè him and her had slaine!

For ne astir his deth, ne in his life
Ne wold he that she werin love ne wife,
But evir live a widdow in wedes blake,
Sole, as the turtle that hath lost her make.
But at the last astir a month or rway
His sorow gan to swage, the soth to say,
For whan he wist it might none othir be, 1600
He paciently toke his adverfity:
Save out of all dout may he not forgone
That he was jelous evirmore in one,
Which jelousy was so outrageous,
That ne in Hall, ne in none othir house,
Ne in none othir place, nevir the mo
He n'old suffir her nothir ride ne go,
But if that he had hond on her alwey,
For which full oftin wepith freshe May,
That lovith Damian so benignly, 1610
That she mote either dyin sodeinly,
Or els mote she have him all at her left,
She waitith whan her hert sholdin to brest.

Upon that othir side, this Damian
Becomin is the sorowfullist man
That evir was, for neither night ne day
Ne might he speke a word to freshe May,
As to his purpose, of no such matere,
But if that January must it here,
That had a hand upon her evirmo. 1620
But nathèless by writing to and fro
And privy signis wist he what she ment,
And she knew all the signes of his entent.
O January! what might it The availle
Thou mightest se as ferr as Shippis saile?
For as gode is a blind decevid be,
As be decevid whan a Man may se.

Lo!

Lo! Argus which that had an hundrid eyen,
For all that evir he couth pore and pryn,
Yet was he blent, and God wote so ben mo, 1630
That wenin wisly that it n'is not so.
Pafs ovir is an ese, and say no more.

This freshe May, of which I speke of yore,
In warm wax hath imprintid thilkè cliket,
That January bare of that smale wicket,
By which into his gardin oft he went,
And Damian, that knew all her entent,
The Cliket counterfitted privily.
There n'is no more to say, but hastily
Some wonder by this Cliket shall betide, 1640
Which ye shall herein, if ye woll abide.

O Noble Ovid! Soth sayst thou, God wote,
What sight is it, if love be long and hote,
That he n'll find it out in some manere?
By Pyramus and Thisbe men may lere;
Though they were kept full long streight ovir all,
They ben accordid rowning through a wall;
There n'is no wight couth find out soch a sight.
But now to purpose; ere the dayis eight
Were passid, er' the Month July befill, 1650
That January hath caught so grete a will
Through egging of his wife him for to play
In his gardin, and no wight but them twey,
That in a morow to this May said he,
Rise up my wife, my love, my Lady fre,
The turtle voice is herd, my lady swete,
Wintir is gon with all his rainis wete,
Come forth now with thyn eyin columbine,
How fairer ben thy brestis than is wine!

The gardin is enclosid all about, 1660
Come forth my white spouse, out of allè dout
Thou hast me woundid in my hert, o wife,
No spot in The there n'as, in all thy life,
Come forth, and let us takin our disport,
I chese The for my Wife, and my Confort.
Such oldè lewd wordis than usid he;
And unto Damian a sign made she,
That he shold go before with his cliket;
This Damian hath opened this wicket,
And in he stert, and that in soche manere, 1670
That no wight might it se, nor might it here.
And still he satt undir a bush anon;
This January as blind as is a stone,
With May in his hondè, and no wight mo,
Into his freshe Gardin is he go,
And clappid to the Wicket sodeinly.

Now wife, qð he, there n'is but thou and I,
Thou art the cature that I best do love,
For by that Lord, that sitt in Heven above,
I had moche levir dyin on a knife, 1680
Than The offendin, my dere and trew wife;
For Godd'is sake, think how that I The chese,
Nought for no Covetise of godes douteles,
But only for the love I had to The;
And though that I be old, and may not se,
Be to me trew, and I woll tell you why,
Certis thre thingis shall ye win thereby.

First love of Crist, and to your self honour,
And all mine heritage both toun and toure,
I give it you, make chartirs as ye list,
This shall be don to morow er Summe rift. 1690
So wisely God my Soule bringin to blifs;
I pray you on this Cov'enant ye me kifs,
And that I be jelouse wite me nought,
Ye ben so depe imprintid in my thought,
That whan I do consider your bewte,
And therewithall th'unlikely eld of me,
I may not certis, though I sholdin dye
Forbere to ben out of your Company,
For very love; this is withoutin dout;
Now kisse me wife, and let us rome about.

This freshe May, whan she these wordis herd,
Benignly to January answer'd,
But first and forward she began to wepe,
I havin, qð she, a soule for to kepe,
As well as ye, and also mine honour,
And also of wivehode thilk tendir flour,
Which that I have ensurid in your hond,
Whan that the preste to you my body bond.
Wherefore I woll answer in this manere, 1710
By the gode leve of you my Lord so dere.

I pray to God, that nevir daw that day,
That I ne sterve, as soule as woman may,
If evir I do to my kinn that shame,
Or els that I empairin so my name,
That I be false, and if I do that lak,
Do stripe me, and put me in a sak,
And in the next river do me to drench.
I am a gentilwoman, and no wench,
Why speke ye thus! but Men ben aye untrew, 1720
And wymen have reprofe of you aye new,
Ye can none othir communing, I leve,
But speke to us of untruff and repreve.

And with the word she saw where Damian
Sat in the bush, and knele he began,
And with her fingers signis madin she
That Damian shold climb upon a tre,
That chargid was with frute, and up he went,
For verily he knew all her entent,
And every sign that she couth ymake, 1730
Well bett than January her own make.
For in a letter she had told him all
Of this matere how that he worchin shall.
And thus I let him sittin in the pery,
And January and May roming full mery.

Bright was the day, and blew the firmament,
Phœbus of gold doun hath his stremis sent,
To gladin every flour with his warmnes,
He was that time in Gemini I ghes,
But littil fro his declination 1740
Of Cancer Jovis exaltation.
And so bifell in that bright morow tide,
That in the gardin on that farthir side
Dan Pluto that is the King of Fayrie,
And many' a lady in his Company,
Following his wife the quene Proserpina,
Which he ravished out of Sicilia
Eche aftir othir right as on a line,
While that she gað'rid flouris in a Mede, 1750
In Claudian ye may the story rede,
How in his grisly Cart he did her sett.

This King of fayrie adoun him hath sett,
Upon a bench of Turvis fresh and grene.
And right anon thus seide he to his quene;
My wife, qð he, that no wight may say nay,
The' experience so provith every day
The treson, which that woman doth to man;
Ten hundrid thousand storys tell I can,
Notable of your untrouth, and brotilnes.

O Salamon richist of all riches, 1760
Fulfillid of Sapience, and worldly glory,
Full worthy ben thy words of Memory,
To every wight that wit and reson can,
Thus praisith he the bounty of a Man.

Among a thousand Men yet found I one,
But of all wymen found I nevir none.
Thus saith that King that knew your wikidnes.
And Jesus filius Sirach as I ghesse
Ne spekith of you but feld reverence.
A wildè fire, a corrupt pestilence 1770
So fall upon your bodys yet to night.
Ne se you not this honourable Knight,
Bicause alas! that he is blind and old,
His ownè Man shall makin him Cokold.

1700

U

Lo

Lo where he sitt the lechour in the tre!
Now woll I grauntin of my Majesty
Unto this old and blind and worthy Knight,
That he shall han ayen his eyin sight,
Whan that his wife wold don him villony,
Than shall he knowin all her harlotry,
Both in represe of her and othir mo.

Ye shall, qð Proserpine, and woll ye so?
Now by my Moðir's Ceres soule I swere
I shall give her sufficient answere,
And allè wymen astir for her sake,
That though they were in any gilt ytake,
With face bold they shullin themselves excuse,
And bere them down that wolde them accuse.
For lak of aniwere none of them shall dyen,
All had ye se the thing with both your eyen, 1790
Yet shall we so visage it hardily
And wepe, and chide, and swere so sotilly,
That ye shullin ben as lowde as gees.
What rekith me of your Authorities?
I wote well that this Jew, this Solomon,
Fond of us wymen folis many one,
But though that he ne fond no gode woman,
Yet hath there yfond many' anothir man,
Wymen full trew, full gode, full vertuous,
Witness of those that dwell in Christ's house, 1800
With Martyrdome they provid their Constaunce;
And Romain Gestis makin remembraunce
Of many' a verrey trewe wife also,
But Sir ne be nought wroth all be it so,
Though that he said he fond no gode woman,
I pray you take the sentence of the Man,
He mentè thus, that in Sov'raigne bounte
N'is none but God that sit in Trinite.

Eye, for verrey God that ne is but one.
What makin ye so moche of Solomon? 1810
What though he made a temple Godd's house?
What though he werin rich and gloriouse?
So made he eke a temple of false Goddis,
How might he don a thing that more forbod is?
Parde, as faire as ye his name emplaister,
He was a Lechour, and an Idolalter,
And in his eld the very God forsoke,
And if that God ne had, as faith the boke,
Sparid him for his faðir's sake, he shold
Have lostin his reign sonir than he wold. 1820
I sett right nought of all the Villony
That ye of wymen write a butterfly.
I am a woman, nedis mote I speke,
Or ellis swell till that my hert to breke.
For sith he said that we ben jangleris,
As evir mote I brouke both my tressis,
I shall not sparin for no curtisy
To speke them harm that wold us villony.

Dame, qð this Pluto, be no lengir wroth,
I give it up, but sith I swore mine oth, 1830
That I wold grauntin him his sight ayein,
My word shall stond, that warne you I certein:
I am a King, it sett me not to lie,
And I, qð she, the quene am of fairie,
Her answer she shall have I undirtake.
Than let us no mo wordis hereof make,
Forsothe I woll no lengir you contrary.

Now let us turn again to January,
That in this gardin with this faire fresh May 1840
Singith merryir than the Popingay,
You love I best, and shall, and othir none;
So long about the Alleys is he gone,
Till he was comin against thilk pery,
Whereas this Damian sittith full mery,
On high emong this freshe levis grene.
This faire fresh May, that is so bright and shene,
Gan for to sike, and said alas my side!
Now Sir, qð she, for ought that may betide

I must have of these peres that here I se,
Or I mote dyin, so fore longith me 1850
To etin of the smale peris grene.
Help for her love that is of Hevin quene!
I tell you well a woman in my plight
May have to frute so grete an appetite,
That she may dyin but that she it have.

Alas! qð he, that I ne' had here a knave,
That couð climbin, alas! alas! qð he,
For I am blind. Ye, Sir, no force, qð she,
But woldin ye vouchsafe for Godd's sake 1860
The pery in your armis for to take,
For well I wote that ye mistrustin me,
Then wold I climbin well ynow, qð she,
So I my fote might sett upon your bak.
Forsoth, said he, in me shall be no lak,
Might I you helpin with mine hert's blode.
He stoupith doune, and on his bak she stode,
And caught her by a twist, and up she goth.
(Ladys, I pray you that ye be not wroth,
I cannot glose, for I am a rude Man)

And sodeinly anon this Damian 1870
Gan pullin up the smok, and in he throng
A grete tent, and a thrifty, and a long,
She seide, it was the meryist fit
That evir in her life she was at yet;
My Lord's tent servith me nothing thus,
It foldith twifold by swete Jesus,
He may not swivin nothing worth a leke,
And yet he is full gentil and full meke:
This is levir to me than Evin song.

And whan that Pluto had sene this grete wrong, 1880
To January he gave again his sight,
And made him se as well as er he might.
And whan that he had caught his sight againe,
Ne was there nevir man of thing so faine,
But on his wife his thought was evirmo,
Up to the tre he cast his eyin two,
And saw how Damian his wife hath dressed
In soche mannir it may not ben expressed,
But if I wold spekin uncurtily. 1890
And up he gaf a roring and a crie,
As doth the Moðir whan the child shall die,
Out, help, alas! harrow, he gan to crie,
For sorow almost he began to die,
That his wife was swivid in the pery.

O strongè lady hore, what doist thou?
And she answerid, Sir, what aylith you?
Have pacience and refon in your mind,
I have you holpin of both your eyen blind,
Up perill of my soule I shall not lien,
As me was taught to help you to your eyen, 1900
Was nothing bettir for to make you se
Than stroggle with a man upon a tre.
God wote I did it in full gode entent.

Stroggle, qð he, ye algate in it went
As stiff, and eke as round as any bell,
It is no wondir though thy belly swell,
Thy smok upon his brest it lay so theche,
That still methought he pointid on the breche:
God geve you both on sham's deth to dien,
He swivid The, I saw it with mine cyen, 1910
Or ellis be I hongid by the halfe.

Than is, qð she, my Medicinè false,
For certainly if that ye mightin se,
Ye wold nat say these wordis unto me.
Ye han some glimm'ring, and no perfite sight.

I se, qð he, as well as er' I might,
Thonkid be God, with both myn eyin two,
And by my trouth methought he did The so.

Ye Masin, ye Masin, gode Sir, qð she,
This thank have I for that I made you se!
Alas, qð she, that evre' I was so kind!

Now Dame, qð he, let all pafs out of mind,
Come

Come doune my lefe, and if I have misfaid,
God help me so as I am ill apaid.
But by my fað'ris soule I wend to have sene
How that this Damian had with The lien,
And that thy smok had lyn upon his brest.

Ye Sir, qð she, ye may wene as ye left;
But, Sir, a man that wakith out of slepe
He may not sodeinly well takin kepe
Upon a thing, ne se it perfutely,
Tyll that he be adawid verily.
Right so a Man, that long hath blindè be,
Ne may not sodeinly so well yse
First whan the sight is newcomin ageine,
As he that hath a day or two ysene,

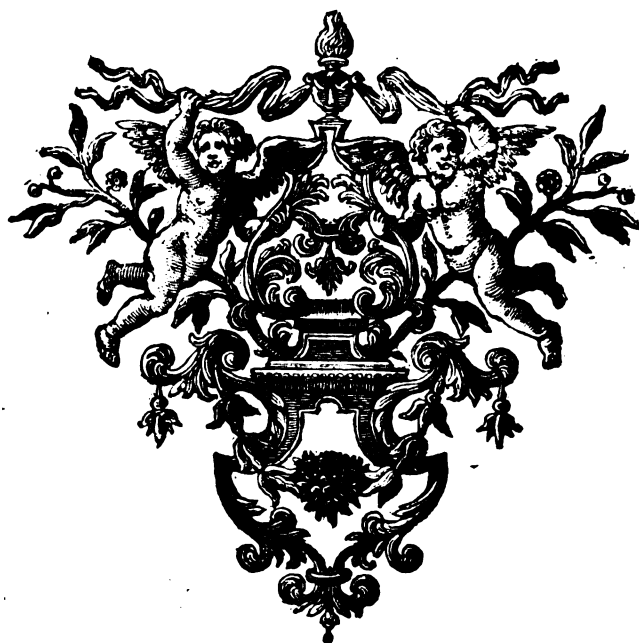
1930

Till that your sight establisthed be a while,
There may full many a sight you begyle.
Beware, I pray you, for by hevin King
Full many' a man wenith to se a thing,
And it is all anothir than it semith,
He that misconceivith full oft misdemith.
And with that word she lept down fro the tre;
This January, who is glad but he?
He kissith her, he clepith her full oft,
And on her womb he strokith her full soft,
And to his paleis home he hath her lad.
Now, gode Men, I pray you, beth ye all glad;
Thus endith now my Tale of January,
God blefs us all and his Moðir Mary.

1950

1950

Thus endith the MARCHAUNT's TALE.



The



Here followeth the Wife of BATH's PROLOGUE.

EXperience, though none Authority
Were in this world, is right ynow for me,
To speke of wo that is in Mariage;
For, Lordings, sith I twelve yere was of age,
Thankid be God, that is eterne on live,
Husbondes at Chirch dore have I hadde five,
For I so oftin have yweddid be.
And all were worthy men in their degre.
But me was told not long ago, I wifs,
That sithin Crist went nevir but onis
To wedding in the Cane of Galile,
That by the ilk ensample taught he me,
That I ne shold weddid be but onis;
Lo! herk here a sharp word for the nonis,
Beside a Well Jesu both God and Man
Speke in represe of the Samaritan.
Thou hast haddè five husbondis, qð he,
And that ilke Man which that now hath The
Is not thy husbond; thus seid he certeine,
But what he ment thereby I cannot saine.
Well! but I ask a point; why the fift man
Was none husbond to the Samaritan?
How many might she have in Mariage?
Yet herd I nevir tellin in mine age
Upon this numbir true definitioun,
Men may devine; and glosin up and doune;
But well I wote expres withoutin lye,
God bad us for to wex and multiplie.
That gentle text can I well undirstond,
Eke well I wote he said that mine husbond
Shold leve faðir, moðir, and take to me,
But of none numbir mentioun made he,
Of Bigamy or of Octogamy,
Why shold men spekin of it villony?
Loke here the wise Man King Salomon!
I trow that ' had wivis mo than one,

As woldè God it lefull were to me,
To be refreshid half so oft as he,
Which gest of God had he for all his wivis,
No man hath soche, that in this world on live is. 40
God wote, this nobil King, as to my wit,
The first night had many a mery fit,
With eche of them so well was him alive.
Blessid be God that I have weddid five,
Welcome the sixt whan that evir he shall,
For sith I may not kepe me chaste in all, 10
Whan my husbond is fro the world ygon,
Some christin man shull weddè me anon.
For than th' Apostle saith that I am fre
To wedde a God's half where it likith me. 50
He saith that to be weddid is no sinne,
Bettir 'tis to be weddid than to brinne.
What rekith me, though folk say villony
Of shrewd Lamech, and of his bigamy?
I wot Abraham was a holy man,
And Jacob eke, as ferr as I here can,
And eche of them had wivis mo than two,
And many othir holy man also.
Where can you say in any manir age 60
That evir God defendid mariage
By exprefs words? I pray you tellin me,
Or where commaundid he virginite?
I wote as well as ye it is no drede,
Th' Apostle, whan he spake of Maidinhede,
He seidè thereof precept had he none,
Men may counsaile a woman to ben one, 30
But counsailling is no commaundement;
He put it in our ownè juggement.
For haddè God commaundid Maidinhede
Than had he dampnid wedding out of drede. 70
And certis if there were no fede yfow,
Virginitie, than whereof shold it grow?

Poule

Poule ne durst not commaundin at the lest
 A thing, of which his Maistir gafe non hest.
 The dart is set up for Virginite,
 Catch whofo may, who rennith best let se.
 But this word is not take of every wight,
 But there as God list geve it of his might.
 I wote well the Apostel was a Maid,
 But nathelès though that he wrote and saide
 He wold that every wight were soch as he;
 Al n'is but counsaile to Virginite.
 And for to ben a wife he gafe me leve
 Of Indulgence, so n'is it to repreve
 To wedde me, if that my Makè dy,
 Without exception of Bigamy.
 Al were it gode no woman for to touch,
 He ment as in his bed, or on his couch:
 Perill is for fire and tow to assemble,
 Ye know what this ensample may resemble.
 This is the Al, he held Virginity
 More profitith than wedding in freilte.
 Freilte clepe I, but if that he and she
 Wold ledin all their life in chastite.
 I graunt it well, and I have none envy
 Though Maidinhede preferr to Bigamy.
 It them likith to ben clene body' and ghost,
 Of mine estate I n'll makin no bost.
 For well ye know a lord in his household
 Hath not evèry Veffil all of gold.
 Some ben of tre, and don their Lord servise,
 God clepith folk to him in sondry wise,
 And everich hath of God a propir gift,
 Some this, and some that, as him listith shift.
 Virginity is grete perfection,
 And Continance eke with devocion.
 But Crist that of perfection is well,
 Bad not every wight he shold go and sell
 All that he had, and geve it to the pore,
 And in soch wise follow him and his lore.
 He spake to them that wold live parsitely,
 And Lordings, by your leve that am not I;
 I woll bestow the flour of all myn age
 In th' Actis and the frute of Mariage.
 Tell me also to what Conclusioun
 Were members made of generacioun?
 And of so parsite wise, and why ywrought?
 Trustith right well they were not made for nought,
 Glose whofo woll, and sayin up and doun
 That they were makid for purgacioun
 Of Urine, and soch othir thingis smale,
 And eke to know a female from a male
 And for non othir cause: what say ye no?
 Experience wote well it is not so,
 So that the Clerkis be not with me wroth,
 I say that they were ymakid for both;
 This is to sain, for office and for ese
 Of engendring, there we not God displese.
 Why shold men ellis in their bokis sett
 That man shold yeldin to his wife her dett?
 Now wherewith shuldin he make his payment,
 If he ne us'd his sely instrument?
 Then were they makid upon a Creture
 To purge Urine, and eke for engendrure.
 But I say not that every wight is hold,
 That hath soch harneis as I to you told,
 To gon and usin them to engendrure,
 Then shuld men take of chastity no cure,
 Crist was a Maid, and shapin as a Man,
 And many' a Seint sithin the world began,
 Yet livid they in parsite chastite,
 I n'll not vye with no virginite.
 Let them with brede of purist whete be fed,
 And let us wivis ete our barly bred.
 And yet with barly bred Mark tell us can,
 Our Lord Jesu refreshid many' a Man.

In soche a state as God hath clepid us
 I woll persevere, I n'am precious,
 In wivehode woll I use mine instrument
 As frely as my makir hath it lent. 150
 If I be daungerous God geve me sorow,
 Myn husbond shall it have both eve and morow,
 That whan him list come forth and pay his dett,
 An husbond woll I have, I woll not let, 80
 Which shall be both my dettour, and my thrall,
 And have his tribulatioun withall,
 Upon his flesh, while that I am his wife,
 I have the powir during all my life
 Upon his propir body, and not he,
 Right thus the Apostel taught unto me, 160
 And bad our husbonds for to love us well,
 All this sentence me likith every dell.
 Up stert the Pardoner, and that anon,
 90 Now Dame, qð he, by God and by St. John
 Ye ben a noble prechir in this case.
 I was about to wed a wife, alas!
 What shold I buy it on my flesh so dere?
 Yet had I levir wed no wife two yere.
 Abide, qð she, my tale is not begon;
 Nay thou shalt drinkin of anothir ton, 170
 Er that I go, shall favir worse than Ale,
 And whan that I have toldè forth my tale
 Of tribulatioun in Mariage,
 100 Of which I am expert in all myn age,
 This is to say my self hath ben the whip,
 Than mayst'ow chese The wheðir thou wolt sip
 Of thilkè ton, that I shall set abroch,
 Beware of it er thou to nere aproch,
 For I shall tell ensamplis mo than ten,
 Whofo woll not beware by othir men, 180
 By him shall othir men correctid be,
 These same wordis writith Dan Ptolome.
 Rede in his Almagest, and take it there.
 110 Dame I wold pray you, if yout will it were,
 Seidè this Pardoner, as ye began
 Tellith forth your tale, and spare for no man,
 And techin us yong men of your praktike,
 Gladly, qð she, if that it may you like.
 But that I pray to all this Cumpany,
 If that I speke aftir my fantasy, 190
 As take it not a grese of that I say,
 For mine entent is not but for to play.
 Now Sirs, then shall I tellin forth my tale,
 120 As evir mote I drinkin wine or ale
 I shall say soth. Of husbonds that I had
 Thre of them werin gode, and two were bad.
 The thre that were gode men were rich and old,
 Unnethis mightin they the Statute hold
 In which they were ybondin unto me,
 Ye wot well what I mene of this Parde. 200
 As God me help, I laugh whan that I think
 How pitously a night I made them swink.
 But by my fay, I told it of no store,
 130 They had me geve their londs, and their trefore,
 Me nede no kengir to do diligence
 To win their love and do them revèrence.
 They lovid me so well, by God above,
 That I ne told no dainty of their love,
 A wife woman woll besy her anion
 To gettin their love, there as she hath none. 210
 But sith I had them wholly in mine hond,
 And that they had gevin me all their lond,
 What shold I takin kepe them for to plesse,
 140 But if it were for my profit and ese?
 I sette them a work so, by my fay,
 That many night they songin welaway.
 The bacon was not fett for them I trow
 That some men have in Essex at Donmowe.
 I governed them so well aftir my law,
 That eche of them full blisfull was, and saw, 220
 X To

To bringè me gay thingis fro the fayre,
They were full faire, whan that I spoke them faire,
For God it wot I chid them spitously.
Now herk'nith how I bere me propirly.

Ye wise wivis that can undirstonde,
Thus shall ye speke, and berin them on honde,
For half so boldily there can no man
Swerin and lyin as a woman can.

I say not this by wivis that ben wise,
But if it be whan they them misavise,
A wife wife shall, if that she can her gode,
Berin them in hond that the Cow is wode,
And takith witness of her owne Maide
Of her assent, but herk'nith how I saide.

Sir old Keynarde, is this then thyne aray,
Why doth my neighbour's wife gon so gay?
She is honourid ovr' all where she goth.
I sett at home, I have no thrifty cloth.

What dost thou Sirra, at my neighbours house?
Is she so fair? art thou so amorous?
What rownst'ow with our maid? *benedicite!*
Sir old lechour, letin thy japis be.

And if I have a gossip, or a frend
Withoutin gilt, thou chidist as a fend,
If that I walk or play unto his house.
Thou commist home as dronkin as a mouse,

And prechist on thy bench with evil prefe
Thou feist to me it is a grete mischefe
To weddin a pore woman for costage,
And if that she be rich of high parage,

Then saist thou 'tis a very turmentry
To suffir her pride and melancolie;
And if that she be fair, thou very knave,
Thou saist that every hollour woll her have.

She may no while in chastity abide,
That is assailid upon everich side.
Thou saist some folk desire us for riches,
Some for our shape, and some for our faireness,

And some for she can either sing or daunce,
Some for gentilness, some for daliaunce,
Some for their hondis and their armis smale.
Thus goth all to the devil by thy tale.

Thou saist men may not kepe a Castil Wall,
It may so long assailid ben ovre' all.
And if that she be foule, thou saist that she
Covitith every man that she may se.

For as a Spaniell she woll on him lepe,
Till that she find some man that woll her chepe.
Ne none so grey a gosse goeth there in Lake,
As sayst'ow, that woll ben without her Make.

And saist it is a hard thing for to weld
A wight, that no man woll his thankis held.
Thus saist thou Lorell whan thou gost to bed
That no wise man nedith for to wed,

Ne no man that entendith unto heven;
With wilde thondir dent, and fire leven
Motè thy wikid neke be all to broke;
Thou saist that dropping housis, and eke smoke,

And chiding wivis makin men to fle
Out of their own housis; ah *benedicite!*
What ailith soch an old man for to chide?
Thou saist we wivis woll our vicis hide

Till we be weddid, then we will them shew.
Well may this be a proverb of a shrew.
Thou saist that oxin, assin, horse and hounds
They ben assayid all at diverse stounds,

Basins and lavers, er that men them bye,
Sponis, stolis, and all soche husbondry,
And so be pottis, clothis, and arays,
But folk of wivis makin none assays,

Till they be weddid, oldè dotard shrew,
And sayst how than we woll our vicis shew.
Thou saist also that it displeisith me,
But if that thou wilt praisin my bewte,

And but thou pore alwey upon my face,
And clepin me faire Dame in every place;
And but thou make a fest on that ilk day
That I was born, and make me fresh and gay;
And but thou don to my nourice honour,
And unto my chambir within my bour,

And to my ta'cr's folk and his allies,
Thus sayist thou, old barrill full of lies.
And again of our Apprentise Jenkin,
For his crisp here shining as gold so fine,

And for he squirith me both up and doun,
Hast thou ycaught a false suspectioun,
I n'll him not, though thou were dede to morow;
But tell me this, why hidist thou with sorow
The keyis of thy chest away from me?

It is myn gode as well as thyne parde.
Wenst'ow to make an Idiot of our Dame?
Now by the Lord that callid is St. Jame,
Thou shalt not both although thou werin wode
Be Maistir of my body and my gode.

That one thou shalt forgon maugre thyn eyen.
What helpith on me to' enquere or spien.
I trow thou woldist lok me in thy chest.
Thou shuldist say, wife go where as The list,
Take your disport, I woll leve no talis,

I know you for a gode wife, Dame Alis.
We love no man that takith kepe or charge
Where that we go; we woll ben at our large.
Of allè men yblessid mote he be
The wise Astrologir Dan Ptolome,

That saith this Proverb in his Almagest,
Of allè men his wisdom is the best
That rekith not who hath the world in hond.
By this Proverb thou shalt wele undirstond,
Have thou ynow, what nede The reke or care

How merily that othir folk do fare?
For certis, oldè dotard, by your leve,
Ye shullin have queint right ynow at Eve.
He is to gret a niggard that woll werne
A man to light his candle' at his lanterne;

He shall have never the less light parde,
Have thou ynow, thou darist not plaine The.
Thou saist also, that if we make us gay
With clothis, or with precious aray,
That it is perill of our chastite.

And yet with wordis thou must enforce The,
And say these wordis in th' Apostle's name,
In habite made with chastite and shame
Ye wymen shold apparill you, qð he,
And not in tressid here, and gay perre,

As perle, ne with goldè, ne clothis rich.
Aftir the text, ne aftir the rubrich,
I woll not werch as mochill as a gnat.
Thou saidist als that I was like a Cat,
But whofo wold sengin the Catt's skinne,

Than woldè the Cat dwellin in his inne:
And if the Catt's skinne be slick and gay,
She n'll not dwell in house for half a day,
But forth she woll or any day be dawed,
To shew her skinn, and gon a Catrewawed.

This is to say, if I be gay, Sir Shrew,
I woll renn out my borill for to shew.
Sir oldè sole, what helpith The to spien?
Though thou play Argus with his hundrid eyen
To be my wardè corps as he can best,

In faith he shall not kepe me but me lest,
Yet couth I make his berd, so mote I the.
Thou sayist eke that there be thingis thre,
The which thinges gretely troublin all the erth,
And that no wight ne may endure the ferth.

O lese Sir Shrew, Jesu shortin thy life,
Yet prechist thou, and saist an hatefull wife
Rek'nid is for one of these mischauncis;
Ben there then none othir resembrauncis,

That

That ye may likin your parables to,
 But if a fely wife be one of tho?
 Thou lik'nist eke a woman's love to hell,
 To barrin lond, where watir may not dwell.
 Thou lik'nist it also to wildè fire,
 The more it brens, the more it hath desire
 To consume any thing that brent would be.
 Thou saist, right as wormis shendin a tre,
 Right so a wife destroyith her husbond,
 This knowin they that ben to wivis bond.
 Lordings, right thus as ye have undirstonde
 Bare I stilly myne old husbond on hond,
 That thus they seidin in their dronkinnesse,
 And all was false, but that I toke witnesse
 Of my man Jenkin, and my neice also.
 O Lord, the pyne I did them and the wo,
 And that full gilleles by Godd's swete pine,
 For as an horse I couth both bite and whine,
 I couth compleine though I were in the gilt,
 Or ellis oftintime I had ben spilt.
 Yet whofo to Mill comith first, first grint,
 I pleinid first, and so was our war stint.
 They were full glad t' excusin them full blive
 Of what they agilt nevir in their live.
 Of wenchis wold I berin them on hond
 Whan that for fike unnethis might they stond.
 Yet tiklid, I his herte, for that he
 Wenid I had of him so grete cheerte;
 I swore that all my walking out by night
 Was for to espy wenchis that he dight:
 Undir that colour had I mochill mirth.
 For all soch wit is give us in our birth,
 Deceipt, weping, spinning God hath ygive
 To wymen kindly while that they may live.
 And thus of o thing I may avaunt me,
 At th' end I had the best in ech degre
 By sight, or force, or by some othir thing,
 As by continuall murmur or grutching.
 Namely abedd had they mochill mischaunce;
 There wold I chide, and don them no plesaunce;
 I wold no lengir in the bed abide,
 If that I felt his arm ovir my side,
 Till he had made his ransom unto me;
 Then wold I let him do his nicete.
 And therefore every man this tale I tell,
 Wive whofo may, all bein for to sell,
 With empty honds men may no haukis lure;
 For winning wold I all his lust endure,
 And make me than a fainid appetite,
 And yet in bacon had I no delite,
 That made me that I evir wold him chide;
 For though the Pope had sittin him beside,
 I wold not sparin them at their own bord,
 For by my trouth I quit him word for word,
 As help me very God omnipotent,
 Though I right now should make my Testament;
 I ne him ow a word but it n'is quitt,
 I broughtin it about so by my witt,
 That they must give it up as for the best,
 Or ellis had we nevir ben at rest.
 For though he lokid as a wode lioun,
 Yet shold he fail of his Conclusioun.
 Than wold I say, now gode lese takin kepe,
 How mekily lokith Wilkin our Shepe,
 Come nere, my Spouse, and let me kifs your cheke,
 Ye sholdin be all pácient and meke,
 And havin a swete spicid Conscience,
 Sith ye so preche of Job's pácience,
 Suff'rith alwey sith ye so well can preche.
 And but ye do, certeine we shall you teche
 That it is raire to have a wife in pece
 One of us two mote obeyin doutlefs,
 And sithin a man is more resonable
 Than woman is, ye mote ben suffirable.

What elith you to grutch thus, and to grone?
 Is it for you wold have my queint alone?
 Why take it all, lo! have it every dell,
 Peter I shrew you but ye love it well,
 For if I woldè sell my bellè chose
 I couth walkin as fresh as any rose;
 But I woll kepin it for your own tothe;
 Ye be to blame by God I say you sothe. 450
 Soch mannir wordis haddè we on hond.
 Now woll I spekin of my fourth husbond.
 My fourth husbondè was a Revelour,
 This is to say he had a Paramour,
 And I was yong, and full of ragery,
 Stubbourn, and strong, and jollie as a Pie.
 Lord how couth I daunfin to an harp smale,
 And sing, I wis, as any Nightingale!
 Whan I had dronk a draught of swetè wine.
 Metellus the foule chorle and the swine; 460
 That with a staff biraft his wife her life
 For she dronk wine, though had I ben his wife,
 Ne shuld he nought have daumtid me fro drink.
 And astir wine of Venus must I think.
 All so sikir as cold engendrith hail
 A lico'rous Mouth must have a lecherous taile.
 In wymen vinolent is no defence.
 This knowin lechours by experience.
 But o Lord Crist! whan it remembrith me
 Upon my youth, and on my jollite, 470
 It tiklith me about the herte rote,
 Unto this day it doth my herte bote,
 That I have had my world as in my time,
 But Age alas! that all woll undermine,
 Hath me biraft my bewte and my pith
 Let go, farewell, the Devill go therewith.
 The flour is gon, there n'is no more to tell,
 The bran, as I best can, now mote I sell.
 But yet to be right mery wol I fond,
 Now forth to tellin of my fourth husbond. 480
 I say I had in my hert gret despite
 That he of any othir had delite,
 But he was quitt by God and by St. Joce,
 I madin him of the same wode a Croce,
 Not of my body in no foul manere,
 But certainly I madin folk soche chere
 That in his own grefe made I him to frie,
 For angir, and for very jelousie.
 By God, on erth I was his Purgatory,
 For which I hope his soule is now in glory. 490
 For God it wote he sat full oft and song
 Whan that his shoe full bittirly him wrong.
 For there was none save God and he that wist
 In many wise how sore that I him twist.
 He dyed whan I came fro Jerusalem,
 And lyith in grave undir the Rode beme.
 All ne is not his tomb so curious
 As was the Sepulture of Darius;
 Which that Apelles wrought so sotilly;
 It is but waste to bury preciously; 500
 Let him farewell, God geve his Soule gode rest:
 He is now in his grave and in his chest.
 Now of my fift husbondè woll I tell,
 God nevir lett his soul comin to Hell.
 And yet was he to me the moste shrew;
 That fele I on my ribbis all by rew,
 And evir shall unto my ending day.
 But in our bed he was so fresh and gay,
 And therewithal he couth so well me glose;
 Whan that he wold he had my bel e chose, 510
 That though he had me bere on every bone,
 He couthè winne agen my love anon.
 I trow I loved him the bett, for that he
 Was of his love so daungerous to me.
 We wymen have, if that I woll nor lie.
 In this straunge mattere a queint fantasy;

Waitid

Waitin what thing we may not lightly have
Thereaftir all day woll we crie and crave,
Forbid us thing, and that desirin we,
Prefs on us hard, and then wollin we fle,
With daunger utter we all our chaffare,
Grete prefs at Markit makith dere the ware,
And to grete chepe is hold at littil price.
This knowith every woman that is wise.

My fift husbonde, God his soule blefs,
Which that I toke for love, and no richese,
He sometime was a Clerk in Oxinford,
And had left schole, and went at home to bord
With my gossip ydwelling in our tounne,
God have her soule, her name was Alisoune.

She knew my hert, and eke my privity
Bett than our Parish preest, so mote I the,
To her bewrayid I my Counsaile all,
For had my husbond pist against the wall,
Or done a thing that shold have cost his life,
To her and to anothir worthy wife,
And to my neice, the which I lovid well,
I wold have told his Counsaile every dell,
And so I did full oftin, God it wote,
That made his face full oftin rede and hote,
For very shame, and blamid him for he
Had told to me so grete a privite.

And so bifell it, that once in a Lent
So oftin time I to my Gossip went,
For evir yet I lovid to go gay,
And for to walk in March, Aprill, and May,
Fro hous to hous to harkin sondry tales,
That Jenkin Clerk, and my Gossip Dame Ales,
And I my self into the feldis went.

My husbond was at London all that Lent,
I had the bettir leysir for to play,
And for to se, and eke for to be seye
Of lusty folk, what wist I where my grace
Was shapin for to ben, or in what place?
Therefore made I my Visitations
To Vigilis and to Processions,
To prechings eke, and to Pilgrimagis,
To plays of Miracles, and Mariagis,
And werid on me my gay skarlit gites,
These wormis, ne these moughtis, ne these mites
Upon my parrill fret them nevre a dell,
And wost'ow why? for they were usid well.

Now woll I tell forth what happid to me;
I say that in the feldis walkid we,
Till trewly we haddin soche daliaunce
This Clerk and I, that of my purveiaunce
I speke to him, and seide how that he
If I were widow shold weddin me.
For certainly I say for no bostance,
Yet was I nevir without purveiance
Of Mariage, ne of othir thingis eke;
I hold a Mous'is wit not worth a leke
That hath but one hole for to stertin to,
And if that failin than is all undo.
I bare him on hond, he had chantid me,
My Dame taught me forsoth that forlilte,
And eke I said I mete of him all night,
He wold have slaine me as I lay upright,
And all my bedd was full of very blode,
And yet I hope that he shold do me gode,
For blode betok'nith gold, as I was taught;
And all was false, I dremid of him naught,
But as I folowed ay my Dam'is lore,
As well of that as othir thingis more.

But now Sir --- let me se --- what shall I saine?
Aha! by God I have my tale againe.
Whan that my fourth husbond was on the bere,
I wept algate and madin sory chere,
As wivis motin, for it is usage,
And with my kerchefe cov'rid my visage,

But for that I was purveid of a Make
I wept but small and that I undirtake.
To chirch was my husbond born on morow
With Neighboures that for him madin sorow.
And Jenkin eke our Clerk was one of tho,
As help me God, whan that I saw him go
Aftir the bere, methought he had a paire
Of leggis and of fete so clene, so faire,
That all my hert I gave unto his hold.
He was I trow but twenty winter old,
And I was forty, if I shall say sothe,
And yet I had alwey a Colt'is tothe.
Gaptoth't I was, and that became me well,
I had the print eke of Dame Venus sele.

As help me God, I was a lusty one,
And faire, and rich, and yong, and well bigon.
And trewly as my husbondes told me
I had the bestè queint that mightin be.
For certis I am full Venerian.

In feling, and my hert is Marcian.
Venus me gaf my lust and lic'rroufness,
And Mars gaf me my sturdie hardiness.
Mine ascendant was Taure, and Mars therein,
Alas! alas! that evir love were sinn.

I folowed ay mine inclination
By vertue of my Constellation,
That madin me that I couth not withdraw
My chambr' of Venus from a gode felaw.
Yet have I Mart'is mark upon my face,

And also in anothir privy place.
For God so wisse by my Salvation
I lovid nevir by discretion,
But evir folowid mine appetite,
All were he short, or long, or blak, or white,

I toke no kepe so that he likid me,
How pore he was, ne eke of what degre.
What shold I say? but at the Month'is end
This joly Clerk Jenkin, that was so hend,
Hath weddid me with grete solempnite.

And to him gaf I all the lond and fee
That evir was me geven theretofore.
But aftirward repentid me full fore.

He n'olde suffir nothing of my list,
But by God he smote onis with his fist,
For that I rent out of his boke a lese,
That of that stroke myn eris waxin dese.
Stubborn I was as is a lioness,

And of my tonge a very jangleress,
And walk I wold as I had done befor
Fro house to house, altho' he had it sworn.
For which full oftin timis wold he preche,

And me out of oid Roman gestis teche,
How that Sulpicius Gallus lest his wife,
And her forsoke for term of all his life
Nothing but for opin hede he her saye
Loking out at his dore upon a day.

Anothir Roman told he me by name,
That for his wire was at a Sommir game
Without his weting, he forsoke her eke.
And than wold he upon his Bible seke.

That ilke proverb of Ecclesiast,
Where he commaundith and forbiddith fast
Man shall not suffre' his wife roill about.

Than wold he sayin thus right out of dout,
*Whoso byldith his house all of Salows,
And prikith his blind horse ovir salows
And suff'ith his wife for to seche hallows,
Is worthy to ben honged on the gallows.*

But all for nought, I settè not an hawe,
Of his proverbis, ne of his old Sawe.

Ne wold I not of him correctid be,
I hate him that my vicis tellith me,
And so do mo of us, God wot, than I,
This made him wode with me, all uttirly,

I n'old

I n'old forbere him in no mannir caas.

Now woll I fay you sothe, by St. Thomas;
Why that I rent out of his boke a lefe,
For which he smote me that I was defe.
He had a boke, that gladly night and day,
For his disport he wold redin alway,
Yclepid Valerie and Theophrast,
At whichè boke he lough alwey full fast;
And eke there was a Clerk sometime in Rome,
A Cardinall, that hightin Seint Jerome,
That made a boke agenst Jovinian,
In which boke there was eke Tertullian,
Chrysippus, Trotula, and Helowis,
That was an Abbess nat ferr fro Paris.
And eke the Parables of Salomon,
Ovid's art, and bokis many one,
And all these were boundin in one Volome;
And every night and day was his Custome
(Whan he had leysir and vacatioun
From othir worldly Occupatioun)
To redin in this boke of wikid wivis,
He knew of them mo Legendis and livis
Than ben of gode wymen in the bible;
For trustith wele it is impossible
That any Clerk wold speke gode of wivis
But if it be of holy Seintis livis.
Ne of none othir woman ner' the mo,
Who paintith the Lion tellith me who?
By God if wymen haddin writtin Stories
As Clerkis han within their Oratories,
They wold have writt of Men more wikidness,
Than all the mark of Adam may redrefs.
The childrin of Mercury and Venus
Ben in their working full contrarious,
Mercury lovith wisdome and science,
And Venus lovith riot and dispence.
And for their diverse disposition
Eche fallith in other's exaltation.
And thus God wot Mercury' is desolate
In Piscis, where Venus is exaltate.
And Venus falls where Mercury is rais'd,
Therefore no Woman of no Clerk is prais'd.
The Clerk whan he is old, and may nought do
Of Venus werkis worth his olde shoe,
Than sit he doune, and write in his dotage
That wymen cannot kepe their Mariage.
But now to purpose, why I tolde The
That I was betin for a boke parde.

Upon a night Jenkin that was our Sire
Redde on his boke as he sat by the fire
Of Eve first, that for her wikidness
Was all mankind brought unto wretchidness,
For which that Jesu Crist himself was slaine,
That boughtin us with his hert's blode againe.
Lo! here exprefs of wymen may ye find,
That woman was the los of all Mankind.
Tho radd he me how Sampson lost his heers,
Sleping his Leman cut them with her sheers,
Thorough which trefoun he lost both his eyen.

Tho radd he me, if that I shall not lyea
Of Hercules, and his Dejanire,
That causid him to set himself on fire,
Nothing forgat he the care and the wo,
That Socrates had with his wivis two.
How that Xantippe cast pifs on his hede,
This fely man sat still as he were dede,
He wipid his hede, no more durst he saine,
But er the thondir stint there comith raine.
Of Pasiphaë that was Quene of Crete,
For shrewdness him thoughtin that tale so swete.
Fye speke no more, it is a grisly thing
Of her horrible lust and her liking.
Of Clytemnestra for her lechery,
That falsely made her husbond for to die.

He radd it with well gode devotion.
He told me eke for what occasion
Amphiaraus at Thebis lost his life,
My husbond had a Legend of his wife,
Eryphyle, that for an ouche of gold
Hath privily unto the Grekis told
Where that her husbond hid him in a place,
For which he had at Thebis sory grace.
Of Lima told he me, and of Lucie,
They both madin their husbonds for to dye,
That one for love, that othir was for hate.
Lima her husbond on an Evin late
Poysonid had, for that she was his so,
Lucy licorous loved her husbond so,
That for he shold alwey upon her think,
She gave to him soche a love mannir drink,
That he was dede er it werin morow,
And thus Algatis husbonds hadde sorow.

Than told he me how one Latumeus
Compleinid to his felow Arius,
That in his gardin growid soche a tre,
On which he seidin that his wivis thre
Hongid themself for hertis despitous.
O Leve brothir, qð this Arius,
Gevin me a plant of this blisfull tre,
And in my gardin plantid shall it be.

Of latir date of wivis hath he redd,
That some han slaine their husbondis in bedd,
And let their lechour dight them all the night,
While that the Cors lay on the flore upright.
And some had drivin Nalis in their braine
Whilis they slepe, and thus they have them slaine.
Some have gevin them poyson in their drink.
He spake more harm than any hert may think.

And therewithall he knew mo Proverbis
Than in this world growith grafs or herbis,
Bett is, qð he, thyne habitation
Be with a Lion or a foule dragon,
Than with a woman using for to chide.
Bett is, qð he high in the rose t' abide,
Than with an angry wife down in an house,
They ben so wikid and contrarious.

They hatin that their husbonds lovin ay;
He said, a woman cast her shame away,
Whan she cast of her smok, and farthir mo
A fair woman but she be chaste also,
Is like a gold ring on a sow's nose.
Who wolde wenin, or who couth suppose
The wo that in myne hert was and the pine?
And whan I saw that he wold nevir fine
To redin on this curtid boke all night,
Al fodeinly thre levis have I plight.

Out of his boke, right as he radd, and eke
I with my fist so toke him on the cheke
That in the fire he fell bakward adoun,
And up he stert, as doth a wode lioun,
And with his fist he smote me on the hede
That on the flore I lay as I were dede.
And whan he saw how stillè that I lay,
He was agast, and wold have fled away,
Till at the last out of my swoune I braid.

O hast thou slaine me, false thefe, I said,
For my londè thus hast thou murd'rid me?
Er I be dede yet woll I once kifs The.
And nere he came, and knelid fair adoune,
And seide, dere Sustir, swete Alisoune,
As help me God I shall The nevir smite,
That I have done it is thy self to wite:
Forgeve it me, and that I The besেকে;
And yet eftsones I bitt him on the cheke,
And seide, thefe, thus moche am I bewreke,
Now woll I dye, I may no lenglir speke.
But at the last with mochill care and wo
We fell accordid by our selvin two,

Y

He

He gaf me all the bridill in mine hond
 To have the governaunce of house and lond,
 And of his tongue, and of his hond also,
 And made him brenn his boke anon right tho.
 And whan that I had gottin unto me
 By Maistry all the Soveraignty,
 And that he seidin, myn own trewe wife
 Do as thou list the term of all thy life
 Kepe thyne honour, and kepe eke myne estate,
 Aftir that day we nevir had debate.
 God help me so, I was to him as kind
 As any wife fro Denmark unto Inde,
 And also true, and so was he to me,
 I pray to God, that sitt in Majesty
 To blissin his soule for his mercy dere.
 Now woll I say my tale if ye woll here.

The frere ylough whan he had herd all this,
 Now, Dame, qð he, so I have joy and blifs,
 This is a long preamble of a tale.
 And whan the Sompnour herde the frere gale,
 Lo! qð this Sompnour, by Goddes armis two
 A frere woll intermete him evirmo,

Lo! godè men, a fly and eke a frere
 Woll fall in every dish and eche matere.
 What spekest thou of Preambulation?
 What? amble' or trot, either pece or sit doune,
 Thou lettist our disport in this matere.

Ye, wolt thou so, Sir Sompnour, qð the Frere, 840
 Now by my fay, I shall ere that I go
 Tell of a Sompnour soche a tale or two,
 That all the folk shall laughin in this place.

Now doin, els, frere, I beshrew thy face,
 Qð this Sompnour, and I beshrewè me
 But if I tellin talis two or thre
 Of freris, ere I come to Sittingbourne,
 That I shall make thine hertè for to mourne,
 For well I wot thy pacience is gon.
 Our Hostè cryid pece, and that anon, 850
 And seidè, let the Woman tell her tale,
 Ye farin as folk that dronk ben of Ale:

Doe Dame tell forth your tale, and that is best.
 All redy Sir qð she, right as you left,
 If I have licence of this worthy frere.

Yes, Dame tell forth your Tale, I woll it here.

Here ends the PROLOGUE of the Wife of BATH.



The Wife of BATH's TALE.

A Bachelor of King Arthur's Court is enjoin'd by the Queen, upon pain of Death, to tell what thing it is, that women do most desire. At length he is taught it by an old Woman, whom he is enforc'd to marry.

IN the old dayis of the King Arthure
 (Of which the Bretons spekin grete honour)
 All was this lond fulfillid of Fayry,
 The Elquene with her jolly Cumpany 860

Daunsid full oft in many a grene mede,
 This was the old Opinion, as I rede,
 I speke of many hundrid yere ago,
 But now can no man se none elis mo.
 For now the grete charity and prayers
 Of Limitours, and othir holy Freres,
 That serchin every lond, and every streme,
 As thik as motis in the Sunnè beme,
 Blessing halls, chambirs, kitchinis and boures,
 Cities, borroughs, castilis, and hie toures,
 Thorpis and barnis, shipins and dairys,
 This makith that there ben now no fayrys.
 For there as wont to walkin was an Elf
 There walkith now the Limitour himself,
 In Undirmelis and in Morrownings,
 He saith his Mattins and his holy thinges,
 As he goth in his Limitatioune,
 Wyemen may now go safely up and doune,
 In every bush, and undir every tre
 There n'is none othir Incubus but he,
 And he ne will don them no dishonour.

And so befell it that this King Artour
 Had in his house a lusty bachilere,
 That on a day came riding fro th' rivere,
 And happid that alone as he was born,
 He saw a Maidin walking him befor,
 Of which Maidin anon maugre her hede
 By very force he raft her Maidinhede.

For which oppression was soche clamour,
 And soche persute unto the King Artour, 870
 That damnid was this Knight for to be dede,
 By course of law, and shuld have lost his hede,
 Peraventure soche was the Statute tho,
 But that the quene and othir ladys mo
 So longè prayid the King of his grace,
 Tyll he his life hath grauntid in that place,
 And gave him to the quene all at her will
 To chese wheðir she wold him save or spill.
 The Quene thankith the King with all her might,
 And aftir this thus spake she to the Knight, 900
 Whan that she se her-time upon a day;

Thou standist yet, qð she, in soche aray,
 That of thy life yet hast'ow no surtie,
 I graunt The thy life if thou canst tell me
 What thing it is that wyemen most desiren
 Beware and kepe thy nekkè bone from iren.
 And if thou canst tell it me not anon,
 Yet woll I geve The leve for to gon
 A twelvemonth and a day to seke and lere
 And answere suffisaunt in this matere, 910
 And surety woll I have er that thou pass
 Thy body for to yeldin in this place.

Wo was the Knight, and sorowfully sikith,
 But what? he may not don all as him likith.
 And at the last he chose him for to wend
 And come agen right at the yer's end,
 With soche answere as God wold him purvey.
 Taking his leve he wendith forth his wey.
 He sekith every house and every place,
 Whereas he hopith for to findin grace 920

To

To lern what thing the wymen lovin most.
 Yet he ne couth arrivin in no Coste
 Whereas he might findin in this matere
 Two Creturis according both yfere.
 Some said that wymen lovid best richese,
 Some seide honour, and some said jollines,
 Some rich aray, some seidin lust abedd,
 And oftime to be widow, and ywedd.
 Some said that our hert is mostly esid,
 Whan that we ben flatterid and presid.
 He goth full nie the sothe, I woll nat lie,
 A man shall winn us best with flattery,
 And with attendance, and with besinefs
 Ben we ylimid both the more and less.
 And some men say how that we lovin best,
 For to ben fre, and don right as us lest,
 And that no man repreve us of our vice,
 But say that we be wise, and nothing nice,
 For trewily there n'is none of us all,
 If any wight wöll claw us on the gall,
 That we n'll kik for that he saith us sothe.
 Assay, and he shall find it, that so doth.
 For be we ne're so vitious withinn.
 We woll be holdin wise, and clene from sinn.
 And some men sain, that grete delite have we
 To ben holdin stabill, and eke secre;
 And in o purpose stedfastly to dwell,
 And not bewrayin thing that men us tell.
 But that tale is not worth a rake stele,
 Parde we wymen konnin nothing hele.
 Witniss of Midas; Woll ye here the tale?
 Ovid amongis othir thingis smale
 Saith Midas had undir his longè heres
 Growing upon his hede two As's eris;
 The whiche vice he hid as best he might
 Full sotilly from every mann's sight,
 That safe his wife there wist of it no mō;
 He loved her most, and trustid her also,
 He prayid her that unto no creature
 She shold not tellin of his disfigure.
 She swore him, not for all the world to winn
 She n'old not do that villony, ne sinn,
 To make her husbond have so foule a name,
 She n'old not tell it for her owne shame,
 But natheless her thoughtin that she dide,
 That she so long sholdin a Counsaile hide,
 Her thought it swoll so fore about her hert,
 That nedily some word she must astert,
 And sith she durst tellin it to no man
 Doune to a Marris faste by she ran,
 Tyll she came there her hert was on a fire,
 And as a bittorn bumpith in the mire,
 She laid her mouth unto the watir doune,
 Bewray me not thou watir with thy soun,
 Qð she, to The I tell it, and no mo,
 Mine husbond hath long As's eris two.
 Now is mine hert all whole, now it is out,
 I might no lengir kepe it out of dout.
 Here mow ye se, though we a time abide,
 Yet out it mote, we can no Counsaile hide.
 The remnaunt of the tale if ye woll here,
 Redith Ovid, and there ye may it lere.
 This Knight of which my tale is specially,
 Whan that he saw he might not come thereby,
 That is to say, what wymen lovin most,
 Within his hert sorowfull was his gost.
 But home he goth, he mightin not sojourne,
 The day is come that homewards must he turne,
 And in his way it happid him to ride
 In all his care undir a forest side.
 Whereas he saw upon a daunce ygo
 Of Ladys four and twenty, othir mo.
 Towards the daunse he drowe him full yerne
 In hope that he some wisdom there shold lerne.

But certainly er he came fully there
 Vanishid was the daunse he wist not where.
 No creature saw he there that berin life,
 Save on the grene sitting he saw a wife,
 A foulir wight there may no man devise,
 Again the Knight the old wife gan arise, 1000
 And said, Sir Knight, here forth lyith no way,
 Tellith me what you sekin by your say.
 Peraventure it may the bettir be,
 930 These old folk konnin mochil thing, qð she.
 My lefe Mōðir, qð this Knight, certeine
 I n'am but dede, but if that I can seine
 What thing it is that wymen most desire,
 Couð ye me wisse, I wold well quite your hire.
 Plight me thy trouth, here in my hond, qð she,
 The next thing that I requirin of The 1010
 Thou shalt it do, if it be in thy might,
 And I woll tell it you er it be night.
 Have here my trouth, qð the Knight, I it graunt;
 940 Then qð the wife, I may me well avaunt
 Thy life is safe, for I woll stond thereby,
 Upon my life the quene woll say as I.
 Let se which is the proudest of them all
 That werith or a kerchief or a call,
 That dare say nay, of that I shall you teche.
 Let us go forth withoutin lengir speche. 1020
 Tho rownid she a pistil in his ere;
 And bad him to be glad, and have no fere.
 Whan they ben comin to the Court, this Knight
 950 Said he had hold his day as he had hight;
 And redy was his answer, as he said.
 Full many noble wife, and many maid,
 And many widow, for that they be wise,
 (The quene her self sitting as a Justice)
 Assemblid ben his answer for to here:
 And aftirward this Knight was bode appere. 1030
 To every wight commaundid was silence,
 And that the Knight shold tell in Audience
 What thing that worldly wymen lovin mest.
 960 This Knight ne stode not still as doth a beste,
 But to this question anon answerde,
 With manly voice, that all the Court it herd.
 My liege Lady, generally, qð he,
 Wymen desirin to have sovereignty
 As well ovir their husbonds as their love;
 And for to ben in Maistry them above. 1040
 This is your most desire, though ye me kill,
 Doth as you list, I am here at your will.
 In all the Court ne was there wife ne maide,
 970 Ne widow that contrary'd what he said,
 But seid he was worthy to have his life.
 And with that word upstertin the old wife,
 Which that the Knight found sitting on the grene,
 Mercy qð she, my sovereign lady quene,
 Er that your Court departin do me right.
 I taught this answer unto thilke Knight, 1050
 For which he plightid me his trouthe there,
 The first thing that I wold of him requere,
 He wold it do, if it lay in his might.
 Before this Court than pray I The Sir Knight;
 Qð she, that thou me take unto thy wife,
 For well thou wost, that I have kept thy life.
 If I say false, say nay upon thy say.
 This Knight answerde alas! and welaway!
 I wot right well that soche was my behest,
 For Godd's love chesith a new request. 1060
 Take all my gode, and let my body go.
 Nay, qð she, then I shrew us bothin two.
 For tho that I be foule and old and pore,
 990 I n'old for all the metal nor the ore
 That undir erth is grave, or lith above,
 But if that I thy wife were and thy love.
 My love, qð he, nay my Damnation!
 Alas! that any of my Nation

Sholdin

Sholdin evir so foule disparaged be.
But all for noght, the end is this, that he
Constrainid was, and nedis must her wedd,
And takith this old wife, and goth to bedd.

Now woldin some men fain peraventure
That for my negligence I do not cure
To tellin you the joy, and the array
That att the feste was that ilke day.
To the which thing I shortly answe're shall
I say there was no joy, nor feste at all.
There n'as but heviness, and mochil sorow,
Full privily he wed her on a morow,
And all day aftir hid him as an Oule,
So wo was him, his wife lokid so foule.
Grete sorow haddè this Knight in his thought,
Whan he was with his wife abed ybrought,
He wallowith, and tornith to and fro;
His olde wife lay smiling evirmo;
And said, o dere husbond, o *benedicite*,
Farith every knight with his wife as ye?
Is this the law of King Arthur's house?
Is eche Knight of his love thus daungerous?
I am your own true love, and eke your wife,
I am she which that said hath your life,
And certis yet did I you ne'r unright.
Why farin ye with me thus the first night?
Ye fare like a man that has lost his witt.
Ey! what is my gilt? for God's love tell it,
And it shall be amendid if I may.

Amendid, qð this Knight, alas! nay, nay.
That wold not ben amendid nevir mo.
Thou art so lothely, and so old also,
And thereto commin of so low a kind,
That no wondir though I wallow and wind.
So woldè God, qð he mine hert might brest.

Is this, qð she, the cause of your unrest?
Yea certeinly, qð he, no wondir is.
Now Sir qð she I couð amend all this
If that me list, er it were dayis thre.
So well ye might you berin unto me.

But for ye spekin of soche gentilnes,
As is descendid out of old richess,
That therefore shullin ye be gentilmen,
Soch arrogance n'is not worthy an hen.
Lo! who that is most vertuous alwey
Privy and apert, and most tendith aye
To dō the gentle dedis that he can,
Takith him for the grettist Gentilman,
Crist wold we claim of him our gentilnes,
Not of our Elders for their old richess.
For though they geve us all their heritage,
For which we claime to ben of high parage,
Yet may they noght bequethin for no thing
To none of us their vertuous living,
That made them Gentilmen ycallid be,
And bad us folow them in soche degre.

Full well can the wise Poet of Florence,
That hight Dantes, spekin in this sentence.
Lo! in soch manir rime is Dantes tale,
Full seld uprisith by his braunchis smale
Prowess of Man, for God of his godeness
Wold that we claim of him our gentilnes.
For of our Elders may we nothing claime
But temp'rall thingis that may hurt or maime.
Eke every wight wot this as well as I,
If gentilnes were plantid nat'rally
Unto a certeine linage doune the line,
Privy' and apert, than wold they nevir fine
To don of gentilnes the faire Office,
They mightin do no Villony ne vice.

Take fire, and bere it to the derkist house,
Betwixt this, and the Mount of Caucasus,
And let men shet the doris, and go thenne,
Yet wold the fire as faire lyin and brenne

As twenty thousand men might it behold,
His office natural ay wold it hold,
Up perill of my life till that it dye.
Here may ye sein well how that gentrye
Is not annexid to possession,
Sithin folk ne don their operation
Alway as doth the fire, lo! in his kind.
For God it wot men may full oftin find 1150
A lord's sonne don shame and Villony,
And he that wold have prise of his gentry,
For that he was born of a gentle house,
And had his Elders noble, vertuous,
And n'ill himself doin no gentill dedis,
Ne follue' his gentil Auncitre that ded is,
Ne n'is not gentill, be he Duke or Erle,
Fy Villain! sinfull dedes makith a cherle.
For gentilnes n'is but the renomie
Of thy Ancestors for their high bountie, 1160
Which is a stronge thing for thy persone,
Thy gentilnes comith fro God alone.
Then comes our very gentilnes of grace
It was nothing bequethe us with our place.
Thinkith how noble, saith Valerius,
Was thilke King Tullus Hostilius
That out of povert rose to high nobless!
Redith Senec, and redith eke Boece,
There shall ye sene exprefs, that it no drede is
He is gentill, which that doth gentill dedis. 1170
And therfore, dere Husbond, I thus conclude
All were it that mine Auncetirs were rude
Yet may the High God, and so hopin I
Grauntin me grace to livin vertuously.
Than am I gentill, whan that I begin
To livin vertuously and levin Sinn.

Now thereas ye of povert me repreve,
The hie God, on whom that we beleve,
In wilfull povert chese to lede his life,
And certis every man, maidin, and wife 1180
May undirstond, that Jesu Hevin King
Ne wold not chese a vicious living.

Glad povert is an honest thing certeine,
This wold Senec, and othir Clerkis saine.
Whofo wold hold him paid of his povert,
I hold him rich, all had he not a Shert.
He that covitith is a full pore wight,
For he wold han what is not in his might,
But who nought hath, ne covitith to have
Is rich, although men hold him but a knave. 1190
Juvenal saith of povert merrily,
Very povert it singith propirly.

The pore man whan he goith by the way
Before the thevis he may sing and play.
Povert is hatefull gode; and as I gesse
A full grete bringir out of besinesse,
A grete amender eke of Sapience,
To him that takith it in pacience.
Povert is this, although it seme elenge,
Possession, that no wight wold chalenge. 1200
Povert full oftin whan a man is low
Makith himself, and eke his God to know.
Povert spectacle is, as thinkith me,
Through which one may his very frendis se.
And therefore sin that I do you not greve
Of my povertie, no more me repreve.

Now, Sir, of Eld ye eke reprevid me,
And certis, Sir, though none authority
Were in no boke, ye gentles of honour
Saine that men shold an oldè wight honour, 1210
And clepe them fathir for your gentilnes,
And Authors shall I findin, as I gesse.

There as ye saine, that I am foule and o'd,
Than drede you noght to ben a Cokewold.
For filth and elth also, so mote I the,
Ben grete Wardeinis upon chastite.

But

But nath̄eles since I know your delite,
 I shall fulfyll your worldly appetite.
 Chese now, q̄ð she, one of these thingis twey,
 To have me foule and old till that I deye, 1220
 And be to you a true and humble wife,
 And nevir you displese in all my life,
 Or ellis woll you have me yong and faire,
 And take your aventure of the repaire
 That shall come to your house because of me,
 Or in some othir place, as well may be?
 Now chese your selfin whethir that you liketh.
 This Knight avisith him, and sore he siketh,
 But at the last he said in this manere.
 My Lady, and my love, and wife so dere, 1230
 I puttè me in your wise governaunce,
 Chesith your self which may be most plesaunce,
 And most honour to you and me also.
 I do no force the whethir of the two.
 For as you likith it suffisith me.
 Than have I got the Maistery, q̄ð she,
 Since I may chese to govern as I lest;
 Yea certis, wife, q̄ð he, I hold it best.
 Kifs me, q̄ð she, we be no lengir wroth,
 For by my trowth I woll be to you both, 1240

This is to say, to be both faire and gode,
 I pray to God that I mote stervin wode,
 But I to you be all so sad and trew,
 As evir was wife sith the world was new.
 And but I be to morow faire to sene
 As any Lady, Emperess, or Quene,
 That is betwene the Est and eke the West,
 Doth with my life, q̄ð she, right as you lest.
 Cast up the Courtain, and loke how it is.
 And whan this Knight saw apertly all this, 1250
 That she so faire was, and so yong therto,
 For joy he hent her in his armis two.
 His hertè bathid in a bath of blifs,
 A thousand times arow he gan her kifs,
 And she obeyid him in every thing
 That moughtin doen him plesure or liking,
 And thus they livid to their livis end,
 In perfite Joy: And Jesu Crist us send
 Husbondis meke, and yong, and fresh abed,
 And grace to ovirlive them that we wed. 1260
 And I pray to God to shortin their lives
 That woll not be governid by their wives,
 And old and angry nigards of dispence,
 God send them sone a very pestilence.

Thus endith the Wife of BATH's TALE.



Z

Here



Here beginneth the FRERE's PROLOGUE.

T His worthy Limitour, this noble Frere,
 He made alwey a manir louring chere
 Upon the Somner, but for honeste
 No villeynous word yet to him spake he.
 But at the last he said unto the wife,
 Dame, q̃ he, God geve you a right gode life,
 Ye have here touchid, all so mote I the,
 In schole mattir a grete difficulte.
 Ye han said mochill thing right well I say.
 But Dame, here as we ridin by the way
 Us nedith not to spekin but of game,
 And let Autoritys a Godd's name
 To preching, and to schole eke of Clergy.
 But if it like unto this Company
 I woll you of a Somner tell a game,
 Parde ye may well knowin by the name
 That of a Sompnour may no gode be said,
 I pray that none of you be ill apaid;

A Sompnour is a rennir up and doun
 With Maundements for fornicatioun,
 And is ybete at every toun's end.
 Tho spake our Host, as Sir ye shuld ben hend
 And curteis, as a man of your estate.
 In this Company we woll no debate.
 Tellith your tale, and let the Sompnour be.
 Nay, q̃ the Sompnour, let him say to me
 What so him list, whan it come to my lot
 Parde I shall him quittin every grote.
 I shall him tellin which a grete honour
 It is to be a flattering Limitour,
 And eke of many othir manir crime,
 Which nedith not reherfin at this time,
 And of his Office I shall tell I wis.
 Our Host answerid, Pece, no more of this.
 And aftirward he said unto the Frere,
 Tell forth your tale my levè Maistir dere.

Here endeth the FRERE's PROLOGUE.

The

The FRERE's TALE.

A Sompnour and the Devil meeting on the way, after conference, become sworn brethren, and to Hell they go together. A covert invective against the bribery and corruption of the Spiritual Courts in those days.



Hilome there was dwelling in my Contre
 An Archdecon, a man of high degre,
 That boldly diddin execution
 In punishing of fornication,
 Of Witchcraft, and eke of baudery,
 Of Defamation, and advoutrie
 Of Chirch gerevis, and of testaments,
 Of Contracts, and of los of Sacraments,
 Of Usurie and Simonie also,
 But certis lecheroures did he mœch wo,
 They sholdè singin if they werin hent;
 And smale tythirs they werin foule yshent,
 If any person wold upon them pleyne,
 There might astert them no pecunial peyne.
 For smale tithis and eke small offering
 He made the peple pitously to sing.
 For er the Bishop caught them with his hoke,
 They werin in the Archdekin's boke.
 And than had he through his jurisdiction
 Pôwir to don on them correction.
 He had a Sompnour redy to his hond,
 A flyir boy was there none in Englonde,
 For subtilly he had his espiale,
 That taught him where that he might him availe. 40
 He coude spare of Lechours one or two
 To techin him to four and twenty mo.
 For though this Sompnour wode were as an hare,
 To tell his harlotry I wold not spare.
 For we ben out of his Correction,
 They han of us no jurisdiction.
 Ne nevir shall in term of all their lives.
 Peter, so ben the wymen of the Stives,
 Qð this Sompnour, yput out of our cure.
 Pece with mischaunce, and with misaventure, 70
 Saidin our Host, and let him tell his tale.
 Now tellith forth, and let the Sompnour gale,
 Ne sparith not, myn ownè Maistir dere.
 This falsè thefe, this Sompnour, qð the frere,
 Had alwey bauldis redy to his hond,
 As any hauke to lure in Englonde,
 That tellith him all the secre they knew,
 For their acquaintance was not come of new.
 They werin his approvirs privily,
 He toke himself a grete profit thereby:
 His Maistir knew not alwey what he wan,
 Withoutin Maundement a lewde Man
 He couth summon up peyne of Crist's curse,
 And they were inly glad to fill his purse,
 And madin him grete festis at the Nale,
 And right as Judas haddè pursis smale,
 And was a thefe, right soche a thefe was he,
 His Maistir haddè but half his duty.
 He was, if I shall gevin him his laude,
 A thefe, and eke a Sompnour, and a baud.
 He had eke Wenchis of his retinue,
 That whethir Sir Robert, or els Sir Hew,
 Or John, or Rafe, or whofo that it were,
 That lay by them, they told it in his ere.
 The Wenchis and he were of one assent,
 And he wold fetch a fainid Maundement,
 And summon them to the chaptir both two,
 And pill the Man, and let the Wenchè go,
 Than wold he say, frend, I shall for thy sake
 Do strikin her out of our letteres blake, 100
 Thou dare no more, as in this cafe travaille,
 I am thy frend, there I may The availe.
 For certeine he knew of bribery's mo
 Than possible is to tell in yeris two.
 For in this world n'is there Dog for the bow
 That can an hurt dere from an whole one know
 Bett than the Sompnour knew a fly letchour,
 Or an Avoutir, or a Paramour;
 And for that was the frute of all his rent,
 Therefore on it he sett all his entent. 110
 And so bifell, that once upon a day,
 This Sompnour, wayting evir on his pray,
 Rode to summon an old wife, a ribibe,
 Faining a Cause for he wold have a bribe.
 And happid that he saw befor him ride
 A gay yoman undir a forest side,
 A bow he bare, and arrows bright and shene,
 He had upon him a Courtpie of grene,
 An hat upon his hede with frengis blake,
 Sir qð this Sompnour, haile, and wele o'retake. 120
 Welcome, qð he, and every gode felaw,
 Whithir ridest thou undir this grene wode shaw,
 Saidè this yoman, wiltow ferr to day?
 This Sompnour him answerid and said nay.
 Here fast by, qð he, is all mine entent
 To ridin for to raisin up a rent,
 That longith unto my Lord's duty.
 Art thou then a bailif? I am qð he,
 He durst not then for very filth and shame
 Say that he was a Sompnour, for the name. 130
 Depardeux qð this bailif, lefe brother,
 Thou art a bailif, and I am another.
 I am unknowin as in this Countre,
 Of thine acquaintaunce I woldè pray The,
 And eke of brothirhode, if that thou list,
 I have both gold and silvir in my chest,
 If that ye hap to come into our Shire
 All shall be thine right as thou wolt desire.
 Graunt mercy, qð this Sompnour, by my faith.
 Everich in othere's hond this trouth ylayeth, 140
 For to be swornè breth'rin till they dye;
 And with that word they ridin forth their way.
 This Sompnour with that was so full of jangles,
 As full of venome ben the wariangles,
 And ay enquering upon every thing.
 Brothir, qð he, where may be your dwelling,
 Anothir day if I sholdè you seche?
 This yoman him answer'd in softe speche;
 Brothir, qð he, ferre in the North Countre,
 Where as I hope sometime I shall The se, 150
 Er we depart I shall The so well wifs,
 That of my house shaltin thou nevir miss.
 Now, Brothir, qð the Sompnour, I you pray,
 Techin me, while we ridin by the way
 (Sith that ye ben a bailif, as am I)
 Some sotiltie, and tell me faithfully
 In mine office how that I may most winn:
 And sparith not for Conscience ne Sinn,
 But, as my brothir, tell me how don ye.
 Now by my trouth, my brothir dere, said he, 160
 As

As I shall tellin The a faithful tale,
My Wagis ben full streit, and eke full smale.
My Lord is hard to me, and daungerouse,
And mine office is full laborouse;
And therefore by extortion I leve,
Forsothe I take all that men woll me geve,
Algate by flight, or apert violence,
From yere to yere I winn all my dispence,
I can no bettir tellin faithfully.

Now certis, qð this Sompnour, so fare I,
I sparin not to takè, God it wot,
But if it be too hevy, or too hot,
That I may get in Counsaile privily,
No mannir conscience of that have I,
N'ere mine extortion I might not live,
Of soche japis wollin I not be thrive;
Stomach ne Conscience ne know I none,
I shrew all these shrift faders everichone.
Well be we met by God and swete Seint Jame.
But levè brothir tellith me thy name,
Quoðe this Sompnour, in this menè while.

This Yoman gan a litil for to smile,
Brothir, qð he, wolt thou that I The tell?
I am a fend, my dwelling is in Hell,
And here I ride about my purchasing,
To wetin whare I may get any thing,
My purpose is th' effect of all my rent,
Loke how thou ridist for the same intent,
To winnin gode, thou rekist never how.
Right so fare I, for ridin woll I now
Unto the world's ende for a prey.

Ah! qð this Sompnour, *benedicite!* what say?
I wenid ye were a yoman trewly,
Ye have a mann's shape, as well as I.
Have ye a figure then determinate
In hellè, there ye ben in your estate?

Nay certainly, qð he, there have we none,
But whan us likith we can take us one,
Or ellis make us seme, that we ben shape,
Sometimis like a man, or like an ape,
Or like an angel can I ride or go,
It is no wondir thing tho it be so.
A lousie juggler can decevin The,
And yet parde can I more craft than he.

Why, qð the Sompnour, ride ye than or gone
In sondry shape, and not alwey in one?

Forthat, qð he, we will us soche form make,
As is most able our preys for to take.
What makith you to have all this labour?
Full many a Cause, levè Sir Sompnour,
Seide this fend, but allè thing hath time,
The day is short, and it is passid prime,
And yet ne wan I nothing in this day,
I woll entend my winning, if I may,
And not entend our wittis to declare,
For, brothir mine, thy wittes ben all to bare,
To undirfond, although I wold tell The;
But for thou axist why labourin we?
For sometime ben we Godd's instruments,
And menis to don his commaundements,
What so that him lust upon his cretures,
In divers acts, and in divers figures.
Withoutin him we have no might certeine,
If that him list to stondin there ageyne.
And sometime, at our prayir, han we leve
Only the body, not the Soule, to greve;
Witness of Job, to whom we diddin wo;
And sometime have we might of bothè two,
This is to faine, of body and soule eke;
And sometime we ben fust'rid for to seke
Upon a man, and don his soule unrest,
Not his body, and all is for the best:
Whan he withstondith our temptation,
It is a cause of his Salvacion,

Albeit that it was not our entent,
He shold be safe, but that we shold him hent.
And sometime we be servaunts unto man,
As to the Archibishop Seint Dunstan,
And to th' Apostel servaunt eke was I.

Yet tell me, qð this Sompnour, feythfully,
Makin ye you new bodies thus alwey
Of Elements? The fend answerid nay.
Sometime we faine, and sometime we arise
With dede bodys, and that in sondrie wise.
And spekin as renably, faire, and well,
As did the Pythones to Samuell.
And yet do some men say it was not he,
I do no force of your divinite.

But o thing warne I The, I woll not jape,
Thou wolt algatis wete how we be shape.
Thou shalt hereaftirward my brothir dere,
Come where The nedith not of me to lere,
For thou shalt by thyne own experience
Conn in the chair the rede of this sentence,
Bettir than Virgil while he was on live,
Or Dantes also: now let us ride blive,
For I woll holdin company with The,
Tyll it be so that thou forsakè me.

Nay, qð this Sompnour, that shall not betide,
I am a yoman, that is knowen full wide,
My trowth I woll hold to The in this caas,
For though thou were the Devil Sathanas,
My trowth I wollin hold unto my brothir,
As I am sworn, and eche of us till othir,
For to be trewè brothir in this caas.

And, brothir, we gon on to our purchase.
Take thou the part, that men wollin The geve;
And I woll mine, and thus shall we both leve:
And if that eithir havin more than other,
Let him be trew, and part it with his brother.

I graunt it, qð the Devil, by my fay.
And with that word they ridin forth their way.
And right at th' entring of the toun's ende
(To which the Sompnour shope him for to wend)
They saw a Cart, that chargid was with hay,
The which a Cartir drove forth on his way.
Depe was the way, for which the Cart still stode.
This Cartir smote, and cryde as he were wode,
Heit Scot, heit Brok, what spare ye for the nones?
The fend you fetch, qð he, body and bones,
As ferforth as ye were evir yfoled,
So mochil wo as I have for you tholed:
The Devil have it all, horse, cart, and hay.

Qð this Sompnour, here shall we have a prey,
And nere the fend he drew, as nought ne were,
Full privily, and rownid in his ere,
Herkin, my brothir, herkin by thy feyth,
Herist thou not how that the Cartir feyth?
Hent it anon, for he hath geve it The,
Both hay and cart, and eke his Caples thre.

Nay, qð the Devil, God wot ne'r a dele,
It is not his entent trustith me wele,
Ask him thy self, if thou throwist not me,
Or ellis stint a while, and thou shalt se.
This Cartir thakid his horse on the croup,
And they begonnin to draw and to stoupe:
Heit now, qð he, that Jesus Crist you blefs,
And all his honyd werk both more and less,
That was well ytwight, my own liard boy,
And I pray God save The and Seint Eloy.
Now is my Cart out of the Slough parde.
Lo! brothir, qð the fend, what told I The!
Here may ye sein, myn own derè brother,
The Carle spake o thing, but he thought another.
Let us go forth aboutin our viage,
Here winn I nothing upon cariage.
Whan that they comin somewhat out of toun,
This Sompnour to his brothir gan to roun,

Brothir,

Brothir, qð he, here wonnith a rebek,
That had almost as lese to lese her nek,
As for to geve a penny of her gode:
I woll have twelve pence though that she were wode,
Or I woll Sompne her to our office;
And yet, God wot, of her I know no vice,
But for thou canst not, as in this Countre,
Winnin thy cost, ensample take of me.

This Sompnour clappith at the wedow's gate,
Come out, he seide, thou old veritrate,
I trow thou hast some Frere or preeft with The.

Who clappith seid this wife, *benedicite!*
God save you, Sir, what is your swete will,
I have, qð he, of Summons here a bill,
Upon paine of cursing loke that thou be
To morow before our Archdekin's knee,
To answir to the court of certeine thinges.

Now the Lord Jesu, qð she, King of Kinges
So wisely helpin me, as I ne may,
I have ben like, and that many a day,
I may not go so ferr, qð she, ne ride,
But I be dede, so prikith it my side.
May I not ask a libell, Sir Sompnour,
And answere give there, by my Procutour,
To soche thing as men wold apposin me?

Yes, qð this Sompnour, pay anon--- let se
Twelve pence to me, and I woll The acquite,
I shall no profite have thereof but lite,
My Maistir hath the profit and not I.
Come off, and let me ridin hastily.

Geve me twelve pence, I may no lengir tary.
Twelve pence, qð she, o Lady Seint Mary
So wisely help me out of care and sinn,
This wide world though that I shold it winn,
Ne have I not twelve pence within my hold.
Ye knowin well that I am pore and old,
Kith your almis on me a pore old wretch.

Nay than, qð he, the foule fend me fetch,
If I Th' excuse, though thou sholdist be spilt.

Alas! qð she, God wot I have no gilt.
Pay me, qð he, or by the swete Seint Anne
I woll streight bere away the newe panne,
For dett which that thou qwist me of old,
Whan that thou madest thy husband a Cokold,
I paid at home for thy Correction.

Thou liest, qð she, by my Salvacion.

310 I nevir was er now widow ne wife
Sompnid unto your Court in all my life,
Ne nevir n'as I but of body trewe,
Unto the Devil rough and blake of hew
Geve I thy body, and my pan also.

And whan the Devil herdin her curse so
Upon her knees, he said in this manere,
Now Mabily myn owne Moðir dere,
Is this your will in earnest that ye say?

The Devil, qð she, fet him er he dye,
And pann and all, but he woll him repent.

Nay, nay, old Stote, that is not mine entent,
Qð this Sompnour, for to repentin me,
For any thing, that I have had of The,
I wold I had thy smok and every cloth.

Now, brothir, qð the Devil, be not wroth, 370
Thy body, and this pann is mine by right,
Thou shalt with me to Helle yet to night,
Where thou shalt knowin of our privity,
More than a Maistir of Divinity.

330 And with that word the foule fend him hent,
Body and Soule he with the Devil went,
Where that Sompnours havin their heritage,

And God, that madin aftir his image
Mankind, savin and gyde us all and some,
And leve these Sompnours gode men to become. 380

Lordings, I couth have told you, qð this frere,
Had I had leysure of this Sompnour here,
Aftir the text of Crist, of Poul and John,
And of othir Doctours many an one,
Soche peinis, as your hertis might agrise,
Al be it so no tonge may it devise,
Though that I might a thousand wintir tell
The peynis of that cursid house of Hell.

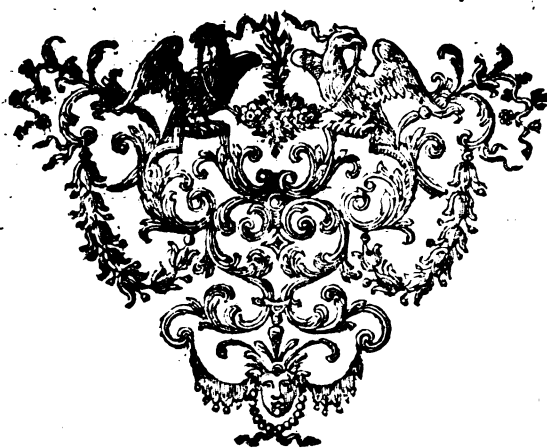
But for to kepe us fro that cursid place
Wakith, and prayith Jesu of his grace
To kepe us fro the temptour Sathanas. 390

Herk'nith this word, beware as in this caas,
The Lioun sittith in await alway
To flea the innocent, if that he may.

Disposith ay your hertis to withstond
The fend, that The wold makin thrall and bond. 350

He may not temptin you ovir your might,
For Crist wold be your champioun and knight,
And prayith that this Sompnour him repent
Of his misdede, er that the fend him hent. 400

Thus endeth the FRERE's TALE.



A a

Here



Here beginneth the SOMPNOUR's PROLOGUE.

T His Sompnour in his stirops high he stode,
Upon this Frere he star'd, his hert was wode,
That like an aspin lese he quoke for ire.
Lordings, qð he, but o thing I desire

And you beseche, that of your curtesy,
Sithins ye han herd this false frere ylye,
As suff'rith me I may my tale ytell.

This Frere ybostith, that he knowith Hell,
And God it wot that it is litil wonder,
Freris and Fendis ben but little' asonder.
For parde ye han oftè time here tell
How that a Frere ravishid was to hell
In spirit onis by a Visioun,
And as an Angell led him up and doune
To shewin him the peynis that were there,
In all the place yet saw he not a Frere.
Of othir folk he saw ynow in wo.
Unto the Angell spake the Frere tho.

Now Sir, qð he, han freris soch a grace
That none of them shall come unto this place? 420

Yes, qð this Angell, many millioun.
And unto Sathanas ladd he him doune.

And now hath Sathanas, said he, a taile
Brodir than of a Carike is the saile.

Hold up thy taile, thou Sathanas, qð he;
Shew forth thyn erse, and let the Frere se
Where is the nest of Freris in this place.

And er that half a forlong wey of space,
Right so as bees swarmin out of an hive,
Out of the Devil's erse they gan to drive,
Twenty thousand Freris all on a rout,
And throughout Hell they swarmid all about,
And come agen as fast as they might gon,
And into his erse they crepte everichone.
He clapt his taile agen, and lay full still.

430

This fryir whan he lokid had his fill
Upon the turment of this sory place,
His spirit God restorid of his grace
To his body agen, and he awoke,
But nathèless yet for fere still he quoke,
So was the Devil's erse ay in his mind!
That is his herytage of very kind.

440

God save you all, save this accurfid Frere,
My Prologue woll I end in this manere.

The

The SOMPNOUR's TALE.

A Begging Fryer coming to a Farmer's house, who lay sick, obtaineth of the sick Man a certain Legacy, which must be equally divided among his Convent. A requital to the Fryer, shewing their coufenage, loytering, impudent begging, and hypocritical praying.



Ordinges, there is in Yorkfhire, as I gheffe,
A marishe Contre callid Holdernesfe,
In which there went a Limitour about,
To preche, and eke to beg it is no dout.
And so bifell that on a day this Frere

Had prechid in a Chirche in his manere, 450
And specially abovin every thing
Excitid the pepill in his preching
To Trentallis, and to geve for Godd's sake
Wherewith men mightin holie housis make,
There as divine servise is honourid,
Not there as it is wastid and devourid:
Ne there it nedith not for to be geve;
As to Possessioners, that may els leve,
Thonkid be God, in wele and haboundaunce.
Trentalls, qð he, deliverith fro Penance 460
Ther frendis soulis, as well olde as yonge,
If so that they ben hastily yfonge,
Not for to holde a Preeft jolie and gay,
(He fingith not but o messe in a day)
Delive'rith out, qð he, anon the Soules,
Full hard it is with Fleshe-hoke, or with Oules
To ben yclawid, or to brenne or bake,
Now spede you hastily, for Crist's sake.
And whan this Frere had said al his entent,
With *Qui cum Patre* forth away he went. 470
Whan folk in Chirche had yeve him what 'hem left,
He went his way, no lengir wolde he rest,
With scrip and tippid staffe, ytuckid hie:
In every house he gan to pore and prie,
And beggid mele, and chese, or ellis corne.
His felaw had a staffe tippid with horne,
A pair of Tables, alle of ivory,
A Poyntell polishid full fetously,
And wrote alwey the namis as he stode
Of alle the folk, that yave 'hem any gode 480
Askauncis, as if he wolde for 'hem prey.
Yeve us a Bushell Whete, or Malt, or Rey,
A Godd's Kichell, or a trip of Chese,
Or ellis what ye list, I may not chese,
A Godd's half-peny, or a Masse-peny,
Or yeve us of your Brawn, if ye have any,
A Dagon of your blanket, leve Dame,
Our Sustir dere; lo, here I write your name,
Bacon, or bese, or such thing as ye find.

A sturdie Harlot went them ay behind, 490
That was ther Host's man, and bare a sacke,
And that men yave 'hem laid it on his backe.
And whan he was out at the dore anon
He playned away the namis everichone,
That he before had writtin in his Tables,
He servid 'hem with nyfles and with Fables.

Nay, there thou lyist, Sompner, qð the Frere.
Pece, qð our Hoste, for Crist's Moðir dere,
Tell forth thy tale, and spare it not at all.
So thrive I Host, qð he, and so I shall. 500
So long he went fro house to house, till he
Came to a house there he was wont to be
Refreshid more than in an hundrid placis,
Sore sik lay the gode Man, whose the place is,
Bedrid upon a couchè low he lay;
Deus hic, qð he; O Thomas frend, gode Day,

Seidè this Frere, all curtisly and soft;
Thomas, qð he, God yeld it you, full oft
Have I upon this Bench farin full wele,
Here have I etin many' a mery mele: 510
And fro the Bench he drove away the Catte,
And layed adoun his potent, and his hatte,
And eke his scrip, and set him soft adoun.
His felaw was go walkid in the Toun
Forth with his knave, into that Hostelrye
Whereas he shope him that ilke night to lie.

O my dere Maistir, qð this sike Man,
How have ye farin sithin March began?
I saw you not this fortnight day and more.

God wote, qð he, laboured have I full fore, 520
And specially for thy Salvacion

Have I saied many precious Orison,
And for our other frendis, God 'hem blefs!
I have this day ben at your Chirche at Messe,
And saied a Sermon after my simple witte,
Not alle after the Text of Holie writte,
For it is harde to you, as I suppose,
And therefore I woll teche you alle the Glose.
Glosing is a glorious thing certaine,
For Lettir slayith, as we Clerkis saine. 530

There have I them taught to ben charitable,
And spend ther gode there it is resonable.
And there I saw our Dame, ah where is she?

Yonder in the yard I trow that she be
Seidè this man, and she woll come anon.

Eye, Maistir, ye be welcome, by St. John,
Seidè this wife, how fare ye, hartily?

This Frere arisith up full curtisly,
And her embracith in his armis narow,
And kissith her swetely, and chirkeith as a sparow 540
With his lips; Dame, qð he, I fare right wele,
As he that is your servaunt every dele,
Thankid be God that you have soule and life,
Yet sawe I not this day so faire a Wife
In alle the whole Chirche, so God me save.

Yea, God amend alle faultis, Sir, qð she,
Algatis welcome be ye, by my fay.
Graunt mercy Dame, that have I found alway,
But of your grete godeness, and by your leve,
I wold you prayin that ye n'old you greve, 550
I woll with Thomas speke a litil throwe,
These Curates ben full negligent and slowe
To gropin tenderly a Mann's Conscience,
In shrift and preching is my diligence,
And to studie on Peter's words and Poul's,
I walke to fishin Christen-mennis soules,
To yeldin Jesu Crist his propre rent,
To sprede his wordis is alle mine entent.

Now by your feith, dere Maistir mine, qð she,
Chidith him wele now for Saint Charite, 560
For he is aye angrie as a Pisse-Mire,
Though that he have all that he can desire,
Though I him wrie on night, and make him warme,
And over him lay my leg or mine arme,
He gronith like our bore that lyeth in stye,
Othir disport of him right none have I;
I may not plese him in no mannir caas.

O Thomas, je vous die, Thomas, Thomas, This

This makith the fend, thus must be amended,
Ire is a thing that God highly defended,
And thereof woll I speke a word or two.

Now Maistir, qð the Wife, ere that I go,
What woll ye dine? I woll go thereabout.

Now Dame, qð he, je vous die sans dout,
Have I not of a Capon but the Liver,
And of your white bred nought but a shiver,
And aftir that a rostid pigg'is hedde,
(But I n'old for me that no beste were dedde)
Than hadde I ynow for my suffisaunce,
I am a man of litil sustenaunce,
My spirit hath his fosting in the Bible,
My bodie is so redie and penible
To wakin, that my stomach is distroied,
I praye you, Dame, that ye be nought annoied,
Though I so frendly you my Counsaile shew,
By God, I n'old have told it but to few.

Now Sir, qð she, but one word er I go,
My child is dedde within these wekis two,
Some aftir that ye went out of this toun.
His Dethe I saw by Revelatioun
Sayid this Frere, at home in our Dortour,
I dare well saye, that within half an hour
Aftir his Dethe I saw him bore to blisse
In my Visioun, so God my soule wisse;
So did our Sexten, and our Fermerere,
That have ben true Freris these fifty yere,
Thei may now, God be thankid of his lone,
Makin ther Jubile, and walke alone.

And up I rose, and alle our Covent eke,
With many a tere trilling on our cheke,
Withoutin noyse, or clattering of Belles,
Te Deum was our song, and nothing elles,
Save that to Crist I bad an Orisoun,
Thanking him of my Revelatioun;
For Sir and Dame, trustith ye me right well,
Our Orisouns ben more effectuell,
And more we se of Crist's secret thinges
Than borell folk, albeit they were Kinges.
We live in poverty and Abstinence,
And borell folk in richesse and dispence
In mete and drink, and in ther foul delite,
We have this world's lust al in despite.

Lazar and Dives livid diversly,
And diverse guerdons haddin they thereby.
Whoso woll praye, he must fast and be clene,
And fatte his soule, and make his body lene.
We fare as saith the' Apostel, clothe and fode
Suffisith us, though thei be not full gode.

The clenenes of the fasting of us Freres
Makith that Crist acceptith of our Prayers.
Lo! Moises fourtie days and fourtie night
Fastid, ere that the High God of his might
Spake with him in the Mountain of Sinai,
With emptie womb, fasting many a day
Recevid he the Lawe, that was written,
With Godd's finger; and Hely, well ye witten,
In Mount Oreb er he had any speche
With the hie Godde, that is our soul's leche,
He fastid long, and was in contemplanche.

Aaron, that had the Temple in governaunce,
And eke the othir Prestis everychone,
Into the Temple whan thei shuldin gon,
To pray for the pepill, and do servise,
They n'oldè drinkin in no mannir wise
No kind of drink, that dronkin might 'hem make,
But there in abstinence did praye and wake,
Lest that they deidin; take hede what I say,
Sobre ben thei that for the pepil pray,
Ware what I say; ynow for it suffiseth,
Our Lord Jesu, as holie Writ deviseth
Yave us ensample of fasting and prayers;
Therefore we Mendicantes, we sely Freres

Ben weddid to Povert and Continenche,
To Charite, Humbleffe, and Abstinence,
To Persecucion for Rightwisenesse,
To Weping, Misericorde, and Clenenesse.

And therefore may ye sein that our prayers
(I speke of us, we Mendicantes, we Freres)
Ben to the high God more acceptable
Than yours with your festis at your table. 650

Fro Paradise first, if I shall not lie
Was Man out chafid for his gluttonie,
And chafst was man in Paradise certaine.
But herkin now, Thomas, what I shall saine;
I have no text of it, as I suppose,
But I find it in mannir of a glose:

That specially our swete Lorde Jesus
Spake this by Freris, whan he saidin thus,
Blessid be thei, that pore in spirit ben I
And so forth all the Gospel may ye sene 660
Whethre' it be liker our professioun,

Or theirs, that swimmin in possessioun.
Fy on ther pomp! and on ther gluttony!
And eke on ther leudnesse! I them desye.

Methinkith they ben like Jovinian,
Fat as a whale, and walking as a swan,
Al vinolent as botill in the spence:
Ther Prayir is of littil reverence,
Whan they for soulis say the Psalm of David,
Lo! bouffe, they saine, *Cor meum eructavit.* 670

Who soloweth Crist's Gospel and his lore
But we, that humble be, and chaste, and pore,
Werkers of Godd's worde, and not auditours?
Therefore right as an Hauke upon his fours
Upspringith in the eire, right so the prayers
Of charitable, chaste, and besy Freres
Makin their fours to Godd's eris two.

Thomas, Thomas, so mote I ride or go,
And by that Lord that clepid is Saint Yve,
Ne thou our broðir were, thou shuldst not thrive. 680
For in our Chapter pray we day and night
To Crist, to sendin The both helth and might
Thy body for to weldin hastily.

Got wote, qð he, nothing thereof fele I,
As helpe me Crist, as in a fewè yeres
Have I spendid on diverse mannir Freres
Full many' a pound, yet fare I ner the bet,
Certaine my gode have I almost beset.
Farewell my gold, for it is all ago.

The Frere answerde, O Thomas, dost thou so? 690
What nedith The diverse Freris to seche?
What nedith him, that hath a parfit leche
To sechin othir lechis in the toun?

Your inconstaunce is your confusioun.
Hold ye me then, and eke all our Covent
To prayin for you insufficient?
Thomas, that jape ne is not worth a mite,
Your maladie is for we have too lite;
A, yeve that Covent four and twenty grotes,
And yeve that Covent half a quarter otes, 700
And yeve that Frere a peny', and let him go:
Nay, nay, Thomas, it may be nothing so.
What is a farthing worth partid in twelve?

Lo! eche thing that is onid in himselve
Is more strong, than when it is so yskattered;
Thomas, of me thou shalt not be yflattered:
Thou woldist have our labour all for nought.
The high God, that alle this world hath ywrought,
Saieth that the workman is worthy his hire.
Thomas, of your tresour I naught desire 710
As for my self, but that all our Covent
To pray for you is ay so diligent,
And for to buildin up Crist's owne Chirch;
Thomas, if ye woll lernin for to wurch
Of building up of Chirchis, maie ye find,
If it be gode, in Thomas life of Inde.

Ye

Ye liggin here full of angir and ire,
With which the Devill fet your hert on fire,
And chidin here this hōlie Innocent,
Your wife, that is so meke and pacient;
And therefore trow me, Thomas, if you lest,
Ne chide not with thy wife, as for the best;
And bere this word away now by thy faith
Touching soche thing, lo! what the Wiseman saith,
Within thy house ne be thou no Lion,
To thy subjects do thou no oppressioun,
Ne makin not thy aquentaunce to fle.
And, Thomas, yet estsonis warne I The;
Beware of hir that in thy bosome slepeth,
Ware of the Serpent, that so slyly crepeth
Undir the grasse, and stingith subtilly;
Beware, my sonne, and herkin patiently,
That twentie thousand men have lost their lives
For striving with ther Lemmans and ther Wives.
Now sith ye have so hōly a meke Wife,
What nedith you, Thomas, to makin strife?
There n'is, I wis, no serpent so cruell
Whan men tredde on his taile, ne half so fell,
As woman is, whan she hath caught an ire;
Verry vengeance is then all her desire.

Ire is a sinn, one of the gretest of seven;
Abominable to the King of Heven,
And to himself it is destruccion.
This every leud Vicar and Parfoune
Can say, how ire engendrih homicide;
Ire is, in sothe the executour of pride.
Of ire right couth I say soche mochil sorow,
That my tale shulde lastin till the morow,
And therefore praye I God, both day and night,
To' an irous man that he send litil might!
It is grete hartte, and certis grete pite,
To set an irous man in high degre.

Whilome there was an irous Potestate,
As saith Senec, that during his estate
Upon a day out riddin Knightis two;
(And as Fortune wouldin it shulde be so)
That one of 'hem came home, the othir nought;
Anon the Knight before the judge is brought,
That seide thus, thou hast thy felaw slaine,
For which I deme The to the dethe certaine;
And to anothir Knight commaundid he,
Go, lede him to the dethe, I chargè The.
And happid, as thei wentin by the weye
Toward the place there where he shuldin deye;
The Knight came, which Men wenid had be dede,
Then thoughtin they it was the bestè rede
To ledin 'hem bothe to the judge againe.
Thei seidin, Lord, lo! the Knight hath not slaine
His felawe; here he stant, whole and alive.
Ye shulle be dede, qð he, so mote I thrive;
This is to sayin both one, two, and thre.
And to the first Knight right thus spakin he,
I dampnid The, thou must algate be dedde,
And thou also must nedis lese thine hedde;
For thou the cause art why thy felaw dyeth;
And to the thirde Knight right thus he seyth,
Thou hast not don what I commaundid The;
And thus he did them slayin allè thre.

Irous Cambyfes was eke dronkelewe,
And ay delitid him to ben a shrewe.
And so bifell, a Lord of his meine;
That lovid well vertuous moralite,
Saied on a day betwixt 'hem two right thus;
A Lord is lost, if he be vicious;
And dronkenesse eke is a foule record
Of any man, and namely of a Lord;
There is full many' an eye, and many' an ere
Awaiting on a Lord, and he n'ot where;
For Godd's love drinkith more temp'erately;
Wine makith a man to lese wretchidly

His mind, and eke his limmis everychone.
The reverse shalt thou se, qð he, anon,
And preve it by thine owne experience,
That wine ne doth to folk no soche offence;
There n'is no wine berevith me my might
Of honde, ne fote, ne of my eyin sight:
And for despite he dronke mochill the more
An hundrid timis than he did before.
And right anon this cursid irous wretch;
This Knight's sonne let before him fetch,
Commaunding him he shulde before him stond,
And sodainly he toke his bowe in honde,
And up the string he pullid to his ere,
And with an arrow slough the child right there.
Now whithre have I a sikir hand or none,
Qð he, is alle my might and mind agone?
Hath wine berevin me myn eyin sight?
What shulde I tell the answer of the Knight?
His sonne was slaine, there is nō more to say.
Beware therefore with Lordis how ye play,
Sing Placebo, and I shall, if I can;
But if it be unto a porè man,
To a porè man men shulde his vicis telle,
Not to a Lord, though he shulde go to Helle.

Lo! Irous Cyrus, that ilke Persian,
How he destroyid the River Gisan!
For that an horse of his was dreint therein,
Whan that he went Babilon for to winne;
He madin that the river was so smale,
That men might ride, or wade it over alle.
Lo! what sayed he, that so welle techin can?
Ne be no felawe to none irous man,
Ne with no wode man walkin by the way,
Lest thou repent; I wolde no ferthir say.
Now, Thomas, lese broðir, leve thine ire,
Thou shalt me find as just, as is a Squire;
Hold not the Devil's knife ay in thine hert,
Thine angir doth The alle too fore smerte;
But shew to me alle thy Confessioun;

Nay, qð the sike man, by Saint Simeon;
I have be shrive this day of my Curate,
I have him told alle wholly myn estate,
Nedith no more to speke of it, qð he,
But if me leste of my humility.
Yeve me than of thy gold to make our Cloyster,
Qð he, for many' a muscle, and many' an oyster,
Whan othir men have ben full well at ese,
Have ben our fode, our Cloyster for to reyse:
And yet, God wot, unnethe the fundament
Parfourmid is, ne of our pavèment
There is not yet a tile within our wones;
By God, we owin fourtie pound for stones.
Now helpe, Thomas, for him that harrowed Helle,
For ellis mote we alle our bokis felie;
And if men lak our Predicatioun,
Than goth this world all to destruccion.
For whoso woll us from the world bereve,
So God me savin, Thomas, by your leve,
He wold bereve out of this world the Sonne!
For who can teche, and werchin as we conne?
And that is not of litil time, qð he,
But sithin Hely was, or Helise,
Han Freris ben, that find I of recorde
In Charite, ythonkid be our Lord.

Now, Thomas, help us, for Saint Charite.
And down anon he fitte him on his kne.
This sike man woxin nie wode for ire,
He woldin that the Frere had ben a fire
With alle his false Dissimulatioun.

Soche thinges as ben in my possessionne,
Qð he, that may I give ye, and none other,
Ye saine me thus, how that I am your brother.
Yes certis, qð this Frere, trustith me wele,
I toke our Dame our letter, and our sele.

B b

Now,

Now, qð he, welle, and somewhat shalle I geve
Unto your holie Covent, while I leve,
And in thyne honde thou shalt it have anon,
On this condicioun, and othir none,
That thou depart it so, my levè brother,
That every Fryer have as moche as other:
This shalt thou swere on thy professioun,
Withoutin fraude, or cavillatioun.

I swere it, qð the Fryer by my faith,
And therewithall his hond in his he layth,
Lo! here my faith, in me shalle be no lack.
Than put thy honde adoun right by my back,
Seidè this man, and gropin well behind,
Benethe my buttoke, there shaltin thou find
A thing, that I have hid in privite;
Ah! thought this Frere, that shalle ygo with me. 880
Adoune he shofth his honde unto the clift,
In hope to findin there some gode gift.
And whan this sike man feltin this Frere
About his towell groping here and there,
Amid his hand he let the Frere a farte;
There n'is no Capell drawing in a Carte,
That might have let a farte of soche a soun.

The Frere upstert, as doth a wode lioun;
Ah! false Churle, qð the Frere, for Godd'is bones,
This hast thou in despite doe for the nones. 890
Thou shalt abie this farte, if that I maie.

His meinë, which that herd of this affray,
Came leping in, and chafid out the Frere,
And forth he goeth with a full angrie chere,
And fette his felawe there as laye his store,
He lokid as he were a wildè Bore,
He grintid with his tethe, so was he wrothe!
A sturdie pace doune to the Courte he goth,
Whereas there woned a man of grete honour,
To whome that he was alwey Confessour. 900
This worthie man was Lord of that village;
This Frere ycame, as he were in a rage,
Whereas this Lorde satte eting at his borde,
Unnethis might this Frere spekin o worde,
Till at the last he seidè, God you se.

This Lord gan loke, and said *benedicite*!
What now, Frere John? What manir world is this?
I se right welle, that something is amis.
Ye loke as though the wodde were full of thevis,
Sittè down anon, and telle me what your greve is, 910
And it shalle be amendid, if I maie.

I have, qð he, had a despote to day,
God yelde it you, adoun in your village,
That in this worlde there n'is so pore a page,
That he n'old have abominacioun
Of that I have receid in your toun.
And yet ne grevith me nothing so fore,
As that the oldè Churle with lokkis hore
Blasphemid hath our holie Covent eke.

Now, Maistir, qð the Lord, I you besেকে: 920
No Maistir, Sir, qð he, but servitour,
Though I have had in scholis that honour,
God likith not that men us Rabbi calle,
Nothir in market, ne in your large halle.

No force, qð he, but telle me alle your grefe.
Sir, qð this Frere, an odious mischefe
This day betidde to myn ordre and me,
And so per consequence to eche degre
Of holie Chirche, God amendin it sone.

Sir, qð the Lorde, we wot what is to done, 930
Distemper you not, ye ben my Confessour,
Ye be the salte of the erthe, and the favour,
For Godd'is love your pacience now holde,
Tell me your grefe; and he anon him told,
As ye han herde before, ye wore well what.

The Ladie of the House ay stille ysatte,
Till she had herdin what the Frere had sayed.
Eye, Godd'is Mothir qð she, blifsfull Maide!

Is there nought ellis? telle me faithfully.
Madame, qð he, how thinkith ye thereby? 940
How me thinkith? qð she, so God me spede,
I say a Churle hath done a Churl'is dede.
What shulde I say, God let him nevir the,
His sike hedde is alle fulle of vanite,
I holde him in a mannir of frensie.

Madame, qð he, by God, I shalle not lie,
But I in othir wise may ben awreke,
I shalle defame him ovre' alle where I speke,
That false blasphemour, which that chargid me
To part it, that wolle not departid be, 950
To every man ylike much, with mischaunce!

The Lorde satte stille, as he were in a traunce,
And in his herte he rollid up and doune
How that his Chorle had ymaginacioun
To shewin soche a probleme to the Frere,
Nevir erst or now herde I soche matere,
I trowe the Devill put it in his mind,
In alle Arismetrike there shalle no man finde
Byforne this day of soche a questioun,
Who shulde make a demonstracioun 960
That every man shulde have ylike his parte
As of the soun or favour of a Farte?
O nice, proudè Churle, I shrewe thy face.

Lo! Sir, qð the Lorde, with hardè grace,
Who evir herde of soche a thing er now?
To every man ylike? tellin me how?
It is impossible, it may not be.
Eye nice Churle! God let him nevir the.
The rombling of a farte, and every soun,
N'is but of aire reverberacioun, 970
And ay it wastith lyte and lyte away,
There is no man can demin by my fay,
If that it were departid equally.

What? lo my Churle! lo, yet how shrewdely
Unto my Confessour to day he spake!
I holde him certaine a Demoniak.

Now ete your mete, and let the Chorle go playe,
Let him go hange himself a Divell way.

Now stode the Lord'is Squyr at the borde,
That carst his mete, and herdè worde by worde 980
Of alle this thing, of whiche I have you sayed.

My Lord, qð he, be ye not ill apayed,
For I couth tellin for a gowne of cloth
To ye, Sir Frere, so that ye be not wroth,
How that this farte shulde evin delid be
Among your Covent, if it likith The.

Telle, qð the Lorde, and thou shalt have anon
A gown of cloth, by God, and by Saint John.

My Lord, qð he, when the weðir is faire 990
Withoutin winde, or perturbing of ayre,
Let bring a cartwhele here into this halle,
But loke to that it have its spokis alle.
Twelve spokis hath a cartwhele comynly.

And bring me then twelve Freris, wot ye why?
For thirtene is a Covent, as I ghesse.

Your Confessour here for his worthinesse
Shalle parfourme the nombir of his Covent.
Than shalle they knele adoune by one assent,
And to every spok's-end in this manere
Full sadly layin his nose shalle a Frere. 1000

Your nobill Confessour there, God him save,
Shalle holde his nose upright into the nave;
Then shalle this Churle, with belie stiffe and tought,
As any Tabour, hither ben ybrought,
And fette him on the whele right of this Carte,
Upon the Nave, and make him let a Farte,
And ye shulle se, up perill of my life,
And by prefe which that is demonstratife,
That equally the soun of it wille wend,
And eke the stink, unto the spokis end. 1010

Save that this worthie man, your Confessour,
(Because he is a man of grete honour)

Shalle

Shalle have the first frutis, as refoun is,
 The noble usage of Freris is this,
 The worthiest man of them shalle first be served,
 And certainly he hath it well deserved.
 He hath to day taught us so mochill gode
 With preching in the Pulpit there he stode,
 That I may vouch-safe, I sayin for me,
 He haddè the first smelle of fartis thre,
 And so well all his brethrin hardily,

He berith him so faire and holilie.
 The Lorde, the Ladie, eche man fave the Frere,
 Seidè that Jenkin spake in this matere
 As well as Euclid cou'de, or Ptolomie;
 Touching the Chorle thei saied, that subtiltie
 And high wit made him spakin as he spake,
 He n'is no fole, ne no Demoniakè;
 1020 And Jenkin hath ywonne a newè Goune;
 My Tale is done, we ben almost at tounè, 1030

Here endith the SOMPNOUR's TALE.



Here



Here followeth the Clerk of Oxenford's PROLOGUE.



IR Clerk of Oxenford, our Hoste saide,
Yeride as coye and stille, as doth a Maide
That were new spousid sitting att the
borde;
This day ne herde I of your mouthe a
worde:

I trowe you studie about some sophime,
But Salomon saide that all thing hath time.
For Godd's sake as beth of better chere,
It is no time now for to studie here.
Telle us some mery talè by your faye,
For what man that is entrid into playe
He nedis mote unto that playe assent.
But prechith not as Freris don in Lent,
To makin us for our olde sinnes to wepe,
Ne that thy talè make us not to slepe.
Telle us some mery thing of adventures,
Your termis, colouris, and your figures
Kepe them in store till so be ye endite
High Stile, as whan men unto Kingis write,
Spekith so plaine at this time, I you praye,
That we may understondin what you saye.

This worthie Clerke benignly him answerde,
Hoste, qd he, I am under your yerde,
Ye have of us as now the governaunce,
And therefore wolke I do you obeysaunce,
As ferre as resoun askith, hardily.
I wolke you telle a talè, whiche that I
Lernid at Padow of a worthie Clerke,

As preved is by his wordes, and by his werke.
He is now dede, and nailid in his cheste,
I praye to God to sende his soule gode rest! 1060
Frauncis Petrarke, the Laureate Poete,
Hightin this Clerke, whose Rhetorike so swete
Enlumined Itaille of Poetrie,
As Livian did of Philosophie,
Or Law, or othir arte particulere;
But Dethe, that wolke not suffir us dwelle here
But as it were the twinkling of an eye,
Them both hath slaine, and allè we shall deye.

But for to tellin of this worthie man,
That taught me this tale, as I first began; 1070
I say that he first with hie stile enditeth
(Ere he the bodie of his talè writeth)
A Proheme, in the whiche descrivith he
Piemont, and of Saluce the Countre,
And spekith of Apennine hillis hie,
That ben the boundis of West Lumbardie;
And of Mount Vesulus in specialle,
Whereas the Po out of a wellè smalle
Ytakith his first springing and his sours,
That Estewarde evre encrestith in his cours 1080
To Emelleward, to Ferare, and Venise,
The whiche a longe time werin to devise,
And truily, as to my judgèment,
Methinkith it a thing impertinent,
Save that him leste so convey his matere.
But this is his tale, as ye shullin here.

The

The Clerke of OXENFORD's TALE.

Walter the Marquis of Saluce proveth the Pacience of his Wife Grifild by
thre most sharp Trialls.



Here is upon the West side of Itaile,
Doun at the rote of Vesulus the cold,
A lustie plaine, habundaunt of Vitaile,
Where many' a toun and toure thou
may'st behold, 1090

That foundid were in time of Faðris olde,
And many' an othir delectable fight,
And Saluces this noble countre hight.

A Marquis whilome Lorde was of that londe,
As were his worthie Elders him before,
And obeyfaunt ay redie to his honde
Were alle his Liegis, bothe lesse and more,
Thus in delite he lived, and hath don yore,
Beloved and dradd, through favour of Fortune,
Both of his Lordis, and of his Commune. 1100

Therewith he was (to speke of his Lynage)
The gentillist yborne of Lumbardie,
A faire perfone, and stronge, and yonge of age,
And full of honour and of curtisie,
Discrete ynough his contre for to gye,
Save in some thingis that he was to blame,
And Walter was this yonge Lord's name.

I blame him thus, that he confidrid nought
In time coming what mightin him betide,
But on his present lust was alle his thought, 1110
And for to hauke and hunt on every side
Well nigh all othir curis let he slide,
And eke he n'old (and that was worst of alle)
Weddè no wife, for ought that might befall.

Only that pointe his peple bare so fore
That flockmele on a day they to him went,
And one of 'hem, that wisist was of lore,
(Or ellis that the Lorde wolde best assent
That he sholde telle him what his peple ment, 1120
Or ellis cou'de he shew wele soche matere)
He to the Marquis sayed as ye shulle here.

O noble Marquis, your humanite
Assurith us, and gevith hardinesse
As oft as time is of necessite
That we may to you tell our hevinesse,
Acceptith now, Lorde, of your gentilnesse,
That we with pitous hertes unto you plaine,
And let your eris not my voice disdaine.

Alle have I not to done in this matere
More than anothir man hath in this place, 1130
Yet forasmuch as ye, my Lorde so dere,
Have alwey shewid me favour and grace,
I dare the bettir axe of you a space
Of audience, to shewin our request,
And ye, my Lorde, to done right as ye leste.

For certis, Lorde, so wele us likith you,
And all your werke, and aye have done; that we
Ne cou'de not our own self devisin how
We might more livin in felicity,
Save one thing, Lorde, if that it your wille be, 1140
That for to be a weddid man you leste;

Then were your peple' in soveraine hert's reste.

Bowith your neck undir the blisfull yoke
Of Sovèrantie and not of servise,
Which that men clepin spousaile or wedloke,
And thinkith, Lorde, among your thoughtis wife,
How that our dayes passin in sondrie wise,
For though we slepe, or wake, or runne, or ride,
Aye fleith time, it woll no man abide.

And tho your grene youthe flower growith as yet, 1150
In crepith age alwey as stille as stone,
And dethe menasith every age, and smite,
In eche estate, for there escapith none,
And also certaine as we know echone
That we shulle dye, and uncertaine we alle
Ben of that day that dethe shall on us falle:

Acceptith than of us the true entent,
That nevir yet refusidin your heste,
And we wolle, Lorde, if that ye wolle assent,
Chese you a wife in short time, at the leste 1160
Borne of the gentillist, and of the mest
Of all Itaile, so that it ought seme
Honour to God and you, as we can deme.

Delivir us out of this besy drede,
And take a wife, for the high Godd's sake,
For if it so befall (as God forbede)
That through your dethe your lynage sholde yflake,
And that a straunge successour sholdin take
Your heritage, O wo were us on live!
Wherefore we pray you hastily to wive. 1170

Ther mekè prayir, and ther pitous chere
Madè the Marquis herte to have pite,
Wollin ye, qð he, myne owne pepill dere,
To that I nevir erst thought constraine me?
I me rejoicid of my liberte,
That feldin time is found in mariage;
There I was fre I more ben in servage.

But nathèless I se your true entent,
And trust upon your wit, and have done aye,
Wherefore of my fre will I woll assent 1180
To weddin me as sone as ere I maye;
But there as ye have profrid me to daye
To chesin me a wife, I you relese
That choice, and pray you of that profir cese.

For God it wote, that childrin oftin ben
Unlike ther worthie elders them before,
Bounte comith of God, and not of strenne
Of whiche they ben engendrid and ybore,
I truste in Godd's bounte, and therefore
My mariage, and myne estate and reste
I him betake, he may done as him leste. 1190

Let me alone in chesing of my wife,
That charge upon my back I woll endure,
But I you praye and charge upon your life,
That what wife that I take, ye me ensure
To worship her, while that her life may dure,

C c

In

In werde and werke, both here and ellifwhere,
As she an Emperour's doughtir were.

And furthirmore thus shalle ye swere that ye
Agenst my choice shall nevir grutch ne strive, 1200
For sith I shalle forgoe my liberte
At your request, as evir mote I thrive,
There as my herte is sette there woll I wive,
And but ye woll assent in soche manere,
I praye you speke no more in this matere.

With hertie wille thei swerin and assent
To alle this thing, there sayed not one wight nay,
Beseching him of grace ere that thei went
• That he wolde grauntin them a certeine day
Of his spousaile, as sone as ere he may. 1210
For yet alweye the peple somewhat dredde,
Lest that this Marquis ne wolde no wife wedde.

He grauntid 'hem a day, soche as them leste,
On whiche he wolde be weddid sikirlye,
And saide he did alle this at ther request,
And thei with humble' entent full buxumlie,
Kneling upon ther knees full reverentlie
Him thonkid alle, and thus thei have an end
Of ther entent, and home ayen thei wend.

And hereupon he toke his officeres, 1220
Commaunding them for the feste to purvay,
And to his privie Knightis and his Squires
Soche charge he yave, as he leste on them lay,
And thei to his commaundement obey,
And eche of 'hem doeth all his diligence
To don unto that feste high reverence.

Explicit Pars prima, sequitur Pars secunda.

Not ferre fro thilke Paleyse honourable,
Thereas this Marquis shope his mariage,
There stode a thorpe of sight delectable,
In whiche the pore folk of that village 1230
Haddin ther bestis and ther herbigage,
And of ther labour toke ther sustenance,
After that the erthe yave 'hem habundaunce.

Among these pore folk there dwellid a man,
Whiche that was holdin porist of 'hem alle,
But the high God sometimis fendin can
His grace unto a litil Ox'is-stalle,
Janicola men of that thorpe him calle.
A doughtir had he faire enough to sight,
And Grisildis this yongè maidin hight. 1240

But for to speke of vertuose beaute,
Than was she one the feirist undir sonne.
And full porely yfostrid up was she
No lico'rous lust was through her herte yronne,
But oftir of the welle than of the tonne
She dranke, and for that she wolde vertue plesse,
She knewe welle labour, but none idle ese.

But though this maidin tendir were of age,
Yet in the breste of her virginie
There was enclosid sad and ripe corage, 1250
And in grete reverence and charite
Her olde pore faðir yfostrid she.
A fewe shepe spinning on the felde she kepte,
She woldè not ben idle till she slepte.

And whan homewarde she came, she woldè bring
Wortis or othir herbis timis ofte,
The whiche she shradde and sethe for ther living,
And made her bed full harde and nothing soft,
And aye she kept her faðir's life on loft,

With every obeisaunce and diligence 1260
That childe might do to faðer's reverence.

Upon Grisildis this povert cature
Welle oftin hath the Marquis sette his eye,
As he on hunting rode peraventure,
And whan it felle that he might her espye,
He not with wanton loking of folie
His eyin cast on her, but in fade wise
Upon her chere he wolde him oft avise,

Commending in his herte her womanhede,
And eke her vertue, passing every wight 1270
Of so yonge age, as welle in chere as dede;
For though the peple have no grete insight
In vertue, he considerid full right
Her bounte, and purposid that he wolde
Her wedde only, if evir he wedde sholde.

The daye of wedding came, but no wight can
Tell what manir of woman it shold be,
For whiche mervayle wondrid many a man,
And saidin whan they were in privite,
Wolle not our Lorde yet leve his vanite? 1280
Wolle he not wedde alas! alas the while!
Why wolde he thus himself and us begyle?

But nathèless this Marquis hath do make
Of gemmis sette in golde and in azure
Brochis and ringis for Grisildis sake,
And of her clothing toke he the mesure
Of a maidin like unto her stature,
And eke of othir ornamentis alle
That unto soche a wedding sholde befall.

The time of undern in the famin daye 1290
Approchid that the wedding sholdè be,
And all the Paleyse put was in araye,
Both halle and chambir eche in his degre;
The officis stuffid with grete plente,
There mayst thou se all dainteousse vitaille,
That may be foundin in ferthist Itaille.

This royalle Marquis richely was araied,
With Lordes and Ladies in his companie,
The whiche unto the feste werin yprayed,
And of his retinue the Bachelerie, 1300
With many' a soun of sondrie melodie,
And to the village, of whiche I you tolde,
In this araye the right waye hath yholde.

Grisild of this, God wote, full innocent,
(That for her shapin was alle this araye)
To fetchin water at a welle is wente,
And comith home as sone as ere she maye,
For welle she herdin saye that ilkè daye
That the Marquis sholde wedde, and if she might,
She woldè faine have sene some of that sight. 1310

She thought, I wolde with othir maidins stonde,
That ben my felawes, in our dore, and se
The Marquis, and therefore now wolde I fonde
To don at home, as sone as it may be,
The labour, which that longith unto me.
And then may I at leysir it beholde,
If he this waye unto the Castle holde.

And as she wolde over the ðreshold gone,
The Marquis came, and gan her for to calle, 1320
And she sette doune her watir-pot anon,
Beside the threshold of the Ox'is-stalle,
And doune upon her knees she gan to falle,
And with sad countenance she knelid stille,
Till she had herde what was the Lord's wille.
This

This thoughtfull Marquis spake unto the Maide.

Full fobirlic, and faide in this manere,
Where is your faðir, Grisildis, he faide?
And she with reverence and humble chere,
Answerid, Lorde, he is all redy here,
And in she goeth withoutin lengir lett,
And to the Marquis she her faðir sette.

1330

He by the honde then toke this oldè man,
And seide thus, whan he had him aside,
Janicola, I neither may ne can
The plesaunce lenger of myn hertè hide,
If thou vouchsafe, whatso'ever me betide,
Thy doughtir wolde I take ere hens I wend,
As for my wife, unto my liv'is end.

Thou lovist me, I wote it welle certeine,
And art my faithfull Liegè Man ybore,
And alle that likith me I dare welle saine
It likith The, and speciallic therefore
Telle me that point that I have faide before,
And if thou wilt unto that purpose drawe?
To takin me as for thy Sonne in Lawe.

1340

This sodaine case the man astonid so,
That red he wext, abashed, and alle quaking
He stode, unneth ne said he wordis mo,
But only thus, Lorde, qð he, my willing,
Is as ye wolde, ne ayenst your liking
I wolde nothing, ye be my Lorde so dere,
Right as you lest governith this matere.

1350

Than wolde I thus, qð this Marquis, sothely,
That in thy chambir I and you and she
Have a Collation, and wotest thou why?
For I wolde aske her, if her wille it be
To be my wife, and rule her aftir me.
And all this shall be done in thy presence,
I woll not speke out of thine audience.

And in the chambir while thei were about
The Tretise, whiche as ye shull aftir here
The peple came unto the house without,
And wondrid hem in how honest manere
So tentiffy she kept her faðir dere.
But uttirly Grisildis wonder might,
For nevir erst ne sawe she soche a sight.

1360

No wondir is though she be astonid,
To se so grete a ghest come to that place,
She nevir was to soche ghestis wonid,
For whiche she lokid with a full pale face;
But shortlie fro this matere for to pace,
These were the wordis, that the Marquis faide
To this benigne and very feithfull maide.

1370

Grisilde, sayed he, ye shalle welle undirstond,
It likith unto your faðir and me,
That I you wedde, and eke it may so stonde,
As I suppose, ye wolde that it so be,
But these demaundis aske I first, qð he,
That sith it shalle be done in hastie wife,
Wolle you thereto assent, or you avise?

1380

I saye thus, be ye redy with gode herte
To alle my lust, and that I frely may
As me best likith, though ye laugh or smerte,
And nevir ye to grutch me night or day,
Whan I say yea, that ye say not ones nay,
Nouthir by worde, nor frowning countenance,
Swere this, and here I swere our alliaunce.

Wondring on these wordis, quaking for drede,
She faide, my Lord, indigne and unworthie

Am I to thilk honour that ye me bede, 1390

But as you wolde your self right so wolde I,
And here I swere that nevir willingly,
In werde, werke, thought, I n'll you disobey
For to be dede, though me were lothe to dey.

This is ynough, Grisildis mine, qð he,
And forth he goeth with a full sobre chere
Out at the dore, and aftir him came she,
And to the folke he faide in this manere,
This is my wife, qð he, that stondith here,
Honourith her, and lovith her, I pray, 1400
Whoso me lovith, there n'is more to say.

And for that nothing of her oldè gere
She sholde bringin into his house, he bade
That wymen sholde dispoilin her right there,
Of whiche these Ladies werin nothing glade,
To handle her clothes in whiche she was clad.
But nathèless this maidin bright of hew
Fro fore to hedde thei clothid han all new.

Her haire han thei kembid, that lay untressed
Full rudily, and with ther fingeres smale 1410
A Croune upon her hedde they han ydressed,
And sette it full of ouchis grete and smale,
Of her aray what sholde I make a tale?
Unnethe the peple knew her for fairenesse,
Whan she transformid was in soche richesse.

This Marquis hath her spousid with a ring,
Bought for the same cause, and then he her sette
Upon an horse snow-white, full welle ambling,
And to his paleyse, ere he lengir lette,
With joyfull peple, that her ladde and mette, 1420
Conveyid her, and thus the day thei spend
In revell, till the sonne gan to descend.

And shortly forth this tale for to trace,
I say that to this new-made Marquesse
God hath ysent soche favour of his grace,
That it ne semid by no likelinesse
That she yborne was and fed in rudenesse,
As in a Cote or in an Ox'is stalle,
But norished in an Emperour's halle.

To every wight she woxin is so dere 1430
And worshipfull, that folke there she was bore,
And fro her birth that knewe her yere by yere,
Unneth trowid thei her, but durst have swore
That to Janicola (of whom before)
She doughtir n'as, for as by conjecture
'Hem thought she was right anothir cature.

For though that evir vertuose was she,
She was encrefid in soche excellence
Of thewis gode, sette in so high degre,
And so discrete and faire of eloquence, 1440
And so benigne, and digne of reverence,
And couthe the pepli's hertis so embrace,
That eche her loved that lokid in her face.

Not only of Saluces in the toun
Publithid was the bountie of her name,
But eke beside in many regioun,
If one said welle, anothir faide the same,
So spraddin of her bountie the grete fame,
That men and wymen, bothè yonge and olde
Gone to Saluces, her for to beholde. 1450

This Walter lowlie and full royallie
Weddid hath with fortunate honeste.
In Godd'is pece livith full esily
At home, and outward grace ynough had he,
And

14002A

And for he sawe that undir lowe degre
Was honest vertue hid, pepill him helde
A prudent man, and that is fene full feld.

Not only this Grisildis through her witt
Couthe all the feat of wifly humblenesse,
But eke, whan that the case requirid it, 1460
The comyn profite couð she welle redresse,
There n'as discord, rancour, ne hevinesse,
In all the londe, that she ne couð appese,
And wifely bring 'hem alle in rest and ese.

Though that her husbonde present were or none,
If gentilman or chorle of that countre,
Were wrothe, she knewe how to bring them at one,
So wise and eke so ripe wordis had she!
And in judgment of so grete equite,
That she from Hevin sent was, as men wende,
Peple to save, and every wronge to amende!

Not longe time aftir that this Grisilde
Was weddid, she a doughtir hath ybore,
Alle had she levir have bore a knave childe,
Glad was the Marquis, and his folke therefore,
For though a maidin childe came al before,
She may unto a knave childe attaine
By likelihode, sithin she n'is barraine.

Explicit Pars secunda, & sequitur Pars tertia.

There felle, as it befallith oft times mo,
Whan that this childe had fokid but a throwe, 1480
This Marquis in his hert ylongith so
To tempt his wife, her sadnesse for to knowe,
That he ne might out of his herte throwe,
This mervailouse delite his wife to assaye,
Nedeless, God wote, he thought her to affraye,

He had assayid her ynough before,
And fonde her evir gode, what nedith it
Her for to turment alwey more and more?
Though some men praise it for a sotill wit,
But as for me, I say full ill it fitte 1490
To assaye a wife, whan that it is no nede,
And puttin her in anguish and in drede.

For whiche this Marquis wrought in this manere,
He came alone anight there as she laye,
With a sterne visage and right ugly chere,
And saide her thus, Grisilde, qð he that daye
That I The toke out of thy pore arraye,
And put The in estate of high noblesse,
Thou hast not that forgottin, as I ghesse,

I say, Grisilde, the present dignite, 1500
In whiche I now have put The, as I trowe,
Makith The not forgetfull for to be
That I The toke in pore estate, full lowe
For any wele, thou must thy selfin knowe,
Takith hede of every worde what I saye,
There is no wight that herith but we twaye,

Thou wotist thy self how that thou came here,
Into this house, it is not longe ago,
And thought to me ye be both lese and dere, 1510
Unto my Gentilles you are nothing so,
Thei say to them it is grete shame and wo,
For to ben subjeet, and ben in servage
To The, that borne art in so smalle village,

And namely sith thy doughtir was ybore,
These wordis have thei spokin doutileffe,
But I desire, as I have don before,
To live my life with them in rest and pece,

I may not in this case be rechileffe,
I mote don with thy doughtir for the best,
Not as I wolde, but as my peple lest. 1520

And yet, God wote, this is full loth to me,
But nathelleffe withoutin thy witting
I wolde nought do; but this I wolde, qð he,
That thou to me assent as in this thing,
Shewe now thy pacience in thy werking
That thou me hight and swore in your village
That day, that makid was our mariage.

Whan she had herde all this she not ameved
Neither in worde, or dede, or countenance,
For as it semid she was not agreved, 1530
She seide, Lorde, all lyeth in your plesauce,
My childe and I, with hertie obeisaunce,
Ben your own alle, and ye may save or spille,
With your owne thing workith aftir your wille.

There may be nothing, so God my soule save,
Likin to you, that may displein me,
Ne I desirin nothing for to have,
Ne dredin for to lese, but only ye,
This wille is in my herte, and ay shall be,
No length of time, or dethe may this deface, 1540
Ne turne my corage to none othir place.

Glad was this Marquis of her answering,
But yet he fainid as he were not so,
Alle dreerie was his chere and his loking;
Whan that he sholde out of the chambir go,
Sone aftir this a furlong way or two,
He privily had tolde alle his entent
Unto a man, and to his wife him sent.

A fort of Sergeant was this privy man,
The whiche he feithfull oft time foundin had, 1550
In thingis grete, and eke such folk welle can
Don execution of thingis bad,
The Lorde knew well that he him loved and dradde!
And whan this Sergeant knewe his Lord's wille,
Into the chambir stalkid he full stille.

Madame, he sayed, ye mote foryeve it me,
Though I a thing do whiche I am constrained,
Ye ben ful wife, and full welle knowin ye
That Lord's hestis may not be yfained,
Thei may welle be ywaylid and complained, 1560
But men must nedes unto ther lust obey,
And so wolde I, there n'is no more to sey:

This childe I am commaundid for to take,
And spoke no more, but up the childe he hent,
Dispitoufly, and gan a chere to make
As though he wolde have slaine it ere he went;
Grisildis alle must suffir and consent,
And as a Lambe she sittith meke and stille,
And let this cruill Sergeant do his wille.

Suspect ywas the fame of thilk man, 1570
Suspect his face, suspect his worde also,
Suspect the time, in whiche he this began,
Alas! her doughtir that she lovid so!
She wenid that he wolde have slaine it tho.
But nathelleffe she neither wepte ne siked,
Conforming her to that the Marquis liked.

But at the last to speke she thus began,
And mekily she to the Sergeant prayed,
So as he was a verry Gentilman
That she might kisse her childe, ere that it dyed, 1570
And in her barme the litil child she layed,

With

With full sad face than gan the childe to blisse,
And lullid it, and aftir gan it kisse.

And thus she saidin in her benigne voice
Farewelle, my childe, I shall The nevir se,
But fith I have markid The with the Croise,
Of thilke faðir yblessid mote thou be,
That for us dyid upon the Roode tre,
Thy soule, my litil childe, I him berake, 1580
For this night shalt thou dyin for my sake.

I trowe that to a norice in this case
Full harde it wolde have ben this rounthe to se,
Welle might a moðir then have cryed alas!
But nathlefs so sad and stedfast was she,
That she endurid her adversite,
And to the Sergeant mekily she sayed,
Have here ayen your litil yonge maide.

Goth now, qð she, and doth my Lord's heft,
But o thing wolde I praye you of your grace,
(But if my Lorde forbid it you) at lest 1590
Burie this litil bodie in some place,
That no bestis or foulis it may race.
But he no worde to that purpose wolde saye,
But toke the childe, and went anon his waye.

This Sergeant came unto his Lorde againe,
And of Grisildis wordis, and her chere
He tolde him pointe fro pointe, in shorte and plaine,
And him presentid with his doughtir dere.
Somewhat this Lorde had rounthe in this matere,
But nathlefs his purpose held he stille, 1600
As Lordis don, whan thei wolde have their wille:

And bad this Sergeant, that full privily
This childe he sholdin full soft wind and wrappe
With alle the Circumstancis tendirly,
And carrie it in coffer or in lappe,
But on paine of his hedde of for to swappe,
That no man sholdin knowe of his entent,
Ne whence he came, ne whither that he went.

But at Boloigne unto his sustir dere,
That thilke time of Pavie was Countesse, 1610
He sholde it take, and shew her this matere,
Beseeching her to don her besinesse
This child to fostir in alle gentilnesse,
And whose childe that it was he bade her hide
From every wight, for ought that might betide.

This Sergeant goeth, and hath fulfilled this thing.
But to this Marquis now returnin we,
For now goth he full fast imagining
If by his wif's chere he might ought se,
Or by her wordis percevin that she 1620
Were chaungid ought; but he couð nevir finde
But evir in one mode like sad and kinde.

As glad, as humble, and besie in servise,
And eke in love, as she was wont to be,
Was she to him in every manir wise,
Ne of her doughtir not one worde spake she,
None accident, ne none adversite
Was sene in her; nevir her doughtir's name
Ne namid she, for ernest ne for game.

Explicit Pars tertia, & sequitur Pars quarta.

In this estate there passid ben four yere, 1630
Ere she with childe was, but as God it wolde,
A knave child she bare to this Waltere
Full graciously and faire for to beholde,
And whan that folke it to the faðir tolde,

Non onlie he, but all the cōuntre mery
Was for the childe, and God thei thonk and hery.

Whan it was two yere olde, and fro the breste
Departid from his norce, on a daye
This Marquis caughtin yet anothir leste
To tempt his wife estsonis if he maye, 1640
O nedeless was she temptid I dare saye,
But weddid men ne knowin no mesure,
Whan that thei find a pacient cature.

Wife, qð this Marquis, ye have herde ere this,
My pepill hevy berith our mariage,
And namely fithin my sonne yborne is,
Now is it worse than evir in our age,
The murmure slayth my herte and my corage,
For to my eres comith the voice so smerte,
That it well nigh destroyid hath my herte. 1650

Now saye thei thus, when Waler is agon,
Than shalle the blode of Janicole succede,
And ben our Lorde, for othir have we none,
Soche wordis say my pepill out of drede,
Well ought I of such murmure takin hede,
For certainly I drede alle soche sentence,
Though thei not plaine speke in myn audience.

I wolde livin in pece, if that I might,
Wherefore I am disposid uttirly,
As I his sustir yservid by night, 1660
Right so I think to serve him priville,
This warne I you, that ye not sodainly
Out of your selfe, for no wo sholde outtraie,
Beth pacient, and thereof I you praye.

I have, qð she, sayed thus, and evir shalle,
I wolde nothing in no manir certaine
But as you leste; nought grevith me at alle
Though that my doughtir and my sonne be slaine
At your commaundement; this is to faine,
I have hadde no part of my childrin twaine, 1670
But first fikenesse, and aftir wo and paine.

Ye ben our Lord, doth with your ownè thing
Right as you leste, askith no rede of me,
For as I left at home alle my clothing,
Whan I came first to you, right so, qð she,
I left my wille and alle my liberte,
And toke your clothing, wherefore I you preye
Doth your plesance, I wolde your lust obeye.

And certis if I haddin prescience,
Your wille to knowe, ere you your lust me told, 1680
I wolde it doin without negligence,
But now I wote your lust, and what ye wolde,
Alle your plesance firme and stable I holde.
For wist I that my dethe might do you ese,
Gladly wolde I it suffir you to ples,

Dethe may not makin no comparison
Unto your love. And when this Marquis sawe
The constancy of his wife, he cast adoune,
His eyin two, and wondrid how she may
In soche pacience suffir alle all this arraie, 1690
And forth he goth with drerie countenance,
But to his herte it was full grete plesance.

That eiger Sergeaunt in the samè wife
That he her doughtir caught, right so hath he
(Or werse, if he couð any werse devise)
Ycaught her sonne, that was full of bewte,
And evir in one so pacient was she,
That she no chere madin of hevinesse,
But kist her sonne, and aftir gan him blesse.

D d

Save

Save this she prayid him, if that he might,
 Her litil sonne he wold in the erth grave,
 His tendir limmis, delicate to fight,
 Fro foulis and fro bestis them to save.
 But she none answer of him mightin have,
 He went his way, as he nothing ne rought,
 But to Boloigne he tendirly him brought.

This Marquis wondrid evir lengir more
 Upon her pacience, and if that he
 Ne haddin sothly knowin there before,
 That perfetly her childrin lovid she,
 He wolde have wende, that for some sotilty,
 And of malice, and for cruell corage,
 That she had suffrid this with sad vilage.

But he knewe welle, that next himself certaine
 She loved her childrin best in any wise,
 But now of wymen wolde I aske full faine,
 If these assayis mightin not suffice,
 What coude a sturdie husbonde more devise
 To preve her wivehode, and her stedfastnesse,
 But he continuing in sturdinesse?

But there be folke of soche condition,
 That when thei have a certeine purpose take,
 Thei cannot stint of their intention,
 But right as thei were boundin to a stake
 Thei wolde not of that ther first purpose flake.
 Right so this Marquis hath fully purposed
 To tempt his wife, as he was first disposed.

He waitid if by worde or countenance
 That she to him was changid of corage,
 But nevir coude he findin variaunce,
 She was ay in one herte and one visage,
 And evir ferthir that she was in age
 The more truer, if it were possible,
 She was to him in love, and more penible.

For which it semid thus, that of them two
 There n'as but one wille; for as Walter left
 The famin lust was her plesaunce also,
 And, God be thonkid, alle felle for the best,
 She shewid welle for none worldly unrest
 A wife as of her self nothing ne sholde
 Wille in effect, but as her husbonde wolde.

The Sclander of Walter wonder wide sprad,
 That of cruill herte he full wickidly
 (For that he a pore woman weddid had)
 Hath murdrid both his childrin privily;
 Soche murmure was among 'hem comynly;
 No wondir was, for to the pep'is ere
 There came no worde but that thei murdrid were.

For which there as his peple there before
 Had loved him well, sclander of his defame
 Maidin 'hem that thei hatid him therefore,
 To ben a murdrer is an hateful name!
 But nathelss for ernest ne for game
 He of his cruill purpose wolde not stint,
 To tempt his wife ywas all his entent.

Whan that his doughtir twelve yere was of age,
 He to the Court of Rome in sotill wise
 Enformid of his wille sent his message,
 Commaunding hem such bullis to devise,
 As to his cruill purpose may suffice,
 How that the Pope had, for his pep'is rest,
 Bad him to wed another, if him left.

I save he bade thei sholdin counterfete
 The Pop'is Bullis, making mentioun

1700 That he hath leve his first wife for to lete,
 As by the Pop'is Dispensatioun,
 To stinte the rancour and dissentioun
 Twixte his pepill and him, so spake the Bulle,
 The whiche thei han publishid at the fullc.

The rude pepill, as it no wondir n'is, 1770
 Wendin full welle that it had ben right so,
 But whan these tidinges came to Grisildis,
 I demin that her herte was full of wo,
 But she was stille ylike sadde evirmo,
 Disposid welle was this humble cature
 The' adversite of fortune to endure,

Abiding evir his lust and plesaunce,
 To whome that she had gevin herte and alle,
 As to his verry worldly suffisaunce.
 But shortlie if I telle this storie shalle, 1780
 This Marquis writtin hath in specialle
 A Lettre, in which he shewed alle his entent,
 And privilie to Boloigne he it sent,

To the Erle of Pavie, whiche that had tho
 Weddid his sustir, praying specially
 To bringin him ayen his childrin two
 In honourable state, all opiny,
 But one thing he him prayid uttirly,
 That he no wight, although thei did enquere
 Ytellen sholde whose childrin that thei were. 1790

But say that the maidin sholde weddid be
 To the Marquis of Saluces anon;
 And as the Erle was prayid so did he,
 At the day sette he on his way is gone
 Towarde Saluce, and Lordis many one
 In riche araie, this maidin for to gyde,
 And her yong brothir riding by her side.

Arayid was towarde her mariage
 This maidin freshe shining with gemmis clere,
 And her brothir, that seven yere was of age, 1800
 Arayid was full freshe in his manere,
 And thus in grete noblesse, and in glade chere,
 Towarde Saluces speding their journey
 Fro day to day thei ridin forthe ther way.

Explicit Pars quarta, & sequitur Pars quinta.

Among alle this, aftir his wike usage,
 This Marquis yet his wife to temptin more
 To the utterist profe of her corage,
 Fully to have experience, and lore,
 If that she were as stedfast as before.
 He on a day in opin audience 1810
 Full boistously hath saide her this sentence.

Certis, Grisilde, I had ynow plesaunce
 To han you to my wife for your godenefs,
 And for your trouthe, and for your obeisaunce,
 Not for your lynage, ne for your richesse.
 But now I knowe in verry sothfastnesse
 That in grete Lordship, I me welle avise,
 There is grete servitude in sondrie wife.

I may not don as every Ploughman may,
 My peple me constrainith for to take 1820
 Anothir wife, and cryin day by day,
 And eke the Pope, this rancour for to flake,
 Consentith it, that I dare undirtake,
 And truly thus moche I wolde you say,
 My newe wife is coming by the way.

Be stronge of herte, and voide anon the place,
 And thilke dowir that ye brought to me

Take

Take it ayen, I graunt it of my grace,
Retournith to your faðr's house, qð he,
No man may alway have prosperite, 1830
With evin herte I rede you to endure
The stroke of fortune, or of aventure.

And she againe answerde in patience,
My Lorde, qð she, I wote and wist alwaye,
How that betwixte your high magnificence
And my poverte no wight can ne may
Makin comparifoune, it is no nay,
I helde me nevir digne in no manere
To ben your wife, ne yet your chamberere.

And in this house, there ye me Ladië made, 1840
(The High God take I as for my witnesse,
And all so wisely as he my soule glade)
I helde me neither ladië ne maistresse,
But humble servaunt to your worthinesse,
And evir shalle while my life may endure,
Abovin every worldely cature.

That ye so longe of your benighnte
Have holdin me in honour and nobley,
Where I was nothing worthie for to be,
That thonke I God and you, to whome I preye 1850
To yeld it you, there is no more to feye.
Unto my faðir gladly wolle I wende,
And with him dwelle unto my liv's ende.

There I was fostrid of a childe full smale,
Tille I be dede my life there wolle I lede,
A widowe clene in herte, bodie, and alle,
For sithin I gave you my maidinhede
I am your trewe wife, it is no drede,
God sheldë soche a Lord's wife to take
Anothir man to husbonde or to make. 1860

And of your newë wife God of his grace
So graunt you welthe and high prosperite.
For I wolle gladlie yeldin her my place,
In the whiche I was blifsfulle wont to be,
For sith it likith you, my Lorde, qð she,
(That whilome werin alle my hert's rest)
That I shalle gon; I shalle go whan you left.

But thereas ye me proffir such dowaire
As I first brought, it is welle in my mind 1870
It were my wretchid clothis nothing faire,
The whiche to me now were fulle harde to finde.
O gode God! how gentil, and eke how kinde
Ye semid by your speche, and your visage,
That daye that makid was our mariage!

But sothe is saide, alwey I finde it true,
For in effect it provid is on me,
Love is not olde as whan that it is newe,
But certis, Lorde, for none adversite,
To dyin in this place, it shalle not be 1880
That I in worde or werke shulle ere repent,
That I you yafe myne herte in gode entent.

My Lorde, ye wote, that in my faðr's place
Ye did me strippin out of my pore wede,
And richly ye me claddin of your grace,
To you I brought nought ellis out of drede,
But faithe, nakidnesse, and my maidinhede,
But here ayen your clothing I restore,
And eke my wedding ringe for evirmore.

The remnaunte of you jewelless redie be 1890
Within your chambre, dare I safely faine,
Nakid out of my faðr's house, qð she,
I came, and nakid I mote turne againe.

Alle your plesaunce folowe woldin I faine,
But yet I hope it be not your entent
That I smokelle out of your Paleyse went.

Ye couð not do so dishonest a thing,
That thilkë wombe, in whiche your childrin lay,
Sholde before the pepill in my walking
Be sene all nakid; wherefore I you praye, 1900
Let me not like a worme go by the waye:
Remembrith you myn owne Lorde so dere,
I was your wife, though I unworthie were.

Wherefore in guerdon of my maidinhede
(Which I to you brought, and not again bere)
As but vouchsafe to yeve me to my mede
But soche a smocke as I was wonte to were,
That I therewith may wrie the wombe of her
That was your wife; and here I take my leve
Of you, myn only Lorde, lest I you greve. 1910

The smocke, qð he, that thou hast on thy back
Let it be stille, and bere it forth with The,
But welle unnethe that wordë had he spake,
But went his way for routhe and for pite.
Before the folke her selfin strippid she,
And in her smocke with fote and hede al bare
Towardes her faðr's house forth is she fare.

The folke her folowed weping in her wey,
And fortune evir cursid as thei gone, 1920
But she fro weping kept her eyin dreye,
Ne in alle this time worde spakin she none.
Her faðir, that these tidinges herde anon
Cursid the day, and the time, that nature
Shopin him to ben a livis cature.

For out of doute this olde and poverte man
Was evir suspect of her mariage,
For evir he demid sith it began,
That whan the Lorde filled had his corage,
Him woldin thinke it was a disparage
To his estate so lowe for to alight, 1930
And voidin her so sone as ere he might.

Ayenst his doughtir hastily goth he,
(For he by noise of folk knew her coming)
And with her olde cote, as it mightin be,
He cov'rid her sorowfully weping,
But on her bodie he might not it bringe,
For rude was the clothe, and she more of age,
By dayis fele, than at her mariage.

Thus with her faðir for a certaine space
Dwellith this flower of wively pacience, 1940
That nevir by her worde, ne by her face,
Before the folke, ne eke in their abfence,
Shewid she that to her was done offence.
Ne of her hie estate no remembraunce
Had she, as by her manir countenance.

No wondir is, for in her grëte estate
Her ghost was ay in plaine humilite,
No tendir mouthe, ne yet herte delicate,
Ne pompe, ne semblaunce of high roialte,
But full of patient benighnte, 1950
Discrete, and prideless, and ay honourable,
And to her husbonde evir meke and stable.

Men speke of Job, and most for his humbleffs,
As Clerkis (whan 'hem left) can well endite,
Namely of men, but in gode sothefastnesse
Though Clerkis praisin wymen but a lite,
There can no men in humbleffe them acquite

As

As wymen can, ne ben thei halfe so true,
As wymen ben, but it bealle of newe.

Explicit Pars quinta, sequitur Pars sexta.

Fro Boloigne is the Erle of Pavie come, 1960
Of whiche the fame yspronge to more and lesse,
And to the Pepl's eris alle and some
Was tolde eke, how that a newe Marquesse
He with him brought in pompe, and soche richesse,
That nevir was there sene with Mann's eye
So noble' araye in alle West Lumbardie.

The Marquis, whiche that shope and knewe all this,
Ere that this erle was come sent his message
To thilke pore felie creature Grisildis,
And she with humble herte and glad visage, 1970
And with no swelling thought in her corage
Came at his heft, and on her knees her sette,
And reverently and wisely she him gret.

Grisild, qð he, my wille is uttirly,
This maidin, that shalle weddid be to me,
Recevid be to morowe roially,
As it is possible' in my house to be,
And eke that every wight in his degre
Have his estate in sitting and servise,
And alle so plesant as ye can devise. 1980

I have no woman suffisaunt certaine
The chambris to araye in ordinaunce
Aftir my lust, and therefore wolde I faine
That thine were all soche manir governaunce,
That knowist eke of olde all my plesauce,
Though thine araye be bad and ill to se,
Do thou thy devoir at the lestè weye.

Not only, Lorde, that I am glade, qð she,
To done your lust, but I desire also
Your wife to plesse and serve in my degre, 1990
Withoutin faining, and shalle evirmo,
Ne nevir for no wele, ne for no wo
Ne shalle the ghost within my hertè stent
To love you best with alle my true entent.

And with that worde she gan the house to dight,
And tablis sette, and beddis for to make,
And painid her to doe alle that she might,
Praying the Chambereres for Godd's sake
To hastin them, and faste to swepe and shake,
And she the moste servisable of 'hem alle 2000
Hath every chambre arayid and his Halle.

Aboutin undern gan this Erle alight,
That with him brought these nobill childern tweye,
For whiche the peple ran to se that sight
Of ther araie so richily beseye,
And than at erst amongis 'hem thei saye,
That Walter was no fole, though that him lesse
To chaunge his wife, for it was for the beste.

For she is fairer, as thei demin alle,
Than is Grisilde, and more tendir of age, 2010
And fairer fruit betwenin 'hem shalle falle,
And mucche more plesant for her high lynage,
Her broðir eke so faire was of visage,
That him to sene the peple had plesauce,
Commending now the Marquis governaunce,

O stormy peple, unsad, and untrew,
Aye undiscrete, and chaunging as a fane,
Delighting aye in rumour that is newe!
For like the Mone evir waxe ye and wane,
Ay full of clapping, dere ynough a jane; 2020

Your dome is false, your constaunce evil preveth,
A full grete fole is he that on you leveth.

Thus saidin the sad folke in that Cite,
Whan that the peple gasid up and doune,
For thei were glad right with the novelte,
To havin a new Ladie in the toun;
No more of this make I now mentioun,
But to Grisilde ayen wolde I me dresse,
And telle her constaunce and her besinesse.

Well besie was Grisilde on every thing, 2030
That to the feste tho was appertinent,
Right nought was she abashed of her clothing,
Though they were rude, and somedeke eke to rent,
But with glade chere unto the yate is went,
With othir folke, to grete the Marquesse,
And aftir doth she forth her besinesse.

With right glad chere his gestis she receveth,
And buxomly everich in his degre,
That no defaute no man there apperceveth,
But evir thei wondrid what she might be, 2040
That in so pore araie was for to se,
And couth soche honour and soche reverence,
And worthily thei praisin her prudence.

In all the menè while she nevir stente
This maide and eke her broðir to commende,
With all her herte and full benigne entente,
So welle, that no man couth her praise amende,
But at the laste, whan that these Lordis wende
To sittin down to mete, he gan to calle
Grisilde, as she was besie in the Halle. 2050

Grisilde, qð he, as it were in his playe,
How likith The my wife and her beaute?
Right welle, my Lord, qð she, for in gode fay
A fairer sawe I nevir none than she,
I praye God to yeve you prosperite,
And so I hope that he wolde to you sende
Plesauce ynough unto your liv's ende.

But one thing I beseeche and warne also,
That ye ne prick with no soche turmenting
This tendir Maidin, as ye han do me, 2060
For she is fost'rid in her norishing
More tendirly, and to my supposing
She couð not welle adversite endure,
As couldin a porer fost'rid creature.

And whan this Walter sawe her pacience,
And her glade chere, and no malice at alle,
And he so ofte had don to her offence,
And she constaunt and stable as a Walle,
Continuing her innocence ovre' alle,
This sturdie Marquis gan his herte to dresse 2070
To rue upon her wively stedfastnesse.

This is ynough, Grisildis myn, qð he,
Be nowe no more agaste, ne ill apaide,
I have thy faithe, and thy benignite,
As welle as evir woman was, assaide,
In grete estate, or poverly araide,
Now knowe I welle, dere Wife, thy stedfastnesse,
And in his armes her toke, and gan to kesse.

And she for wondir toke thereof no kepe,
Ne herdin she what thing to her he saide, 2080
She fared as she had stert out of a slepe,
Till she out of her masidnesse abraide;
Grisilde, qð he, by God that for us deyde,
Thou art my wife, ne none othir I have,
Ne nevir had, as God my soule save.

This

This is my doughtir, which thou hast supposid
To ben my wife, that othir faithfully
Shalle be myn heir, as I have purposid,
Thou barist them in thy bodie truly,
At Boloign have I kept 'hem fikerly; 2090
Take 'hem ayen, for now thou maist not say
That thou hast lorne none of thy childern tway;

And folke, that otherwife han saide of me,
I warne them wele, that I have done this dede
For no malice, ne for no cruelte,
But for to' assaie in The thy womanhede,
And not to sley my childern, God forbede!
But for to kepe 'hem privilie and stille,
Till I thy purpose knewe, and alle thy wille.

Whan this she herde, aswonne down she fallith, 2100
For pitous joye, and aftir her swouning
She bothe her yonge Childerne to her callith,
And in her armis, pitously weping,
Embracith 'hem bothe, tendirly kissing,
Full like a Moðir, with her saltè teres,
She bathid bothe ther visage and ther heres.

O what a pitous thing it was to se
Her swouning, and her pitous voice to here!
Graunt mercie! Lorde God, thonke I you, qð she,
That ye have savid me my childern dere, 2110
Now reke I nevir to be dede right here,
Sith I stonde in your love, and in your grace,
No force of dethe, ne whan my spirit pace.

O tendir, o dere, o yonge childerne mine,
Your wofull Moðir wenid stedfastly,
That cruell houndis, or some foule vermine
Had etin you, but God of his mercie,
And your benigne faðir so tendirly
Hath done you kepe, and in that samè stounde
Alle sodainly she swapte doune to the grounde.

And in her swounde so sadly holdith she
Her childrin two, whan she gan them embrace,
That with grete sight, and grete difficulte
The childerne from her armes they gan to race.
O many' a tere on many a pitous face
Doune ran of them that stod in there beside,
Unnethe about her might no man abide.

Walter her gladith, her sorowe slakith,
She risith up abasid from her traunce
And every wight her joie and feste makith, 2130
Tille she had caught ayen her countenaunce,
Walter her doth so faithfully plesauce,
That it was deinty for to se the chere
Betwixt 'hem two, whan thei were met yfere.

These Ladies, whan that thei their timè sey,
Han takin her, and to the chambir gone,
And strippid her out of her rude arraie,
And in a clothe of golde that brightly shone,
And with a croune of many a riche ston
Upon her hede, into the Halle her brought, 2140
And there she was honourid as she ought.

Thus hath this pitous day a blisfull ende,
For every man and woman doth his might
This day in mirth and revell to dispend,
Till on the welkin shone the sterris bright;
For more solempne in every mann's sight
This feste ywas, and greter of costage,
Than was the revell of ther mariage.

Full many' a yere in high prosperite
Livin these two in concord and in rest, 2150

And richely his doughtir maryid he
Unto a Lorde, one of the worthyest
Of all Itaile, and than in pece and rest
His wif's faðir in his courte he kepte,
Tille that his soule out of his body crepte.

His sonne succedith in his heritage,
In rest and pece, aftir his faðir's day,
And fortunate was eke in mariage,
Alle put he not his wife in grete assay.
This worlde is not so stronge, it is no nay, 2163
As it hath ben in olde timis yore,
Then herkenith what the Autour saith therefore.

This storie is not saide that wivis sholde
Followe Grisilde in her humilite,
For it were importable, though thei wolde,
But for that every wight, in his degre,
Sholde be constaunt in alle adversite,
As was Grisildis, whereof Petrarke writeth
This storie, whiche with high style he enditeth.

For sith a woman was so pacient 2170
Unto a mortalle man, welle more we ought
Receve all in gre that God hath us sente,
For with grete skille he previth what he wrought;
But he ne temptith no man that he bought,
As saith Saint Jame, if ye his Pistle rede,
He previth folke all day, it is no drede:

And suffrith us, as for our exercise,
With the sharpe scourgis of adversite
Full ofte to be betin in fondrie wife,
Notfor to knowe our wille, for certis he 2180
Ere we were borne yknewe alle our frailte,
And for our best is alle his governaunce,
Let us then live in vertuous suffraunce.

But one worde herk'nith, Lordinges, ere ye goe,
It were full harde to findin now adayes
In alle a rounne Grisildis thre or two,
For if that thei were put to soche assayes,
The Golde of them hath now so bad alayes,
With Brasse, that though the Kithe be faire at eye,
It woldin rathir brast atwo than plie. 2190

For which here for the Wif's love of Bathe,
Whose Life and Seet Almighty God maintene
In high maistry, or ellis were it skate,
I wolde with lustie herte bothe freshe and grene
Say you a Songe, to gladdin you I wene,
And let us stintin of ernest matere,
Herk'nith my Songe, that saith in this manere.

~~~~~

*L'envoy de Chaucer à les Mariz de nostre temps.*

Grisilde is dede, and eke her pacience,  
And bothe at onis buried in Itaile,  
For whiche I crie in opin audience 2200  
No weddid Man be so hardie to' assaile  
His wif's pacience, in hope to finde  
Grisildis, for in certaine he shall faile.

O noble wivis, full of hie prudence!  
Let no humilite your tonguis naile,  
Ne let no Clerke have cause ne diligence  
To write of you a storie of mervaile,  
As of Grisildis pacient and kinde,  
Lest Chicface you swallow' in her entraile.

E e

Followeth

Followeth Echo, that holdith no silence,  
 But evir answereth at the Countretaille,  
 Beth not adassid for your innocence,  
 But sharpely take on you the governaile,  
 Emprintith well this lesson on your mind,  
 For common profite sith it may availe,

Ne drede them not, do them no reverence,  
 For though thine husbonde armid be in maile,  
 The arrowes of thy crabbid eloquence  
 Shalle perce his herte, and eke his adventaile,  
 In jelousie I rede The thou him binde, 2220  
 And ye shalle make him couehc as doth a quaile.

If you be faire, there folke ben in presence  
 Shewe thou thy visage, and thy apparaile,  
 If thou be foule, be fre of thy dispence;  
 To get The frendis aye do thy travaile,  
 Be aye as light of chere as lefe on linde,  
 And let him care, and wepe, and wring, and waile.

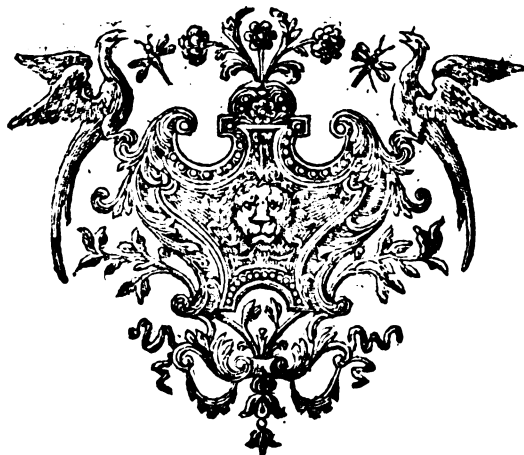
2210 Ye archwivis stondith at your defence,  
 Sith ye be stronge as is a grete camaile;  
 Ne suffir not that men don you offence; 2230  
 Ye slendir wivis, feble in bataile,  
 Beth eygre' as any Tiger is in Inde,  
 Aye clappith as a mille, I you counsaile.

Here endeth the Clerke of Oxenford's TALE.

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Here foloweth the Wordes of our Hoste.

**I** His worthie Clerke whan endid was his Tale,  
 Our Hoste saide and swore by Cockis bones,  
 Me levir were than a barrell of Ale  
 My wife at home had herd this Legend ones;  
 This is a gentle tale for the nones,  
 As to my purpose, wistè ye my wille,  
 But thing that wolde not be, let it be stille. 2240



Here



## Here followeth the FRANKELEIN'S PROLOGUE.



HE oldè gentill Britons in ther days  
Of diverse Avéntoures madin ther layes,

*The Right Honourable the Earl of Oxford's  
MS begins with our Host's words as above,  
and goes on—*

[“ I have a wife, although that pore she be,  
“ Yet hathè she an hepe of vicis, lo!  
“ For of her tongue a verry shrewe is she;  
“ For to my wille the contraire woll she doe,  
“ There is no force; let alle soche thingis goe;  
“ But wit ye what, in counseile be it seide,  
“ Me rewith fore that I am to her teyde.

“ Sir Frankleine, commith nere, if your will be, 2250  
“ Sey us a Tale, as y' are a Gentilman;  
“ It shalle be done trewly, mine Hoste, qð he,  
“ I woll you tell as shortly as I can,  
“ Holde me excused, though I unworthie am

“ To telle a tale, but I wolde nought rebelle  
“ Ayenst your wille, a tale now wolde I telle.]

Rymed in first in ther owne Briton tongue,  
Whiche Layis with ther instruments thei songe,  
Or ellis redin hem for ther plesaunce,  
And one of them have I in remembraunce, 2260  
Whiche I shalle saye as welle as ere I can.  
But Sires, because I am a borell man,  
At my beginning first I you besече,  
Havith me excused of my rude speche.  
I lernid never Rhetorike certeine,  
Thing that I speke it mote be bare and pleine.  
I never slepte on th' Mount of Parnassio,  
Ne lernid Marcus Tullius Cicero;  
Coloures ne knowe I none, withoutin drede,  
But soche coloures as growin in the mede, 2270  
Or ellis soche as men dye with, or peynte,  
Coloures of Rhetorike ben to me queint,  
My spirite felith nought of soche matere,  
But if ye lust, my Tale shullin ye here.

The

## The FRANKLEIN's TALE.

Aurelius after much labour and cost bestowed to win the Love of Dorigen, another Man's Wife, is content in the end, through the good dealing of her and her husband, to lose both his labour and cost. The scope of this Tale seemeth to be a contention of Courtesy.

**I**N Armorike, that clepid is Britaine,  
There was a Knight, that loved, and did his  
paine

To servin a Ladie in his beste wise,  
And many' a labour, many' a grete emprise  
He for his Ladie wrought, ere she was wonne;  
For she was one the fayrist under Sonne, 2280  
And eke thereto comin of high kinrede,  
That welle unnethis durst this Knight for drede  
Telle her his woe, his paine, and his distresse:  
But at the last, she for his worthinesse,  
And namily for his meke obeysaunce,  
Hath soche a pite caught of his penaunce;  
That privily she felle of his accorde,  
To take him for her husbonde, and her Lorde,  
Of soche Lordship as men have ore ther wives.  
And for to lede in the more blisse ther lives, 2290  
Of his fre-wille he swore her as a Knight,  
That nevir in his life, ne day ne night,  
Ne sholde he take upon him no maistry  
Ayenst her wille, ne kithe her jelousie,  
But her obeye, and folowe' her wille in alle,  
As any Lovir to his Ladie shalle:  
Save that the name of Sovereignty,  
That wolde he have, for shame of his degre.  
She thonkith him of his grete humblenesse,  
And seide, Sir, sith of your gentilnesse 2300  
Ye profrid me to have so large a raine,  
Ne wolde God nevir betwixtin us twaine,  
As in my gilte, were outhir werre or strife,  
Sir, I wolde be your true and humble wife,  
Have here my trowth, till that my herte breste,  
Thus ben thei both in quiet and in rest.

For one thing, Siris, safely dare I seye,  
That frendis everich othir must obeye,  
If that thei longe will holdin cumpany.  
Love wolde not be constreynid by maistry: 2310  
Whan maistry cometh, the God of Love anon  
Betith his winges, and farewell, he is gon.  
Love is a thing as anie spirite fre,  
Wymen of kinde desirin liberte,  
And not to be constreynid as a thralle,  
And so done men, if I the sothe say shalle.  
Loke whofo that most pacient is in love,  
He is at his advauntage alle above,  
Paciencie is an high vertue certene,  
For it vanquishith, as these Clerkis seine, 2320  
Thingis, that rigour nevir shalle attaine.  
For every worde men may not chide or plaine,  
Lernith to suffir, or, so mote I gone,  
Ye shalle it lerne, whethir ye wolde or none.  
For in this worlde certene no wight there is,  
That he ne dothe or saithe sometime amis.  
Ire, sikenesse, or constellacioun,  
Wine, woe, or chaunging of complexioun,  
Causith fulle ofte to done amis or speken,  
On every wronge a man may not be wreken. 2330  
Aftir the time must be the temperaunce  
To every wight, that can of governaunce;  
And therefore hath this wise and worthie Knight  
To live in ese suffraunce to her behight,  
And she to him full wisely eke gan swere,

That nevir sholde there be defaute in her.

Here may men se humble and wise accorde,  
Thus hath she take her servaunte and her Lorde,  
Servaunte in love, and Lorde in mariage,  
Then was he bothe in Lordship and servage; 2340  
Servage? nay, but in Lordship alle above,  
Sith he hath bothe his ladie and his love,  
His ladie certis and his wife also,  
The whiche that law of londe accordith to:  
And whan he was in this prosperite,  
Home with his wife he goth to his contre,  
Nat ferre fro Denmarke there his dwelling was,  
Whereas he livith in joie and solas.

Who couth ytelle, but he that weddid be,  
The joie, the ese, and the prosperite, 2350  
That is betwixte an husbonde, and a wife?  
A yere and more lastid this blisfull life,  
Till that this Knight, of whiche I speke of thus,  
That of kinrede was cleped Arveragus,  
Shope him to gone, and dwelle a yere or twaine  
In Englonde, that tho clepid was Britaine,  
To seke in armis worship and honour,  
For alle his luste he sette in soche labour,  
And dwellid there two yere, the boke saithe thus.

Now wolde I stinte of this Arveragus, 2360  
And speke I wolde of Dorigen his wife,  
That loved her husbonde as her hert'is life;  
And for his absence wepith she and siketh,  
As done these noble wivis, whan 'hem liketh.  
She mournith, wakith, fastith, and fore plaineth;  
Desire of his presence her so constreineth,  
That alle this wide worlde sette she at nought.  
Her frendis, which that knewe her hevie thought,  
Comfortin her in alle, that ere thei may,  
Thei prechin her, and telle her night and day, 2370  
That causeless she slayith her selfe, alas!  
And every comfort possible in this caas  
They done to her, with all ther besinesse,  
And alle to make her leve her hevinesse.

By processe, as ye knowin everich one,  
Men mowin so longe gravin in a stone,  
Tille some figure therein imprintid be;  
So longe han they comfortid her, till she  
Recevid hath by hope and by resoun  
The' imprinting of her consolatioun, 2380  
Through whiche her grete sorowe began to' af-  
swage,

She may not alway dure in soche a rage.  
And eke Arveragus in alle this care  
Hath sente her letteres home of his wellfare,  
And that he wolde come hastily againe,  
Or ellis had this sorowe her herte slaine.  
Her frendis sawe her sorowe gan to' aflake,  
And prayed her on ther knees, for Godd'is sake,  
To come and romin in ther cumpany,  
Away to drivin her derke fantasie; 2390  
And finally she grauntid that request,  
For welle she sawe it was alle for the beste.

Now stondith her Castill fast by the See,  
And oftin with her frendis walkid she,  
Her to disportin on the bankis high,  
Whereas she many shippes and bargis sie,

Sailing



Sailing ther course whithre them liste to goe,  
 But yet was that a parcell of her woe,  
 For to her selfe full ofte alas! said she,  
 Is there no ship, so many as I se, 2400  
 Wolle bringin home my Lorde? than were my herte  
 Warishid of these bitter painis smerte.  
 Anothir time she woldin sitte and thinke,  
 And caste her eyin downwarde fro the brinke,  
 But whan she saw the grisly rockis blake,  
 For verry fere so wolde her herte quake,  
 That on her fete she might not her sustene;  
 Than wold she sitte adoune upon the grene,  
 And pitously into the See beholde,  
 And saye right thus with sorowfull sighes colde, 2410  
 Eternal God! that through thy purveyaunce  
 Ledist the worlde by certaine governaunce,  
 In idle, as men saine, ye nothing make,  
 But, Lorde, these grisly fendly rockis blake,  
 That seme rathir a foule confusioun  
 Of werke, than any faire creatioun  
 Of soche a parfite God, wise, and full stable,  
 Why have ye wrought this werke unresonable?  
 For by this werke Northe, Southe, Weste, ne Este,  
 There n'is yfostred man, ne birde, ne beste; 2420  
 It dothe no gode, to my witte, but annoyeth,  
 Se ye not, Lorde, how it mankinde destroyeth!  
 An hundrid thousande bodies of mankinde  
 Have rockis slaine, alle be thei not in minde.  
 Sin mankinde is so faire parte of thy werke,  
 That thou it madist like to thine owne merke,  
 Than semid it ye had a grete cherte  
 Towarde Mankinde; but how then may it be  
 That ye soche menis make it to destroyen,  
 Which menis don no gode, but evre' annoyen? 2430

I wote welle, Clerkis wolde saine as 'hem leste,  
 By argumentes, that alle is for the beste,  
 Though I ne cannot welle the causis knowe;  
 But thilke God, that made the winde to blowe,  
 Ay kepe my Lorde, this is my conclusioun,  
 To Clerkis let I alle this disputatioun:  
 But I wolde God that alle these rockis blake  
 Were sonkin into Hell for his sake:  
 These rockis do so sle my herte for fere!  
 Thus wolde she saye with many' a pitous tere. 2440

Her frendis sawe it was for no disporte  
 To romin by the See, but discomforte,  
 And shapin 'hem to playin somewhere elles,  
 They ledin her by riveres, and by welles,  
 And eke in other placis delectables  
 Thei daunce and playin at chefs and at tables.  
 So on a day, right on the morowe-tide,  
 Unto a gardin, that was there beside,  
 In whiche that thei had made ther ordinaunce  
 Of vitailles, and of othir purveyaunce, 2450  
 Thei gon, and playin 'hem all the longe day.  
 And this was in the first morowe of Maye,  
 Whiche Maye hath paintid, with his soft' shoures  
 This gardin full of levis and of floures:  
 And crafte of mann'is honde so curiously  
 Arayid had this gardin right nobly,  
 That nevir was there gardin of soche price,  
 But if it were the verry Paradise!  
 The odour of the floures, and the freshe sight  
 Woldin have made any pensife herte light, 2460  
 That ere was borne, but if to grete sikenesse  
 Or to grete sorowe helde it in distresse.  
 So fulle it was of beaute with plesaunce!

Anon aftir dinner gan thei to daunce,  
 And singe also, save Dorigen alone,  
 Whiche made alweye her complainte and her mone,  
 For she ne sawe him on the daunce ygo,  
 That was her husbonde, and her love also.  
 But nathelss she must her time abide,  
 And with gode hope letin her sorowe slide. 2470

Upon this daunce, amongis othir men  
 Dauncid a Squyir before Dorigen,  
 That freshe ywas, and jollie of arraye,  
 As to my dome, as is the monthe of Maye.  
 He singith, dauncith, passing every man,  
 That is or was sithin the worlde began.  
 Therewith he was, if men sholde him describe,  
 One of the best' faring men on live,  
 Yonge, stronge, and vertuous, and riche, and wise, 2480  
 And welle beloved, and holdin in grete prife;  
 And shortly if the sothe I tellin shalle,  
 Unwitting of this Dorigene at alle,  
 This lustie Squyir, servaunte to Venus,  
 Whiche that yclepid was Aurelius,  
 Had lovid her beste of any cature,  
 Two yere and more, as was his aventure,  
 But nevir durste he telle her his grevaunce,  
 Withoutin cupp dranke he all his penaunce.  
 He was dispairid, nothing durste he saye, 2490  
 Save in his songis somewhat wolde he wraye  
 His woe, as in general complaining?  
 He saide, he loved, and was beloved nothing.  
 Of which matere madin he many layes,  
 Songis, Complaintes, Roundeles, and Verilayes,  
 How that he durstin not his sorowe telle,  
 But languishith as dothe a fende in Helle,  
 And dye he must, he saide, as did Echo  
 For Narcissus, that durste not telle her woe;  
 In othir manir than ye herde me saye;  
 Ne durste he not to her his woe bewraye, 2500  
 Save peradventure sometime at dauncis,  
 There yonge folke kepyn ther observauncis,  
 It may welle ben he lokid on her face,  
 In soche a wise as men that askin grace.  
 But nothing wiste she of alle his entente,  
 Nathlesse it happid ere that thei thence wente,  
 Becausin that he was her nigh neighbour,  
 And was a man of worship and honoure,  
 And she had knowin him of timis yore,  
 Thei fallin in speche, and so more and more 2510  
 Unto his purpose drewe Aurelius,  
 And whan he sawe his time, he seide thus.  
 Madame, q' he, by God that this world made,  
 So that I wiste that I might your herte glade,  
 I wolde that day that your Arvyragus  
 Went ore the See, that I Aurelius  
 Had gon there, I sholde nevir come againe,  
 For welle I wote my service is in vaine!  
 My guerdon n'is but breffing of my herte,  
 Madame, ruith upon my painis smerte, 2520  
 For with one worde ye may me sle or save,  
 Here at your fote God wolde that I were grave,  
 I have as now no lesire more to seye,  
 Have mercie, swete, or ye wolde do me deye.  
 She gan to loke upon Aurelius,  
 Is this your wille, q' she, and say you thus?  
 Nevir erst, q' she, wiste I what ye mente,  
 But now, Aurelius, I knowe your entente,  
 By thilke God, that gave me soule and life,  
 Ne shalle I nevir be an untrew wife, 2530  
 In worde, ne werke, as ferre as I have witte,  
 I wolde be his to whome that I am knitte,  
 Take this for finall answer as from me.  
 But aftir this in pleye thus saidin she,  
 Aurelius, q' she, by God above,  
 Yet wolde I grauntin you to be your love,  
 (Sith I se you so pitously complaine)  
 Lok' what daye that endlong to Britaine  
 Ye remeve alle the rockis stone by stone,  
 That thei ne lettin ship ne bote to gone, 2540  
 I saye whan ye have made the coste so clene  
 Of rockis, that there is no stone ysene,  
 Than wolde I love you best of any man,  
 Have here my trouthe, in alle that ere I can.

F f

Is

Is there none othir grace in you, qð he?  
 No by that Lorde, qð she, that makid me,  
 For welle I wote, that it shall nere betide,  
 Let soche folie out of your herte aslide.  
 What deinty sholde a man have in this life  
 For to goe love anothir mann's wife?  
 That hath her bodie, whan so that him liketh.

Aurelius fulle oftin forely siketh.  
 Woe was Aurely, whan that this he herde,  
 And with a sorowfull chere he answerde,  
 Madame, qð he, this were impossible,  
 Then mote I dye on sodaine dethe horrible,  
 And with that worde he turnid him anone.

Tho come her othir frendis everichone,  
 And in the alleys romid up and doun,  
 And nothing wiste of this conclusioun,  
 But sodainly began to revell newe,  
 Tille that the brighte sunne had losse his hewe,  
 For the' Horison had reſte the sunne his light  
 (This is as moche to ſaye, that it were night)  
 And home thei gon in joie and in ſolas,  
 Save only wretched Aurelius, alas!  
 He to his houſe is gone with ſory herte,  
 He ſaid he might not fro his dethe aſterte,  
 Him ſemith that he felith his herte colde,  
 Up to Hevin his hondis gan he holde,  
 And on his knees bare he ſet him adoun,  
 And in his raving ſaid this oriſoun,  
 For very wo out of his witte he braide,  
 He ne wiſt what he ſpake, but thus he ſaide,  
 With pitous herte his plainte hath he begonne,  
 Unto the goddes, and firſt unto the ſonne  
 He ſaid: Apollo God, and governour  
 Of every plante, and herbe, and tre, and floure,  
 That yeveſt after thy declinacion  
 To ilke of hem his time and his ceſon,  
 As thine herberow chaungith low and hie,  
 Lord Phœbus, caſt thy merciabie eye  
 On wretched Aurelius, which am but lorne,  
 Lo lorde, my lady hath my deth iſworne  
 Withoutin gilt, but thy benigne  
 Upon my dedely hert have ſome pite;  
 For wel I wot, lorde Phœbus, if ye leſte,  
 Ye may me helpin ſave my lady beſte,  
 Now vouchē ye ſave that I may you deviſe,  
 How that I maye be holpen, and in what wiſe.

Your bliſful ſuſtir Lucina the ſhene,  
 That of the See cheſe Goddeſſe is and Quene,  
 Though Neptunus hath deite in the ſee,  
 Yet Empereſs abovin him is ſhe,  
 Ye knowin wel lord, right as her deſire  
 Is to be quickened and lighted of your fire,  
 For whiche ſhe ſolloweth you full beſily,  
 Right ſo the ſee deſirith naturally  
 To ſolowin her that is the goddeſſe  
 Both of the ſee, and rivers more and leſſe.  
 Wherefore, lorde Phœbus, this is my requeſt,  
 Do this miracle, or do mine hert breſt,  
 That now next at this oppoſicion,  
 Whiche ſhall be in the ſigne of the Lion,  
 As prayith her ſo grete a ſtode to bringe,  
 That five ſaſome at leſte it ovirſpringe  
 The higheſt rocke in Armorike Britaine  
 And let this ſtode endurin yeris twaine,  
 Thanſ certis to my lady may I ſay,  
 Ho'dith your heſt, the rockis ben away.  
 This thing may ye full lightly don for me,  
 Pray her to gon no faſtir courſe than ye,  
 I ſay thus, praye your ſuſtir that ſhe go  
 No faſtir courſe than ye in yeris two,  
 Than ſhall ſhe be at evin full alweye,  
 And ſpringe ſtode ſhall be laſting night and dey;  
 And but that ſhe vouchſafe in ſuche manere  
 To grauntin me my ſoveraine lady dere,

Pray her to ſinkin every rocke adoun  
 Lowe into Helle her own derke regioun  
 Undir the ground, there Pluto dwellith in,  
 Or nevir more ſhall I my lady win.

Thy temple' in Delphos, wolle I barefote ſeke,  
 O Lorde Phœbus, ſe the teres on my cheke,  
 And on my paine have ſome compaſſioun;  
 And with that worde in ſwoun he fel adoun,  
 And longe time he thus lay in a traunce.  
 His brothir, which that knew of his penaunce,  
 Up caught him, and to bedde hath him ybrought;  
 Dispeyrid in thus turment and this thought  
 Now lette I thus this woful cecture lye,  
 Cheſe he for me whethre' he wolle live or dye.

Arviragus with hele and grete honour  
 (As he that was of chivalry the flour)  
 Is comin home, and othir worthy men,  
 O bliſful art thou now Dame Dorigen,  
 That haſt thy luſty huſbonde in thine armes,  
 That freſhe knight, that worthy man of armes,  
 That lovith The, as his own hert's life,  
 Nothing liſte him to be imaginatiſe  
 If any wight had ſpoken (while he was out)  
 To her of love, therof had he no dout,  
 He nought entendith to no ſoche matere,  
 But dauncith, juſtith, and makith gode chere.

And thus in joy and bliſſe I let hem dwell,  
 And of wofull Aurelius wol I tell.  
 In langour and in turmente diſpitous,  
 Two yere and more, lay wretched Aurelius,  
 Er any ſote on erth he mightin gone,  
 Ne comfort in this time ne had he none,  
 Save of his brother, whiche that was a clerke,  
 He knewe of al this wo, and al this werke,  
 For unto none othir creature certain  
 Of this matere, ne durſt he no worde ſain,  
 Undir his breſt he bare it more ſecre  
 Than Polyphemus did for Galathe,  
 His breſt was hole withoutin ſor to ſene;  
 But in his hert aye was the arrowe kene,  
 And well ye knowen, that of a ſurſanure,  
 In ſurgery, is perilous the cure,  
 But men might touch the arow', or come thereby.

His broðar waylith for him privily,  
 Til at the laſt him fel in remembraunce  
 That while he was at Orliaunce in Fraunce  
 (As theſe yonge clerkis that ben likerouſe)  
 To redin artis that ben curious  
 Sekin in every halke and every herne  
 Perticuler ſciencis for to lerne,  
 He him remembrid that upon a deie  
 At Orliaunce in ſtudie' a boke he ſeie  
 Of Magike naturell, which his ſelawe,  
 That was that time a bachelor of lawe,  
 All were he there to lerne an othir craft,  
 Had privily upon his deſke ilaſt,  
 Whiche boke ſpake of mochill operacions  
 Touching the ſoure and twentie Manſions  
 That longin to the Mone, and ſoche folie,  
 As in our dayis is not worth a flie,  
 For holy church ſayith in our bileve,  
 He ſuffrith non illuſion us to greve,  
 And whan this boke was in his remembraunce,  
 Anon for joie his harte began to daunce,  
 And to himſelf he ſayid privily  
 My brothir ſhall be warithed haſtily,  
 For I am ſikir there be ſciences,  
 By whiche men make divers aparences,  
 Soche as theſe ſotill tregetoris plaie,  
 For oft at feſtis have I well herd ſaie,  
 That tragetors, within an hallē large,  
 Have made to come in watir and a barge,  
 And in the hallē rowin up and doun,  
 Somtime hath ſemid come a grim Lioun,

And

And somtime flouris spring as in a mede,  
Somtime a vine, and grapis white and rede,  
Somtime a castill alle of lime and stone,  
And whan 'hem likid, voidin 'hem anon,  
Thus semid it to every mann's fight.

Now than conclude I thus, if that I might  
At Orliaunce some old felawe yfinde,  
That had this Mon's Mansions in minde,  
Or othir Magike naturall above,  
He should wel make my brothir have his love.  
For with an apparaunce a clerke maie make  
To mann's fight, that all the rockis blake  
Of Britain, wer ivoidid everichone,  
And shippis by the brinke to come and gone,  
And in soche forme endure a yere or two,  
Than wer my brothir warished of his wo,  
Than must she nedis holdin her bihest,  
Or ellis he shall shame her at the left.  
What should I make a lengir tale of this?  
Unto his brother's bedde he comin is,  
And soche comfort he yave him for to gon  
To Orleance, that he up stert anon,  
And on his waie than is he forth ifare  
In hope for to ben leffid of his care.

Whan thei wer come almost to that cite,  
(But if it were a two forlong or thre)  
A yong clerke roming by himself thei met,  
Whiche that in Latin thriftily 'hem gret,  
And aftirward he saied a wondir thing,  
I knowe, qð he, the cause of your coming,  
And ere thei farthir any fote ywente,  
He told 'hem all that was in ther entent.

This Briton clerke askid him of felawes,  
The whiche he had yknowen in oldè dayes,  
And he answerid him, that thei dedde were,  
For whiche he wepte full many a salt tere.

Doone of his horse Aurelius light anon,  
And with this Magicien forth is he gon  
Home to his house, and made him well at ese,  
'Hem lackid no vitale that 'hem might plesse.  
So well araied an hous as there was one  
Aurelius in his life sawe nevir none.

He shewid him, or he went to suppere,  
Forestes and parkis, full of wildè dere,  
There sawe he hartis with ther hornis hie,  
The gretist that were evir sene with eye,  
He sawe of 'hem an hundrid slayn with houndes,  
And sum of arowes bled with bittir woundes,  
He sawe, whan voidid were the wildè dere,  
These fauconers, upon a faire rivere,  
That with the hawkis han the Heron slaine.

Tho sawe he knightis justing in a plain,  
And after this he did him soche plesaunce,  
That he him shewed his lady in a daunce,  
On whiche himself ydauncid as him thought.  
And whan this maistir, that this magike wrought,  
Sawe it was time, he clapped his hondis to,  
And farewell our revell, all was ago.  
And yet remeved thei not out of the house,  
While that thei sawe all this sight merveilous,  
But in his studie, there his bokis be,  
Thei fatin still, and no wight but thei thre.

To him this maistir callid his squiere,  
And saied him thus, is redy out suppere?  
Almoste an houre it is, I undertake,  
Sin I you bad our supper redy make,  
Whan that these worthy men ywent with me  
Into my studie, there my bokis be.

Sir (qð the squier) whan it likith you  
It is all redy, though you woll right now.

Go we suppe than, qð he, 'tis for the beste,  
These amorous folke sometime mote have rest.

And aftir suppir fell thei in trete,  
What summe shoulde this maister's guerdon be,

To remeve all the rockis of Britain,  
And eke fro Garumne to the mouth of Saine.

He made it strange and swore so God him save,  
Lasse than a thousand pound wold he not have, 2780  
Ne gladly for that somme nolde he it doen.

Aurelius with blisfull herte anon  
Answerid thus: Fie on a thousande pound  
This widè worlde, whiche that men saie is round,  
I would it yeve, if I were lorde of it,  
This bargain is fuldrive, for we be knit,  
Ye shall be payid truely by my trouth,  
But loke now for no negligence or slouth  
Ye staye us here no lengir than to morowe;  
Naie, qð this clerke, have here my faithe to borowe.

To bedde is gon Aurelius whan him leste,  
And well nie all that night he had his rest,  
What for his labour, and his hope of blisse,  
His wofull herte of penaunce had a lisse.

Upon the morowe, whan that it was daie,  
To Britainewarde toke thei the rightè waie,  
Aurelius, and this Magicine beside,  
And ben discendid there thei would abide,  
And this was, as the boke doeth me remember,  
In the cold frostie ceson of December. 2800

Phebus waxed old, and hewed ilike Laton  
That afore in his hote exaltation  
Shone as the brenning gold, with stemis bright,  
But now in Capricorne adoune he light,  
Whereas he shone full pale, I dare well sain;  
The bitter frostis with the slete and raine  
Destroyid hath the grene in every yerde,  
Janus sit by the fire with double berde  
And drinkith of his bugle horne the wine,  
Biforn him stont braune of the tuskid swine 2810  
And Nowell singith every lustie man.

Aurelius, in all that evre' he can  
Doeth to this maistir chere and reverence  
And prayith him to doen his diligence  
To bringin him out of his painis smerte,  
Or with a swerd that he would slit his herte.

This sotill clerke soch routh hath on this man,  
That night and daie he spedde him that he can  
To waite a time of his conclusioun,  
This is to saie, to make illusioun, 2820  
Or soche an apparence, or jogelrie,  
I ne can no termes of Astrologie,  
That she and every wight should wene and saie,  
That of Britain the rockis wer awaie,  
Or els thei werin sonke undir the groundè,  
Till at the last he hath his time ifound  
To make his japis and his wretchidnesse  
Of soche a superstitious cursidnesse

His Tablis Tolitanis forth he broughte,  
Full well correctid, him ne lackid nought 2830  
Neither his Collect, ne his Expans yeres,  
Neither his Rotis, ne his othir geres,  
As ben his Centris, and his argumentes,  
And his Proporcineil Convenientes

For his Equacions in every thing,  
And by his eight Speris in his werking  
He knew ful well how far Alnath was shove  
Fro the hedde of thilke fixe Aries above,  
That in the ninth Spere considerid is,  
Full subtilly he' had calculid all this, 2840

And whan he had found his first Mansion,  
He knewe the remnaunt by proporsion,  
And knewe the rising of the Monè wele,  
And in whose face, the terme, and every dele,  
And knewe also his othir observaunces,  
For soche illusions, and soche mischaunces  
As Hethin folke usid in thilkè daies,  
For whiche ne makid he no lenge delaies,  
But through his magike, for a weke or tway,  
It semed that all the rockis wer away. 2850

Aurelius,

Aurelius, whiche that dispeirid is,  
Whithir he shall have his love, or amis,  
Awaitith night and daie on this miracle,  
And whan he knewe there was non obstacle,  
But that voidid were these rockes everichon,  
Doun to the maistris fete he fell anon,  
And faied, I wofull wretche Aurelius  
Thanke you my lorde, and lady mine Venus,  
That me hath holpen fro my caris cold,  
And to the temple his waie forth hath he hold, 2860  
Where as he knewe he should his lady se,  
And whan he sawe his time, anon right he  
With dredfull herte, and with humble chere  
Saluid hath his soverain lady dere.

My rightfull lady (qð this wofull man)  
Whom I bothe serve and love, as I best can  
And lothest wer of all this worlde displese,  
N'ere it that I for you have soche disese,  
That I must die here at your fete anon,  
Nought would I tel how wo is me begon, 2870  
But certis either must I die or plain,  
Ye slea me giltlesse for very pain,  
But of my deth, although ye have no routh,  
Avisin you, er that ye breke your trouth,  
Repentith you, for that ilke God above,  
For ye slea me, bicause that I you love,  
For madame, well ye wote that ye have hight,  
Not that I chalenge any thing of right  
Of you my soverain lady, but of grace,  
But in a gardin yonde, in soche a place, 2880  
Ye wote right wel what thing ye behight me,  
And in my hondè there your trouth plight ye,  
To love me best, God wote ye sayid so,  
Albeit that I worthy am thereto,  
Madame, I speke for the honour of you,  
More than to save my hert's life right now,  
I have doen right as ye commaundid me,  
And if ye vouchsafe, ye mai go and se,  
Doeth as yow list, havith your hest in minde  
For quicke or ded, right there ye shall me finde, 2890  
In you lieth all to doe me live or deie,  
But well I wote the rockis ben aweie.

He toke his leve, and she astonied stode,  
In all her face there n'as a droppe of blode,  
She wenid nere to come in soche a trappe,

Alas (qð she) that evir this should happe,  
For wende I nere by possibilite  
That soche a mistir or marvaile might be,  
It is against the processe of nature;  
And home she goeth a sorowfull cature 2900  
For very fere unnethis maie she go,  
She wepith and wailith a daie or two,  
And swounith, so that it was routh to se,  
But why it was to no wight toldin she,  
For out of toun was gon Arviragus,  
But to her self she spake, and sayid thus  
In her complaint, as ye shall astir here,  
With visage pale, and with sorowfull chere.

Alas (qð she) on The, fortune, I plain,  
That unware hast wrappid me in thy chain, 2910  
Fro whiche to escape, wot I no socour,  
Save only deth, or els grete dishonour,  
One of these two behovith me to chese,  
But nathes, yet had I levir to lese  
My life, than of my body to have a shame,  
Or knowe my self false, or lesin my name,  
And with my dethe I maie be quit I wis,  
Hath there not many a noble wife er this,  
And many a maide, illain her self alas!  
Rathir than with her body doen trespas! 2920  
And certis, lo! these stories ben witnesse,  
Whan thurtie Tyrautes, full of cursidnesse,  
Had slain Phidon, in Athenes at the feste,  
Thei commaundid his doughtirs to areft,

And bringin 'hem beforne 'hem in dispite  
All nakid, to fulfill ther foule delite,  
And in ther faðr's blode thei made 'hem daunce  
Upon the pavement, God yeve them mischaunce,  
For which these wofull maidins full of drede,  
Rathir than thei wolde lese ther maidinhede, 2930  
Thei privily ben stert into a well,  
And drent 'hemselvis, as the bokis tell.

Thei of Messene let enquire and seke  
Of Lacedæmon fiftie maidins eke,  
On which thei would have doen ther lecherie,  
But there was none of all that companie  
That she n'as slain, and with a glad entent  
Chese rathir for to dien, than for to assent  
To ben oppressed of her maidinhede,  
Why should I than to dyin ben in drede? 2940

Lo! eke the tyraunt Aristoclides  
That loved a maid that hight Simphalides,  
Whan that her fathir slain was on a night,  
Unto Diana's temple goth she right,  
And hent the image with her armis two,  
And fro the image wolde she never go,  
No wight might fro it her hondis arace  
Till she was slain right in the self same place.

Now sithnes that maidins had soche dispite  
To ben defoulid with manns foule delite, 2950  
Well ought a wife rathir her self to sle,  
Than be defoulid, as it thinkith me.

What shall I say of Hasdruball's wife?  
That at Cartage biraft her self her life,  
For whan she sawe the Romanes wan the toun,  
She toke her childrin all, and lept adoun  
Into the fire, and chese rathir to die,  
Than any Roman did her vilanie.

Hath not Lucrece illain her self, alas!  
At Rome, for that there she oppressed was 2960  
Of Tarquine, for her thought it was a shame  
To livin, whan that she had lost her name.

The eight maidins of Melesie also  
Han slain 'hemselfe for very drede and wo,  
Rathir than folk of Gaule should 'hem oppresse.

More than a thousande stories, as I gesse,  
Couth I now tell as touching this matere.

Whan Abradate was slain, his wife so dere  
Her self yslowe, and let her blode to glide, 2970  
In Abradar's woundis, brode and wide,  
And faied, my body at the lestè waie  
There shall no wight defoule if that I maie.

What should I mo ensamplis hereof sain?

Sin that so many han 'hemselvin slain,  
Well rathir than thei would defoulid be,  
I woll conclude that it is best for me  
To sle my self than be defoulid thus;  
I wolle be true unto Arviragus,  
I woll my selvin sle in some manere, 2980  
Right as did Democen's doughtir dere,  
Bicause that she ne wolde defoulid be.

O Sedasus, it is full grete pite,  
To redin how thy doughtirs didnen, alas!  
That slown 'hemself for soche a manir caas;  
As grete a pite was it, or well more,  
The Theban maidin, that for Nichanore  
Her selvin slewe; right for soche manere wo  
Anothir Theban maidin did right so,  
For one of Macedone had her oppressed,  
She with her dethe her maidinhede redressed. 2990

What shall I sain of Nicerat's wife,  
That for soche case biraft her self her life?

How true was eke to Alcibiades  
His love, that for to dyin rathir chese,  
Than let his bodie ungravid to be!

Lo! whiche a wife was Alceste! (qð she)  
What saith Homere of gode Penelope?  
All Grece yknowith of her chastite.

Of Laodamia is writtin thus.  
 That whan at Troie was slain Protefelaus,  
 No lengir n'olde she live after his daie.  
 The same of noble Portia tell I maie,  
 Withouten Brutus couth she nevir live,  
 To whome she haddin all her herte ygive.  
 The parfite wifehode of Artemisy  
 Honourid is, throughout all Barbary.  
 Oh Thenta Quene, thy wifely chafite  
 Unto all wivis maie a mirroure be.  
 The same thing I faie of Bilia,  
 Of Rhodogune, and eke Valeria.  
 Thus plainid Dorigene a daie or tweie,  
 Purposing evir that she wouldè deie,  
 But natheles upon the thirde night  
 Home came Arviragus, the worthie knight,  
 And askid her why that she wept so fore,  
 And she gan wepe evir lengir the more.  
 Alas (qð she) that evir I was borne!  
 Thus have I said, (qð she) thus have I sworne,  
 And told him all, as ye have herde before,  
 It nedith not reherse it any more.  
 This husbond with glad chere in sondry wise  
 Answerd and faied, as I shall you devise,  
 Is there aught els, my Dorigene but this?  
 Naie naie (qð she) God helpe me so as wis,  
 This is to moche, and it were Godd's will.  
 Ye wife (qð he) let slepin that is still,  
 It maie be well peraventure to daie,  
 Ye shallin your trouthe holdin by my faie,  
 For God so wisly have mercie on me,  
 I had well levir stickid for to be,  
 For very love whiche that I to you have,  
 But that ye sholdin your trouthe kepe and save,  
 Trouthe is the hiest thing that men may kepe,  
 But with that word he braist anon to wepe,  
 And faied, I you forbid on pain of dethe,  
 That nevir whiles you lastith life or brethe  
 To no wight tell of this misaventure,  
 As I maie best I woll my wo endure,  
 Ne make no countenance of heviness,  
 That folke of you maie demin harme, ne gesse. 3040  
 And forth he clepid a squier and a maide,  
 Goth forth anon with Dorigene he faied,  
 And bringith her in soche a place anone.  
 Thei toke ther leve, and on ther waie thei gone,  
 But thei ne wistin why she thiðir went,  
 She n'olde no wight ytellin her entent.  
 Peraventure an hepe of you, I wis,  
 Will holdin him a leude man in this,  
 That he wolle put his wife in jeopardie,  
 Herk'nith the Tale er ye upon him crie, 3050  
 She may have bettir fortune than you semeth,  
 And whan that you have herde the Tale, demeth.  
 This squier, whiche that hight Aurelius,  
 On Dorigene, whiche was so amorous,  
 Of aventure happid her for to mete  
 Amid the toun, right in the maistir strete,  
 As she wouldin have gon the waie forth right  
 Toward the gardin, there as she had hight,  
 And he was to the gardinward also,  
 For well he spyid whan that she would go  
 Out of her hous, to any manir place,  
 But thus thei met of aventure or grace,  
 And he saluith her with glad entent,  
 And askid of her whiðir that she went.  
 And she answerid half as she wer mad,  
 Unto the gardin, as my husbond badde,  
 My trouthe for to holdin, alas alas!  
 Aurelius gan wondrin of this caas,  
 And in his herte had gret compassion  
 Of her chere, and her lamentacion,  
 And of Arviragus the worthy knight,  
 That bad her holdin all that she had hight,

So loth he was that she should breke her trouthe,  
 And in his herte he caught of it grete rounth,  
 Considering the best on every side,  
 That fro his lust wer him bettir abide,  
 Than doe so hie a churlishe wretchidnesse  
 Ayenst fraunchise, and ayenst gentilnesse,  
 For whiche in fewe wordis faied he thus.  
 Madame, faie the to your lorde Arviragus, 3080  
 That sithin I se this grete gentilnesse  
 Of him, and eke I se well your distresse,  
 That him were levir shame, (and that were routhe)  
 Than that ye to me sholdin breke your trouthe,  
 I have well levir evir suffir wo,  
 Than departin the love betwixt you two;  
 I you relese madame, into your honde  
 Quite every surement, and every bonde,  
 That ye have made to me, as here biforne,  
 Sithens thilke time that ye werin borne, 3090  
 My trouthe I plight, I shall you ne repreve  
 Of no beheft, and here I take my leve  
 As of the truest and the beste wife,  
 That evir yet I knewe in all my life,  
 But every wight beware of ther bihest,  
 On Dorigene remembrith at the lest;  
 Thus can a squier doen a gentill dede,  
 As well as can a knight, withoutin drede.  
 She thonkid him upon her knees all bare,  
 And home unto her husbonde is she fare, 3100  
 And told him all, as ye han herd me faied,  
 And be ye sikre, he was so well apaied,  
 That it were unpossible me to write.  
 What should I lengir of this case endite?  
 Arviragus, and Dorigene his wife  
 In soverain blisse ledin forth ther life,  
 Ne was there angir evir hem betwene,  
 He cherished her, as though she wer a Quene,  
 And she was to him true for evirmore,  
 Of these two folkes ye get of me no more. 3110  
 Aurelius, that his cost hath all forlorne  
 Cursid the time that evir he was borne;  
 Alas! (qð he) alas! that I beheight  
 Of purid gold a thousande pound of weight  
 To this Philosopher, how shall I doe?  
 I se no more, but that I am fordoo,  
 Mine inheritaunce mote I nedis sell,  
 And ben a beggir, here maie I not dwell,  
 And shamin all my kinrede in this place,  
 But I of him maie get some bettir grace. 3120  
 But natheles I wolle of him assaie  
 At certain dayis yere by yere to paie,  
 And thonkin him of his grete curtesie,  
 My trouthe right woll I kepe, I woll not lie.  
 With sorie herte he goth to his coffer,  
 And broughtin gold unto the Philosopher,  
 The value of five hundrid pound I gesse,  
 And him besechith of his gentilnesse  
 To grauntin him daies of the remenaunt,  
 And faied: maistir I dare well make avaunt 3130  
 I failid nevir of my trouthe as yet,  
 For sikerly my debt shall welle be quit  
 Towardis you, how that evir I fare  
 To gon a begging in my kirtell bare,  
 But would ye vouchsafe upon suerte  
 Two yere or thre for to respitin me,  
 Than were I well, for ellis mote I sell  
 Mine heritage, there is no more to tell.  
 This Philosopher sobirly answerde  
 And seide thus, whan he his wordis herde, 3140  
 Have I not holdin covenant to The?  
 Yes certis, well and truily (qð he)  
 Haft thou not had thy lady as The liketh?  
 No no (qð he) and sorily he siketh.  
 What was the cause, tell me if that thou can?  
 Aurelius anon his tale began,



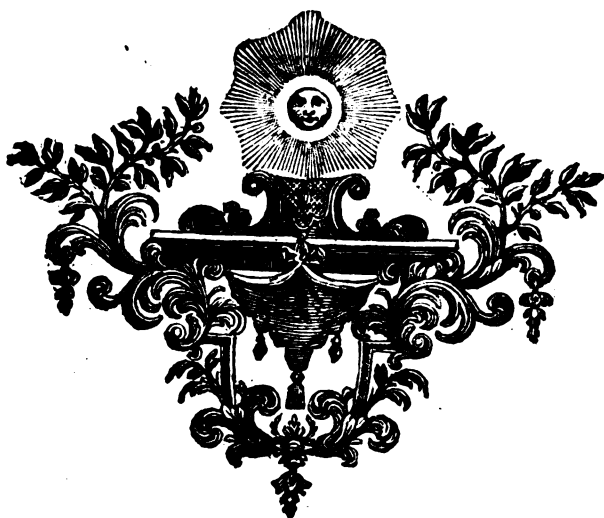
And told him all as ye han herd bifore,  
It nedith not reherce it any more.

He faied Arviragus of gentilnes  
Had levir die in sorowe and distresse,  
Than that his wife werin of her trouthe false,  
The sorowe' of Dorigene he told him als,  
How loth she was to ben a wicked wife,  
And that she had levir have lost her life,  
And that her trouth she swore through innocence,  
She nevir erst herd speke of apparence,  
That made me have of her so grete pite,  
And right as frely as he sent her me,  
As frely sent I her to him again;  
This is all and some, there n'is more to fain. 3160  
The Philosopher answerd, levè brother,  
Everiche of you did gentilly to other,

3150

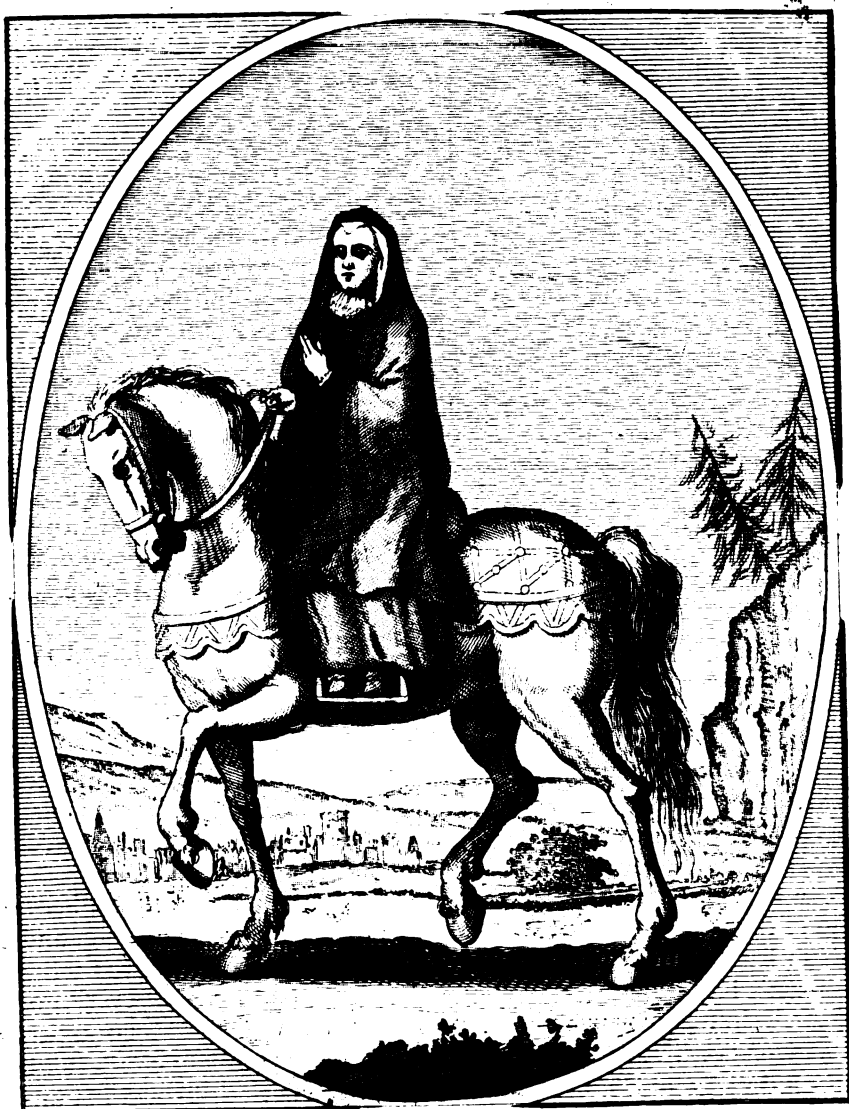
Thou art a squier, and he is a knight,  
But God forbid it, for his blisful might,  
But if a clerke could doen a gentill dede  
As well as any' of you, it is no drede.  
Sir I relese to The thy thousande ponde,  
As now thou werin crope out of the ground,  
Ne nevir er now haddist knowin me,  
For sir, I woll not takin a peny, 316  
For all my craft, ne nought for my travaile,  
Thou hast ipaied right well for my vitaile,  
It is inough, farewel and have gode daie,  
And toke his horse, and rode forth on his waie.  
Lordinges this question would I aske now,  
Whiche was most franke and fre, as thinkith you?  
Now tellith me, er that I ferthir wende,  
I can no more, my tale is at an ende.

Here endith the FRANKLEIN'S TALE.



Here





## Here beginneth the Second Nonne's PROLOGUE.



HE Minister and Norice unto vices  
Which that men clepe in English idlenesse,  
That Porter of the gate is of delices,  
To' eschue, and by her contrair' her op-  
presse,

That is to saine, by lesfull besynesse,  
Welle oughtin we to doen alle our entent,  
Left that the Fende through idlenesse us hent.

For he that with his thousande cordis flie  
Continuallly us waitith to beclappe,  
Whan he maie man in idlenesse espie,  
He can so lightly catche him in his trappe,  
Till that a man be hent, right by the lappe,  
He n'is not ware the fende hath him in hond,  
Well ought us werche, and idlenesse withstond.

And though men dreddin nevir for to die,  
Yet se men well by reson doutlefs;  
That idlenesse is rote of slogardie,  
Of which ther comith nevir gode ences,  
And sith that sloth holdith 'hem in a lees,  
Onely to slepe, and for to ete and drink,  
And to devourin all that othir swinke.

And for to put us from soche idelnesse,  
That cause is of so grete confusion,  
I have here doen my faithfull besynesse,  
Aftir the Legende in translacion  
Right of thy glorious life and passion,  
Thou with thy garlond wrought with rose and Lily,  
The mene I, maide and martir saint Cecily.

And thou that flowir art of virgins all,  
Of whom that Bernard list so well to write,

To The at my beginning first I call,  
Thou comfort of us wretchis, do me' endite  
Thy maidins deth, that whan through her merite  
The eterne life, and of the fende victorie,  
As men maie after redin in her storie.

Thou maide and mothir, doughtir of thy sonne;  
Thou Welle of mercie, synfull soul's cure,  
In whom that God of bounte chese to wonne,  
Thou humble' and hie ore evèry cature,  
Thou noblist, so ferre forthe ovir nature, 40  
That no disdaine thy makir had of kinde  
His sonne in blode and fleshe to clothe and winde.

Whiche in the cloistre of thy blisfull fidis  
Toke mann's shape, the eterne love and pees,  
That of the trine compas Lorde and guide is,  
Whom heven, yerth, and se, withoutin les  
Aie heryin, and thou virgine wemles  
Bare of thy body', and dwellist maidin pure,  
The creatour of evèry cature.

Assemblid is in The magnificence, 50  
With mercie, godenes, and with soche pite,  
That thou that art the sonne of excellence  
Not only helpist 'hem that prayin The,  
But oftin time of thy benigne  
Full frely, or that men thine helpe besече,  
Thou goest beforne, and art ther liv'is leche.

Now help thou blisfull, and meke, and faire maide,  
Me flemid wretche, in this desert of gall,  
Thinke on the woman of Canane, that saied  
That whelpis etin some of the crommes small 70  
That from ther Lord's table ben ifall,

And

And though that I unworthy childe of Eve  
Be sinfull, yet acceptith my beleve.

And for that faith is ded withoutin werkis  
So for to werchin yeve me witte and space,  
That I be quit from the place that most derk is,  
O thou that art so faire and full of grace,  
Be thou mine advocate in that hie place,  
There as withoutin ende is song Osanna,  
Thou Christ's mothir, and doughtir of Anna. 80

And of thy light my soule in prison light,  
That troublid is by the contagion  
Of my body, and also by the wight  
Of yerthly lust, and false affection,  
O haven of refuge, O salvacion  
Of them that ben in sorowe and distresse,  
Now helpe, for to my werke I woll me dresse.

Yet I praie you, that redin that I write,  
Foryeve me, that I doe no diligence  
This ilke storie subtilly to endite, 90  
For both have I the wordes and the sentence  
Of them that at the saint's reverence  
The storie wrote, and folowen her legende,  
And praie you that ye wol my werke amende.

First woll I you the name of saint Cecily  
Expoune, as men maie in her storie se,  
It is to saie in Englishe, hevin's lilly,  
For the pure chastnes of virginite,  
Or for the whiteness had of honeste,  
And grene of conscience, and of gode fame 100

The fote favour, Lilly was her name.

Or Cecily's to saie, the waie to blinde,  
For the ensample was by gode teching,  
Or els Cecily, as I writtin finde,  
Is joignid by a manir conjoining  
Of heven and Lia, in her figuring.  
The heven is set for thought of holinesse,  
And Lia, for her lasting besinesse.

Cecily maie be faied in this manere  
Wanting of blindnes, for her gretè light 110  
Of sapience, and for her thewis clere,  
Or ellis Lo! this maidin's name bright  
Of heven and Leos cometh, of which by right  
Men might the hevin of people her call,  
Ensamble of gode and wise werkis all.

For Leos peple' in Englishe is to saie,  
And right as men maie in the hevin se  
The Sunne, and Mone, and sterris every waie,  
Right so men ghostly in this maidin fre 120  
Sawen of faith the magnanimite,  
And eke the clerenes hole of Sapience,  
And sondrie werkis bright of excellence.

And right so as these Philosophers write  
That hevin is swift, round, and eke brenning,  
Right so was faire Cecilia the white  
Full swift and besie in every gode working,  
And round and hole in gode persevering,  
And brenning evre' in charite full bright;  
Now have I declarid you what the hight.

Here endeth the Second NONNE's PROLOGUE.

## The Second NONNE's TALE.



HIS maide Cecily as her Legend faieth,  
Was come of Romaines, and of noble kinde,  
And from her cradle fostrid in the faithe  
Of Christe, and bare his Gospel in  
her minde,

She nevir cesid, as I writtin finde,  
Of her prayir, and God to love and drede,  
Beseeching him to kepe her maidinhede.

And whan this maidin shoul unto a man  
Iweddid be, that was full yong of age,  
Which that iclepid was Valerian

And daie was comin of her mariage,  
She full devout and humble' in her corage  
Undir her robe of gold, that sat full faire,  
Had next her fleshe iclad her in an heire.

And whiles that the organs made melodie,  
To God alone thus in her herte song she,  
O Lorde, my soule and eke my body gie  
Unwemmed, lest that I confoundid be,  
And for his love, that died upon a tre,  
Every second or thirde day did she faste,  
Aye bidding in her orisons full faste.

The night camin, and to bed must she gone  
With her husbonde, as ofte is the manere,  
And privily she said to him anon,

O swete and wel bylovid spouse dere,  
There is a counsaile, and ye wol it here,  
Which that right faine I wold unto you saie,  
So that ye me sware, it not to bewraine.

Valerian gan fast unto her swere  
That for no case, ne thing that mightin be  
He shoul nevir to none bewraien her, 160  
And than at laste thus unto him sayed she,  
I have an angel, whiche that lovith me  
That with gret love, where so I wake or slepe,  
Is redy aye, my body for to kepe.

And if that he may felin out of drede  
That ye wolle you govern nothing amis,  
He wolle you save and kepe till you be dede,  
For your clene living, and for your godenesse,  
And bringe you streightway unto heavenly blifs, 170  
He wolle you love as me for your clenenes,  
And shewe you of his joie, and his brightnes.

Valerian, correctid as God wolde  
Answerd ayen, if I shal trustin The,  
Let me that aungel se, and him beholde,  
And if that it a very aungel be,  
Than wol I done as thou hast prayid me,  
And if thou love anothir man forsothe  
Right with this sword than wol I sle you bothe.  
Cecily

Cecily answerd anon in this wise,  
If that ye lust, that Angel shul ye se,  
So that ye trowe on Christ, and you baptise,  
Goth forth to Via Appia (qð she)  
That from this toun ne stant but milis thre,  
And unto the pore folkis that there dwell  
Say 'hem right thus, as I shallin you tell.

Tell 'hem that I Cecile, you to 'hem sende  
To shewin you the gode Urban the olde,  
For secret medis, and for gode entent,  
And whan that ye saint Urban han beholde, 190  
Tel him the wordis, that I to you tolde,  
And whan that he hath purgid you fro sinne,  
Than shal ye se that Angel er ye twinne.

Valerian is to that place anon,  
And right as him was taught by her lerning,  
He found this holy man Urban anon  
Among these saintis burials louting;  
And he anon, withoutin tarying,  
Did his message, and whan he had it tolde,  
Urban for joy, gan his hondis up holde.

The teris from his eyin let he fall,  
Almighty God, O Jesu Christ (qð he)  
Sowir of chaste counsaile, hierde of us all,  
The frute of thilke sede of chastite  
That thou hast sowe in Cecile, take to The,  
Lo! like a besy bee, withoutin gile  
The servith evir thine owne thral Cecile.

For thilke spouse, that she yroke but newe  
Ful like a fierse Lion, she sendith here  
As meke as any lambe was to the ewe,  
And with that word, anon there gan apere 210  
An olde man, clad in white clothis clere,  
That had a boke of golde letters in honde,  
And gan biforne Valerian for to stond.

Valerian as dedde fet down for drede,  
Whan he this olde man saw standing so,  
And on his boke right thus he gan to rede,  
O Lord, O Faith, O God withoutin mo  
Of Christendome, and fathre' of al also,  
Above al, and ovir al every whete, 220  
These wordis al with Gold ywrittin were.

Whan this was rad, than said this olde man,  
Levif thou this or none, say ye or nay,  
I leve al this thing (qð Valerian)  
Under the hevin no wight ne thinke may  
A sothir thing than this, I dare well say.  
Tho vanishid the olde man, he n'ist where  
And pope Urban him christenid right there.

Valerian goth home, and saint Cecily  
Within his chambir with an Angel fonde, 230  
This aungel had of rose and of lillye  
Corounis two, the whiche he bare in honde,  
And first to Cecile, as I undirstonde,  
He yave that one, and after gan he take  
That othir to Valerian her make.

With body clene, and with unwemmid thought  
Kepith aye wel these corounis (qð he)  
From paradise to you I have 'hem brought,  
Ne nevir more shullin they rottin be,  
Ne lesin ther swete favour, trustith me, 240  
Ne nevir wight ne shalle 'hem se with eye,  
But he be chaf, and hate alle vilonie.

And thou Valerian, for thou so sone  
Assenteddist to gode counsaile also

180 Say what you list, and thou shalt have thy bone;  
I have a brothir (qð Valerian tho)  
That in this world I lovin no man so,  
I pray you that my brothir may have grace  
To know the trouth, as I do in this place.

The angel sayed, God likith your request 250  
And you both with the palme of martirdom  
Yshallin come unto the blisfull feste,  
And with that worde Tiburce his brothir come  
And whan that he the favour undernome,  
Whiche that the rosis and the lilies caste,  
Within his hert he gan to wondir false.

And said: I wondir this time of the yere  
Whence that this fote favour comith so  
Of rosis and lilies, that I smell here,  
For though I had them in mine hondis two, 260  
The favour might in me no depir go,  
The swete smel, that in mine hert I finde,  
Hath chaungid me al in anothir kinde.

Valerian said, two corounis have we  
Snowe white and rose red, that shinith clere,  
Which that thine eyin han no might to se,  
And as thou smellist 'hem thugh my praier,  
So shalt thou fene 'hem my leve brothir dere,  
If it so be that thou wilt without flouthe  
Bileve aright, and know the very trouthe. 270

Tiburce answerid, saiest thou this to me  
In sothnesse, or in dreme herkin I this?  
In dremais (qð Valerian) han we be  
Unto this time, brother mine, iwis, 280  
But now at erst, our dwelling in trouth is.  
How wost thou (qð Tiburce) and in what wife?  
Qð Valerian, that I shal The devise.

The angel of God hath me the trouth taught,  
Which thou shalt sein, and thou wilt reney  
The idols, and be clene, or ellis naught. 280  
Of the miracles of these crounis twey  
Saint Ambrose in his preface lust to sey,  
Full solempnely this noble doctour dere  
Commendith it, and faith in this manere.

The palme of martirdom for to receive,  
Seint Cecily, fulfillid of God's yeste,  
The world and eke her chambre gan she weive,  
Witnesse Tiburc'is, and Cecil'is shrifte,  
To which God of his bounte woldin shifte  
Corounis two, of flouris wel smelling, 290  
And made the angel 'hem tho crounis bring.

The maid hath brought 'hem to the blisse above,  
The world hath wist what it is worth certain  
Devocion and chastite to love.  
Tho shewed him Cecile all opin and plaine 230  
That al idollis ben but thingis vain,  
For they ben dombe, and thereto they ben dese,  
And chargid him his idoles for to lese.

Who that this trowith not, a beste he is,  
(Qð this Tiburce) if that I shall not lie.  
And she gan kisse his breste, whan she herde this, 300  
And was ful glad he couth the trouthe espie,  
This day take I The as for mine allie,  
Saidè this blisful maidin faire and dere,  
And afir that she said, as ye may here.

Lo right so as the love of Christ (qð she)  
Made me thy brother's wife, right in that wise  
Anon for mine alye here take I The,  
Sithins that thou thine idoles wolt despise,  
H h Go

Go with thy brother now, and The baptise, 310  
And make The clene, so that thou maist beholde  
The angel's face, of which thy brothir tolde.

Tiburce answerde, and said: my brothir dere,  
First tell me whether shall I? to what man?  
To whome, qð he? come forth with right gode chere,  
I wol The lede unto the pope Urban.  
To Urban? brothir mine Valerian,  
(Qð this Tiburce) wilt thou me thiðir lede?  
Me thinkith that it were a wondir dede.

Ne menist thou not Urban. (qð he tho)  
That is so oftin dampnid to be dede,  
And wonnith aye in halkis to and fro,  
And dare not onis puttin forth his hede?  
Men shoulidin him brenne in a fire so rede  
If he were founde, and men might him espie,  
And we also, that bere him companie.

And while we seken thilke divinite,  
That is ihidde in hevin privily,  
Algate ibrent in this world shoulde we be.  
To whom Cecily answerid boldely, 330  
Men mightin drede, right wel and skilfully  
This life to lesin, mine owne derè brother,  
If this were living onely and non other,

But there is bettir life in othir place,  
That nevir shal be loste, ne drede The nought,  
Which Godd'is Son to us told through his grace,  
That Father's Sonne hath all thingis ywrought,  
And al that wrought is with a skilfull thought,  
The Gost, that from the fathir gan procede,  
Hath fullid him withoutin any drede. 340

By word and by miracle, Godd'is Sonne,  
Whan he was in this worlde, declarid here,  
That there is othir life there men may wonne.  
To whom answerd Tiburce: O sustir dere,  
Ne saidist thou right nowe in this manere,  
There n'as but one God lorde in sothfastnesse,  
And now of thre how may you bere witnessse.

That shal I tel (qð she) or that I go;  
Right as man hath sapiencis thre  
Memory', engine, and intellectu also, 350  
So in suche beyng of divinite  
Thre personis may there right wel ybe;  
Tho gan she there full besily him preche  
Of Christ'is sonne, and of his painis teche.

And many pointis of his passion,  
How Godd'is Sonne in this worlde was witholde  
To doin mankind plaine remission,  
That was ybounde in sinns and caris colde,  
Al these thingis she unto Tiburce tolde;  
And aftir this Tiburce in gode entent 360  
With Valerian to pope Urban went,

That thonkid God, and with glad hert and light  
He christenid him, and made him in that place  
Perfite in his lerning, as Godd'is knight,  
And aftir this Tiburce ygate suche grace,  
That every day he saw in time and space  
The' Aungel of God, and every manir bone  
That he God askid, it was sped ful sone.

It were fulle harde by ordir for to faine  
How many wondirs Jesu for him wrought,  
But at the last, to tellin shorte and plaine,  
The Sergeantis of the toun for 'hem fought,  
And 'hem before Almache the Prefect brought,  
Which 'hem aposed, and knew al ther entent,

And to the' Image of Jupiter 'hem sent.

And said, whofo wol do no sacrifice  
Swappe of his hede, this is my sentence here.  
Anon these martirs, that I you devise,  
One Maximus, that was an officere 380  
Of the Prefect's, and his Corniculere,  
'Hem hent, and when he forth the faintis lad,  
Himselfe he wepte for pite that he had.

Whan Maximus had herd these faintis lore,  
He gate 'hem of the turmentouris leve,  
And had 'hem to his house withoutin more,  
And with ther preching, er that it were eve  
Thei gan fro the turmentouris to reve,  
And fro Maxime, and fro his folke echone,  
The false faith, to trowin in God alone.

Cecily came, whan it was woxin night, 390  
With priestis, that 'hem christenid al in fere,  
And aftirward, whan day was woxin light,  
Cecily saied 'hem with a sobir chere,  
Now Christ'is own knightis both leve and dere,  
Castith away the werkis of derknesse,  
And armith you in armour of brightnesse.

Ye han forsoth idone a great bataile,  
Your cours is run, your faith hath you conserved,  
Goth to the croune of life that maie not faile,  
The rightful juge, whiche that ye han yferved, 400  
Shal yeve it you, as ye have it deserved,  
And whan this thing was said, as I devise,  
Men lad 'hem forth to done the sacrifice.

But whan they were unto the place ybrought,  
To tellin shortly the conclusioun,  
They n'olde enfence, ne sacrifice right nought,  
But on ther knees they satin 'hem adoun,  
With humble herte and sad devocion,  
And lostin bothe ther hedis in the place,  
Ther soulis went unto the king of grace. 410

This Maximus, that sawe the thing betide,  
With pitoufe teris tolde it anon right,  
That he ther soulis sawe to hevin glide  
With aungels full of clerenesse and of light, 350  
And with his word convertid many a wight,  
For whiche Almachius did him so bete  
With whippes of lede, till he his life gan lete.

Cecile him toke, and buried him anon  
By Tiburce and Valerian sothly, 420  
Within her burying place under a stone,  
And aftir this Almachius hastily  
Bad his ministers fetchin opinly  
Cecile, so that she might in his presence  
Do sacrifice, and Jupiter encence.

But they convertid were at her wife lore,  
And weptin full sore, and yave full credence  
Unto her worde, and cridin more and more  
Christ Godd'is Sonne, withoutin difference  
Is very God, this is alle our sentence,  
That hath a servaunt so gode him to serve, 430  
Thus with o voice we trowin though we sterve.

Almachius, that herde all this doying  
Bad fetchin Cecile, that he might her se,  
And alderfirst, lo! this was his asking,  
What manir woman art thou (qð he)  
I am a gentill woman borne (qð she)  
I aske of The (qð he) though it The greve  
Of thy religion and of thy beleve?

Ye

Ye have begon your question folishly,  
(Qð she) that wolde two answeris conclude 440  
In one demaunde, ye asken leudily.  
Almachius sayed to that similitude  
Of whence comith thine answering so rude?  
Of whence (qð she?) whan that she was yfrained,  
Of conscience, and of gode faith unfained.

Almachius said, ne takist thou none hede  
Of my powir? and she him answerde this,  
Your might (qð she) ful litill is to drede,  
For every mortall mann'is power n'is,  
But like a bladdir full of winde, iwis, 450  
For with a nedl'is point, whan it is blowe,  
May al the bofte of it be laide full lowe.

Full wrongfully begannist thou (qð he)  
And yet in wrong is thy perseveraunce,  
Wost thou not how our mighty Princis fre  
Have thus commaundid and made ordinaunce,  
That every christin wight shal have penaunce,  
But if that he his christendome withsey:  
And gon al quite, if he wol it reney?

Your Princis errin, as your Nobles dothe, 460  
Qð tho Cecily, in a wode sentence,  
Ye make us gilty, and it is not sothe,  
For ye that knowen wel our innocence,  
For as muche as we done a reverence  
To Christ, and for we bere a christin name,  
Ye put on us a crime and eke a blame.

But we that knowin well thilke namè so  
For vertuous, we may it not withsey.  
Almachius answerd, chese one of these two,  
Do sacrifice, or christendome reney, 470  
That thou mowe now escapin by that weye.  
At whichè worde the holy blisful maide  
Gan for to laugh, and to the judge she saide,

O judge confusid in thy nicete,  
Wolt thou that I reney my innocence,  
To makin me a wickid wight (qð she)?  
Lo! he diffimulith here in audience  
He stareth and woddith in his advertence.  
To whom Almachius said: O sely wretche  
Thou wotist not how far my might may stretche. 480

Have not our mighty princis to me yeven  
The yest of powir and authority,  
To makin folke to dyin, or to liven?  
Why spekist thou so proudly than to me?  
I speke it not but stedfastly (qð she)  
Not proudly, for I say as for my side,  
That we hatin dedely thilke vice of pride.

And if thou drede not a sothe for to here,  
Than wol I shewe all opiny by right,  
That thou hast made a full grete lesing here, 490  
Thou saist thy princis han yeve The the might  
Both for to sle and eke to quicke a wight,  
Thou ne mayist but only lyve bireve,  
Thou hast non othir powir ne no leve.

But thou maist say, thy princis han The maked  
Minister of dethe, for if thou speke of mo,  
Thou lyist, for thy powir is full naked;  
Do way thy boldnesse, saide Almachius tho,  
And sacrifice to our goddes, er thou go,  
I ne recke not what wrong thou me proffer 500  
For I can bere it, as a philosopher,

But thilkè wrongis may I not endure,  
That thou spekist of our gods here (qð he.)  
Cecily answerid, O nice creture,  
Thou saidist no worde sin thou spake to me,  
That I ne knewe therwith thy nicete,  
And that thou were in every maner wise  
A leude officer, and a vaine justice.

The lackith nothing to thine utter eyen  
That thou n'art blind, for thing that we sene all 510  
That is a stone, that men well may asprien,  
That ilkè stone, a God thou wolt it call,  
I rede The let thine hond upon it fall,  
And tast it wel, and stone thou shalte it finde,  
Sens that thou seest not with thin eyin blinde.

It is a grete shame that the peple shall  
So scornè The, and laugh at thy folye,  
For cominly men wot it well ore all,  
That mighty God is in his hevins hye,  
And these ymages wel maiste thou asprie 520  
To The ne to 'hemfelse may not profite,  
For in effect they be not worth a mite.

These and suche othir wordis saidin she,  
And he woxe wroth, and bad she should be lede  
Home to her house, and in her house (qð he)  
Brennin her in a bathe, with flamis rede;  
And as he bad, right so was done the dede,  
For in a bathe they gan her fast to shete,  
And night and day grete fire undir they bete.

Al the long night, and eke the day also 530  
For al the fire, and eke the bath'is hete,  
She sat al colde, and felt of it no wo,  
It made her not a droppè for to swete,  
But in that bath her life she mote ylete:  
For Almachie, with ful wicked entent,  
To sle her in the bathe, his sonde he sent.

Thre strokis in the necke he smote her tho  
The turmentour, but for no manir chaunce  
He might not smitin al her necke a two,  
And for there was that time an ordinaunce, 540  
That no man do no person such penaunce,  
The fourthè stroke to smite ne softe ne fore,  
This turmentour durst smitin her no more.

But halfe dede, with her necke ycorvin there,  
He left her lye, and on his way he went;  
The christen folke which that about her were,  
In shetis home full faire thei han her hent,  
Thre dayis livid she in this turmente,  
And never cessid she the faith to preche,  
That she was sofrid in, and them to teche. 550

And 'hem she yave her meubles and her thing,  
And to the pope Urban betoke 'hem tho,  
And sayd, I askid this of hevin's king,  
To have respite thre dayis and no mo,  
To recommaunde to you er that I go  
These soulis, lo! and that I might so werche  
Here of mine house perpetuelliche a cherche.

Saint Urban with his Dekins privily  
The body fette, and buried it by night,  
Among his other saintis honestly, 560  
Her house the church of saint Cecily hight,  
Saint Urban halowed it, as he well might,  
In whiche unto this day, in noble wife,  
Men don to Christ, and to his saintes servise.

Here endith the Second NONNE's TALE.

Here



Here beginneth the PROLOGUE of the Chanon's YEMAN.



**W**HAN endid was the life of saint Cecile,  
 Er we fully had riddin fivè mile,  
 At Boughton under blee usgan o'retake  
 A man, that clothid was in clothis blake,  
 And undir that he ware a white surplise,  
 His hakney, that was all pomily grise,  
 So swette, that it a wondir was to se,  
 It semid he had prickid milis thre ;  
 The horse eke that his yoman rode upon  
 So swette, that unnethis mightin he gon ;  
 About the paytrell stode the some full hie,  
 He was of some as fleckid as a pye ;  
 A wallet twifolde on his cropir lay,  
 It semid that he caried lite aray,  
 Al light for somir rode this worthy man,  
 And in my hert to wondrin I began  
 What that he was, till that I undirstode  
 How that his cloke was sewid to his hode,  
 For whiche, when I had long avifid me,  
 I demid him some Chanon for to be.  
 His hatte hing at his backe doune by a lace,  
 For he had riddin more than trot or pace,  
 He rode aye pricking as he werin wode,  
 A clote lese he had laide under his hode  
 For swette, and for to kepe his hede fro hete,  
 But it was mochill joye to se him swete,  
 His forehede droppid, as a stillatory  
 Were ful of plantaine or of pellitory,  
 And whan that he was come, he gan to crie,  
 God save (qð he) this joly company,  
 Fast have I prickid (qð he) for your sake,  
 Bicause that I woldin you ovirtake  
 To ridin in this mery company.

His yoman was eke ful of curtisy

And saidè, fires, now in the morowe tide  
 Out of your hosterie I saw you ride, 600  
 And warnid here my lorde and soveraine  
 Whiche that to ridin with you is ful faine  
 For his disporte, he lovith daliaunce.  
 Frend, for thy warning God yeve The gode chaunce,  
 Then said our host, certaine it woldin seme  
 Thy lorde were wise, and so I may wel deme,  
 He is ful joconde also dare I laye,  
 Can he ought tell a mery tale or twaye  
 With whiche he gladin may this companie?  
 Who, sir? my lorde? Yea sir withoutin lie, 610  
 He can of mirth and eke of jolite  
 Not but inough ; also sir, trustith me,  
 And ye him knewe al so well as do I,  
 Ye would wondir how wel and thriftily  
 He couth ywerke, and that in sondry wise,  
 He hath take on him many' a grete emprise,  
 Whiche were ful harde for any that is here  
 To bringe aboute, but they of him it lere.  
 As homely as he ridith amonge you,  
 If ye him knew, it wold ben for your prowè, 620  
 Ye woldin not forgon his acquaintance,  
 For mochill gode I dare lay in balaunce,  
 All that I have in my possession,  
 He is a man of hie discreffion,  
 I warne you wel he is a passing man.  
 Wel (qð our hoste) I pray The tel me than  
 Is he a clerke or non? tell what he is.  
 - A clerke? nay greter then a clerke, iwis,  
 Saidè the yoman, and in wordis fewe  
 Hoste, of his crafte somwhat wol I The shewe. 630  
 I say my lorde can suche a subtilte  
 But al his craft ye may not wete of me,

(And



(And somewhat helpe I yet to his werching,  
That all the ground that we be on riding  
Til we be com to Canterbury toun,  
He coude al clene yturnin up and doun,  
And pave it al of silvir and of golde.

And whan this yoman hadde thus itolde  
Unto our hoste: he saide *benedicite*!  
This thing is wondir mervailous to me,  
Sens that thy lorde is of so hie prudence;  
(Bycause of whiche, men shuld him reverence)  
That of his worship reckith he so lite  
His overist sloppe is not worth a mite  
As in effeete to him, so mote I go,  
It is al baudy, and to tore also.  
Why is thy lorde so stottish I The pray  
And is of powir bettir clothes to bey,  
If that his dede accordith with thy speche?  
Tellin me that, and that I The besече.

Why (qð this yeman) wherto aske ye me?  
God help me so, for he shal never the,  
But I wol now avowin that I saie,  
And therfore kepe it secret I you praie,  
He is to wise in fay, as I beleve,  
And that is ovirdone n'il nevir preve,  
And right as clerkis saie, it is a vice,  
Wherfore I holde him, in that, leude and nice;  
For whan a man hath ovir grete a wit,  
Ful ofte it happith him to misuse it:  
So doth my lorde, and that me grevith fore,  
God amende it, I can say you no more.

Therof no force gode yeman (qð our host).  
Sens of the conning of thy lord thou wost,  
Tel howe he dothe, I pray The hertily,  
Sens that he is so crafty and so fly,  
Wher dwellin ye, if it to tell ybe?

In the suburbis of a tounse (qð he)  
Lurking in hernis and in lanis blinde,  
Wheras the robbers, and thevis by kinde  
Holdin ther privy fearful residence,  
As they that dare not shewin ther pefence;  
So fare we, if that I shal say the soth.

Yet, qð our hoste, let me talkin to Th',  
Why art thou so discoloured in thy face?

Peter (qð he)? God gevith sory grace,  
I am so used in the hote fire to blowe,  
That it hath chaunged my colour as I trowe,  
I am not wont in no mirrour to prie,  
But to swinke fore, and lerne to multiplie,  
We blondrin evir, and pore in the fire,

And for al that, we faile of our desire,  
For evir we lacken our conclusion,  
To much folke we ben but illusion,  
And borowe gold, be it a pounde or two,  
Or ten or twelve, or many summis mo,  
And makin 'hem to wene at the left way  
That of a pound we coulden makin tway;  
Yet is it false, and aye han we gode hope  
It for to done, and aftir it we grope.  
But that science is so ferre us biforne  
We mowe not although that we had it sworne  
It ovirtake, it flyt away so fast,  
It wol us makin beggers at the last.

Whiles this yeman was thus in his talking  
This Chanon drewe him nere, and herd al thing  
Whiche this yeman spake, for suspection  
Of mennis speche evir had this Chanon,  
For Cato saith, that *he that gilty is*  
*Demith al thing he spoke of him, twis,*  
Bicause of that, he gan so nighe to drawe  
To his yeman, to herkin al his sawe.  
And thus he said unto his yeman tho,  
Holde now thy pece, and speke no wordis mo,  
For if thou do, thou shalte it sore abie,  
Thou slaundrist me here in this companie,  
And eke discoverest that thou shuldist hide.

Ye (qð our host) tel on what so betide,  
Of al this threting recke The not a mite.

In faith (qð he) no more do I but lite.  
And whan this Chanon saw it would not be  
But his yeman would tel his privite,  
He fledde away for very sorowe and shame.

Ha! (qð the yeman) here shall rise a game,  
All that I can, anon wol I you tell,  
Sens he is gon, the foule fend him quell,  
For nevre hereaftir, woll I with him mete  
For peny ne for pounde, I you behete;  
He that me first broughtin unto that game,  
Er that he die, sorow have he and shame;

For it is ernest to me by my faithe,  
That fele I well, what so any man saithe,  
And yet for al my smert and al my grefe,  
For al my sorowe, labour and mischefe,  
I couldin nevir leve it in no wise;  
Now wolde to God my witte mightin suffice  
To tellin all that longith to that arte!

But nathelasse yet woll I tel you a parte,  
Sens that my lord is gon, I wol not spare,  
Suche thingis as I know I wol declare.

Here endeth the PROLOGUE of the Chanon's YEMAN.



## The Chanon's YEMAN's TALE.

A Priest of London, more covetous than wife, is deceived by a Chanon professing the Art of Alchymye.

**W**ITH this chanon I dwellid sevin yere,  
And of his science I am nere the nere,  
Al that I haddè I have lost thereby;  
And God wotte, so hath many mo than I,

There I was wonte to be right freshe and gay  
Of clothing, and of other gode aray,  
Now maie I were an hose upon mine hedde;  
And where my colour was both fresh and redde  
Now it is wanne, and of a leaden hewe,  
Who so it usith most, fore shall him rue.  
And of my swinke, yet blerid is mine eye,  
Lo suche avantage is to multiplie!  
That sliding science hath me made so bare,  
That I have no gode where that evre' I fare,  
And yet I am endettid so thereby  
Of gold, that I have borowid truly,  
That while I live, I ne shall it quite never;  
Let every man beware by me for ever,  
What manir man that castith him therto,  
If he continue, I hold his thrift ido,  
So helpe me God, thereby shall he nere win,  
But empte his purse, and make his wittis thin,  
And whan he, through his madnesse and folie  
Hath lost his owne gode, thorough jeopardie,  
Than he exitith othir men thereto  
To lese ther gode, as he himself hath doe,  
For unto shrewis joye it is and ese  
To have ther felawes in pain and difese;  
For thus was I ones lernid of a clerke;  
Of that no charge, I woll speke of our werke.

Whan we be there, as we shall exercise  
Our elvishe craft, we semin wondir wise,  
Our termis ben so clergiall and so quainte,  
I blowe the fire, till that myne herte faint.

What should I tellin eche proporcion  
Of thingis, whiche that we werchin upon?  
As on five or fixe uncis, maie well be,  
Of silvir, or some othir quantite,  
And besie me to tellin you the names  
Of Orpiment, brent bonis, yron squames,  
That into poudir groundin ben full small,  
And in an yerthin potte how put is all,  
And salte-peter put in, and als papere,  
Bifore these pouders that I speke of here,  
And well icovered, with a lampe of glas,  
And of moche othir thing which that there was,  
And of the pottis and glas englutynge,  
That of the aire might passin out nothing,  
And of the esie fire and smart also,  
Whiche that was made, and of the care and wo 790  
That we had in our matters subliming,  
And in amalgaming and calfining  
Of quicksilver, icleped Mercury crude,  
For all our sleightis, we can not conclude  
Our Orpiment, and sublimed Mercurie,  
Our groundid litarge eke on porphirie,  
Of eche of these, of unces a certain,  
Nought helpith us, our labour is in vain,  
Ne eke our spiritis assencioun,  
Ne our matters, that lien all fixe adoun,  
Mowe in our werking nothing us availe,  
For lost is all our labour and travaile,  
And all the cost, a twentie devill waie,  
Is lost also, whiche we upon it laie.

There is also full many' an othir thing,  
That is unto our craft appertaining,  
Though I by ordir 'hem ne reherce can,  
Bicause that I ne am but a lende man,  
Yet woll I tell 'hem as thei come to minde,  
Though I ne cannot set 'hem in ther kinde, 810  
As Bole Armeny, Verdegrece, Borace,  
And sondrie vessels made of yerth and glas,  
Our urinals, and our discensories,  
Viols, crollettes, and sublimatories,  
Concurbitis, and alembekis eke,  
And othir soche, dere inough of a Leke;  
It nedith not to rehercin 'hem all,  
Watirs rubifying, and Bolis gall,  
Arfneke, Sal Armoniake, and Brimstone,  
And herbis colde I tell eke many one, 820  
Egremonie, Valerian, Lunarie,  
And othir soche, if that me list to tarie,  
Our lampis, brenning bothè night and daie,  
To bringe about our craft, if that we maie,  
Our founice eke of calcinacion,  
And of watirs albificacion,  
Unflekid lime, chalke, and gleire of an eye,  
Pouders divers, ashis, dong, pisse, and cleie,  
Serid pottis, salt Peter, Vitriole,  
And divers frirs, made of wode and cole, 830  
Sal Tartre, Alcaly, sal preparete,  
And combust matters, and coagulate,  
Cley made with hors dung, mann's heere and oile,  
Of tartre alim, glas, berme, wort, argoile,  
Ros algar, and othir mattirs enbibing,  
And eke of our mattirs incorporing,  
And of our silvir citrinacion,  
Our cementing, and fermentation,  
Our yngottis, testis, and many mo.

I woll you tell as was me taught also 840  
The foure spirites, and the bodies seven  
By order, as I herd my lorde nemene.

The first spirite quicke silvir clepid is,  
The second Orpiment, the third iwis  
Sal Armoniake, and the fourth Brimstone.

The bodies seven, lo! here 'hem anone,  
Sol gold is, and Luna silvir we threpe,  
Mars yron, Mercury quicke silvir we clepe,  
Saturnus leade, and Jupiter is tinne, 850  
And Venus copir, by my fathir kinne.

This cursid craft who so woll exercise  
He shall no gode have that maie him suffice,  
For all the gode he spendith there about  
He lesin shall, thereof have I no doubt,  
Who so that list to uttir his folie,  
Let him come forth and lerne to multiplie;  
And every man, that hath ought in his cofer  
Let him appere, and wexe a Philosopher,  
Askaunce that craft is so light for to lere;  
Naie naie God wote, all be he Monke, or Frere, 860  
Priest, or Chanon, or any othir wight,  
Though he sit at his boke both daie and night,  
In lerning of this elvishe nice lore  
All is in vain; and parde mochill more  
Is to lere a leude man this subtelte,  
Fie speke not thereof, for it woll not be,  
All could he littrature, or could he none,  
As in effect, he shall finde it all one,

For

For bothe two, by my saluacion,  
Concludin in multiplicacion  
liche well, whan thei havin all ido,  
This is to sain, thei failin bothe two

Yet forgate I to makia reherfaile  
Of watirs corosife, and of limaile,  
And of bodies molificacion,  
And also of ther induracion,  
Oiles, ablusions, metall fusible,  
To telle you all, would passe any bible  
That o where is, wherefore as for the best  
Of all these namis now wolke I me reste,  
For as I trowe, I have you told inow  
To reise a fende, all loke he nere so row.

A naie let be the Philosophers stone  
Elixir cleped, we sikin fast echone,  
For had we him, than were we sikre' inow  
But unto God of heven I make avowe  
For all our craft, whan we han all ido,  
And all our sleight, he wold not come us to,  
He hath us made to spendin mochill gode,  
For sorowe' of whiche, almost we waxin wode, 890  
But that gode hope crepith into our herte,  
Supposing evir, though we sorely smerte,  
To ben relevid of him aftirward,  
Such supposing and hope is sharpe and hard,  
I warne you well it is to sikin ever,  
That future temps hath made men discover  
In trust thereof all that evir thei had,  
Yet of that art thei could not waxin sad,  
For unto them it is a bittir swete,  
So semith it, for n'ad thei but a shete,  
Which that thei might wrappin 'hem in a night,  
And a bratte to walkin in a daie light,  
Thei wold 'hem sel, and spend it on this craft,  
Thei con not stince till nothing be them laste,  
And evirmore, where that evir thei gone,  
Men maie 'hem ken by the smell of Brimstone,  
For all the worlde thei stincken as a Gote,  
Ther savour is so Rammishe and so hote,  
That though a man a mile from 'hem ybe  
The savour wold enfect him, trustith me.

Lo, thus by smelling, and threde bare aray,  
If that men list, these folke knowin thei maie,  
And if a man wold aske 'hem privily,  
Why thei be clothid so unthrifily?  
Right anon thei wold rowne into his ere,  
And sayin, if that thei espyd were,  
Men wold 'hem flea, bicause of ther science,  
Lo! thus these folke betrayin innocence.

Passe ovir this, I go my tale unto;  
Er that the potte be on the fire ido  
Of metalles, with a certain quantite  
My lorde 'hem tempereth, and no man but he,  
Now he is gon, I dare saie boldily  
For as men sain, he can doen craftily,  
Algate I wote well he hath soche a name,  
And yet full oft he rennith in the blame;  
And wote ye how, full oft it happith so,  
The pot to brekith, farewell, all is go,  
These metalles ben of so grete violence,  
Our wallis maie not make 'hem resistance,  
But if thei werin wrought of lime and stone,  
Thei percin so, and through the wall thei gone,  
And some of 'hem sinkin into the ground;  
Thus have we lost by timis many' a ponde,  
And some are scattered all the flore about,  
Some lepen into the rose withoutin doubt,  
Tho that the fende not in our sight him shewe,  
I trowe that he with us be, that ilke shrewe  
In hell where that he is both lorde and fire,  
Ne is there no more wo, rancour ne ire,  
Whan that our pot is broke, as I have saied,  
Every man chite, and holte him ill apaid,

870 Some saied it was long of the fire making,  
Some layid naie, it was on the blowing,  
Than was I ferde, for that was mine office.  
Straw (qð the third) ye ben bothe leude and nice,  
It was not temprid as it ought to be.

Naie (qð the fourth) stint and herkin to me,  
Bicause that our fire was not made of Beche,  
That is the cause, and for none othir seche, 950  
I cannot tell whereon it is along,  
But well I wot grete strief is us emong.  
What (qð my lorde) there n'is no more to doen,  
Of these perilles I wold beware eftlone,  
I am right sikir, that the potte was crased,  
Be as be maie, be ye nothing amased,  
As usage is, let swepe the flore aswithe,  
Plucke up your herte, and be ye glade and blithe.

The mullocke on an hepè yswepid was,  
And on the flore ycast was a canvas, 960  
And all this mullocke in a Sive ithrowe,  
And siftid and ipluckid many' a throwe.

Parde (qð one) fomwhat of our metall  
Yet is there here, although we have not all,  
And tho this thing mishappid hath as now,  
An othir time it maie ben well inow.  
We mote puttin our gode in aventure,  
A Marchaunt, parde, maie not aie endure,  
Trustith me well, in his prosperite,  
Somtime his gode is drounid in the sec, 970  
And sometime comith safe unto the londe.

Peace (qð my lorde) the next time I wol fonde  
To bring our craft all in an othir plite,  
And but I doe sirs, let me have the wite,  
There was default in fomwhat, well I wote.

An othir saied, the fire was ovir hote,  
But be it hote or cold, I dare saie this,  
That we concludin evir more amis,  
We failin of that whiche we woldin have,  
And in our madnesse evirmore we rave, 980  
And whan we be togither everichone,  
Every man semith wise as Salomon,  
But al thing, which that shinith as the gold,  
Ne is not golde, as I have herde ytolde,  
Ne every appell, that is faire at iye,  
Ne is not gode, what so men clappe or crië.  
Right so lo! farith it emongis us,  
He that semith the wisist by Jesus  
Is moeste sole, whan it comith to the prese,  
And he that semith truist is a thefe, 990  
That shall ye knowe, er that I from you wende,  
By that I of my tale have made an endë.

There was a Chanon of Religoun  
Emongis us, wold enfect all a toun,  
Although it as grete were as Ninive,  
Rome, Alisaundre, Troie, and othir thre,  
His sleightis, and his infinite falsnesse  
There couth no man ywrittin, as I gesse;  
Though that he might livin a thousande yere,  
In all this world of falsnesse n'is his pere, 1000  
For in his termis he wold him so winde,  
And speke his wordis in so flie a kinde,  
Whan that he commune shall with any wight,  
That he wold makin him dote anon right,  
But that it a fende be as himself is;  
Full many' a man hath he begiled er this,  
And mo wold, if that he maie live a while,  
And yet men ride and gone ful many' a mile  
Him for to seke, and have his acquantaunce;  
Not knowing ought of his false governaunce; 1010  
And if ye lust to give me audience,  
I wold it tellin here in your presence.

But worshipfull Chanons religious,  
Ne demith not that I sclander your hous,  
Although that my tale of a Chanon be,  
Of every order some shrewe is parde,

And

And God forbid that all a companie  
Should rue a singuler mann's folie;  
To flaunder you is nothing mine entent;  
But to correctin that amis is mente,  
This tale ywas not only told for you,  
But eke for other mo; ye wote well how  
That emongis Christ's Aposteles twelve  
There was no traitour but Judas himselve.  
Than why sholdin the remenaunt have blame  
That giltles were? by you I saie the same,  
Save only this, if ye woll herkin me,  
If any Judas in your covent be,  
Remeveth him betimis, I you rede,  
If shame or losse may caufin any drede,  
And be nothing displefid I you praie,  
But in this case herkinith what I saie.

**I**N London was a Priest Annuellere,  
That therein had ydwelt many a yere,  
Whiche was so plesant and so servisable  
Unto the wife, where that he was at table,  
That she would suffir him nothing to paie  
For borde ne clothing, went he nere so gaie,  
And spending silvir had he right inow;  
Thereof no force, in plesaunce went his plow,  
But for to telle you forthe of this Chanon,  
That brought this priest unto confusion.

This false Chanon camin upon a daie  
Unto this priest's chambir where he laie,  
Beseching him to lene him a certain  
Of gold, and he would quite it him ayen,  
Lenith me a Marke (qð he) but daies thre,  
At my day I wolle fans faile quite it The,  
And if it so be, that thou finde me false,  
An other daie than hang me by the halse.

This priest toke him a marke, and that aswith,  
And this Chanon him thankid many sith,  
And toke his leve, and went forth on his wey,  
And at the third day brought him his money;  
And to this priest he toke this gold ayen,  
Whereof this priest was wondir glad and fain.

Certis (qð he) nothing anywith me  
To lene a man a noble, two or thre,  
Or what thing were in my possession,  
Whan he so true is of condicion,  
That in no wise he brekin wolle his daie,  
To soche a man I can never saie naie.

What qð this Chanon, should I be untrue?  
Nay that were a thing fallin of the newe,  
Trowth is a thing that I woll ever kepe  
Unto the daie, in whiche that I shall crepe  
Into my grave, or ellis God forbede,  
Belevith this as sikir as your crede,  
God thonke I, and in gode time be it saied,  
That there n'as never man yet ill apaid  
For gold ne silvir that he to me lent,  
Ne never falshe in mine herte I ment.

And sir (qð he) now of my privite  
Sithin so godelich ye have ben to me,  
And kithid to me so grete gentilnesse,  
Somwhat, to quite with you your kindnesse,  
I woll you shewe, if that ye woll it lere,  
(I shalle it shewe to you anon right here)  
How I can werchin in Philosophie,  
Take gode hede, ye shall it se with your eye,  
That I woll doe a maistris or I go.

Yea, qð this priest, yea, Sir, and woll ye so,  
Mary therof I praie you hartily.

At your commaundement, sir, truily,  
Qð the Chanon, and ellis God forbede;  
(Lo how this these ycouth his service bedede!)

Full soth it is that such profered servise  
Stinkith, as witnesfith the oldè wife,

And that full sone I woll it verifie  
In this Chanon, rote of all trecherie,  
That evirmore delite hath and gladnesse,  
(Soche fendly thoughtis in his herte empressse)  
How Christ's peple he may to mischef bring;  
God kepe us from his false dissimuling.

What wist this sely priest with whom he delt?  
Ne of his harme comming nothing he felt;  
O sely priest! O sely innocent!  
With covetise anon thou shalt be blent;  
O gracelesse, and full blind is thy conceite,  
Nothing art thou aware of his disceite,  
Whiche that this Foxe hath shapin unto The,  
His wilie wrenchis thou ne maiest not fle;  
Wherefore to go to the conclusion,  
That referrith to thy confusion.

Unhappie man, anon I woll me hie  
To tellin thine unwitt, and thy folie,  
And eke the falsnesse of that othir wretche,  
As ferforth as my conning woll ystretche.

This Chanon was my lorde ye wouldè wene,  
Sir hoste, in faith, and by the hevin's Quene,  
It was an othir Chanon, and not he,  
That can an hundrid folde more subtilte,  
He hath betrayid folke many a time,  
Of his falsnesse it dolith me to rime,  
And evir whan I speke of his falshe de,  
For shame of him, my chekis waxin rede,  
Algatis thei beginnin for to glowe,  
For rednesse have I none, right well I know,  
In my visage, for the fumis diverce  
Of metals, whiche ye have herde me reherce,  
Consumid and wastid have my rednesse.  
Now take hede of this Chanon's curfidnesse.

Sir (qð he) to the priest, let your man gon  
For quicksilvir, that we had it anon,  
And let him bringin uncis two or thre,  
And whan he comith, as fast shull ye se  
A wondir thing, whiche ye saw nere er this.

Sir (qð the priest) it shall be doen I wis.  
He bad his servaunt fetchin him this thing,  
And he all redy was at his bidding,  
And went him forth, and came anon again  
With this quicksilver, shortly for to fain,  
And toke these uncis thre to the Chanoun,  
And he hem layid well and faire adoun,  
And bad the servaunt colis for to bring,  
That he anon might go to his werking.

The colis right anon werin iset,  
And this Chanon toke out a crossilet  
Of his bosome, and shewed it to the priest,  
This instrument (qð he) which that thou seest,  
Take in thy hond, and put thy self therin  
Of this quicksilver an unce, and begin  
In Christ's name to wexe a Philosopher,  
There be full fewe, whiche that I would it profer  
To shewin hem so moche of my science,  
For here shull ye se by experience  
That this quicksilver I woll mortifie  
Right in your sight anon withoutin lie,  
And make it as gode silver and as fine  
As there is any in your purse or mine,  
Or ellis where, and make it malliable,  
Or ellis holdith me false and unstable  
Emongis folke for evir to appere.

I have a poudre, that cost me full dere,  
Shall make all gode, for it is cause of all  
My conning, whiche that I you shewin shall,  
Voidith your man, and let him be thereout,  
And shet the dore, whilis we ben about  
Our privitie, that no man us espie,  
Whiles that we werk in our Philosophie.  
All as he bad, fulfillid was in dede,  
This ilke servaunt anon out he yede

And

And his maistr yshet the dore anon,  
And to ther labour spidily thei gon.

This priest at this cursid Chanon's bidding  
Upon the fire right anon set this thing,  
And blewe the fire, and besied him full fast,  
And this Chanon into this croslet cast  
A pouder, I ne wote whereof it was  
Ymakid, either of chalke, yearth, or glasse, 1170  
Or somewhat ellis was not worth a flie,  
To blind with this the priest, and bad him hie  
These colis for to couchin all above  
The croslelet, in token that I The love,  
(Qð this Chanon) lo! thine own hondis two  
Shall werke all thing that here shall be ydo.

Graunt mercie (qð the priest) and was full glad,  
And couchid colis, as the Chanon bad,  
And while he besy was, this fendly wretche,  
This false Chanon, the foul fende him fetch! 1180  
Out of his bosome toke a Bechin cole,  
In whiche full subtilly was made an hole,  
And therein was put of silver limaile  
An unce, and stoppid was withoutin faile  
The hole with waxe, to kepe the limaile in.

And undirstondith wele that this false gin  
Was not made there, but it was made bifore,  
And other things that I shall tell you more  
Hereafter, which that he had with him brought  
Er he came there, to begile him he thought, 1190  
And so he did, or that thei went a twinne,  
Till he betrayid him he could not blinne,  
It dullith me, whan that I of him speke,  
On his falskede, fain wouldin I me wreke,  
If I wist how, but he is here and there,  
He is so varjaunt, he bidith no where.

But takith hede, sirs, now for Godd's love;  
He toke his cole, of whiche I spake above,  
And in his honde he bare it privily,  
And whilis the priest couchid besily 1200  
The colis, as I have told you er this,  
This Chanon sayid, frende, ye doen amis,  
This is not couchid as it ought to be,  
But sone I shall amendin it (qð he)  
Now let me medle therewith but a while,  
For of you have I pite, by saint Gile,  
Ye ben right hotte, I se well how you swete,  
Have here a clothe, and wipe awaie the wete.  
And whilis that the priest him wipid has,  
This Chanon toke the cole, I shrewe his face, 1210  
And layid it above on the midwarde  
Of the croslet, and blewe well astirwarde,  
Till that the colis began fast to brenne.

Now yevith us drinke, qð this Chanon then,  
Aswithe all shall be well I undirtake,  
Sit we adoune, and let us mery make.  
And whan that this Chanon's bechin cole  
Was brent all, the limaile out of the hole  
Into the croslelet anon fel adoun,  
And truely so it must nedes by refoun, 1220  
Sens it so evin above couchid was,  
But thereof wist the priest nothing, alas!  
He demid all the colis yliche gode,  
For of the sleight nothing he undirstode.  
And whan this Alkamister sawe his time,  
Rise up, sir priest, (qð he) and stondith by' me,  
And for I wote well ingot have I none  
Goth walkith forth, and bringith a chalke stone,  
For I woll makin it of the same shappe  
That an ingot is, if I maie have happe. 1230  
And bringe eke with you a bolle or a panne  
Full of watir, and ye shall wele se than  
How that our besinefs shall hap and preve;  
And yet for ye shall have no misbeleve  
Ne wrong conceite of me in your absence  
I ne woll not ben out of your presence,

But go with you, and come with you again.

The chambir dore, shortly for to fain,  
Thei opened and shet, and went forth ther wele,  
And forth with 'hem they carryid the keie, 1240  
And come ayen without any delaie;  
What should I tary all the longe daie?  
He toke the chalke, and shope it in the wise,  
Of an yngot, as I shall you devise.

I saie he tokin out of his own sleve  
A teine of silver, evill mote he cheve!  
Which that ne was not but an unce of weight,  
And takith hede now of his cursid sleight,  
He shope his yngot in length and in brede  
Of this same teine, withoutin any drede, 1250  
So slyly that the priest it not aspide;  
And in his sleve again he gan it hide,  
And from the fire he toke up his matere,  
And into the yngot put with mery chere,  
And into the watir vessell he it cast,  
Whan that him list, and bad the priest as fast  
Loke what there is, put in thin hond and grope,  
Thou shalt there findin silvir, as I hope.  
What divell of hell should it ellis be?  
Shaving of silvir, silvir is parde. 1260

He put in his honde, and toke up a teine  
Of silver fine, and glad in every veine  
Was this priest, whan he sawe that it was so,  
God's blessing, and his mother's also  
And all Hallowis, have ye, sir Chanon,  
Sayid this priest, and I ther Malison  
But and ye vouchsafe for to techin me  
This noble craft and all this subtilte,  
I woll be yours in all that evre' I maie.

Qð the Chanon, yet woll I make assaie 1270  
The second time, that ye mow takin hede,  
And ben expert of this, and in your nede  
An othir daie assaie in mine absence  
This discipline, and this craftie science.  
Let take an other unce now (qð he tho)  
Of quicksilvir, withoutin wordis mo,  
And doen therewith, as I have doen er this  
With that othir, whiche that now silvir is.

The priest him besicth in all that he can  
To doen as this Chanon, this cursid man, 1280  
Commaundid him, and fast he blew the fire,  
For to come to the effect of his desire.  
And this Chanon right in the mené while  
All redy was this priest eft to begile,  
And for a countinaunce in his honde bare  
An halowe sticke, take kepe and well beware,  
In the end of whiche an unce and no more  
Of silvir limaile put was all before

As in his cole, and stoppid with waxe wele  
For to kepe in his limaile every dele. 1290  
And whiles this priest was in his besinesse  
This Chanon with his sticke gan him adresse  
To him anon, and his poudir cast in  
As he did erst (the devill out of his skin  
Him turne, I praie to God, for his falskede,  
For he was evir false in thought and dede)  
And with his sticke above the croslelet,  
That was ordainid with that false yett,  
He stirrith the coles, till all relent gan  
The waxe againe the fire, as every man, 1300  
But he a sole be, wote well it mote nede,  
And alle that in the sticke was out yede,  
And into the croslelet hastily it fell.

Now, gode fires, what woldin ye bet than wel?  
Whan that this priest begyldid was again,  
Supposyng nothing but trouth, soth to fain,  
He was so glad, that I can not expresse  
In no manir his mirth and his gladnesse,  
And to the Chanon he profered eft sone  
Body and gode: (qð the Chanon) anone



Tho I be pore, craftie thou shalt me finde,  
I warne The wele yet is there more behind.

Is there any Copir within faied he?  
Ye sir (qð the Priest) I trowe that there be.  
Ellis goe beye us some, and that aswithe,  
Now, gode sir, goith forth thy way, and hithe.

He went his waie, and with the copir came,  
And this Chanon in his hondis it name,  
And of that copir waied out but an unce.  
All to simple is my tong to pronounce, 1320  
Or to monstre my wit the doublenesse  
Of this Chanon, rote of all cursidnesse,  
He femed frendly, to 'hem that knew him noughr,  
But he was fendly, both in werke and thought,  
It werieth me to tell of his falsenesse,  
And nathêles, yet wol I it expresse,  
To the' entent that men maie beware therby,  
And for none othir causè truely.

He put this unce of copir in th' cros'let,  
And on the fire aswithe he hath it set, 1330  
And cast in poudir, and made the priest blow,  
And in his werking for to stoupin low  
As he did erst, and all n'as but a jape,  
Right as him list, the priest he made his Ape,  
And aftirward in the' ingot he it cast,  
And in the panne he put it at the last  
Of watir, and in he put his owne hond  
And in his slevè, as ye bifore hond  
Yherd me tell, he had a silvir teine,  
He sily toke it out, this cursid heine, 1340  
Unwiting this priest of his false craft,  
And in the pann'is botome he it laft,  
And in the watir romblith to and fro,  
And wondir privily toke up also  
The copir teine, not knowing it this priest,  
And hiddin it, and hent him by the brest,  
And to him spake, and thus said in his game,  
Stoupith adoune, by God ye be to blame,  
Helpith me now, as I did you whilere,  
Put in your hond, and lokith what is there. 1350

This priest toke up this silvir teine anon,  
And than sayid the Chanon, let us gon  
With these thre teinis, whiche that we han wrought  
To some Goldsmith, and wete if it be ought,  
For by my faith, I ne wolde for my hode  
But if they were silvir both fine and gode,  
And that aswithe yprovid it shall be.

Unto the Goldsmith, with these teinis thre,  
Thei went, and put these teinis in assaie 1360  
To fire and hammer, might no man saie naie,  
But that thei wer as them ought for to be.

This fottid priest, who was gladdir than he?  
Was nevir bird gladdir ayenst the daie,  
Ne nightingale in the seson of Maye  
Was nevir none, that list bettir to sing,  
Ne lady lustier in carolling,  
And for to speke of love and womanhede,  
Ne knight in armes, to doen a hardy dede,  
To stondin in grace of his lady dere,  
Than had this Priest, this sory craft to lere; 1370  
And to the Chanon thus he spake, and seid,  
For the love of God, that for us all deid,  
And as I maie deserve it unto you  
What shall this receipt cost, tellith me now?

By' our lady (qð this Chanon) it is dere  
I warne you well, that save I and a Frere  
In Engèlonde, there can no man it make.

No force (qð he) now sir, for Godd'is sake,  
What shall I paie, tellith me I you praie.

I wis (qð he) it is full dere I saie, 1380  
Sir at one worde, if that ye list it have,  
Ye shall paie fourtie pound, so God me save,  
And n'ere the frendship that ye did er this  
To me, ye should ypayin more I wis.

This priest the somme of fourtie pound anon  
Of nobles fet, and told 'hem everichon  
Unto this Chanon, for this ilke receite,  
All his worching was but fraude and deceite.

Sir priest, he said, I kepe for to have no lose 1390  
Of my craft, for I would it were kept close,  
And as you love me, kepith it secre,  
For and men knowin all my subtilte,  
By God men wouldin have so grete envie  
To me, bicause of my Philosophie,  
I should be dedde, there were none othir waie.

God it forbid (qð the priest) what ye saie,  
Yet had I levir spendin all the gode  
Whiche that I have, and ellis waxe I wode,  
Than that ye should fallin in soche mischese,  
For your gode will, sir, have ye right gode prefe, 1400  
(Qð the Chanon) then farewell graunt mercie.

He went his waie, and nere the priest him seie  
After that daie: and whan that this priest should  
Makin assaie, at soche time as he would,  
Of this receite, farwell, it n'old not be.

Lo thus bejapid and begiled was he,  
Thus makith he his introduction  
To bringin folke to ther destruction!  
Considerith sirs, how in eche estate  
Betwixtin men and golde there is debate, 1410  
So ferforth, that unnethis there is none,

This moultypling blindeth so many one,  
That in gode faith, I trowin that it be  
The grettist cause of such grete scarfite.  
These philosophers speke so mistily

In this crafte, that men cannot come therby,  
For any wit that men have nowe a daies,  
They may well chattrè and jangle as do jayes,  
And in ther termis, set ther lust and paine,  
But to ther purpose shul they ner attaine; 1420

A man may lightly lerne, if he have ought  
To multiplie, and bring his gode to nought.  
Lo, suche a lucre' is in this lusty game!

A mann'is mirth it wol turne all to grame,  
And emptin also gret and hevy purfes,  
And makin folke to purchasin fele curses  
Of them that han thereto ther gode ylent,  
O fye for shame! thei that han ones be brente  
Alas! can not thei flie the fir'is hete?

Ye that it use, I rede that ye it lete, 1430  
Left ye lese alle; for bet than nere is late.  
Nevir to thrivin were to longe a date;  
Though ye prolle aye, ye shall it nevir find,  
Ye ben as bolde as is bayarde the blind,  
That b'onderith forth, and peril castith none,  
He is as bold to renne ayenst a stone

As for to go beside it in the way;  
So farin ye, that multiplien, I say;  
If that your eyin cannot sene a right,  
Lokith that your minde lackith not his sight; 1440  
For though ye loke nevir so brode, and stare.

Ye shall not winne a mite in that chaffare  
But waltin al that ye may repe and renne;  
Withdrawe the fire; leste it to fast ybrenne;  
Medlith no more with that science, I mene,  
For if ye done, your thrift is gon full clene,  
And right aswithe I wol you tellin here  
What philosophers sain in this matere.

Lo! thus saith Arnolde of the newè toun,  
As his rosarie makith mencion, 1450  
He saith right thus, withoutin any lie  
There may no man Mercurie mortifie,  
But it be with his brother's knowleging,  
Lo! how that he, which first ysaid this thing,  
Of Philosophirs fathir was, Hermes.

He sayith how that the Dragon doutles  
Ne dyith not, but if that he be slaine  
With his brothir: And this is for to saine

By



By the dragon Mercury, and none other,  
He undirstode the brimstone was his brother, 1460  
That out of Sol and Luna were idrawe,  
And therefore said he, take hede to my sawe,

Let no man besie him this arte to seche,  
But he that the entencion and speche  
Of Philosophers understondin can,  
And if he do; he is a leude man,  
For this science, and this conning (qð he)  
Is of the secrete of secretes, parde.

Also there was a scholar of Plato,  
That on a time said his maistr to, 1470  
As in his boke Semor wol bere witnesse,  
And this was his demaunde in sothfastnesse,  
Tellith me the name of the privy stone.

And Plato answerd unto him anone,  
Takith the stone that Titanos men name.

Which is that? (qð he) Magnatia' is the same  
Said Plato: ye sir, qð he, is it thus?  
This is *ignotum per ignotius*.

What is Magnatia, gode sir I you pray?  
It is a watir that is made, I say, 1480

Of elementis four (qð then Plato)  
Tellith me, gode sir, the rote, qð he tho,  
Of that watir, if that it be your will.

Nay nay (qð Plato) certaine that I n'ill;  
The Philosophers were isworne echone,  
That they shuld discovir it unto none,  
Ne in no boke it write in no manere,  
For unto Christ it is so lefe and dere,  
That he wol not that it discovered be,

But where it likith to his deite 1490  
Man to enspire, and eke for to defende,  
Whan that him likith; lo! this is his ende.

Than conclude I thus, sens the God of heven  
Ne will not that the philosophers nemen  
How that a man shall come unto this stone,  
I rede as for the beste, to let it gone:  
For who so makith God his adversary,  
As for to werche any thing in contrary  
Unto his wil, certes nevir shal he thrive,  
Though that he multiply terme of his live. 1500  
And there a pointe, for ended is my tale,  
God send every true man bote of his bale.

Here endith the TALE of the Chanon's YEMAN.



Here



### Here followeth the Doctour of Phisike's PROLOGUE.

**W**HAN that this yeman his tale endid had  
Of this false Chanon, whiche ywas so bad,  
Our hoste gan say, truely and in certaine  
This priest was begilid, soth for to saine,  
He wenid to be a Philosopher,  
Til he right no golde left in his cofer,  
And sothly this Priest haddè all the jape,

This cursed Chanon put in his hode an ape,  
But al this passe I ovir will as now;  
Sir doctour of phisicke, yet I pray you,  
Tel us a tale of some honest matere.  
If that be done, if that ye wol it here,  
Said this doctour, and his tale gan anon;  
Now gode men (q<sup>d</sup> he) herk'nith everichon.

Here endeth the Doctour of Phisike's PROLOGUE.



### Here beginneth his TALE.

**T**Here was, as tellith Titus Livius,  
A knight, that clepid was Virginius,  
Fulfilled of honour and of worthinesse,  
And strong of frendis, and eke of richesse.  
A doughtir faire had this knight by his wife,  
And nevir had he mo in all his life.  
Fayre was this maide in excellent beaute  
Abovin every wight that man may se,  
For nature hath with soveraine deligence  
Yformed her in so gret excellence,  
As though that she would say, lo! I nature  
Thus can yforme and paintin a cature,  
Whan that me listè, who can me counterfete?  
Pigmaleon? Not though he forge and bete?  
Or grave or painte? for I dare well ysaine,  
Appelles, or Xeuxis, should werche in vaine

1530

To grave or painte, or for to forge or bete,  
If they presumid me to counterfete;  
For he that is the formir principal  
Hath madin me his vicar generall  
To fourme and paintin erthly creaturis,  
Right as me listè; for al thing in my cure is  
Undir the mone, that may or wane or waxe;  
And for my werkè nothing wol I axe,  
My lorde and I ben fully of accorde,  
I made her to the worship of my lorde,  
So do I all mine othir ceturis,  
Of what colour they be, or figuris;  
Thus semith me that nature wouldè say.  
This maidin was of age xii, yere and tway,  
In whiche that nature hath suche a delite,  
For right as she can paint a lilye white

1540

And

And rody as rose, right with such painture  
 She paintid hath this noble creature  
 Er she was borne, upon her limmis fre,  
 Where as by right soche colouris shoulde be:  
 And Phebus dyid had her tressis grete  
 Like to the stremis of his burnid hete,  
 And if that excellent were her beaute,  
 A thousande folde more vertuous was she;  
 In her ne lackith no condicion  
 That is to preise, as by discrecion  
 As wel in body as goste chaste was she,  
 For which she flourid in virginite,  
 With all humilite and abstinence,  
 With al attemperaunce, and pacience,  
 With mesure eke, in bering of aray,  
 Discrete she was in answering alway,  
 Tho she were wise as Pallas, dare I saine,  
 (Her faconde eke, full womanly and plaine)  
 No counterfettid termis haddè she  
 To femin wife: but aftir her degre  
 She spake, and all her wordis more and lesse  
 Sowning in vertue and in gentilnesse,  
 Shamefast she was, in maidins shamfastnesse,  
 Constant in hert, and ewre' in businesse  
 To drive her out of idle slogardie,  
 Bacchus had of her mouthe no maisterie,  
 For wine and youth done Venus aye encrece,  
 As men in fyre wol castin oyle or grece;  
 And of her owne vertue unconstrained  
 She hath full oftin her selfe like yfained,  
 For that she wouldin stie the company  
 Where likely was to tretin of foly,  
 As is at festes, at revels, and at daunces,  
 That ben occasions of daliaunces,  
 Suche thingis makin children for to be  
 To sonè ripe and bolde, as men may se,  
 Whiche is ful perilous, and hath ben yore,  
 For al to sonè may she lern the lore  
 Of boldenels, when she is wexin a wife.

And ye maistressis in your oldè life  
 That lordis doughtirs han in governaunce,  
 Ne takith of my worde no displeaunce,  
 Thinkith that ye ben set in governinges  
 Of lordis doughtirs, onely for two thinges,  
 Eithir for you han kepte your honeste,  
 Or ellis ye han fallin in frelte,  
 And knowin well inough the oldè daunce,  
 And conne forsakin fully that mischaunce  
 For evirmore; therfore for Christ's sake  
 Kepith wel tho folke that ye undirtake.

A thefe of venison, that hath forlaste  
 His likerounesse and all his thev's craste,  
 Can kepe a forest beste of any man;  
 Now kepeth 'hem well, for and ye wol ye can,  
 Lokith well, to no vice that ye assent,  
 Lest ye be dampnid for your ill entent,  
 For who so dothe, a traytour is certain,  
 And takith kepe of that I shall you saine,  
 Of al treyson soveraine pestilence  
 Is, when a wight betrayith innocence.

Ye fathers, and eke ye mothers also,  
 Though ye han children, be it one or mo,  
 Yours is the charge of al ther surveyaunce,  
 Whilis they ben undir your govimaunce,  
 Beth ware, that by ensample of your living,  
 Or by your negligence in chastising,  
 That they ne perishe: for I dare wel say  
 If that they don, ye shal ful sore obay:  
 Undir a shepherde softe and negligent  
 The wolf hath many a shepe and lambe to rent.

Sufficith one ensample now as here,  
 For I mote turne ayen to my matere.

This maide of which I tell my tale expresse  
 She kepte her selve, she nedid no maistresse,

1550 For in her living maidins mightin rede  
 As in a boke, every gode worke and dede  
 That longith to a maidin vertuous;  
 She was so prudent and so bounteous,  
 For whiche the fame out spronge on every side  
 Bothe of her beaute and her bounte wide,  
 That through the londe they preisid her echon  
 That lovid vertue, save Envy alone,  
 That fory is of othir mennis wele,  
 And glad is of ther sorowe, and unhele. 1630  
 The doctour makith this descripcion.

1560 This maide went on a day into the toun  
 Towarde the temple, with her mothir dere,  
 As is of all yonge maidins the manere.  
 Now livid there a Justice in that toun,  
 That govirnour was of that regioune,  
 And so befel, this Justice his eyen cast  
 Upon this maide, avising her ful fast  
 As she came forth by ther as the Judge stode,  
 Anon his hert ychaungid, and his mode, 1640  
 So was he caught with beaute of this maide,  
 And to himselfe full previly he saide,  
 This maidin shall be mine for any man.

1570 Anon the fende into his hertè ran,  
 And he taught him sodainly, by what sleight  
 The maidin to his purpose winne he might;  
 For certis, by no force, ne by no mede  
 Him thought he was not able for to spede,  
 For she was stronge of frendis, and eke she  
 Confirmit was in fuche soveraine beaute, 1650  
 That well he wist he might her nevir winne  
 As for to make her with her body sinne;  
 For whiche with grete deliberacioun  
 He sent after a client in the toun,  
 The whiche he knew ful subtilly and ful bold;  
 This Judge unto this client his tale told  
 In secret wise, and made him to ensue  
 He shulde it tellin unto no creture,  
 And if he did, he should lesin his hede.  
 And whan assentid was this cursid rede, 1660  
 Glad was the Judge, and made mochil gode chere,  
 And yave him giftis precious and dere.

1590 When shapin was all this conspiracie  
 Fro point to point, how that his lecherie  
 Parfourmid shoulidin be full subtilly,  
 As ye shulle aftir herin opiny:

Home gothe this client that hight Claudius,  
 But this false Justice that hight Appius,  
 So was his name, for it ne is no fable,  
 But knownen for thing historiall notable, 1670  
 The sentence of it sothe is out of dout,  
 This false judge I say, gothe now fast about  
 To hastin his delite, al that he may;

And so bifel, sone aftir on a day  
 This false judge, as tellith us the storie,  
 As he was wonte, fate in his consistorie,  
 And yave his domis upon sondry caas,  
 This false client came forth a ful gret paas,  
 And seide, Lord; if that it be your will,  
 As doth me right upon this pitous bill, 1680  
 In whiche I plaine upon Virginus,  
 And if that he wol say it is not thus,  
 I wol prove it, and findin gode witnesse,  
 1610 That sothe is that which my bill wol expresse.

The judge answerd, of this in his absence  
 I may not yeve definitive sentence,  
 Let do him call, and I woll gladly here,  
 Thou shalt have all right, and nothing wrong here.

Virginus came to wete the judg's will,  
 And right anon was radde this cursid bill, 1690  
 The sentence of it was as ye shall here.

Unto you, my lorde Appius so dere,  
 Shewith your pover servaunt Claudius,  
 How that a knight, callid Virginus,

Ayenst the lawe, and ayenst equite  
Holdith expresse ayenst the will of me  
My seruant, which that is my thral by right,  
Which from mine hous was stolin on a night,  
Whilis she was full yonge, I will it preve,  
By witnesse lord, so that ye you not greve,  
She is not his doughtir, what so he say,  
Wherefore, my lorde Justice, I do you pray  
Yelde me my thral, if that it be your will.  
Lo! this was all the sentence of that bill.

Virginus gan on the client beholde,  
But hastily, er he his tale had tolde  
He would have defendid, as shuld a knight,  
And by witnesse of many a trewe wight,  
That al was false, that said his adversary.

This cursid Justice would no lengir tary,  
Ne here a worde more of Virginus,  
But yave his judgement, and pronouncid thus.

I deme anon this man his seruant have,  
Thou shalt no lengir her in thine house save,  
Go bring her forth, and put her in our warde,  
This man shal have his thral, thus I award.  
And when this worthy knight Virginus,  
Through the assent of the judge Appius,  
Ymust by force his dere doughtir up-yeven  
Unto the judge, in lechery to liven,  
He gothe him home, and set him in his hall,  
And let anon his derè doughtir call,  
And with a face as dede as ashis colde  
Upon her humble face he gan beholde,  
With father's pite, sticking through his hert,  
Al wolde he not from his purpose convert.

Doughter (qð he) Virginia by name,  
There ben two wayis, either deth or shame  
That thou must suffer, alas that I was borne!  
For nevir thou deservedist wherforme  
To dyin, with a sworde or with a knife.  
Oh my dere doughtir, comfort of my life,  
Whiche I have fostrid up with such plefaunce,  
That thou ne were out of my remembraunce!  
O doughtir mine, which that art my last wo,  
And in my life my laste joye also!

O jemme of chastite, in pacience  
Take thou thy dethe, for this is my sentence,  
For love and not for hate thou must be dede,  
My pitous honde mote smitin of thine hede;  
Alas that evir Appius The sey!  
Thus hath he falsely judgid The to dey:  
And told her al the case, as ye before  
Han herd, it nedith not to tell it more.

O mercy dere fathir, than (qð this maide)  
And with that worde she both her armis layde  
About his necke, as she was wonte to do,

The teris braste out of her eyin two,  
And sayd, O my gode fathir shall I die?  
Is there no grace? is there no remedie?  
No certis O dere doughtir mine (qð he)  
Than geve me leve, my lese faðir, qð she,  
My deth for to complaine a ltil space,  
For parde, Jepte yave his doughtir grace  
For to complaine, er he her slough, alas!  
And God it wot, nothing was her trespas,  
But that she ranne her fathir first to se  
To welcome him, with gret solempnite.  
And with that word she fel aswoune anon;  
And astir whan her swouning was agon  
She risith up, and to her fathir sayde,  
Blissid be God, that I shall die a mayde,  
Yeve me my deth, er that I have a shame,  
Doth with your child your wil a God's name.  
And with that word she prayith him ful ofte  
That with his swerd he shouldin smit her softe;  
And with that word in a swoune doune she fell.  
Her fathir with forouful hert and fell  
Her hede of smote, and by the toppe it hente,  
And to the judge he it yave in presente,  
As he sat in dome in consistorie.

Whan the judge it sawe, as saith the storie,  
He bad take him, and honge him also fast.  
But right anon all the people in thrast  
To save the knight, for routh and for pite,  
For knowen was the judg's iniquite;  
The peple anon had suspect in this thing  
By manir of this clientes chalinging,  
That it was by the assent of Appius,  
They wist right well that he was lecherous;  
For whiche unto this Appius they gon,  
And kest in him in prison right anon,  
Where as he slew himself; and Claudius,  
That seruant was unto this Appius,  
Was demed for to be hongid on a tre.  
But Virginus, of his grete pite  
So prayid for him, that he was exiled,  
And ellis certis he had ben begiled.  
The remnaunt were hongid, both more and lesse,  
That consentid were to this cursidnesse.

Here men may se how sin hath his merite;  
Beware, for no man wot how God wol smite,  
In no degre, ne in no maner wise,  
The worme of conscience wollin arise  
Of wickid life, though it so privy be  
That no man wote of it but God and he,  
Whethir he be a leude man or lered,  
He n'ot how sone that he may ben affered.  
Therefore I redin you this counsaile take,  
Forsakith sinne, er that sinne your forsake.

Here endeth the Doctour of Phisikes TALE.



Here foloweth the wordes of our Hoste.

OUR Host gan fwere as he were woxin  
wode,  
Harowe (qð he) by naylis and by blode,  
This was a false thefe, and a cursed Justice,  
As shameful dethe, as herte may devise  
Come to false judgis, and ther advoca's,  
Algate this sely maide is slain, alas!  
Alas! to dere abought she her beaute.  
Wherefore I say, that allè men may se,  
That yestis of fortune, or of nature  
Len cause of dethe of many a cature.,

Her beaute was her dethe, I dare wel saine;  
Alas so pitously as she was slaine.  
But herof wol I not procede as nowe,  
Men have full ofte timis more harme than prowre.  
But truely, mine ownè maistir dere,  
This is a right petous tale for to here.  
But nathelesse, passè ovir, is no force,  
I pray to God to save thy gentle corce,  
And thy urinalles, and thy jordanis,  
Thine ypocras, and eke thy galianis,

1820  
And

And evèry boxe ful of letuarie  
 God blesse 'hem and our lady seint Marie.  
 So mote I the, thou arte a propir man,  
 And lyke a prelate by saint Damian,  
 Thou spake enough, I can not say in terme,  
 But wele I wote thou dost myne herte to yerne,  
 That I have almost caught a cardiale,  
 By *Corpus Domini*, but I have triacle,  
 Or ellis a draught of moiste cornye ale,  
 Or but I here anothir mery tale,  
 My hert is losse, for pite of this maide;

1830

Thou belamy, John pardoner, he faide,  
 Tel us some mery tale, or jape, anon.  
 It shal be don (qð he) by saint Runion;  
 But first, (qð he) here at this ale-house stake,  
 I woll bothe drinke, and etin of a cake.  
 But right anone, these gentils gon to crye,  
 Nay, let him tell us of no ribaudrye,  
 Tel us som moral thing, that we mow lere  
 Some witte, and than wol we right gladly here.  
 I graunt (qð he) I wis, but I mote thinke  
 On some honest thing, whilis that I drinke.

Here endeth the wordes of the Hoste.



Here



# Here followeth the PROLOGUE of the PARDONER.



Ordinges (qð he) in chyrch whan that  
I preche,  
I painin me to have an hautein speche,  
And ring it out, as round as doth a  
bell,

For I can all by rote, which that I tell,  
My theme is alwey one, and evir was,  
(*Radix malorum est cupiditas*)  
First I pronouncin from whence that I come,  
And then my Bullis I shewe al and some,  
Then our Liege Lord's sefe on my patent,  
That shewe I first, my body to warrent,  
That no man be so bolde, ne preest ne clerke,  
Me to distourbe of Christ's holy werke,  
And aftir that, I tellin forth my tales  
Bullis of Popis, and of Cardinales,  
Of Patriarkes, and of Bishopes I shewe,  
And in latin I speke wordis a fewe  
To savir with my predicacion,  
And for to stere men to devocion;  
Than shewe I forth my longe cristal stones  
Ycrammid ful of cloutis and of bones,  
Relikes they ben, as wenin they echone.

Than have in laton a sholdir bone,  
Whiche that was of an holy jew's shepe.

Gode men saye I, take of my wordis kepe,  
If that this bone be washen in any wel,  
If cove or calfe, or shepe, or oxin swel,  
That any worme hath etin, or 'hem stonge,  
Take watir of this wel, and washe his tongue, 1870  
And it is hole anon: and farthirmore  
Of pockis, and of scabbes, and every sore  
Shall every shepe be hole, that of this well  
Drinkith a draught, take kepe of that I tell.

If that the gode man, that the bestis oweth,  
Wol every day, er that the cocke croweth  
Fasting ydrinkin of this wel a draught,  
As thilke holy jewe our elders taught,  
His bestis, and his store shall multiply;  
And firs, also it helith jelosye, 1880  
For though a man be fall in jelous rage,  
Let makin with this watir his potage,  
And nevir shall he more his wife mistrift,  
Though he in soth the defaute by her wift,  
Al had she takin priestis two or thre.

Here is a mittaine eke, that ye may se,  
He that his honde wol put in this mittaine  
He shal have multiplying of his graine,  
Whan he hath sowin, be it whete or otes,  
So that he bringe some pennys, or els grotes. 1890

And men and women, o thing I warne you,  
If any wight ben in this churchè now,  
That hath done sinne so horrible, that he  
Dare not for shame of it yshrivin be,  
Or any woman, be she yonge or olde,  
That hath ymade her husbond a cokewolde,  
Such folk shul have no powir ne no grace  
To offir to my relikes in this place,  
And who so findith them out of such blame,  
Commith up, and offre in Godd's name, 1900  
And I assoyle him by the' auctorite,  
Suche as by bulle was grauntid unto me.

And by this gaude have I wonne every yere  
An hundrid marke, sith I was pardonere,  
I stondin like a clerke in my pulpet,  
And whan the leude peple ben doune iset,  
I preche so as ye have lered here before,  
And tel to them an hundrid japis more,



Than paine I me to stretchin forth my necke,  
 And este and west, upon the peple I becke, 1910  
 As dothe a dove, sitting upon a berne,  
 My hondis and my tonge goin so yerne,  
 That it is joy to se my besinesse,  
 Of avarice and of such curfidnesse  
 Al my preching is for to maken 'hem fre  
 To yeve ther pens, and namely unto me,  
 For mine entent is not but for to winne,  
 And nothing for correction of sinne,  
 I reke not whan that thei ben buryid,  
 Though that ther soules gon a blackburyid. 1920  
 For certis many a predication  
 Comith oft time of ill entencion;  
 Some for plesauce of folke, and for flateri,  
 To ben avauncid by hipocrisy,  
 And some for veine glory, and some for hate;  
 For whan I dare not other waies debate,  
 Than wol I sling 'hem with my tonge smette  
 In preching, so that he shall not asterte  
 To ben diffamid falsely, if that he  
 Hath trespassed to my bretherne or to me; 1930  
 For though I tellin not his propre name,  
 Men shall wel knowin that it is the same  
 By signis, or by othir circumstaunces,  
 Thus quite I folke, that doth us displeaunces,  
 Thus spitt I out my venim undir hewe  
 Of holinesse, to semen holy and trewe.  
 But shortly mine entent I wol devise,  
 I preche of nothing but of covetise,  
 Therfore my theme is yet, and evir was  
*Radix malorum est cupiditas.*  
 Thus can I prechin ayenst the same vice  
 Whiche that I use, and that is avarice. 1940

But though my selfe be gilti in that sinne,  
 Yet can I makin other folke to twinne  
 From avarice, and fore 'hem to repent,  
 But that is not my principall entent,  
 I prechin nothing but for covetise,  
 Of this matere it ought inough suffice.  
 Than tell I 'hem ensamples many one  
 Of oldè stories, longè time agone, 1950  
 For leude peple lovin talis olde,  
 Whiche thingis they can well report and holde;  
 What trowin ye? whilis that I may preche,  
 And winnin gold and silvir for to teche,  
 That I wol live in povert wilfully?  
 Nay nay, I nevir thoughtin it truely.  
 For I wol preche and begge in sondrie londes,  
 I wol not do no labour with mine hondes,  
 Ne makin baskettis, and live therby,  
 Bicause I wol not livin idilly, 1960  
 I wol none of the' Apostels countrefete,  
 I wol have money, mault, and chese, and whete,  
 Al were it yevin of the porist page,  
 Or of the porist widdow' in a village,  
 All shulde her childrin stervin for famine,  
 Nay, I wol drinke the licoure of the vine,  
 And have a joly wenche in every toun.  
 But herkenith, lordinges, my conclusioun.  
 Your liking is that I should tel a tale,  
 Now I have dronken a draught of corny ale, 1970  
 By God I hope I shal tel you a thing,  
 That shal by reson ben at your liking;  
 For though my selfe be a full vicious man,  
 A moral tale yet I you tellin can,  
 Which I am wont to preche silvir to winne;  
 Now holde your pece, my tale I wol begin.

Here endeth the PARDONER'S PROLOGUE.

## The PARDONER'S TALE.

 N Flaunders whilom was a company  
 Of yongè folke, that hauntedin foly,  
 As hasard, riot, stewis, and tavernes,  
 Where as with harpis, lutes, and geternes,  
 Thei dauncen and plaien at dice both night and day,  
 And eten also, ovir that ther might may,  
 Through which they don the devil sacrifice  
 Within the devil's temple, in curfid wise  
 By superfluite abhominable,  
 Ther othis ben so gret and dampnable  
 That it is grisly for to here 'hem swere,  
 Our blissed Lord's body they al to tere,  
 'Hem thought the Jewis rent him not inough,  
 And eche of 'hem at others sinnè lough. 1990  
 And right anon comen in the tomblesteres  
 Fetis and smale, and yongè flutisteres,  
 Singers with harpis, baudes, and wafereres,  
 Suche ben the very Devil's officeres,  
 To kindle and blowe the fire of lechery,  
 That is annexid unto gloteny,  
 The holy writte take I to my witnesse,  
 That lechery is in wine and dronkenesse.

Lo how that dronkin Lot unkindly  
 Lay by his doughtirs two unwetingly! 2000  
 So dronke he was, he ne wist what he wrought,  
 And therefore fore repentin him he ought.  
 Herodes, who so wol the stories seche,  
 There may ye lerne, and by ensample teche,  
 When he of wine was replete at his feste,  
 Right at his owne table he yave his heste  
 To sleen Johan the Baptiste ful gilleste.  
 Seneca faith eke gode wordis doutles.  
 He faith he can no difference yfinde  
 Betwixt a man that is out of his minde 2010  
 And betwixt a man that is dronkèlew,  
 But wodenesse that is fallin in a shrewè  
 Perseverith lengir than dronkenesse.  
 O gloteny, fulfilled of curfidnesse!  
 O the cause first of our confusion!  
 O originall of our dampnacion,  
 Til Christ had bought us with his blode again!  
 Lo se how dere, shortly for to sain,  
 About was first this curfid vilonie!  
 Corrupt was al this world through glotonie. 2020  
 M m Adam

Adam our fornfathir, and Eve also  
Fro Paradise, to labour and to wo  
Were drivin for that vice, it is no drede;  
For whiles that Adam fastid, as I rede  
He was in Paradise, and whan that he  
Ete of the fruit defendid on the tre,  
Anon he was out cast to wo and pain;  
O glotonie, on thee well ought us plain.

Oh, wist a man how many maladies  
Folowe of excesse and of glotonies,  
He woulde ben the more mesurable  
Of his diete, sitting at his table.

Alas! the short throte, and the tendir mouthe  
Makith that East and West, and North and South,  
In yerth, in aire, in watir men to swinke,  
To getten a gloton deinte mete and drinke.  
Of this matter, o Paule, wel can'st thou trete,  
Mete unto wombe, and wombe eke unto mete,  
And yet shall God destroie both, as Paul saieth;  
Alas! a foule thing it is, by my saieth,  
To saie this worde, and foulir is the dede,  
Whan man so drinkith of the white and rede,  
That of his throte he makith his privie  
Through thilkè cursid superfluite.

The Apostle saieth, weping full pitously,  
There walkin many, of whiche told have I,  
I saie it now weping with pitous voice,  
That thei ben enemies of Christ's croice,  
Of which the ende is deth, wombe is ther God.  
O belie! O wombe! and O stinkin cod  
Fulfilled of dong and of corrupcioun!  
At eithir ende of The foule is the soun.  
How grete the cost and labour is to finde  
These cokis? how thei stamp, and strein, and grinde,  
And tournin substaunce into accident!  
To fulfill all thy likerous talent  
Out of the hardè bonis knockin thei  
The mary (for thei cast it not awaie)  
That maie go through the gullet safe and sote,  
Of spicerie, of levis, barke, and rote,  
Shall ben his sauce imadin by delite  
To maken hem have a newir appetite.  
But certis he that hauntith soche delices  
Is dedde, whiles that he livith in the vices.

A lecherous thing is wine and dronkenes,  
It's full of striving and of wretchidnes;  
Oh dronkin man, disfigured in thy face,  
Sower is thy breth, foule art thou to embrace,  
And through thy dronkin nose sownith the soun  
As tho thou saidist aie, Sampson, Sampson;  
And yet God wot Sampson dronk nevir wine;  
Thou fallist, as it wer a stickid swine;  
Thy tong is lost, and all thine honest cure;  
For drokenesse is very sepulture  
Of mann's witte, and his discrecion;  
In whom that drinke hath dominacion  
He can no counsaile kepe, it is no drede;  
Now kepe you fro the white, and fro the rede,  
And namily fro the White wine of Lepe,  
That is to sell in Fishestrete and in Chepe;  
This Wine of Spain crepith in subtilly,  
And other wimis growing fast thereby,  
Of whiche there risith soche fumosite,  
That whan a man hath dronkin draughtis thre,  
And wenith that he be at home in Chepe,  
He is in Spain, right at the toun of Lepe,  
Nought at Rochell, ne at Burdeaux toun,  
And than wollin he saie, Sampson, Sampson.  
But herkenith, lordinges, o word, I you pray,  
That all the soverain actis, dare I saie,  
Of victories in the old Testament,  
Through very God, that is omnipotent,  
Were doen in abstinence and in praiere;  
Lokith the Bible, there ye mow it lere,

Lokith Attila, the grete conquerour  
Died in his slepe, with shame and dishonour,  
Bleding aie at his nose in dronkinnesse;  
A capitain should live in sobirnesse.

And ovir all this, avise you right well  
Whas was commaundid unto Lamuel,  
Not Samuel but Lamuel saie I,  
Rede the Bible, and finde it expresly  
Of wine yeving to hem that have justice,  
No more of this, for it maie wele suffice.

And now that I have spake of glotonie,  
Now woll I defende you of hasardrie.  
Hasarde is very mothir of lesinges,  
And of deceipt, and cursid forweringes,  
Blaspheme of Christ, manslaughter, wait also,  
Of battaile oft time, and of othir wo,  
It is repreve, and contrary to honour  
For to be holden a common hasardour,  
And evir higher that he is in state,  
The more still he is holden desolate,  
If that a Prince shall usin hasardrie,  
In all governaunce and all policie  
He is as by comen opinion  
Holdin the lesse in reputacion.

Stillebon that was a wise ambassadour  
Was unto Corinth sent with grete honour,  
Fro Calidone, to makin aliaunce,  
And whan he came, him happid this perchaunce,  
That all the gretist that wer of the londe  
Playing at hasarde befily he fonde,  
For whiche, as sone as that it mightin be,  
He stole him home ayen to his countre,  
And sayid, there woll I not lese my name,  
I n'll not take on me so grete defame,  
For to alie you to none hasardours,  
Sendith othir wisir enbassadours,  
For by my trouth, me were levir to die  
Than I should you to hasardours alie,  
For ye that ben so glorious in honours  
Shall not alyin you with hasardours  
As by my will, ne by any tretie,  
This wise Philosopher, thus sayid he:

Lokith eke how to king Demetrius  
The king of Parthis, as the boke saieth us,  
Sent him a paire of Dice of gold in scorne,  
For he had used hasardrie there biforne,  
For whiche he held his glory and renoun  
At no value or reputacioun,  
Lordis might findin othir manir plaie  
Honest inough to drive the daie awaie.

Now woll I speke of othis false and grete  
A worde or two, as oldè bokes entrete:  
Grete swering is a thing abhominable,  
And false swering is yet more reprovable,  
The most hie God forbad swering at all,  
Witnesse of Mathew, but in speciall,  
Of swering, saieth the holy Jeromie,  
Thou shalt swere soth thine othis, and not lie,  
And swere in dome and eke in rightwisnesse,  
But idle swering is a cursidnes.

Behold and se that in the first table  
Of hie God's heftis honourable,  
How that the seconde heste of him is this,  
Take not my name in idelnesse amis.  
Lo! he rathir forbiddith soche swering  
Than homicide, or othir cursid thing;  
I saie as thus, by order as it stondesth,  
This knowe thei that his heftis understondeth,  
How that the seconde heste of God is that,  
And furthirmore, I woll The tell all plat,

That

That vengeance shall not depart fro his hous  
That of his othis is outrageous,  
By Godd'is precious hart, and his nailes,  
And by the blode of Christ that is in Hailes,  
Sevin is my chaunce, and thin five and thre,  
By Godd'is armis, if thou false plaie me  
This daggir shall thorough thine harte go.  
This fruit comith of thilke bonis two,  
Forfwering, ire, falsnesse, and homicide.

Now for the love of Christ, that for us dide,  
Levith your othis, bothe gret and smale,  
For I shall tell you a mervailous tale.

These riottours thre, of whiche I you tell,  
Long ere to prime were rongin any bell,  
Were set 'hem in a Taverne for to drinke,  
And as thei sat, thei herdin a Bell clinke  
Biforne a cors, that was caried to' his grave,  
That one of 'hem gan call unto his knave,  
Go fast (qð he) and askin redily  
What cors is this, that passith forth hereby?  
And loke that thou reportin his name wele.

Sir (qð he) it nedith nevir a dele,  
It was me tolde er ye came here two houres,  
He was parde an old felowe of yours,  
And all fodainly was he slain to night,  
For dronke as he sat on his bench upright  
There came a privie these, men elepin dethe,  
That in this countrey all the peple slaeth,  
And with his spere he smote his hert atwo,  
And went his waie, withoutin wordis mo.  
He hath a thousande slain, this pestilence,  
And maistir, er ye come in his presence  
Me thinkith that it were full necessarie  
For to beware of soche an adversarie;  
Bethe redy for to mete him evirmore:

Thus taught me my faðir, I saie no more.

By saint Mary, sayid this Tavernere,  
The child sajeth sothe, for he hath slaine this yere  
Hens ovir a mile, in a grete village,  
Bothe man and woman, bothe child and page.  
I trowe his habitacion be there,  
To ben avifid, gret wisdom it were  
Er that he did a man soche dishonour.

Ye Godd'is armis (qð this riottour)  
Is it soche perill with him for to mete?  
I shall him feche by stile and eke by strete,  
I make a vowe, by Godd'is digne bones.  
Herkinith felowes, we thre ben all ones,  
Let eche of us hold up his honde to other,  
And eche of us become other's brother,  
And we woll sekin this false traitour dethe,  
He shall be slain, whiche that so many slaeth,  
By God's dignite, er it be night.

Togiðir han these thre ther trouthis plight  
To live and die eche of them with othir,  
As though he werin his owne born brothir.  
And up thei sterten all dronkin in this rage,  
And forth thei gon are toward that village,  
Of whiche the Taverner hath spoke bifore;  
And many a grisly othe han thei swore,  
And Christ's blessid body thei to rent,  
Deth shall be dedde, if that we maie him hent.

Whan thei han gon not fully half a mile,  
Right as thei would have trodin ore a stile,  
An olde man and a pore hath with 'hem met,  
This old pore man full mekily 'hem gret,  
And sayid thus, now lordinges God you se.

The proudist of these riottouris thre  
Answerd ayen, what chorle with sorie grace  
Why art thou all forwrappid, save thy face?  
Why livist thou so long in so gret age?

This old man gan lokin in his vilage,  
And sayid thus: for I ne can not finde  
A man, although I walkid into Inde,

Neither in cite, ne in no village,  
That would exchaungin his youth for mine age, 2240  
And therefore mote I havin min age still,  
For as long time as it is Godd'is will.  
Ne deth, alas! ne wolle not have my life;  
Thus walke I like a restlesse caitife,  
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,  
I knocke with my staffe both erliche and late,  
And sayin thus, leve mothir, let me in,  
Lo! how I vanishe, fleshe, and blode, and skin,  
Alas! whan shall my bonis ben at rest?

Mothir, with you would I exchaunge my chest, 2250  
That in my chambir long time hath ybin,  
Ye for an herin clout to wrappe me in,  
But yet to me she woll not doen that grace,  
For whiche full pale and welkid is my face.

But sirs, to you it is no curtise  
To speke unto an old man vilonie,  
But he trespas outhir in worde or dede,  
In holy writ, you maie your self well rede.

Ayenst an old man, hore upon his hedde,  
Ye should arise, and therefore I you rede 2260  
Ne doeth to an old man no harme as now,  
No more than ye would a man did to you  
In age, if that ye maie so long abide:  
And God be with you, wher' ye go or ride,  
I mote go thiðir as I have to go.

Naie naie old chorle, by God thou shalt not so,  
Sayid these othir hasardours anon,  
Thou partist not so lightly by saint John,  
Thou spakist right now of thilke traitor deth,  
That in this countre all our frendis slaeth, 2270  
Have here my trowth, for thou art his espie,  
Tell where he is, or ellis thou shalt die  
By God and by the holy Sacrament,  
For sothily thou art of his assent

To slayin us yonge folke, thou olde false these.

Now sirs, if that it be to you so lese  
To findin deth, tourne up this crokid waie,  
For in that grove I left him by my saie  
Undir a tre, and there he woll abide,  
Ne for your boste he n'ill him nothing hide, 2280  
Se ye that oke, right there ye shal him finde,  
And God you save that bought ayen mankinde,  
And you amende; thus sayid this old man.

Than everiche of these riottouris ran  
Til thei came to the tre, and there thei found  
Floreines of gold fine and icoignid round  
Well nie a sevin bushels, as 'hem thought;  
And now no lengir aftir deth thei sought,  
But eche of 'hem so glad was of that sight,  
For that the Floreins so faire ben and bright, 2290  
That doune thei sittin by the precious horde;  
The yongist of them spake the firste worde,

Brethern (qð he) take kepe of what I saie  
My wit is grete although I borde or plaie, 2220  
This trefure hath fortune unto us yeven,  
In mirthe and jolite our life to liven,  
And lightly as it cometh, so woll we spend;  
Heie, Godd'is precious harte: who would have wend  
To daie, that we should have so faire a grace?  
But might this gold be caried fro this place  
Home to my house, or ellis unto yours,  
(For well I wote that all this gold is ours)

Than werin we in hie felicite,  
But truely by daie it maie not be, 2230  
Men wouldin saie, that we were thevis strong,  
And for our own trefure doen us to hong.  
This trefure must icaried be by night  
As wisely and as slyly as it might; 2310  
Wherfore I rede, let loke emong us all  
To drawe, and let se where the cutte wol fall,  
He that hath the shortist cut with hert blith  
Shall renne unto the toun, and that ful swith,

To

To bring us brede and drinke full prively,  
And two of us shall kepe full subtilly  
This trefure well, and if he woll not tarie  
Whan it is night, we woll this trefure carie  
By one assent, where as us listith best.

That one of 'hem tho brought grasse in his fest, 2310  
And bad 'hem draw, and loke where it wold fal,  
And it fel on the yongist of 'hem all,  
And forth toward the toun he went anon,  
And al so sone as that he was agone,  
That one of 'hem yspake unto that other,  
Thou wotist wele that thou art my sworne brother,  
Thy profite woll I tell The right anone,  
Thou wotist well that our felowe is gone,  
And here is gold, and that full grete plente  
That shall departid be emong us thre, 2330  
But nathelesse, if that I can shape it so  
That it departid were emong us two,  
Had I not doen a frendly tourne to The?

That othir sayed, I n'ot how that might be,  
I woll full well that the gold were ours two,  
What shoud we doin that it might be so?

Shall it be counsaile (sayid the first shrew)  
And I shall tellin The in wordis fewe  
What we woll doen, and bring it well about.

I graunt it (qð that othir) out of doubt. 2340  
That by my trouthe I wol The not bewrain.

Now (qð he) thou wost well that we ben twain,  
And twain of us shall strongir be than one,  
Lokith whan he is set, and than anone  
Arise, as though thou wouldest with him plaie,  
And I shall riven him through the sidis tway  
Whiles that thou strugglist with him as in game,  
And with thy daggir loke thou do the same,  
And than shall all the golde departid be, 2350  
My dereft frend, betwixtin The and me;  
Than maie we bothe all our lustis fulfill,  
And plaie at Dice, right at our owne will.  
And thus accordid ben these shrewis twaie  
To slea the third, as ye han herd me saie.

This yongist, which that wentin to the toun  
Full ofte in his hert roilid up and doune  
The beaute of these floreins faire and bright,  
O Lorde (qð he) if so were that I might  
Have all this trefour to my self alone,  
There n'is no man, that livith undir trone 2360  
Of God, that should live so mery as I.

And at the last the fende our enemy  
Put in his thought that he shuld poison beie,  
With which he might slayin his felowes twey.  
For why? the fende fonde him in soche living,  
That he had leve to forowe him to bring,  
For this was uttirly his whole entent  
To slaen 'hem bothe, and nevir to repent.  
And forth he goth, no lengir would he tary  
Into the toun, unto a Potecary, 2370  
And prayid him that he wolde to him sell  
Some poison, that he might his rattis quell,  
And eke there was a Polkat in his hawe,  
That, as he saied, his Capons had islawe,  
And faine he wolde awreke him, if he might,  
Of vermin, that destroyid 'hem by night.

The Potecarie answerd, thou shalt have  
A thing, as wisly God my soule save.  
In all this worldè there n'is no cature  
That eteth or drinkith of this confecture 2380  
Not but the mountenaunce of a corne of whete;  
That he ne shall his life anon forlete,  
Ye sterve he shall, and that in a lesse while  
Than thou woldest gon a pace, not but a mile,  
This poison is so strong and violent.

This cursid man hath in his honde hent  
This poison in a boxe, and swithe he ran  
Into the nextè strete unto a man,

And borowid of him large botels thre,  
And in the two the poison pourid he, 2390  
But the third he kept clene for his own drinke,  
For all the night he shope him for to swinke.  
In caryng of the gold out of that place.  
And whan this riotour, with forie grace,  
Hath fillid with him his gret bottels thre,  
To his felowes ayen repairid he.

What nedith it thereof to sermon more?  
For right as thei had cast his deth before,  
Right so thei han him slain, and that anone;  
And whan that this was doen, than spake that one,  
Now let us sit ahd drinke, and make us mery,  
And aftirward thei wolne his body bury.  
And aftir that it happid one, per caas,  
To take the bottle there the poison was, 2400  
And dronke, and yave his felowe drinke also,  
Through whiche anon thei stervin bothè two.

But certis I suppose that Avicenne  
Wrote nevir in no cannon, ne no fenne  
More wondir sorowes of empoisonning,  
Than had these wretchis two in ther ending. 2410  
Thus endid ben these homicidis two,  
And eke the false enpoisonner also.

O cursid sinne, full of all cursidnesse!  
O traitour homicide! O wickidnesse!  
O glotenie, luxure, and hasardie,  
Thou blasphemour of Christ with vilanie  
And othis grete, of usage and of pride!  
Alas mankinde! how maie it so betide  
That to thy creatour, which that The wrought;  
And with his precious blode ayen The bought, 2420  
Thou art so false and so unkinde, alas!

Now gode men, God foryeve you your trespas,  
And ware you fro the sinne of avarice,  
Mine holy pardon maie you all warishe,  
So that ye offir nobles or starlinges,  
Or ellis silvir spones, brochis, or ringes,  
Bowith your hedde undir this holie Bulle,  
Cometh up ye wives, and offrith of your wol,  
Your names I enter in my rolle anon,  
Into the blisse of heaven shull ye all gon: 2430  
I you assoilin by mine high powere,  
All ye that offrin, as clene and eke clere  
As ye were borne. Lo! sirs, thus I preche.  
And Jesu Christ, that is our soulis leche,  
So grauntin you his pardon to receive,  
For that is best, I woll you not disceive.  
But sirs, one worde foryate I in my tale,  
I have relikes, and pardon in my male,  
As faire as any man in Engèlonde,  
Whiche were yevin me by the Pop'is honde. 2440  
If any' of you woll of devocion.

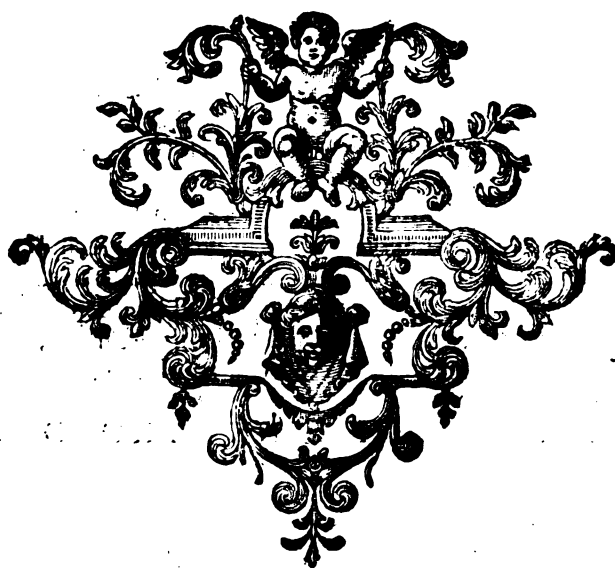
Offrin, and have mine absolucion,  
Cometh forth anon, and knelith here adoun,  
And mekily receivith your pardoun,  
Or ellis takith pardon as ye wende,  
All newe and freshe at every toun's end,  
So that ye offrin alweie newe and newe  
Nobles or pens, whiche that ben gode and true;  
It is grete honour to' everiche that is here,  
That ye have a sufficient pardonere 2450  
To assoile you, in countre there ye ride,  
For aventuris, whiche that maie betide;  
Peraventure there maie fall one or two  
Doune of ther hors, and breke ther necke a two;  
Loke whiche a suretie it is to you all,  
That I am in your felowship ifall,  
That maie assoilin you bothe more and lasse,  
Whan that the soule shall fro the body passe.  
I redè that our hoste here shall beginne,  
For he is moste envelopid in sinne; 2460  
Come forth, sir hoste, and offir first anon,  
And thou shalt kisse the relikes everichon,

Ye

Ye for a grote, unbokle' anon thy purse,  
 Naie naie (qð he) than have I Christ's curse.  
 Let be (qð he) it shall not be so theiche,  
 Thou wouldist make me kisse thin oldè breche,  
 And fwere it were a relike of a sainct,  
 Though it wer with thy foundement depaint,  
 But by the crosse, whiche that sainct Helain fond,  
 I would I had thine coilons in mine hond 2480  
 Instede of relikes, or of sanctuarie,  
 Let cut 'hem of, I woll help 'hem to carie,  
 Thei shall be shrinid in an hogg's torde.  
 This Pardoner answerid not a worde,

So wroth he was, he would no wordè faie.  
 Now (qð our hoste) I woll no lengir plaie  
 With The, ne with non othir angrie man.  
 But right anon the worthy knight began,  
 Whan that he sawe that al the people lough,  
 No more of this, for it is right inough, 2490  
 Sir Pardoner, be mery' and glad of chere,  
 And ye sir hoste, that ben to me so dere,  
 I praie you that ye kisse the Pardoner,  
 And Pardoner, I praie The drawe The nere,  
 And as we did, so let us laugh and plaie,  
 Anon thei kised, and ridin forth ther waie.

Here endeth the PARDONER'S TALE.



N n

Here



Here beginneth the Host's words, and the Shipmann's Prologue.

**N**OW frendis all sayid our host so dere,  
How likith you by John the Pardonere?  
He hath unbokelid right well the male,  
He hath us toldè right a thriftie tale 2500  
As touching of mennis misgovernance,  
I praye to God him yevin as gode chaunce

As ye han herde of these riottours thre.  
I praye The, gentill Mariner, hertily,  
Tell us a gode tale, and that right anon.  
I shall be doen, by God and by sainct John,  
Saied this Mariner, as well as I can;  
And right anon his tale he thus began.

Here endeth the SHIPMANN's PROLOGUE.



Here foloweth the SHIPMANN's TALE.

**A** Marchaunt whilom dwelled at sainct De-  
nise,  
That rich was, for the which men held  
him wise; 2510  
A wife he had of excellent beaute,  
And compinable', and revelous was she,  
Whiche is a thing that causith more dispence,  
Than worth is all the chere and reverence  
That men 'hem doen, at festis and at daunces,  
Soche salutacions and countinaunces  
Passith, as doeth a shadowe on a wall,  
But wo is him that payin mote for all,  
The sely husbonde algate he mote paie,  
He mote them both clothin and eke arraie 2520  
All for his owne worshippe full richily,  
In whiche arraie thei dauncin jolily,  
And if that he maie not, paraventure,  
Or ellis list not soche dispence endure,

But thinkith, that it is wast and iloste,  
Than mote an othir payin for ther cosse  
And lende them gold, and that is perilous.  
This noble Marchaunt held a noble hous,  
For whiche he had all daie so grete repaire,  
For his largesse, and for his wife was faire, 2530  
That wondir was: but herkenith to my tale.  
Emongis all his gestis grete and smale  
There was a Monke, a faire man and a bold,  
I trowe that thurtie Winter he was old,  
That evre' in one was drawing to that place.  
This yongè Monke, that so faire was of face,  
Acquaintid was so wele with this gode man,  
Sithinis that their first knowlege began,  
That in his hous as familier was he  
As it is possible' any frende to be. 2540  
And for as moche as that this gode man  
And eke this Monke, of the whiche I began,

Werin



Werin bothe two yborne in one village,  
The Monke him claimid, as for cosinage,  
And he again sayid not onis naie,  
But was as glad thereof, as foule of daie,  
For to his herte it was a grete plesaunce.

Thus ben they knit with eterne aliaunce,  
And eke of 'hem gan other to ensure  
Of brotherhed, whilis ther life may dure.

Fre was Dan John, and namely of dispens  
As in that hous, and full of diligence  
To doe plesaunce, and also grete costage,  
He foryate not to yevin the leste page  
In all that hous, but aftir ther degre,  
He yave the lorde, and sithin his meine,  
Whan that he came, some manir honest thing,  
For whiche thei wer as glad of his comming  
As foule is faine, whan that the sunne up riseth,  
No more hereof as now, for it suffiseth.

But so bifell, this Marchaunt on a daie  
Shope him to makin redy his araie,  
Toward the toun of Bruges for to fare,  
To buyin there a porcion of ware,  
For whiche he hath sent to Paris anon,  
A messenger, and prayid hath Dan John  
That he should come to S. Denis to plain  
With him, and with his wife, a day or twain,  
Or he to Bruges went, in alle wise.

This noble Monke, of which I you devise,  
Hath of his Abbot, as him list, licence,  
Bicause he was a man of hie prudence,  
And eke an officer, out for to ride,  
To sene ther graungis and ther bernis wide,  
And unto saint Denis he cometh anon.

Who was so welcome, as my lorde Dan John  
Our dere cosin, so full of curtesie?  
With him he brought a jubbe of Malvesie,  
And eke an othir full of fine vernage  
And volatily, as was his usage;  
And thus I let 'hem both ete, drinke, and plaie,  
This marchaunt and this monke, a daie or tway.

The third daie this Marchaunt he up risith,  
And on his nede sadly him avisith,  
And up into his counting hous goth he  
To rekin with himself, as well maie be,  
Of thilkè yere, how that it with him stode,  
And how that he dispendid had his gode,  
And if that he encrefid were or none;  
His bokis and his baggis many one  
He laieth afore him on his counter borde,  
Full riche ywas his tresour and his horde,  
For whiche ful fast his counter dore he shet,  
And eke he nolde that no man should him let  
Of his accompris, for the menè time,  
And thus he sate till it was passid prime.

Dan John was up on the morowe also,  
And in the gardin walkid to and fro,  
And hath his thingis saied full curtisly.

This gode wife comith walking privily  
Into the gardin, where he walkid soft,  
And him salueth, as she hath doen full oft,  
A maidin child came in her companie,  
Whiche as her lust, she maie governe and gie,  
For as yet undir the yerde was the maied.

O dere cosin Dan John, this gode wife sayed,  
What ailith you so rathe for to arise?

Nice (qð he) it ought inough to suffice  
Five houris for to slepin on a night,  
But it were for an old and pallid wight,  
As ben these weddid men, that lie and dare,  
As in a forme sittith a very Hare  
All fortraughtin, with houndis gret and smale;  
But my dere Nece, why loke ye now so pale?  
I trowe for certaine that our gode man  
Hath you labourid, sith this night began,

That you were nede to restin hastily,  
And with that worde he lough full merily,  
And with his own thought he woxin all red.  
This faire wife began for to shake her hed,  
And sayid thus, ye God wote all (qð she) 2620  
Nai cosin mine, it stont not so with me,  
For by that God that yave me soule and life  
In al the relme of Fraunce, is there no wife  
That lesse lust hath unto that forie plaie,  
For I may singen alas, and welawaie  
That I was borne! but to no wight (qð she)  
Dare I not tellin how it stont with me.  
Wherefore I thinke out of this world to wende,  
Or els of my self sone to make an ende, 2630  
So full I am of drede and eke of care.

This Monke began upon this wife to stare  
And saied alas! naie, dere nece, God forbede  
That ye for any sorowe, or for drede  
Fordo your self, but tellith me your grefe;  
Peraventure I maie in your mischefe  
Counsaile or helpe, and therfore tellith me  
All your anoie, for it shall secre be,  
For on my Porthose I makin an othe,  
That never in my life, for lese ne lothe, 2640  
Ne shall I of no counsaile you bewraie.

The same ayen to you (qð she) I saie  
By God and by this Porthose I you swere,  
Though men would me all into peces tere;  
Ne shall I nevir, for to go to hell,  
Bewraie o worde, of thing that ye me tell,  
Not for no cosinage, ne aliaunce,  
But verily for love and affiaunce.  
Thus ben thei sworne, and hereupon thei kiste,  
And ilke of 'hem told othir what 'hem list. 2650

Cosin (qð she) if that I had a space  
As I have none, and namely in this place,  
Than wold I telle a legende of my life  
That I suffrid have, sith I was a wife,  
With mine husbond, though he be your cosin.

Naie (qð this Monke) by God and S. Martin  
He n'is no more a cosin unto me  
Than is this lese, that hongith on the tre,  
I clepe him so, by saint Denis of Fraunce,  
To havin the more cause of acquaintaunce 2660  
Of you, whom I have lovid specially  
Aboven all othir women sikirly,  
This swere I you on my professioun,  
Tellith your grefe, lest that he come adoune,  
And hastith you, and goth your waie anon.

My dere love (qð she) O my own Dan John,  
Full lese me were this counsaile for to hide,  
But out it mote, it maie no lengir bide.

My husbonde is to me the worstè man,  
That evir was, sithin the worlde began, 2670  
But sithen I am a wife, it sit not me  
To tellin no wight of our privite  
Neither in bed, ne in none othir place,  
God shilde that I should tell it for his grace,  
A wife ne should not say of her husbonde  
But all honour, as I can undirstonde,  
Save unto you, thus much I tellin shall,  
As helpe me God, he is noughte worthe at all,  
In no degre, the value of a fie,  
But yet me grevith most his nigardie, 2680

And wel ye wot, that women nat'urally  
Desirin thingis fixe, as well as I,  
They woldin that ther husbondis should be  
Hardy, and wise, and riche, and therto fre,  
And buxom to his wife, and freshe abed;  
But by that ilkè Lorde that for us bled,  
For his honoure, my felfe for to arraye  
A sonday next, I mote nedis paye  
An hundred frankes, or ellis am I lorne,  
Yet were me levir that I were unborne. 2690  
Than

Than me were done slaundir or villanie,  
 And if mine husbonde eke might it aspie  
 I n'ere but lost, and therfore I you prey  
 Lene me this summe, or ellis mote I dey,  
 Dan John I say, lene me this hundrid frankes,  
 Parde I wol not failin you my thanks,  
 If that ye list to do that I you pray,  
 For of a certaine day I wol you pay,  
 And to don you what plesaunce and service  
 That I may don, right as ye list devise,  
 And but I do, God take on me vengeance,  
 As foule as had Genilion of Fraunce.

This gentil Monke answerd in this manere,  
 Now truly nece and mine owne lady dere,  
 I have (qð he) on you so gret a routhe,  
 That I you swere, and plight to you my trouthe,  
 That whan your husbond is to Flaunders fare  
 I wol delivir you out of this care,  
 For I wol bringin you an hundrid frankes,  
 And with that worde he caughte her by the flankes,  
 And her embracid hard, and kissed her ofte;  
 Goth now your way (qð he) al stil and softe,  
 And let us dine as sone as ere ye may,  
 For by my kalender 'tis prime of day,  
 Goth now, and beth as true as I shal be.

Now ellis God forbode it, sir, qð she,  
 And forth she goth, as joly as a pie,  
 And bad the cokis that they should 'hem hie,  
 So that men mightin dine, and that anone.  
 Up to her husbonde is this wife ygone,  
 And knockid at his counter dore boldly,  
*Qui est la?* (qð he) Peter it am I  
 Qð she, what, sir, how long wollin ye fast?  
 How long time wollin ye reckon and caft  
 Your summis, and your bokis, and your thinges?  
 The devel have part of al fuche rekeninges,  
 Ye have inough (qð she) of Godd's sonde,  
 Come down to day, and let your baggis stonde,  
 Ne be ye not ahamid that Dan John  
 Shal fastin al this longe day ygon?  
 What? let us go here masse, and then go dine.

Wife (qð this man) litill canst thou divine  
 The curious besinesse that we have,  
 For of us chapmen all, so God me save,  
 And by that lorde that callid is seint Ive,  
 Scarfly amongis twenty twelve shal thrive  
 Continuelly, lastin unto their age,  
 We may wel makin chere and gode visage,  
 And drivin forth the world, as it may be,  
 And kepin our estate in privite  
 Till we be dede, or ellis that we playe  
 A pilgrimage, or gone out of the way;  
 And therfore have I grete necessite  
 Upon this queint world to avisin me,  
 For evirmore we mote stondin in drede  
 Of happe and fortune, in our chapmanhede.

To Flaunders woll I gon to morue' at day,  
 And come ayen as sone as ere I may,  
 For whiche my derè wife, I The beseke,  
 As be to every wight buxom and meke,  
 And for to kepe our gode be curiouse,  
 And honestly to governe wel our house,  
 Thou hast inough, in every manir wise,  
 That to a thrifty hufwife may suffise,  
 The lackith none array, ne no vitaile,  
 Of silvir in thy purse thou maiest not faile.  
 And with that worde his counter dore he shette,  
 And doune he goth, no lengir would he lette,  
 And hastily a masse was there ifaide,  
 And spedily the tablis were ilaide,  
 And unto dinner fast thei han 'hem spedde,  
 And richily the chapman this Monke fedde.

And aftir dinner, Dan John sobirly  
 This chapman toke aparte al privily,

And said him thus, cousin, it stondith so  
 That, wel I se, to Bruges ye wol go,  
 God and seint Austen spede you wele and gide,  
 I pray you, cousin, wisely that ye ride,  
 Governe you wel also of your diete,  
 Al tempe'ratly, and namely in this hete,  
 Betwixt us two, nedith no straunge fare,  
 Farwel cofin, and God shilde you fro care;  
 If any thing thing there be by day or night,  
 And it lie in my power or in my might,  
 That ye me wol commaunde in any wise,  
 It shal be done, right as ye wol devise.

But o thing or ye go, if it may be,  
 I wolde prayin you for to lene me  
 An hundrid frankis, for a weke or twey,  
 For certaine bestis, that I mote nedes bey,  
 To florin therewith a place that is ours,  
 God helpe me so, I would it werin yours;  
 I shal not failin surely at my day,  
 Not for a thousande frankis, a mile way,  
 But let this thing be secrete, I you pray,  
 For yet this night these bestis mote I bey,  
 And fare now wele, mine owne cofin dere,  
 Graunt mercy of your cost and of your chere.

This noble marchaunt gentilly anon,  
 Answerde and said, O cofin mine Dan John,  
 Now sikirly this is a smale requeste,  
 My gold is yours, whan that evir you leste,  
 And not onely my golde, but my chaffare,  
 Take what you list, God shilde that you spare.  
 But one thing is, ye knowe it well ynough  
 Of chapmen, that ther money is ther plough,  
 We may creaunce while that we have a name,  
 But godelesse for to be it is a shame,  
 Pay it ayen, when it lieth at your ese,  
 After my might fain wouldin I you plesse.  
 The hundrid frankis fet he forth anon,  
 And privily he toke 'hem to Dan John,  
 No wight of all this worlde wist of this lone,  
 Saving this Marchaunt, and Dan John alone,  
 Thei drinke and speke, and rome a while and pley,  
 Till that Dan John ridith to his abbey.

The morow came, and forth rid this marchaunt  
 To Flaunders ward, his prentis him avaunt  
 Till he to Bruges came full merily;  
 Now goth this Marchaunt wel and besily  
 About his nedes, and bieth, and creaunfith,  
 He neither playith at dice ne dauncith,  
 But as a Marchaunt, shortely for to tell,  
 He ledde his life, and there I let him dwell.

The sonday next that this Marchaunt was gon  
 To seint Denis ycomin is Dan John,  
 With croune and berde al fresh and new ishave,  
 In al this house there n'as so lite a knave,  
 Ne no wight ellis, but he was ful faine  
 For that my lord Dan John was comen againe,  
 And shortely to the pointe right for to gon,  
 This faire wife is accordid with Dan John,  
 That for these C. frankes he should al night  
 Havin her in his armis bolte upright,  
 And this acord parformid was in dede,  
 In mirth al night a besy life they lede  
 Til it was day, that Dan John yede his way,  
 And bad the meine farwel and gode day,  
 For non of 'hem, ne no wight in the toun  
 Had of Dan John any suspectioun,  
 And forth he ridith home to his abbey,  
 Or where him list, no more of him I sey.

This marchaunt, whan that endid was the faire,  
 To saint Denis he gan for to repaire,  
 And with his wife he makith fest and chere,  
 And tellith her the chaffare is so dere  
 That nedis must he make a chevisaunce,  
 For he was bonden in a reconyfaunce

To

To payin twenty thousande frankes anon;  
For which this Marchaunt is to Paris gon,  
To borue' of certaine frendis that he had  
A certain frankes, and som with him he lad.  
And whan he was comin into the toun,  
For chierthe and gret affectioun  
Unto Dan John he first goth him to pley,  
Nought for to borowe of him no money,  
But for to wete and se of his welfare,  
And for to tellin him of his chaffare,  
As frendis don, when they ben mette in fere.

Dan John him makith fest and mery chere, 2850  
And he him tolde ayen full specially  
How he had bought, ful wel and graciously,  
Thonkid be God, all whole his Marchaundise,  
Save that he muste in alle manir wise  
Makin a chevesaunce, as for his beste,  
And then shouldin he be in joy and reste.  
Dan John answerd, certis I am right fain  
That ye in hele be comin home again,  
And if that I were riche, as have I blisse,  
Of twenty thousand shildes shuld ye not misse, 2860  
For ye so kindly, this othir day,  
Ylent me golde, and as I can and may  
I thonke you, by God and by saint Jame;  
But nathelesse, I toke it to our dame  
Your wife at home, the same golde againe,  
Upon your benche, she wote it wel certaine,  
By certaine tokins, that I can her tell.  
Now by your leve, I may no lengir dwell,  
Our abbot wol out of this toun anon,  
And in his company I mote agon, 2870  
Gretith well your dame, mine own nece so swete,  
And farewell dere cosin, till that we mete.

This Marchaunt which that was ful ware and wise  
Creauncid hath, and eke paide in Paris  
To certaine lombardes, redy in ther hondes  
This somme of golde, and gate of hem the bondes,  
And hom he goth, as mery as a jaye,  
For wel he knewe he fode in fuche aray,  
That nedis must he win by that viage  
A thousand frankes, above all his costage. 2880

His wife ful redy mete him at the yate,  
As she was wonte, of old usage algate,  
And at that night in mirth thei ben yfette,  
For he was riche, and clerely out of dette.  
Whan it was day, this marchaunt gan embrace  
His wife al newe, and kissed her in her face,  
And up he goeth, and made it wonder tough.  
No more (qð she) by God ye have inough;  
And wantonly ayen with him she plaide,  
Til at the laste this marchaunt thus yfaide.

By God (qð he) I am a litill wrothe  
With you my wife, although it be me lothe,  
And wote ye why? by God as I may gesse  
For ye have made a manir of straungenesse  
Berwixtin me and my cosin Dan John,  
Ye should have warnid me, or I had gon.  
That he had you an hundrid frankis paide  
By redy token', and held him ill apaide  
For that I to him spake of chevesaunce,  
Me semid so, as by his countenaunce, 2900  
But nathelesse, by God our hevin King  
I ne thought not to aske of him nothing;  
I prai The wif, ne doith no more so,  
Tell me alway er that I fro The go,  
Yf any dettour hath in mine absence  
Ypayid The, lest through thy negligence  
I might him aske a thing that he hath paide.

This wife was not aferde ne yet affraide,  
But boldly she saide, and that anon,  
Mary I defie that false monke Dan John, 2910  
I kepe not of his tokins nevre' a dele,  
He toke me certaine golde, I wote it wele,  
What evill the dome on his monk'is snoute,  
For God it wote, I wende withoutin doute,  
That he had yeve it me, bicaufe of you,  
To don therwith mine honour and my prow,  
For cosinage, and eke for belle chere,  
That he hath had ful oftin timis here,  
But sith I se it stonte in fuche disjoynte,  
I wol answere you shortely to the pointe. 2920  
Ye have mo slackir dettours than am I,  
For I wol pay you well and redily  
Fro day to daie, and if so be I faile,  
I am your wife, score it upon my taile,  
Or I shall paie as sone as ere I maie,  
For by my trueth, I have on mine aray,  
And not in waste, bestowid it every dele,  
And for I have bestowid it so wele,  
To your honour, for Godd'is sake, I say,  
As be not wrothe, but let us laugh and playe; 2930  
Ye shall my joly body have to wedde,  
By God I n'il not pay you but a bedde,  
Foryeve it me, mine owne spouse so dere,  
Turne hithirward, and makith better chere.

This marchaunt sawe ther was no remedy,  
And for to chide it was but a foly,  
Sith that the thing may not amendid be,  
Now wife he said, I do foryeve it The,  
But in thy life, ne be no more so large,  
Kepe bet my gode, this yeve I The in charge. 2940  
Thus endith nowe my tale, and God us sende  
Taling inough, unto our our liv'is ende.

Here endeth the SHIPMAN's TALE.



Here folowe the wordes of our Hoste.



WELL said by *Corpus Domini* (qð our  
Hoste)  
Now longe mote thou sailin by the See  
coste,  
Thou gentil maistr, gentil marinere,  
God give the Monke a thousande last quad yere,  
Aha! felowes, beware of fuche a jape,  
The monke put in the marchauntes hode an ape,  
And in his wiv'is eke, by saint Austin  
Drawith no monkis more into your inne. 2950  
But nowe passe ovir, let us seke aboute

Who shall tel now the first of all this route  
Anothir tale, and with that worde he saide  
As curtisly, as it had ben a maide,  
My lady Priorese, now by your leve,  
So that I wist that I shuld you not greve,  
I woldè demin that ye tellin sholde  
A tale nexte, if so be that ye wolde.  
Now wollin ye vouchsafe my lady dere.  
Gladly (qð she) and said in this manere. 2960

Here endeth the wordes of our Hoste.

O o

Here



Here beginneth the PRIORESSE's PROLOGUE.

*Domine Dominus noster, quàm admirabile est nomen tuum in universâ terrâ.*

**O** Lorde our Lorde, thy name how marveilouse  
Is in this widè world ysprad, qð she,  
For not only thy Laudis precieuse  
Parfourmid are by men of dignite,  
But by the mouth of children thy bounte  
Parfourmid is, for on the breste sucking  
Sometimis shewin they thine herying.

Wherefore in laude, as I can best and may,  
Of The and her that is the lilly floure  
Whiche that The bare, and is a maide alway, 2970  
To telle a storie, I wol do my laboure,  
Nought that I may encrefin her honoure,  
For she her selfe is honour and the rote  
Of bountie, next her sonne, and soul's bote.

Mothir maidin, O maid and mothir fre,  
O bushe unbrent, brenning in Moyse's sight,  
That ravishedest down fro the deite,

Through thin humbleffe, the Gost that in The light,  
Of whose vertue, when he in thin hert pight,  
Concevid was the Father's sapience, 2980  
Helpe me to tel it in thy reverence.

Lady, thy bounte, and thy magnificence,  
Thy vertue, and thy gret humilite  
There may no tonge expresse, in no science,  
For somtime, lady, er men praie to The,  
Thou goest before, of thy benignite,  
And gettist us the light through thy prayere  
To gidin us unto thy sonne so dere,

My conning is to weke, O blisful Quene,  
For to declarin thy high worthinesse, 2990  
That I ne may the weight of it sustene,  
But as a childe of twelve moneth old and lesse,  
That can unnethis any worde expresse,  
Right so fare I, and therefore I you pray  
Gidith my songe, that I shal of you say.

Here endith the PRIORESSE's PROLOGUE.

Here

## Here foloweth her TALE.

### A Miracle of a Christian Child murder'd by the Jews.



Here was in Asie, in a grete cite,  
Amongis christin folke a jewerie,  
Sustenid by a lorde of that countre,  
For foule usury, and lucre of villany,  
Hateful to Christ, and to his company,  
And thorough the strete men might ride and wende,  
For it was fre, and open at every ende.

A litil schole of Christin folke there stode  
Doun at the farthir ende, in whiche there were  
Children an hepe, comin of Christin blode,  
That lernid in that schole fro yere to yere  
Such manere doctrine, as men usin here,  
This is to say, to singin and to rede,  
As smale children done in ther childehede. 3010

Amonges these children was a wedowes son  
A clergion, that vii. yere was of age,  
That day by day unto schole was his won,  
And also eke, where he sey the image  
Of Christ's mothir, had he in usage,  
As him was taught, to knele adoun and say  
An *Ave Maria*, as he goth by the way.

Thus hath this wedow' her litil child itaught  
Our blissid lady, Christ's mothir dere,  
To worship aye, and he foryate it naught, 3020  
For the sely childe would al day sone lere;  
But aye, when I remembre this matere,  
Saint Nicholas stont aye in my presence,  
For he so yonge to Christ did reverence.

This litil childe his litil boke lerning  
As he sate in the schole at his primere,  
Herde *Alma Redemptoris Mater* singe,  
As children lered ther antiphonere,  
And as he durst, he drewe aye nere and nere, 3030  
And herkened to the wordis and the note,  
Til that he the first verse couth al by rote.

Nought wist he what this latin was to say,  
For he so yonge and tendir was of age,  
But on a day his felowe gan he pray  
To expoune him the song, in his langage,  
Or tell him why this song was in usage,  
This praide he him to constre and declare  
Full oftin timis, upon his knees bare.

His felowe, which that elder was than he,  
Answerd him thus, this song I have herd say 3040  
Was made upon our blissid lady fre,  
Her to salewe, and eke her for to prey  
To ben our helpe, and succour, when we dey,  
I can no more expoune in this mater,  
I lerne to singe, I can but smal grammer.

And is this song imade in reverence  
Of Christ's mothir, said this innocent?  
Now certis I wol done my diligence  
To conne it al er Christinmasse be went,  
Though that I for my primer should be shent, 3050  
And should be betin thre times in an houre,  
I wol it conne, our lady to honoure.

His felaw taught him homwarde privily  
Fro day to day, til he couthe it by rote,

And than he songe it wel and boldly  
Fro worde to worde, according to the note,  
And twise a day it passith through his throte,  
To scolewarde, and homwarde when that he went;  
On Christ's mothir set was his entent.

As I have saide throughout the jewerie 3060  
This litil childe as he came to and fro,  
Ful merily then would he singe, and crye  
*Alma Redemptoris Mater*, ere mo,  
The swetenesse hath his herte yperfid so  
Of Christ's mothir, that to her to pray  
He cannot stinte of singin by the way.

Our firste foe, the Serpent Sathanas,  
That hath in Jewis hert his waspis nest  
Up swale and said, O Ebrake peple' alas! 3070  
Is this a thing to you that is honeste,  
That suche a boy shal walkin as him leste  
In your dispite, and singen of suche sentence  
Whiche is againt your law's reverence?

From thence forth the jewis han conspirid  
This innocent out of this worlde to chafe,  
An homicide therto han thei hirid,  
That in an aley had a privy place,  
And as the child gan forth by for to pace, 3080  
This cursid Jewe him hent, and heldin faste,  
And cutte his throte, and in a pitte him caste.

I say that in a wardrope thei him threwe,  
Where that the Jewis purgid ther intraile.  
O cursid folke of Herodes all newe,  
What may your evill entent you availe?  
Murder wol out, certis it woll not faile,  
And namely ther the honor of God shal sprede,  
The bloud out cryith on your cursid dede.

O martyr crownid in Virginitie,  
Now mayst thou singe folowing ay in one 3090  
The pure white Lambe celestial, qd she,  
Of whiche the gret evangeliste seint John  
In Pathmos wrote, which sayith that they gon  
Before this lambe, and sing a song al newe,  
That never fleschly woman thei ne knewe.

This pore widowe awaitith al the night  
Aftir her litill childe, and he came nought,  
For whiche as sone as it was day's light  
With face all pale for drede, and besy thought  
She hath at scole, and ellis where him sought, 3100  
Til finally, she gan so farre aspie  
That he was last seine in the Jewerie.

With mother's pite in her breste enclosed  
She goth as she wer halfe out of her mithe  
To every place, where that she hath supposed  
By likelyhode her litil childe to finde,  
And ere on Christ's mothir, meke and kinde,  
She cryid, and at the last thus she wrought,  
Among the cursid Jewis she him sought.

She frenith, and she prayith pitously  
To every Jewe that dwellich in thilke place, 3110  
To tellin her, if her childe went there by,  
They al say nay; but Jesu of his grace

Yave

Yave in her thought, within a litill space,  
That in that place, aftir her sonne she criede  
There he was caste into a pitte beside.

O grete God, that parfournidist thy laude  
By mouthe of innocence, lo here thy might!  
This Jemme of Chastite, this Emeraude,  
And eke of martirdome the rubie bright,  
There he with throte ycorvin lay upright, 3120  
He (*Alma redemptoris*) gan to singe  
So loude that all the place began to ringe.

The christin folke, that thorough the strete went,  
In comin, for to wondir on this thing,  
And hastily they for the Provost sent,  
Which foundin the child freshly yet bleding,  
And heryeth Christ that is of Hevin King,  
And eke his mothir, honoure of mankinde,  
And aftir that, the Jewis let he binde.

This childe with pitous lamentacion 3130  
Was up takin, singin his songe alway,  
And with honoure, and grete proceffion  
Thei carien him unto the nexte abbey,  
His mothir sownin by the bere ylay,  
Unnethis might the peple that wer there  
This sorowful Rachell bring fro his bere.

With turment and with shamful deth eche one  
This Provost doth these Jewis for to sterve,  
That of this murdre wist, and that anone  
He ne wolde no fuche cursidnesse observe, 3140  
Evill shall he have that wol ill deserve,  
Therefore with wild horses he did 'hem drawe,  
And aftirwarde he honge 'hem by the lawe.

Upon his bere aye lieth this innocent  
Before the chefe aulter, whiles the masse last,  
And aftir that, the' abbot with his covent  
Them speddin for to bury him ful fast,  
And when they holy watir on him caste,  
Yet spake the child, when sprint was holy water,  
And songe, *O alma redemptoris mater!* 3150

This abbot, which that was an holy man,  
As monkis ben, or ellis ought to be,  
This yongè childe to covir he began,  
And faide: O derè childe, I hailin The  
By vertue of the holy Trinite

Tell me what is thy cause thus for to sing,  
Sithins thy throte is cutte to my seming.

My throte is cutte, unto my neckè bone,  
Sayid this child, and as by way of kind  
I shoulde have dyid, ye longe time agone, 3160  
But Jesu Christ, as ye in bokis finde,  
Wol that his glory laste and be in minde,  
And for the worship of his mothir dere  
Yet may I sing (*O alma*) loude and clere.

This wel of mercy, Christ's mothir swete,  
I lovid alway, aftir my conning,  
And when that I my life yshold forlete  
To me she came, and badde me for to sing  
This antem verily in my dying,  
As ye han herde, and when that I had songe, 3170  
Me thought she layd a graine upon my tonge.

Wherefore I sing, and sing I mote certaine  
In honour of the blisful maidin fre,  
Til fro my tonge of takin is the graine;  
And aftir that, thus she said unto me,  
My litle childe, now wol I fetchin The  
When that the graine is fro thy tong itake,  
Be not agaste, I wol The not forsake.

This holy monke, this abbot, him mene I,  
His tonge out caught, and toke away the grayne,  
And he yave up the goste ful softly;  
And when this abbot had this wondir seyne,  
His saltè teris triklid doune as reyne,  
And grofing he fell plat upon the grounde,  
And stil he lay, as he had ben ibounde.

The covent lay eke upon the pavement  
Weping and herying Christ's mothir dere,  
And aftir that thei risen, and forth ben went,  
And toke away this martir fro the bere,  
And in a tombe of marble stonis clere 3190  
Enclofin they his litle body swete,  
There he is now God graunt us for to mete.

O yongè Hewe of Lincoln, flaine also  
With cursid Jewes, as it is notable,  
For it is but a littil while ago,  
Praise eke for us, we sinful folke unstable,  
That of his mercy God be merciable  
On us, and his grete mercy multiply,  
For reverence of his mothir Mary.

Here endeth the PRIORESSE TALE.

~~~~~

Here foloweth the wordes of the Hoste to CHAUCER.

¶ Hen said was this miracle, every man 3200
As sobre was, as wondir was to se,
Til that our hostè to japin began,
And than at erste he lokid upon me
And saidè thus: what man arte thou? (qð he)
Thou lokist, as thou wouldist finde an hare,
For evir on the grounde I se The stare.

Aprochin nere, and loke up merily
Now ware you firs, and let this man have place,
He in the wasse is shapen as wel as I,
This were a popet in armes to embrace, 3210

For any woman, smale and faire of face,
He semith elvishe by his countenance,
For unto no wight doth he daliaunce.

Say now somwhat sith othir folke han said,
Tel us a tale of mirthe and that anon.
Hoste (qð I) ne be not evil apaide,
For othir tale ne certis can I none
But of a rime, I lernid yore agone.
Ye that is gode (qð he) we shullin here
Some deinte thing, me thinkith by thy chere. 3220

Here endeth the wordes of the Hoste.

Here

A Northern Tale of an outlandish Knight, purposely utter'd by CHAUCER in a Rime and Style differing from the rest, as though he himself were not the Author, but only the Reporter of the other Tales.



Listenith lordinges in gode entent,
And I wol tellin verament
Of mirthe and of solas,
All of a knight was faire and gent
In batayle and in turnament,

His name was sir Thopas.
Iborne he was in ferre coundre
In Flaunders, al beyonde the see,
At Popering in the place.
His fathir was a man ful fre,
And lorde he was of that coundre,
As it was Godd's grace.
Sir Thopas was a doughty swaine,
White was his face as paine de maine,
His lippis redd as rose,
His rudde is like scarlet in graine,
And I you tell in gode certaine
He had a semely nose.
His here, his berde was like saffroun,
That to his girdel raught adoun,
His shone of cordewane.
Of Bruges were his hofin broun,
His robe was of chekelatoun,
That cost many a jane.
He couthe hunt at the wildere dere,
And ride an hauking by the rivere
With grey goshaue on honde.
Therto he was a gode archere,
Of wrastring was there none his pere,
There any Ram should stonde.
Full many a maide bright in boure
They mournid for him paramoure,
Whan hem were bet to slepe.
But he was chaff, and nolechoure,
And swete as is the Bramble floure,
That berith the redde hipe.
And so befell upon a daie
Forsoth, as I you tellin maie,
Sir Thopas would outride.
He worth upon his stede so graie,
And in his honde a launce so gaie,
A long swerde by his side.
He prickith through a faire forest,
Therein was many a wilde beste,
Ye bothe the Bucke and Hare.
And as he prickid North and Este
I tellin you, him had almesse
Betide a forie care.
There springin herbis grete and small,
The Licoris and Setuall,
And the Clove glosier,
And Nutmigus, to put in ale,
Whither it be or newe or stale,
Or for to lie in cofer.
The birdis singen, it is no naie,
The Sperhauke and the Poppingaie,
That joie it was to here.
The Throftill Cock eke made his laie,
The wode Larke sitting on a spray,
She song full loud and clere.
Sir Thopas fill in love longing,
And whan he herd the Throftill sing,
He prickid as he were wode,
His faire courser in his pricking
So swette, that men mightin him wring,
His sidis were all blode.
Sir Thopas eke so werie was,

For pricking on the softè gras,
So fiers was his corage,
That doune he laied him in that place, 3290
To makin his stede some solace,
And gave him gode forage.
Oh, saint Mary, *benedicite*!
What ailith this same love at me
To blindè me so sore?
Me dremid all this night, parde,
An else quene shall my lemman be,
And slepe undir my gore.
An Elfe Quene woll I love I wis,
For in this worlde no woman is
Worthy to be my make, 3300
All othir women I forsake,
And to an Elfe Quene I me take
By dale and eke by doune.
Into his saddle he clombe anone,
And prickid ovir stile and stone
An Elfe Quene to espie. 3240
Till he so long hath ridden and gone
That he fonde in a privie wone
The coundre of Fairie.
Wherein he fought both North and South 3310
And oft he spirid with his mouth,
In many forest wilde;
But in that Countre n'as there none
Ne neither wife ne childe.
Till him there came a grete Giaunt,
His name was called sir Oliphaunt,
A perillous man of deede.
He sayid childe, by Termagaunt,
But if thou pricke out of my haunt,
Anon I slea thy stede.
Here wonith the Quene of Fairie, 3320
With Harpe and Pipe, and Simphonie,
Within this place and boure,
The child saied, also mote I the
To morowe woll I metin The
Whan I have mine armoure.
And yet I hopin par ma faie,
That thou shalt with this launce gaie,
Abie it through thy mawe,
Thy hawbeck shall I, if I may,
Perce, er it be ful prime of day, 3330
For here thou shalt be slawe.
Sir Thopas drowe abacke full fast,
This Giaunt at him stonis cast
Out of a fell staffe sling.
But faire escapid sir Thopas,
And all was thorough Godd's grace,
And through his faire bering.
Yet listenith lordinges to my tale,
Merier than the Nightingale,
For now I woll ye rounne, 3340
How sir Thopas, with sidis smale
Pricking all ovir doune and dale,
Is comen ayen to tounne.
His mery men commaundid he
To makin him bothe game and gle,
For nedis must he fight
With a Giaunt, with heddis thre,
For paramoures and jolite
Of one that shone full bright.
Doe come he saied my ministralis 3350
And jestors, to tell us talis
Anon in mine arming,
P p

Of Romaunces that been roials
 Of Popis and of Cardinals
 And eke of love longing.
 Thei fet him first the swete wine,
 And Mede eke in a Mazeline,
 And roiall spicerie,
 Of Ginger brede that was full fine,
 Of Licoris, and eke Comine,
 With Suger that is trie.
 He did on next his white lere
 Of cloth of lake full fine and clere
 A breche and eke a sherte.
 And next his shert an haketon,
 And ovir that an habergeon
 For percing of his herte.
 And ovir that a fine hauberke
 Was all iwrought of Jewis werke,
 Full strong it was of plate.
 And over that his cote armoure
 As white as is the Lilly floure,
 In whiche he would debate.
 His shilde was all of gold so redde,
 And theron was a Bor's hedde,
 A carbocle beside.
 And there he swore by ale and brede
 How that the Giaunt should be dede
 Betide what so betide.
 His jambeux were of cure buly,
 His f'ord's shethe of Ivorie,
 His helme of Laton bright.
 His sadell was of ruel bone,
 His bridle as the Sunne yshone
 Or as the Mone ylight.
 His spere was of the fine Sypres
 That bodith warre, and nothing pece,
 The hedde full sharpe igrounde.

3360

3370

3380

His stede ywas all dapple graie,
 He goth an aumble by the waie
 Full softly and full round,
 There n'as his pere in any londe;
 Lo! Lordis mine, here is a fit,
 If ye woll any more of it
 To tell it woll I fonde.

3390

NOW hold your mouth for charite
 Bothe Knight and also Lady fre,
 And kerkenith to my spell.
 Of battaile and of chevalrie,
 And eke of Ladies love drierie
 Anon I woll you tell.
 Men speke of Romaunces of pris,
 Of Hornechild, and of Ipotis,
 Of Bevis and fir Gie,
 Of fir Libeaux, and Blaïndamoure,
 But fir Thopas berith the floure
 Of riall chevalrie.
 His gode Courser he hath bestrode,
 And forth upon his waie he rode
 As sparke out of the bronde.
 Upon his cresse he bare a toure,
 And therin stiked a Lilly floure,
 God shilde his cors fro shonde!
 And for he was a knight aventrous
 He n'oldè slepin in none hous,
 But liggin in his hode.
 His bright helmet was his wanger,
 And by him baytid his destrer
 Of herbis fine and gode.
 Himself dronke watir of the well
 As did the knight fir Persivell
 So worthy undir wede.
 Till it was on a day

3400

3410

3420



Here our Holte interrupteth the Rime of Sir THOPAS.

O more of this for Godd'is dignite,
N (Qd then our holte) for thou makist me
 So wery of thy very leudenes,
 That al so wisly God my soule blesse
 Mine eris akin of thy draffie speche,
 Now soche a rime the devill I beteche,
 This maie well be clepe rime Dogrell (qd he)
 Why so (qd I) why wolt thou lettin me
 More of my tale, than any othir man,
 Sens that it is the best rime that I can?
 By God (qd he) full plainely at o worde
 Thy draffie riming is not worth a torde,
 Thou dost nought ellis but dispendist time,
 Sir at one worde, thou shalt no lengir rime.
 Let se whither thou canst tell ought in gest,
 Or tellin in prose fomwhat at the lest,
 In whiche there maie be some mirthe or doctrine.
 Gladly (qd I) by Godd'is swete pine
 I woll you tell a little thing in prose,
 That ought to like you as I do suppose;
 Or els ye be certis to daungerous,
 For it is a morall tale vertuous,
 All be it tolde somtime in sondrie wise
 Of sondrie folke, as I shall you devise.
 As thus, ye wote that every' Evangelist,
 That tellith us the paine of Jesu Christ,
 Ne saieth not all thing as his felowe doeth,

3430

3440

But natheles ther sentence is all soth,
 And all they acordin in ther sentence,
 All be there in ther telling difference,
 For some of 'hem saine more, and some saine lesse,
 Whan thei his pitous passion expresse.
 I mene of Mathew and Mark, Luke and John,
 But doutilefs ther sentence is all one.
 And therefore, Lordingis, I you beseche,
 If that you think I varie in my speche,
 As thus, although I tellin fomwhat more
 Of proverbis, than ye han herd bifore
 Comprehendid in this lite tretise here,
 To' enforcin with the' effect of my matere,
 And though I the same wordis do not say
 As ye han herd, yet to all you I praie,
 Blamith me not, for that in my sentence
 Shull ye not findin mochill difference
 Fro the sentencis of this tretis lite,
 After the whiche this merie tale I write.
 And therefore herkinith what I shall saie,
 And let me tell my tale I do you praie.

3450

3460

3470

MS. Ch. has these lines after.

Here endyth Chaucer's tale of Sir Thopas,
 A doughty Knight in alle his dede;
 God us helpe and Saynt Thomas,
 And graunte us alle grace weel to spede.

Here ende the wordes of our Holte.

Here



Here beginneth CHAUCER's TALE of MELIBEUS.



Young manne called Melibeus, mightie and riche, begate upon his wife that called was Prudence, a doughtir whiche that called was Sophie.

Upon a daie bifell that he for his disport is went into the felde him to plaie: His wife and eke his doughtir hath he left within his hous, of whiche the dores were faste ishet. Four of his old foos han it aspied, and settin ladders to the walles of his hous, and by the windowes ben entred, and bet his wife, and wounded his doughter, with five mortall woundes, in five sondrie places: That is to saie, in her fete, in her hondes, in her eres, in her nose, and in her mouth, and lesten her for ded, and wenten ther waie.

Whan Melibeus retourned was into his hous, and see all this mischief, he like a mad man renting his clothes, gan to wepe and crie.

Prudence his wife, as ferforth as she durst besought him of his weping for to skint: But not forthy, he gan to wepe and crie ever lenger the more.

This noble wife Prudence remembred her upon the sentence of Ovide, in his boke that cleped is the remedy of love, wher as he saith he is a fole that dishourbeth the mother to wepe, in the deth of her childe, till she have wepte her fill, as for a certain time: and than shall a man doen his diligence with amiable wordes, to recomfort and praie her of her weping for to stinte. For whiche reson this noble wife Prudence, suffered her husbunde to wepe and crie, as for a certain space: and whan she sawe her time, she saied him in this wise. Alas my Lorde (qð she) why make ye your self for to be like a fole? Forsoth it apperteineth not unto a wise manne, to maken soche a

forowe. Your doughter, with the grace of God, shall warishe and escape. And all were it so that she right now were ded, ye ne ought not as for her deth your self distroy. Senek saith the wise manne shall not take to grete discomfort for the deth of his children, but certes he should suffre it in pacience, as well as he abideth the deth of his owne proper person.

This Melibeus answerde anon and said: What man (qð he) should of his weping stint, that hath so grete a cause for to wepe: Jesus himself our Lord wepte for the deth of Lazarus his frende. Prudence answered, certes well I wot, a temperate weping is nothing defended, to him that sorowfull is, emonge folke in sorow, but it is rather graunted him to wepe. The Apostle Poule unto the Romanes writeth, menne should rejoice with him that maketh joie, and wepe with soche folke as wepen. But though a temperate weping be graunted, certes outrageous weping is defended. Mesure of weping should be considered, after the lore that techeth us Senek. Whan that thy frende is dedde (qð he) let not thin eyen to moiste ben of reses, ne to moch drie: although teres comen to thine eyen, let 'hem not fal. And whan thou hast forgon thy frende, doe diligence to get an other frende: and this is more wisedome than for to wepe for thy frende, whiche thou haste lorne, for therein is no bote. And therefore if you governe you by sapience, put awaie sorowe out of your herte. Remembreth you that Jesus Sirake saith, a man that is joious and glad in herte it him conserveth flourishing in his age: But sothely a sorowfull herte maketh his bones drie. He saith eke thus, that sorowe in herte slaeth full many a manne. Salomon saith, that right as moughthes in the shepes fleise anoieth the clothes, and the smale wormes

wormes the tre, right so anoieth sorowe the herte of man, wherfore us ought as well in the deth of our children, as in the losse of our temporall godes, have pacience.

Remember you upon pacient Jobe, whan he had losse his children and his temporalle substaunce; and in his body endured and received full many a grevous tribulacion, yet saied he thus: Our Lorde it sente to me, our Lorde hath biraft it me, right so as our Lorde would, right so it be don, iblest be the name of our Lorde. To these forsaied thinges Melibeus unto his wife Prudence answerd: All thy wordes (qð he) ben true, and therto profitable, but truly mine herte is troubled with this sorowe so greuously, that I n'ot what to do. Let call (qð Prudence) your true frendes al and thy linage, whiche that ben wise, and telleth to 'hem your case, and herkeneth what thei saie in counsailling, and govern you after ther sentence. Salomon saith, werke al thy things by counsaile, and thou shalt never rue. Than by counsaile of his wife Prudence, this Melibeus let cause a grete congregacion of peple, as Surgiens, Phisicians, olde folke and yong, and some of his olde enemies reconciled (as by ther semblante) to his love and to his grace: and therewithal there came some of his neighbours, that did him reverence more for drede than for love, as it hadde ofte. There comen also full many subtil flatterers, and wise Advocates lerned in the lawe. And whan these folkes togeders assembled were, this Melibeus, in sorowful wise, shewed 'hem his case, and by the maner of his speche it semed that in herte he bare a cruell ire, redy to doen vengeance upon his foes, and sodainly he desired that warre should begin, but nathelesse yet asked he counsaile upon this matter. A Surgien by licence and assent of soche as were wise up rose, and unto Melibeus saied, as ye shull here.

Sir (qð he) as to us Sergiens appartaineth, that we do to every wight the best that we can, where as we ben withholden, and to our paciente that we doen no damage: wherfore it happeth many time and oft, that whan two men have everiche wounded other, one Surgien heleth 'hem bothe, wherfore unto our art it is not pertinent to norish warre, ne parties to supporte. But certes, as to the warfishing of your daughter, al be it so that perilously she be wounded, we shall doe so tentive businesse fro daie to night, that, with the grace of God, she shall ben whole and sounde, as sone as is possible. Almoste right in the same wise the Phisiciens answerde, save that thei saiden a fewe wordes more: That right as maladies ben by ther contraries cured, right so shall man warishe warre by pece. His neighbours full of envie, his fained frendes that semed reconciled, and his flatterers, maden semblaunce of weping, and enpaired and agrutched moche of this matter, in praising gretly Melibe, of might, of power, of riches, and of frendes, dispising the power of his adversaries: and saied utterly, that he anon should wrenken him on his foes, and begin warre.

Up rose than an Advocate that was wise, by leve and by counsaile of other that were wise, and saied: The nede, for the whiche we ben assembled in this place, is full hevie thing, and a grete matter, bicause of the wrong and of the wickednesse that hath be doen, and eke by reson of grete damages, that in time comyng ben possible to fallen for the same, and eke by reson of the grete riches and power of the parties bothe; for the whiche resons, it wer a full grete perill to erren in this matter. Wherfore, Melibeus, this is our sentence; we counsaile you aboven al thing, that right anon thou doe thy diligence, in keping of thy proper person, in such a wise that thou ne wante no espie ne watche, thy body

for to save: And after that, we counsaile that in thine hous thou set sufficient garrison, so as thei maie as well thy bodie as thy hous defende: but certes to moven warre, or to doen sodainly vengeance, we maie not deme in so little time, that it were profitable, wherfore we aske leiser and space, to have deliberacion in this case to deme, for the common proverbe saith thus: He that sone demeth sone shall repent. And eke men sain, thilke Judge is wise that sone understondeth a matter, and judgeth by leiser: For all be it taryng be noifull, algate it is not to be reproved in yeving of judgement, ne in vengeance taking, whan it is sufficiente and resonable. And that shewed our Lorde Jesu Christ by ensample, for whan the woman was taken in avoutrie, and was brought in his presens to knowen what shuld be doen of her persone, all be it that he wiste well himself what he would answer, yet ne would he not answer sodenly, but he would have deliberacion, and in the ground he wrote twise, and by this cause we asken deliberacion: and we shal than by the grace of God counsaile you that thing that shal be profitable.

Up sterte than the yong folke at ones, and the most part of that companie have skorned this olde wise man, and begon to make noise and said. Right so as whiles that iron is hot men should smite, right so men should wrenken ther wronges while that thei ben freshe and newe, and with loude voice thei cried, warre, warre. Up rose tho one of the olde wise, and with his hond made countenance that thei should holden 'hem stil, and yeven him audience. Lordinges (qð he) there is ful many a manne that crieth warre warre, that wote full lite what warre amounteth. Warre at his beginning hath so grete an entring and so large, that every wight maie enter whan him liketh, and lightly find warre: but certes what ende thereof shall fall, it is not lightly to knowe. Whan that warre is ones begon, there is full many a child unborn of his mother, that shal sterve yong, bicause of thilke warre, other els live in sorowe, or dien in wretchednesse: And therefore or that any warre be bigon, menne must have grete counsaile and gode deliberacion. And whan this old manne wende to enforcen his tale by reson, well nie al at ones bigon for to rise, for to breken his tale, and bidden him full ofte his wordes to abregge: For certes he that precheth to 'hem that liste not to here his wordes, his sermon 'hem annoieth. For Jesus Sirake saith, that Musick in wepinge is a noious thinge. This is as moche to saie, as moche availleth it to speke biforne folke to whiche his speche anoieth, as it is for to singen biforne 'hem that wepe. And whan this wise man saw that him wanted audience, all shamfast he set him adoun ayen. For Salomon saith: there as thou maist not have audience, enforce The not to speke. I se well (qð this wiseman) that the common Proverbe is sothe, that gode counsaile wanteth, whan it is moste nede.

Yet hadde this Melibeus in his counsaile many folke, that privily in his ere counsailed him certain thinges, and counsailed him the contrary in generall audience. Whan Melibeus had herd that the grettest part of his counsaile were accorded that he should make warre, anon he consented to ther counsailling, and fully affirmed ther sentence. Than dame Prudence, whan that she sawe her husbonde shope him for to awreke him on his enemies, and to begin warre: she in full humble wise, whan she sawe her time, saied to him these wordes. My Lorde (qð she) I you beseeche as hertly as I dare or can, ne haste you not to fast, and for all guerdons yeve me audience. For Peter Alphonis saith, Who so doeth to The gode or harme, haste The not to quite it, for in

in this wise thy frend wol abide, and thine enemye shall the longer live in drede. The Proverbe saith, he hasteth well that wisely can abide: And in wicked hast is no profite.

This Melibe answerd to his wife Prudence: I purpose not (quod he) to werke by thy counsaile, for many causes and reasons, for certes every wight would holde me than a sole. This is to saie, if I for thy counsailling would chaunge thinges that ben ordained and affirmed by so many wise. Secondly, I saie that all women ben wicked, and none gode of hem al. For of a thousande men saith Salomon, I founde one gode man: but certes, of all women founde I never non. And also certes, if I governed me by thy counsaile, it should seme that I had yve The over me the maistrie: and God forbid that so it were. For Jesus Sirake saith, that if the wife have maistrie, she is contrarious to her husbande. And Salomon saith, Never in thy life, to thy wife, ne to thy childe, ne to thy frende, ne yve no power over thy self, for better it wer that thy children aske of The thinges that hem nedeth, than thy self to be in the handes of thy children. And also if I woll werche by thy counsaile, certes my counsaile must be sum time secrete, till it were time that it must be knowen: and this ne maie not be; if I should be counsailed by The. When dame Prudence fall debonairly and with grete patience, had herd all that her husbande liked for to saie, than asked she of him licence for to speke, and saied in this wise. My lorde (quod she) as to your first reson, it maie lightly ben answerd. For I saie that it is no folie to chaunge counsaile whan the thing is chaunged, or els whan the thing semeth otherwise than it semed afore. And moreover I saie, though that ye have sworne and behight to performe your emprise, and by just cause ye doe it not: men should not saie therefore ye wer a liar and forsworne. For the boke saith, that the wise man maketh no lesing, whan he tourneth his corage for the better. And albeit that your emprise be established, and ordeined by grete multitude of folke, yet dare you not accomplishe thilke ordinance but you liketh: for the trowth of thinges, and the profite ben rather founden in fewe folke that ben wise and full of reson, than by grete multitude of folke, there every man crieth and clattereth what him liketh: sothly soche multitude is not honest. And as to the second reson, where as ye saie, that al women ben wicked: save your grace, certes ye despise al women in this wise, and he that al despiseth, as saith the boke, al displeseth. And Seneca saith, that whoso wol have sapience, shall no man dispraise, but he shall gladly teche the science that he can, without presumption or pride: and soche thinges as he nought ne can, he shall not ben ashamed to lerne hem, and to enquire of lesse folke than himself. And that ther hath ben many a gode woman, maie lightly be proved: for certes, sir, our Lorde Jesu Christ n'olde never han disceded to be borne of a woman, if al women had ben wicked. And after that, for the grete bounte that is in women, our Lorde Jesu Christ, whan he was risen fro deth to life, appered rather to a woman, than to his Apostles. And though that Salomon saied, he founde never woman gode, it foloweth not therefore that all women be wicked: for though that he ne founde no gode woman, certes many an other man hath founde many a woman full gode and true. Or els paraventure the entente of Salomon was this, that in sovereign bounte he found no woman, this is to say: that there is no wight that hath parfite bounte save God alone, as he himself recordeth in his Evangelie. For there n'is no creature so gode, that him ne wanteth somewhat of the perfeccion of God that is his maker.

Your third reson is this, ye say that if ye governe you by my counsaile, it should seme that ye had yve me the maistrie and the lordship of your person. Sir, save your grace it is not so, for if so were that no man should be counsailed but onely of hem that han lordship and maistrie of his persone, men n'olde not be counsailed so ofte. For sothly thilke man that asketh counsaile of a purpose, yet hath he fre will whither he woll doe after that counsaile or non. And as to your fourth reson, there as ye saie that the janglerie of women can hide thinges that thei wote not, as who so saith, that a woman can not hide that she wote. Sir, these wordes ben understonde of women that ben jangelers and wicked, of whiche women men sain that thre thinges driven a manne out of his hous, that is to saie, smoke, dropping of rain, and wicked wives. And of soche women Salomon saith, that a man were better dwell in deserte, than with a woman that is riotous. And sir by your leave it am not I, for ye have ful oft assaied my grete silence and my grete patience, and eke how well that I can hide and hele thinges, that men oughten secretly to hiden. And sothly as to your fift reson, where as ye saie that in wicked counsaile women venquishe men: God wot that thilke reson stant here in no stede: for understondeth now ye asken counsaile for to doe wickednes: And if ye would werken wickednesse, and your wife restraineth thilke wicked purpose, and overcome you by reson and by gode counsaile, certes your wife ought rather to be praised than blamed. Thus should ye understond the Philosopher that saith, in wicked counsaile women venqueshe ther husbandes. And there as ye blame all women and ther reasons, I shall shewe you by many ensamples, that many women have be ful gode and yet ben, and ther counsaile wholsome and profitable. Eke some men han saied, that the counsaile of women is either to dere, or to little worth. But albeit so that full many women be bad, and ther counsaile vile and nought worth, yet han menne found full many a gode woman, and full discrete and wise in counsailling. Lo Jacob through the counsaile of his mother Rebecke, wan the benison of his father, and the Lordship of all his brethern. Judith, throwe her gode counsaile, delivered the cite of Bethule, in whiche she dwelt, out of the hond of Holofern that had it all besieged, and would have destroyed it. Abigaile delivered Naball her husband, fro David the King, that would have slaine him, and appeased the ire of the King by her wit, and by her gode counsaile. Hester by her counsaile enhaunced grete the peple of God, in the reigne of Assuerus the king. And the same bountie in gode counsailling of many a gode woman maie men rede and tell. And furthermore, whan that our Lorde had created Adam our forme father, he saied in this wise: It is not gode to be a manne alone: make we an helper to himself semblable. Here maie ye se that if that women were not gode, and ther counsaile gode and profitable, our Lorde God of heven ne would neither han wrought hem, ne called hem the helper of man, but rather confusion to man. And there saied a clerke ones in two verses. What is better than golde? Jasper. What is better than Jasper? Wisedome. And what is better than Wisedome? Woman. And what is better than a gode woman? That is a gode man. And what is better than a gode man? Nothing. And sir, by many other reasons maie ye sene that many women ben gode, and eke ther counsaile gode and profitable. And therefore, sir, if that ye woll truste to my counsaile, I shall restore you your daughter hole and founde, and eke that I woll doe you so moche, that ye shall have honour in this case.

Q q

Whan

Whan Melibe had herd the wordes of his wife Prudence, he saide thus. I se well that the wordes of Salomon be soth. For he saith the wordes that be spoken discretly by ordinaunce, ben Honie Combes, for thei yeven swetnesse to the soule, and holsomnesse to the body. And wife, bicause of thy swete wordes, and eke for I have proved and assaied thy grete Sapience and thy grete trowth: I woll governe me by thy counsaile in all thing.

Now sir (quod dame Prudence) and sithens that ye vouchsafe to be governed by my counsaile, I woll enforme you how that ye shall governe your self, in chosing of your counsaillours. Ye shall first in all your werke, mekely besechyng to the hie God that he woulde be youre counsaillour, and shapeth you to suche entent that he yeve you counsaile and comforte, as taught Thobie his sonne; At all times thou shalt blisse God, and praie him to dresse thy waies, and loke eke that thy counsailes ben in him ever more. Saint James saith, if anye man of you have nede of sapience, aske it of God. And afterwarde, than shullen ye take counsaile in youre selfe, and examine well your owne thoughtes, of suche thinges as you thinke that ben beste for youre profite. And than shal ye drive fro your hertethinges that be contrarious to gode counsaile: that is to saye, ire, covetise, and hastinesse.

First he that asketh counsaile of himselfe, certes he must bewithouten ire and wrath in himselfe, for many causes. The firste is this: He that hath gret ire and wrath in himselfe he weneth alwaye that he may doe thing that he may not do. And secondly, he that is yrous and wrothful, he may not well deme. And he that maye not well deme, maye not well counsell. The thirde is this, he that is yrous and wroth, as saith Seneca, maie not speke but blamefull thinges, and with thilke vicious wordes he stirreth other folke to angre and to ire. And eke sir ye muste drive covetise out of your herte. For the Apostle saith, that covetise is the rote of all harmes. And trusteth right well that a covetous man ne can not deme ne thinke but onely to fulfil the ende of his covetise: and certes that ne may never be accomplished, for evermore, the more habundaunce that he hath of riches, the more he desireth. And sir ye muste also drive oute of your hert hastinesse: For certes ye may not deme for the best a sodaine thought that falseth in your herte, but ye muste avise you on it full ofte: For as ye have herde here bifore, the comen Proverbe is this. He that sone demeth, sone repenteth.

Sir, ye ne be not alway in like disposicion, for certes some thing that semeth somtime to you that is gode for to do, an other time it semeth to you the contrarie.

And whan ye han taken counsaile in your selfe, and han demed by gode deliberacion suche thing as you semeth beste, than rede I you that ye kepe it secret. Bewraye ye not your counsaile to no person, but if so be that ye wene fikerly that through your bewraynge, your condicion shall be to you the more profitable. For Jhesus Sirake saith: neyther to thy foe ne to thy frende, discover not thy secret, ne thy folie: for they woll yeve you audience and lookinge, and supportacion in your presence, and scorne you in your absence. Another Clerke saith, that scarllie shall you finde anie person that maie kepe counsaile sykerly. The boke saith, while that thou kepest thy counsaile in thine herte, thou kepest it in thy prison: and whan thou bewrayist thy counsaile to anie wight, he holdeth The in his snare. And therefore you is better to hide your counsaile in your hert, than to praie him to whom ye have bewrayde your counsaile, that he woll kepe it close still.

For Seneca saith: If so be that thou maiste not thine owne counsaile hide, how darste thou praie anie other wight thy counsaile secret to kepe. But nathelesse if thou wene fikerly that the bewrayinge of thy counsaile to a person wol make thy condicion stonde in the better plichte, than shalt thou tell him thy counsaile in this wise. First thou shalt make no semblant whether The were leve pece or warre, or this or that, ne shewe him not thy will ne thine entent: For truste well that comenly these counsaillours ben flatterers, namely the counsaillours of grete lordes, for they enforce hem alway rather to speke pleasaunt wordes enclinyng to the lord's luste, than wordes that ben trew or profitable, and therefore men saye that the riche man hath felde gode counsaile, but if he have it of himselfe. And after that thou shalt consider thy frendes and thine enemies. And as touching thy frendes, thou shalt consider whiche of hem ben moste faithfull and most wise, and eldest, and moste approved in counsailling: and of hem shalt thou aske thou counsaile, as the case requireth.

I saye, that first ye shall call to your counsaile your frendes that ben trewe. For Salomon saith: that right as the herte of a man deliteth in favoure that is softe, righte so the counsaile of trewe frendes yeveth swetenesse to the soule. And he saith also, there maye nothing be likened to the trewe frende: For certes golde ne silver be not so muche worth as the gode will of a trewe frende. And also he saith that a trewe frende is a strong defence, who so that it findeth, certis he findyth a grete trefure. Than shall ye also consider if that your true frendes be discrete and wise: for the boke saith, aske alwaye thy counsaile of them that be wise. And by this same reson shall ye call to your counsaile your frendes that ben of age, suche as seme and ben expert in many thinges, and ben approved in counsailling. For the boke saith, that in olde menne is sapience, and in longe time the prudence. And Tullius saith, that grete thinges ben not aye accomplished by strength, ne by delivernesse of body, but by counsaile, by auctorite of persones, and by science: the whiche thre thinges ne ben not feble by age, but certes they enforce and encrece daye by daye; and than shall ye kepe this for a general rule. Firste shall ye call to your counsaile a fewe of your frendes that ben especiall. For Salomon saith, many frendes have thou, but amonge a thousande chose The one to be thy counsaillour: For al be it so that thou firste ne tell thy Counsaile but to a fewe, thou mayste afterwarde tell it to moe folke if it be nede. But loke alwaie that thy counsaillers have those condicions that I have sayd before, that is to saye, that thei be trew, wise, and of olde experience. And werke not alway in every nede by one Counsailler alone: for sometime behoveth it to be counsailed by manie. For Salomon saith, salvacion of thinges is where as there be many counsaillers.

Nowe have I tolde you of whiche folke ye shall be counsailed: nowe wol I tel you whiche counsaile ye ought to eschue. First ye shal eschue the counsailling of foles. Salomon saith, take no counsaile of a fole: for he woll counsaile but after his owne lust and his affection. The boke saith, that the proper tie of a fole is this: He troweth lightly harme of every man, and lightly troweth all bountie in himself. Thou shalt eschue the counsailling of all flatterers, which as enforcen hem rather to praie your person by flattery, than for to tell you the sothfastnesse of thinges. Wherefore, Tullius saith, amonge all the pestilence that ben in frendship, the gretist is flattery. And therefore it is more nede that thou eschue and drede flaterers, than any other peple. The boke saith, thou shalt rather fle fro the swete wordes of flaterers and praising, than fro the egre wordes of thy frendes that

that saith The sothes. Salomon saith, that the wordes of a flaterer is a snare to catche Innocentis. He saith also; he that speketh to his frende wordes of flaterie and of plesauce, he setteth a net before his fete to catche him. And therefore Tullius saith. Encline not thine eres to flaterers; ne take no counsaile of flaterers. And Caton saith, Avise The well, and eschue the wordes of swetenesse and plesauce. And eke thou shalte eschue the counsaile of thine olde enemies that ben reconciled. The boke saith, that no wight returneth safelie into the grace of his olde enemy. And Ilope saith, ne trust not to hem, to which thou hast somtime had warre or enemite, ne tel hem not thy counsaile. And Senek telleth the cause why it maye not be, for he saith, there as grete fire hath longe time endured, that there dwelleth some vapoure of hete. And therefore saith Salomon, in thine olde foe truste thou never. For sikerly though thine enemy be reconciled, and make The signe of humilite, and loute to The with his hed, truste him never: for certes he maketh thilke fained humilite more for his profite then for any humilite, or for any love of thy person, bicause that he demeth to have victory over thy persone by such fained counsaunce, the whiche victorie he might not have by strite or warre. And Petrus Alphons saith, make no felowship with thine olde enemies, for if thou do hem bountie, they wollen pervert it to wickednesse. And eke thou must eschue the counsaile of hem that ben thy servautes, and beren The grete reverence: for peraventure they saie it more for drede than for love. And therefore saith a philosopher in this wise; There is no wight parfitly true to him that he dredeth. And Tullius saith, there is no might so grete of any emperour that long may endure, but he have love of the peple and drede. Ye shall eschue also the counsaile of folke that ben dronkelewe, for they ne can no counsaile hide. For Salomon saith, ther n'is no privite there as reigneth dronknesse. Ye shal have also in suspecte the counsaile of suche folke as counsaile you one thing prively, and counsaile you the contrarie openly. For Cassidorie saith, that it is a maner of sleight to hinder his enemy when he sheweth to done a thing openly, and werketh prively the contrary. Thou shalte have also in suspecte the counsaile of wicked folke, that be alwaie full of fraude. And David saith, that blisful is the manne that hath not followed the counsaile of shrewes. Thou shalt also eschue the counsaile of yonge folke, for ther counsaile is not ripe, as Salomon saith.

Nowe fir, sithens I have shewed you of suche folke as ye shal be counsaile of, and folowe it: nowe woll I teche you howe ye shall examine your counsaile. After the doctrine of Tullius, in examining of youre counsaillours, ye shall consider many thinges.

Firist thou shalt consider thilke thing that thou purposest, and upon that thinge that thou wolt have counsaile, that very trueth be said and conserved, this is to say, tel truely thy tale, for he that saith false, may not well be counsaile in that case, of whiche he lieth. After this thou shalte consider the thinges that acorden to that thou purposest for to doe by thy counsaillours, if reson acorde therto, and eke if thy might maie attaine therto: and if the more parte and the better parte of your counsaillours accorden therto or no. Than shalt thou consider what thing shall folowe of ther counsaile: As hate, pece, warre, grace, profite, or damage, and many other thinges: and in all thinges thou shalte chose the beste, and weyve all other thinges. Than shalt thou consider of what rote is engendred the matter of thy counsaile, and what fruite it may conceive and en-

gender. Thou shalt eke consider all the causes, from whence they be sprong. And when thou hast examined thy counsaile, as I have said, and which party is the better and more profitable, and hast approved it by many wise folke and olde, than thou shalt consider, if thou maiste performe it and make of it a gode ende. For certes reson wol not that any man shall beginne a thinge, but if he might performe it as him ought: ne no wight shoude take upon him so hevie a charge, but that he might bere it. For the proverbe saith, he that to muche embraceth distraineth litell. And Caton saith, assaie to do suche thinges as thou hast power to done, lest the charge oppresse The to fore, that The behoveth weive thinge that thou hast begonne. And if so be that thou be in doute, whether thou maist perfourme a thing or none, chose rather for to suffer than to beginne. And Peter Alphons saith, if thou hast might to do a thing, of which thou must repent, it is better holde thy tonge still than for to speke. Than maiste thou understonde by stronger resons, that if thou hast power to perfourme a werke of whiche thou shalte repent The, than is it better thou suffer than begin. Wel saine they that defenden everie wight to assaie a thing of whiche he is in dout whether he maye performe it or none. And after when ye have examined your counsaile (as I have saide before) and knowe well that ye maye performe your emprise: conferme it than sadly till it be at an ende.

Nowe it is reson and time that I shewe you, whan and wherfore that ye maye chaunge your counsaile, withouten reprove. Sothly a man may chaunge his purpose and his counsaile, if the cause cese, or whan a new case betideth. For the lawe saith, that upon thinges that newly betideth, behoveth newe counsaile. And Seneke saith, if thy counsaile is come to the eres of thine enemies, chaunge thy counsaile. Thou maiste also chaunge thy counsaile, if so be thou finde that by error or by any other cause, harme or damage maie betide. Also if thy counsaile be dishonest, other els come of dishoneste cause, chaunge thy counsaile. For the lawe saith, that all behestes that be dishoneste, ne ben of no value: And eke, if so be that it be impossible or maye not gladly be perfourmed or kepte.

And take this for a generall rule, that every counsaile that is affermed stronglye, that it may not be chaunged for no condicion that maie betide, I say that ilke counsaile is wicked.

MElibeus, when he had herde the doctrine of his wyfe Dame Prudence, aunswerde in this wise. Dame (qð he) as yet unto this time ye han well taught me, as in governaile howe I shall governe me in the chosinge and in the withholdinge of my counsaile: But nowe should I saine that ye would condescende in especiall, howe that ye semeth by our counsaillours that we have chose in this present nede.

My lorde (qð she) I beseeche you in all humbleste, that ye wolt not wilfully replie ayenst my resons, ne distemper your hert though I speke thing that you displese, for God wot as in mine entente, I speke it as youre beste and for the beste for your honour and profit eke; and sothly I hope that your benigneite woll take it in pacience. And trusteth me well that your counsaile in this case ne shuld not (as to speke properly) be called a counsaile, but a mocion of a movinge of folke, in whiche counsaile ye have erred in many a sondrie wise.

Firist ye have erred in the assemblinge of your counsaillours: For firist ye should have cleped a fewe folke to your counsaile, and after ye might have shewed it to mo, if it had be nede. But ye have cleped to your counsaile a grete multitude of peple, ful chargeous

chargeous and full noyous for to here. Also ye have erred, for there as ye shoulde have onelie cleped to your counsaile your trewe frendes, olde and wise, ye have cleped straunge folke, yonge folke, false flatterers, and enemies reconciled, and folke that done you reverence withouten love. And eke ye have erred, for ye have brought with you to your counsaile, ire, covetise, and hastinesse, the which thre thinges ben contrary to every gode counsaile, honest and profitable, the whiche thre thinges ye have not destroyed neither in your selfe ne in your counsaillours, as ye ought. Ye have erred also for ye have shewed to your counsaillours your talent and your affections to make warre anon, and for to doe vengeance, and they have espyde by your wordes, to what thing ye ben enclined: and therefore han they rather counsailed you to your talent, than to youre profite. Ye han erred eke, for it semeth that you suffiseth to have be counsailed by these counsaillours onely, and with litle avisement, where as in so hie and in so gret a nede, it had ben necessarie mo counsaillours, and more deliberacion to performe your emprise. Ye han erred also, for ye have not examined your counsaile in the forsayd maters, ne in dewe maner as the case requirith. Ye have erred also, for ye made no division bytwene your trew frendes and your fained counsaillours: ne ye have not knowen the will of your trew counsaillours and frendes, olde, and wise, but ye have caste all ther wordes in an hoche poche, and enclined your herte to the more parte and to the gretter nombre of foles than of wise men. And therefore the counsaillinges that ben at congregacions and multitudes of folke, there as men take more regarde to the nombre than to the sapience of persons, ye sene well, that in suche counsaillinges, foles han the maistrie. Melibe answerde and said ayen: I graunt well that I have erred, but there as thou haste told me here biforne, that he n'is not to blame that chaungeth his counsaile in certaine case, and for certaine and juste cause, I am all redye to chaunge my counsaillours righte as thou wouldest devise. The Proverbe saith, for to done sinne is mannish, but certes for to percever longe in sinne, is the werke of the Divell.

To this sentence answereth anon dame Prudence and saide: Examineth (qð she) well youre counsaile, and let us se whiche of 'hem hathe spoke most resonably, and taughte you beste counsaile. And for as muche as the examinacion is necessarie, lette us begin at Surgens and Phisiciens, that first spake of this mater. I say that Phisiciens and Surgiens have saide you in your counsaile discretly, as 'hem ought: and in ther speche saide full wisely, that to the office of 'hem appertaineth to donne to everye wighte honour and profite, and no wight to anoie, and after ther crafte to done grete diligence unto the cure of 'hem, which they have in ther governaunce. And sir, right as they have answerde wisely and discretly, righte so rede I that they ben hiely and soverainly guerdoned for ther noble speche, and eke for they shull more done ther ententise besinesse in the curation of your daughter; for al be it so they ben your frendes, therefore shullen ye not suffre, that they serve you for naught, but ye ought thereafter guerdon 'hem, and pay 'hem ther largesse. And as touching the propocicion, whiche the Phisiciens entreteden in this case, this is to faine, that in maladies is, that contrarie is warished by an other contrarie: I wold faine knowe howe ye understonde thilke texte, and what is your sentence. Certes (qð Melibeus) I understond it in this wise. Righte as they han done me a contrarie, so shoud I done 'hem an other, for righte as they han venged 'hem upon me, and done me wronge, right so wold I venge me upon 'hem, and

done 'hem wrong, and than I cured one contrarye by an other.

Lo lo (qð dame Prudence) how lightly is every man enclined to his owne desire and his owne pleasure! Certes (qð she) the wordes of the Phisiciens ne shoulde not ben understond in that wise, for certes wickenesse is not contrary to wickednesse, ne vengeance is not contrarie to vengeance, ne wronge to wronge, but everye of 'hem encreseth and engendreth other. But certes the wordes of the Phisiciens shoud be understond in this wise, for gode and wickednesse ben two contraries: and pece and warre, vengeance, and suffraunce, discord, and acorde, and many other thinges: But certes wickednesse shal be warished with godenes, discord by acorde, warre by pece, and so forthe in other thinges. And therto acordeth saint Paule the Apostell in many places: He saith, ne yelde not harme for harme, ne wicked spech for wicked speche, but do wel to 'hem that don to The harme, and blesse them that saith The harme. And in many other places he amonisheth pece and accord. But now wol I speke of the counsaile which was iyeve unto you by menne of Lawe, and the wise folke, and olde folke, that sayden all by one acorde as ye herde beforne, that over all thinges ye shall done your besinesse and diligence to kepe your persone, and to warnstore your house: And they saide also, that in this case ye ought to werchen ful wisely and with grete deliberacion. And sir, as to the firste pointe, that toucheth the keping of your persone: ye shall understonde that he that hath warre, shal ever devoutly and mekely praien, biforne all thinges, that Jesu Christ of his mercy wold have him in his proteccion, and to be his soveraine helper at his nede: For certes in this worlde there n'is no wight that maie be counsailed ne kepte sufficiently without the keping of our lorde Jesu Christe. To this sentence acordeth the Prophet David that saith: if God ne kepte the Cite, in idel waketh he that it kepeth. Nowe sir, than shoud ye committe the kepinge of your person to your true frendes, that ben approved and iknow, and of them shoud ye aske helpe, your person to kepe. For Caton saith: If thou have nede of helpe aske it of thy frendes, for there n'is none so gode a Phisicien as thy true frende. And after this than shal ye kepe you fro all straunge folke, and fro liers, and have alwaie in suspecte ther companie. For Peter Alphons saith, Ne take no company by the waie of no straunge man, but if so be that thou haste knowen him of lenger time: And if so be that he fall into thy companie, paraventure withouten thyne assente and gode will, enquire than as subtilly as thou canste of his conversacion, and of his life biforne, and faine thy waie, saying thou wouldest go thiðer as thou wolte not go, and if he bere a spere, holde The on the righte side of him, and if he bere a swerde, holde The on the lefte side of him. And than shall ye kepe you wisely from all maner of suche people as I have saide you here before, and 'hem and ther counsaile eschue. And after this than shall ye kepe you, in suche maner, that for anye presumption of your bodely strength, that ye dispise not ne acounte not the might of your adversary so lite, that ye lette the kepinge of your person for your presumption, for every wise man dredeth his enemy. And Salomon saith: A very fole is he that of al hath drede: But certes he that thorowe hardenesse of his hert and through the hardinesse of himself, hath to grete presumption, him shal yvell betide. Than shall ye evermore encounterwaite embusmentes, and all espiaille. For Seneke saith: The wise man that dredeth harmes, eschueth harmes: He ne falleth in to no perilles, that perill eschueth. And all be it so that thou seme, that thou be in secret place, yet shalt

shalt thou alwaie done diligence in keping of thy person, this is to saie, ne be not negligent to kepe thine owne person, not onely for thy gretest enemy, but also for thy leste enemy. Seneke saith, a man that is wel adviced, he dredeth his leste enemy. Ovide saith, that the litel wesele wol fle the grete Bulle and the wilde Herte. And the proverbe saith, that a litell thorne woll greve a King ful fore, and a litell hounde woll holde the wilde Bore. But nathelesse I say not thou shalt be so cowarde, that thou doute where as is no drede. The boke saith, that some men have grete luste to disceive, but yet they drede to be disceived. And kepe The fro the companie of skorners: For the boke saith, with skorners ne make no company, but fle ther wordes as venim.

Now as to the seconde point, where as youre wyfe Counsaylours counsayled you to warrestore your houe with grete diligence, I woulde sayne knowe howe ye understonde thilke wordes, and what is your sentence.

Melibeuus answerde and said, certes I understonde it in this wise, that I shall warrestore mine house with toures, suche as have castels and other maner edifices, and armure and archeries, betwene whiche thinges I may my person and my house so kepe and defende, that mine enemies shullen be in drede mine house to aproche. To this sentence answerde anon Prudence. Warnstoringe (q^d she) of hie toures and of hie edifices, is with grete costages and with grete travaile, and whan that they ben accomplished, yet ben they not worth a strawe, but if they ben defended with trew frendes, that ben olde and wise. And understondeth well, that the gretest and the strongest garison that riche men may have, as well to kepen ther person as ther godes is, that they be beloved with ther subiectes, and with ther neighbours. For thus saith Tullius, that there is a maner garison, that no man maie venquishe ne discomfite, and that is a lorde to be biloved of his citezins, and of his peple.

Nowe sir, as to the thirde point, where as your olde and wise Counsaylours saide, that ye ought not sodainly ne hastily procede in this nede, but that ye oughten purvayen and aparayle you in this case, with grete diligence and deliberacion. Verely I trowe that they saied right treuly and right soth. For Tullius saith: In every dede or thou begin it, apparaile The with grete diligence. Than saie I, in vengeance taking, in warre, in bataile, and in warnstoringe, or thou begin I rede that thou aparaille The therto, and do it with grete deliberacion, For Tullius saith: The longe apparailing tofore the bataile maketh short victorie. And Cassiodorus saith: The garison is stronger, whan it is longe time avised. But nowe let us speke of the Counsaile that was accorded by youre neighbours, such as done you reverence withouten love, your olde enemies reconciled, your flatterers, that counsailed you certaine thinges prively, and openly counsailed you the contrarie. The yonge folke also, that counsailed you to venge you, and to make warre anon. Certes sir, as I have saide byfore, ye have gretly erred to clepe suche maner of folke to your counsaile, whiche counsaylours ben inoughe reproved by the resons afore-said. But nathelesse let us now discende to the speciall. Ye shull first procede after the doctrine of Tullius. Certes the trouthe of this mater or of this counsaile, nedeth not diligently to enquire, for it is well wiste, which they ben that han don you this trespas and villanie, and howe many trespasours, and in what maner they have done all this wronge to you, and all this villany. And after this, then shull ye examine the seconde condicion, whiche Tul-

lius addeth in this matter. For Tullius putteth a thing, whiche that he clepeth consenting: this is to saie, who ben thei, and whiche ben they, and howe manie, that consenten to thy counsaile in thy wilfulness, to done hastie vengeance. And let us consider also who ben they, and how manie they ben that consented to your adversaries. As to the first point, it is well known whiche folke they be, that consented to your hastie wilfulness. For truly all tho that counsaile you to maken sodaine warre, ne be not your frendes. Let se nowe whiche ben they that ye holden so gretly your frendes, as to your person: For albeit so that ye be mighty and riche, certes ye ben but alone: for truly ye ne have no childe but a doughter, ne ye have no brethren ne Cosins Germains, ne none other nie kinrede, wherefore your enemies should stinte to plete with you, ne to distroy your person. Ye know also that your riches mote be dispended in diverse parties. And whan that everie wight hath his parte, they wollen take but litell regarde to venge your deth. But thine enemies ben thre, and they have many Brethren, Children, Cosins, and other nie Kinrede: and though so were, that thou haddest slaine of 'hem two or thre, yet dwelleth there inowe to avenge ther deth, and to fle thy person. And though so be that your kinrede be more stedfaste and siker than the kinne of your adversaries, yet nathelesse your kinrede is but after kinrede, for they ben but litell sibbe to you, and the kinne of your enemies ben nie sibbe to 'hem. And certes as in that, ther condicion is better than is yours. Than lette us consider also of the counsaile of 'hem, that counsailed you to take sodaine vengeance, whether it acorde to reson or non: And certes ye knowe wel nay, for as by right and reson, there may no man take vengeance of no wight, but the judge that hath jurisdiction of it, when it is graunted him to take vengeance, hastie, or attemperatly as the Lawe requireth. And yet more over of thilke worde that Tullius clepeth consenting, thou shalt consider, if that thy mighte and thy power maye consente and suffice to thy wilfulness, and to thy counsaylours: And certes thou maiste well saie naye, for sikerlye as for to speke properly, we maie doe nothing but suche thinge as we maie done rightfully: and certes rightfully ye may take no vengeance, as of your own proper auctorite. Than maye ye se that your power ne consenteth not ne accordeth not with your wilfulness. Nowe lette us examine the thirde point, that Tullius clepeth consequence. Thou shalt undirstonde that the vengeance that thou purposeth for to take is consequent, and therof foloweth an other vengeance, perill, and warre, and other damages withouten numbere, of which we be not ware, as at this time. And as touchinge the fourthe point, that Tullius clepeth engendring thou shalt consider, that this wrong, whiche that is don to The, is engendred of the hate of thin enemies, and of the vengeance taking upon 'hem, that wolde engender another vengeance, and muchel sorow and wastinge of riches, as I sayde ere. Nowe sir, as touchinge the fift point, that Tully clepeth causes, whiche is the laste point, thou shalt undirstonde, that the wronge that thou haste received hath certayne causes, whiche that clerkes callen oriens, and efficiens, and causa longinqua, and causa propinqua, that is to saie, the ferre cause, and the nighe cause. The ferre cause is almightie God, that is cause of all thinges. The nere cause is thy thre enemies. The cause accidentall was hate. The cause materiall, ben the five woundes of thy doughter. The cause formalle, is the maner of their werking that brought laders and clambe in at thy windowes. The cause finall was

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for to flea thy doughter. it letted not in as moche as in them was. But for to speke of the ferre cause, as to what ende thei shall come, or finally what shal betide of them in this case, ne can I not deme, but by coniecting and supposing: For we shall suppose that thei shall come to a wicked end, bicause that the boke of decrees saieth. Seld or with grete pain ben causes brought to a gode ende, whan thei ben badly begon.

Now sir, if men would aske me, why that God suffered menne to doe you this villanie? Truly I can not wel answere, as for no sothfastnesse. For the Apostle saieth, that the sciences, and the judgments of our Lorde God Almighty ben full depe, there maie no man comprehende ne ferche 'hem suffisantly. Nathelesse by certaine presumpcions and coniectinges, I hold and bileve, that God, whiche that is full of Justice and of rightounesse, hath suffered this betide, by just cause resonable.

Thy name is Melibee, this is to saie, a man that drinkith Honie. Thou haste dronke so moche honie of swete temporell richesse, and delices of honours of this worlde, that thou arte dronke, and hast forgotten Jesu Christe thy creatour: Thou ne hast not doen to him soche honour and reverence as The ought, ne thou ne hast not taken kepe to the wordes of Ovide, that saieth, Under the Honie of the godes of thy bodie, is hid the venime that slaeth thy soule.

And Salomon saieth: if it so be that thou hast found honie, etc of the same honie, that that suffiseth: for if so be that thou etc of the same honie out of mesure, thou shalt spewe, and also be neddy and pore. And paraventure almightie God Jesu Christ hath The in dispite, and hath tourned awaie fro The his face, and his eres of misericorde and mercie. And also he hath suffred and give licence, that thou thus shouldest be punished and chastised in the maner that thou hast trespassed and offended. Thou haste doen sinne against our Lorde Christe, for certes the thre enemies of mankinde, that is to saie: the fleshe, the fend, and the worlde, thou hast suffred 'hem entre into thine herte wilfully, by the windowes of thy bodie, and hast not defended thy self sufficiently ayenst their assautes, and their temptacions, so that thei have wounded thy soul in five places, this is to saie: the dedly sinnes that ben entered into thy herte by thy five wittes. And in the same maner our Lorde Christ hath would and suffred, that thy thre enemies ben entered into thy hous, by the windowes, and have wounded thy doughter in the forsaied maner.

Truely (q^d Melibee) I se wel that ye enforce you moche by wordes to overcome me, in soche maner, that I shall not venge me on mine enemies, shewing me the perilles and the evils that might fall of this vengeance, but who so would consider in all vengeance, the perilles and evils that might sue of vengeance taking, a man would never take vengeance, and that were harme: for by the vengeance taking, ben the wicked men discevered fro the gode men. And thei that have will to doe wickednesse, restrain their wicked purpose, whan thei se the punishing and chastising of the trespassours: and yet saie I more that right as a singuler persone sinneth, in taking vengeance of an other man, right so sinneth the judge, if he do no vengeance of 'hem that have deserved. For Seneke saieth thus: That maister he saith is gode, that preveth shrewes. And as Cassiodor saieth: A man dredeth to doe outrages, whan he wote and knoweth, that it displeth to the Judges and Soveraines. And an other saieth: the judge that dredeth to doe right, maketh men shrewes. And saint Poule the Apostle saieth in his Epistle,

whan he writeth unto the Romanes, that the Judge bere not the spere without cause, but thei bere it to punishe the shrewes and misdoers, and for to defende the gode menne.

If ye woll than take vengeance of your enemies, ye shall retourne and have your recourse to the Judge, that hath the jurisdiction upon 'hem, and he shall punish 'hem, as the lawe asketh and requieth.

A ha, saied Melibee, this vengeance liketh me nothing, I bethinke me now, and take hede how that fortune hath nourished me fro my childehode, and hath holpe me to passe many a strong paas: Now I would assaie her, trowing with Godd's help, that she shall helpe me my shame for to avenge.

Truely saied Prudence, if ye woll werke by my counsaile, ye shall not assaie fortune by no waie: ne ye shall not lene or bowe unto her, after the worde of Senek; for thinges that ben foolishly doen, and that ben doen in hope of fortune, shall never come to gode ende. And as the same Seneke saith: the more clere and the more shining that fortune is, the more brittle and the soner broke she is. Trusteth not in her, for she is not stedfaste ne stable. For whan thou trowest to be moste sure and stedfast of her helpe, she woll faile and disceive The. And where as ye saie, that fortune hath nourished you fro your childehode, I say that in so moche ye shall the lesse trust in her, and in her wit. For Seneke saith: what man that is nourished by fortune, she maketh him a grete sole. Now than sith ye desire and aske vengeance, and the vengeance that is don after the lawe, and bfore the judge, ne liketh you not, and the vengeance that is doen in hope of fortune, is perillous and uncertaine, than have ye none other remedie, but for to have your recourse unto the soverain judge, that vengeth al villanies and wronges. And he shal venge you, after that himself witnesseth, where as he saith: leve the vengeance to me, and I shall doe it.

Melibee answerde, if I ne venge me of the villanie, that men have doen to me, I sommon or warne 'hem, that have doen to me that villanie, and all other, to doe me an other villanie. For it is written: if thou take no vengeance of an old villanie, thou summonest thine adversaries, to doe The a newe villanie: and also for my sufferance, men would doe me so moche villanie, that I might neither bere it ne sustaine it, and so should I be put and holden over lowe. For men saie, in mikell suffring shall many thinges fall unto The, whiche thou shalt not mowe suffer.

Certes (q^d Prudence) I graunt you, that over moche suffraunce is not gode, but yet ne foloweth it not therof, that every persone, to whom men doe villanie, should take of it vengeance: for that appertaineth and longeth all onely to Judges, for thei should venge the villanies and injuries: And therefore those two authorities, that ye have saied afore, ben onely understonde in the Judges: For whan thei suffer over moche the wronges and villanies to be doen, without punishmente, thei sommon not a man all onely for to doe newe wronges, but thei commaunde it. Also a wise man saith, that the Judge that correcteth not the sinner, commaundeth and biddeth him do sinne. And the Judges and Soveraines, might in their londe so moche suffre of the shrewes and misdoers, that they should by soche suffrance, by processe time, waxe of soche power and might, that thei should put out the Judges and the Soveraines from their places, and at laste, make 'hem lese their Lordshippes.

But

But let us now suppose, that ye have leve to venge you: I saie ye be not of might and power, as now to venge you, for if ye wold make comparison unto the might of your adversaries, ye shuld finde in many thinges, that I have shewed your er this, that their condicion is better than yours, and therefore saie I, that it is gode as now, that ye suffer and be pacient.

Ferthermore, ye knowe wel that after the common lawe, it is a wodenesse, a manne to strive with a stronger, or a more mightie man than he is himself, and for to strive with a man of even strength, that is to saie, with as strong a manne as he is, it is perill: and for to strive with a weker man, it is folie, and therefore shoud a manne flie striving, as mikell as he might. For Salomon saith: It is a grete worship to a man, to kepe fro noise and strif; and if it so befall and hap, that a man of greter might and strength than thou art, doe The grevaunce: studie and busie The rather to still the same grevaunce, than for to venge The. For Seneke saith, that he putteth him in grete perill, that striveth with a greter manne than he is himself. And Caton saith, if a manne of higher estate or degre, or more mightie than thou, do The anoy or grevaunce, suffer him: for he that ones hath greved The, maie an other time releve The and helpe The. Yet sette I case ye have licence for to venge you, I saie that there ben full many thinges, that shall restrain you of vengeance taking, and make you for to encline to suffre, and for to have pacience in the wronges that have ben doen to you. First and formest, if ye wold consider the fautes that ben in your own persone, for whiche fautes God hath suffred you have this tribulacion, as I have saied to you here before. For the Poete saith, that we ought paciently take the tribulacions that come to us, whan that we thinke and consider, that we have deserved to have them. And saint Gregorie saith, that whan a manne considereth well the number of his defautes and of his sinnes, the paines and the tribulacions, that he suffereth, seme the lesse unto him. And in as moche as him thinketh his sinnes, more hevie and grievous, in so moche semeth his paine the lighter and the esier unto him. Also ye owe to encline and bowe your herte, to take the pacience of our Lorde Jesu Christ, as saith saint Peter in his Epistles. Jesu Christ he saith hath suffred for us, and yeven ensample to every man to folowe and sue him, for he did never sinne ne never came there a villainous worde out of his mouth. Whan men cursed him, he cursed 'hem not. And whan men bete him, he menaced hem not. Also the grete pacience, which Sainctes, that ben in Paradise, have had in tribulacion that thei have suffred, without ther deferte or gilte, ought moche stirre you to pacience. Ferthermore, ye shul enforce you to have pacience, considering that the tribulacions of this worlde but little while endure, and sone passen ben and gone, and the joye that a man seketh to have by pacience in tribulacions is perdurable, after that the Apostle saith in his Epistle, The joye of God he saith, is perdurable, that is to saie, everlasting. Also troweth and bileveth stedfastly, that he is not well norished and well taught, that con not have pacience, or wol not receive pacience. For Salomon saith, that the doctrine and the witte of a man, is knownen by pacience. And in an other place he saith, that he that is pacient, governeth him by grete prudence.

And the same Salomon saith, The angrie and wrothefull man maketh noises, and the pacient man attempreth and stilleth 'hem. He saith also, it is more worth to be pacient than to be right strong. And he that maie have the Lordship of his own herte;

is more to praise, than he that by his force or strengthe taketh grete citees. And therefore saith saint James in his Epistle, that pacience is a grete vertue of perfeccion.

Certes (qð Melibee) I graunte you Dame Prudence, that pacience is a grete vertue of perfeccion, but every manne maie not have the perfeccion that ye seke, ne I am not of the number of right perfite men. For mine herte maie never be in pece, unto the time it be avenged. And albeit so that it was grete perill to mine enemies, to doe me a villanie, in taking vengeance upon me, yet toke thei no hede of the perille, but fulfilled ther wicked will and ther corage: and therefore me thinketh men ought not to repreve me, though I put me in a litle perill, for to avenge me, and though I doe a grete excessse; that is to saie: that I venge one outrage by an other.

Ah (qð dame Prudence) ye saie your will as you liketh: but in no case of the world, a man shoud not do outrage ne excessse, for to venge him. For Cassiodor saith, that as evill doeth he, that vengeth him by outrage; as he that doeth the outrage. And therfore ye shall venge you after the order of right, that is to saie, by the Lawe, and not by excessse, ne by outrage. And also if you wol venge you of the outrage of your adversaries, in other maner than right commaundeth, ye sinne. And therfore saith Seneke: that a man shal never venge shreudnesse by shreudnesse. And if ye saie that right asketh to defende violence, and fighting by fighting: certes ye saie soth, whan the defence is doen without intervall, or without tarying or delaie, for to defende him, and not for to venge him. And it behoveth that a man put soch attemperaunce in his defence, that men have no cause ne matter to repreve him, that defendeth him of outrage and excessse, for els were it againe reson. Parde ye knowe well, that ye make no defence as now, for to defende you, but for to venge you: and so sheweth it, that ye have no will to doe your dede attemperately, and therfore me thinketh that pacience is gode. For Salomon saith, that he that is not pacient, shall have grete harme.

Certes saied Melibe I graunte you, that whan a man is impaciente and wrothe, of that that toucheth him not, and that appertaineth not unto him, though it harme him it is no wonder. For the lawe saith, that he is culpable, that entremetleth or medleth with soche thinges, as appertaineth not unto him. And Salomon saith, that he that entremetleth of the noise or strife of an other manne, is like to him that taketh a straunge hounde by the eres: For right as he, that taketh a straunge hounde by the eres, is other while bitten by the hond, right so in the same wise, it is reson that he have harme, that by his impaciente, medleth him of the noise of an other man, where as it appertaineth not unto him. But ye knowe well that this dede, that is to saie, my grief and my disese, toucheth me right nigh. And therfore though I be wrothe and impatient, it is no mervaille: and saving your grace, I cannot se that it might gretely harme me, though I toke vengeance, for I am richer and more mightie than mine enemies be: And well knowe ye that by money and by having grete possessions, ben all thinges of this worlde governed. And Salomon saith, all these thinges obei to money.

Whan Prudence had herd her husbonde, avaunte him of his richesse and money, dispraising the power of his adversaries, she spake and saied in this wise. Certes dere sir, I graunte you that ye be riche and mightie, and that the richesse is gode to them that have

have well gotten 'hem, and that well can use them. For righte as the bodie of a manne maie not live without the soule, no more maie it live without the temporell godes, and by richesse maie a manne get him grete frendes. And therefore saieth Pamphillus: If a Nerthes doughter he saieth be riche, she maie chese of a thousande menne, whiche she wolle take to her husbonde: for of a thousande one wolle not forsake her ne refuse her. And this Pamphillus saieth also: if thou be right happie, that is to saie, if thou be riche, thou shalte finde a grete number of fellowes and frendes. And if thy fortune chaunge, farewell frendship and felowship, for thou shalte be alone without any companie, but if it be the companie of pore folke. And yet saieth this Pamphillus more over, that thei that ben bonde and thrall of linage, shal be made worthy and noble by the riches. And right so as by the riches there come many gode-nesses, right so by povertie come there many harmes and evilles, for grete povertie constraineth a manne to doe many evilles. And therefore calleth Cassiodor povertie the mother of ruine, that is to saie, the mother of overthrowing or of falling doune. And therefore saieth Peter Alfoune: One of the gretest adversities of this world, is whan a fre man by kinde or of birth, is constrained by povertie, to ete the almose of hisemie. And the same saieth Innocente, in one of his bokes: As saith, that sorowfull and mishap is the condicion of a pore begger, for if he aske not his mete, he dieth for hunger, and if he aske he dieth for shame: and algates necessite constraineth him to aske. And therefore saieth Salomon, that better is to die, than for to have soche povertie. And as the same Salomon saieth: Better is to die of bitter deth, than for to live in soche wise. By these resons that I have saied unto you, and by many other resons that I could saie, I graunt you that riches ben gode, to 'hem that 'hem well getten, and to 'hem that well usen tho riches: And therefore wolle I shewe you how ye shall behave you in gathering of riches, and in what maner she shullen use 'hem.

Firste, ye shall gette 'hem withouten gret desire, by gode leiser, sokingly and not over hastily; for a manne that is to desiring to get richesse, habandoneth him firste to theft and to all other evilles. And therefore saieth Salomon: he that hasteth him to busily to wexe riche, he shall be none innocente. He saieth also, that the richesse that hastily cometh to a manne, sone and lightly goeth and passeth from a manne, but that richesse that cometh little and little, wexeth alwaie and multiplieth. And sir, ye shall get richesse by your wit and by your travaile, unto your profite, and that without wrong or harme doing to any other persone. For the Lawe saieth, there maketh no man him self riche, if he doe harme to an other wight, this is to saie: that nature defendeth and forbiddeth by righte, that no manne make himself riche, unto the harme of an other person. And Tullius saith that no sorowe ne no drede of deth, ne nothing that maie fall unto a man, is so moche ayenst nature, as a man to encrece his own profite. to the harme of an other manne. And though the grete and mightie menne gette riches more lightly than thou, yet shalte thou not be idle, ne slowe to do thy profite, for thou shalte in all wise flie idleness. For Salomon saith, that idleness techeth a man to doe many evils. And the same Salomon saieth, that he that travaileth and busieth him to tilthe his londe, shal ete bred: but he that is idell, and casteth him to no business ne occupacion, shall fall into povertie, and die for hunger. And he that is idell and slowe, can never find covenable time for to doe his profite. For there is a versefour saith, that the idell manne excuseth

him in Winter, bicause of the grete cold, and in Sommer bicause of the hete. For these causes saith Caton, waketh and encline you not over moche for to slepe, for over moche rest norisheth and causeth many vices. And therefore saieth sainct Hierom, doe some gode dedes, that the devil, whiche is our enemy, ne finde you not unoccupied, for the devil ne taketh not lightly unto his working, soche as he findeth occupied in gode werkes.

Than thus, in getting riches ye must flie idleness. And afterwarde ye shall use the riches, whiche ye have gotte by your wit and by your travaile, in soche maner, that men hold you not to scarce, ne to sparing, ne sole large, that is to saie, over large a spender: for right as men blame an avaricious man, bicause of his scarfitie and chincherie, in the same wise is he to blame, that spendeth over largely. And therefore saith Caton: use (saith he) the riches that thou hast gotten in soche maner, that men maie have no matter, ne cause to call The nother wretche ne chinche: For it is a grete shame to a manne, to have a pore herte, and a riche purse. He saieth also, the godes that thou hast gotte, use them by mesure, that is to saie, spende mesurably, for thei that folishly waste and dispende the godes that thei have, whan thei have no more proper of ther own, than thei shape 'hem to take the godes of an other manne. I saie than that ye shall nie avarice, using your riches in soche maner, that men saie not that your richesse ben buried, but that ye have 'hem in your might, and in your welding. For a wise man reproveth the avaricious man, and saith thus in these verses two. Whereto and why burieth a manne his godes by his gret avarice, and knoweth well, that nedes he must die, for deth is the ende of every man, as in this present life? And for what cause or encheson joineth he him, or knitteth he him so faste unto his godes, that all his wittes mowe not discever him, ne departe him fro his godes, and knoweth well, or ought to knowe, that whan he is ded, he shall nothing bere with him out of this worlde.

And therefore saith sainct Augustin, that the avaricious manne is likened unto helle, that the more it swalloweth, the more desire it hath to swalowe and devoure. And as wel as ye would eschue to be called an avaricious manne or chinche, as wel should ye kepe and governe you in soche a wise, that menne call you not sole large. Therefore saith Tullius: The godes of thine hous ne should not be hid ne kept so close, but that thei might be opened by pite and debonaire, that is to saie to yeve 'hem parte that have grete nede. Ne thy godes should not be so open, to be every mann's godes. Afterwarde in getting of your riches, and in using 'hem, ye shall alwaie have three things in your herte, that is to saie, our Lorde God, conscience, and gode name. First, ye shall have God in your herte, and for no richesse ye shuld doe any thing, whiche maie in any maner displese GOD your creatour and maker. For after the worde of Salomon, it is better to have a little gode with the love of GOD, than to have moche gode and treasure, and lese the love of his Lorde GOD. And the Prophete saith, that better it is to be a gode manne, and have little gode and treasure, than to be holden a shrewe, and have grete richesse. And yet I saie ferthermore, that ye should alwaie doe your business to gette your richesse, so that ye get 'hem with gode conscience. And the Apostle saith, that there n'is thing in this world, of whiche we should have so grete joye, as whan our conscience bereth us gode witnesse. And the Wise manne saith: That the substance of a manne is full gode, whan sinne is not in mann's conscience. Afterwarde in getting of

of your richesses, and in using of 'hem ye must have grete busynesse, and grete diligence, that your gode name be alwaie kept and conserved. For Salomon saith, that better it is, and more it availeth a man to have a gode name, than for to have grete richesses: And therefore he saith in an other place, Doe grete diligence saith Salomon, in keping of thy frendes, and of thy gode name, for it shall lengir abide with The, than any tresoure, be it never so precious. And certes he should not be called a grete gentleman, that after God and gode conscience, all thinges left, ne doeth his diligence and busynesse, to kepe his gode name. And Cassiodor saith, that is a signe of a gentle herte, whan a manne loveth and desireth to have a gode name. And therefore saith saint Augustin, that there ben two thinges that ben right necessarie and also nedeful: and that is gode conscience, and gode lose, that is to saie: gode conscience to thine owne persone inwarde, and gode lose for thy neighbour outwarde. And he that trusteth hym so moche in his gode conscience, that he despiseth and setteth at nought his gode name or lose, and recketh not though he kepe not his gode name, n'is but a cruell churle.

Sir, now have I shewed you how ye shuld doe in getting richesses, and how ye should use 'hem: And I se well that for the trust that ye have in your richesses, ye wol move warre and battaile; I counsaile you that ye begin no warre, in truste of your richesses, for thei ne suffise not warres to maintain. And therefore saith a Philosopher: That manne that desireth and would algates have warre, shal never have suffisaunce: for the richer that he is, the greter diffences must he make, if he woll have worship and victorie. And Salomon saith, that the grete richesses that a man hath, the more dispendours he hath. And therefore, sir, albeit so that for your riches, ye may have moche folke, yet behoveth it not, ne it is not gode to begin warre, where as ye maie in other manner have pece, unto your worship and profite: For the victories in batailles, that ben in this worlde, lieth not in grete number or multitude of peple, ne in the vertue of man, but it lieth in the will, and in the honde of our Lorde God Almightye. And therefore Judas Machabeus, whiche was God's knight, whan he should fight against his adversarie, that had a greter number, and a greter multitude of folke, and stronger than was his peple of Machabe, yet he recomforted his little companie, and saied right in this wise: Al so lightly, said he, maie our Lorde God Almightye yeve victorie to a fewe folke, as to many folke, for the victorie of a battaile commeth not by the grete number of peple, but it commeth from our Lorde GOD of heven. And dere sir, for as moche as there is no manne certaine, if it be worthie that God yeve him victorie or not, after that Salomon saith, therefore every manne should gretely drede warres to begin: and bicause that in batailles fall many perills, and happeth other while, that as sone is the grete manne slaine, as the little manne. And as it is written in the seconde boke of Kinges: The dedes of batailles ben adventurous, and nothing certain, for as lightly is one hurte with a Spere, as an other: and for there is grete peril in warre, therefore should a man fle and eschue warre in as moche as a manne maie godlye. For Salomon saith, he that loveth perille, shall fall in perill.

After that Dame Prudence had spoken in this manner, Melibe answerde and saied. I se well dame Prudence, that by your faire wordes and youre resons, that ye have shewed me, that the warre liketh you nothing, but I have not yet herd your counsaile, howe I shall doe in this nede.

Certes (saied she) I counsaile you that ye accorde

with your adversaries, and that ye have pece with 'hem. For saint James saith in his Epistle: That by concorde and pece, small riches wexe grete: and by debate and discorde, riches decaie. And ye knowe well, that one of the gretest and most soveraine thing that is in this worlde, is unite and pece. And therefore saith our Lorde Jesu Christe to his Apostles, in this wise: well happy ben thei, that love and purchase pece, for thei be called the childern of God. Ah, saied Melibe, now se I well, that ye love not mine honour ne my worship. Ye knowe well that mine adversaries have begon this debate and brige by their outrage. And ye se well that thei ne require ne praie me of pece, ne thei aske not to be reconciled. Woll ye than that I go meke me, and obeye me to 'hem, and crye 'hem mercie? Forsothe that were not my worship. For right as menne saie, over grete humblenes engendreth dispraisinge, so faareth it by to grete humilite or mekenesse.

Than began dame Prudence to make semblaunte of wrathe, and saied: Certes sir, save your grace, I love your honour and profite, as I doe mine owne, and ever have doe: ye ne none other never see the contrary. And yet, if I had saied, that ye should have purchased pece and reconciliacion, I ne had moche mistake me, ne saied amisse. For the Wise man saith: the discencion beginneth by an other man, and the reconciling beginneth by thy self. And the Prophete saith: fle shrewdnes and doe gode-nesse, seke pece and folowe it, in as moche as in The is. Yet saie I not, that ye should rather pursue to your adversaries for pece, than thei should to you: for I knowe well that ye ben so hard herted, that ye wol do nothing for me. And Salomon saith: he that hath over harde an herte, he at last shall mishappe or misbetide.

Whan Melibe had herd dame Prudence make semblaunte of wrathe, he saied in this wise. Dame I praie you, that ye be not displefed of thing that I saie, for ye know wel that I am angrie and wrothe, and that is no wonder: and thei that ben wrothe wot not well what thei doe, ne what thei saie. Therefore the Prophete saith: that troubled eyen have no clere sight. But saie and counsaile me as you liketh, for I am redy to doe right as ye woll desire: And if ye repreve me of my folie, I am the more holden to love and praise you. For Salomon saith, that he that repreveth him that doeth folie, he shall finde greter grace, than he that disceiveth hym by swete wordes.

Than saied Dame Prudence, I make no semblaunt of wrath ne of anger, but for your grete profite, for Salomon saith: he is more worth, that repreveth or chideth a sole for his folie, shewing him semblaunt of wrath, than he that supporteth him and praiseth him in his misdoynge, and laugheth at his folie. And this same Salomon saith afterwarde: That by the sorowfull visage of a manne, that is to saye, by the sorie and hevvy countenance of a manne, the sole correcteth and amendeth himselfe.

Than saied Melibe, I shall not conne aunswere unto so manie faire resons as ye put to me and shewe: saye shortly your will and your counsaile, and I am al redy to performe and fulfill it.

Than Dame Prudence discovered all her will unto him and saied. I counsaile you (saied she) above all thinges, that ye make pece bitwene God and you, and be reconciled unto him and to his grace, for as I have saide you here before, God hath suffred you to have this tribulacion and disese for your sinnes: and if ye do as I saye you, God woll sende youre adversaries unto you, and make 'hem fall at your fete, redy to do your will and your commandement. For Salomon saith, whan the condicion of man is ple-

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saunt and liking to God, he chaungeth the hertes of the man's adversaries, and constraineth hem to beseeche him of pece and of grace. And I pray you let me speke with your adversaries prively, for thy shall not knowe that it be of your wil or your assent: And than whan I knowe theyr will and their entent, I may counsaile you the more surely.

Dame saide Melibe, doeth your will and your liking, for I put me holly in your disposicion and ordinaunce.

Than dame Prudence, when she sawe the gode will of her husbonde, bythoughte here and toke advise in her selfe, thinking howe she mighte bringe this nede unto a gode conclusion and to a gode ende: And whan she sawe her time, she sente for these adversaries to come unto her in a prive place. And shewed wisely unto hem the grete godes that come of pece, and the grete harmes and perils that ben in warre, and said to hem in a godelye maner: how that hem ought to have grete repentaunce of the injury and wrong, that they had done to Melibeus her lord, and unto her and to her doughter.

And whan they herd the godely wordes of Dame Prudence, they were so supprised and ravished, and had so gret joye of her, that wonder was to tell.

Ah, lady (saide they) ye have shewed unto us the blissinge of swetnesse after the saying of David the Prophet. For the reconfiling whiche we be not worthy to have in no manere. But we ought require it with grete contricion and humilite, that ye of your godenesse have presented unto us. Now se we wel, that the science and conning of Salomon is full prewe, for he saith: That swete wordes multiply and encresse frendes, and maketh shrewes to be debonaire and meke.

Certes (saide they) we put our dede and all our matter and cause all holly in your gode will, and ben redy to obey at the commaundement of our lorde Melibeus. And therefore dere and benigne lady, we praie and beseeche you, as mekely as we can and maie, that it like unto your grete godenesse, to fulfill in dede your godely wordes. For we consider and knowe, that we have offended and greved our Lorde Melibeus out of mesure: so ferforthe that we be nat of power to make him amendes. And therefore we oblige and binde us and our frendes, for to doe all at his will and commaundemente: but paraventure he hath suche hevynesse, and suche wrathe to us warde, bycause of our offence, that he woll enjoyne us suche a paine, as we mowe not bere ne sustayne. And therefore noble lady, we beseeche your womanly pite, to take suche advisement in this nede, that we ne oure frendes be not disherited ne distroied, through our foly.

Certes (saide Prudence) it is an harde thing and right perillous, that a man put him all utterly in arbitracion and judgement, and in the might and power of his enemye: For Salomon saith: levethe me, and yeven credence to that I shal say: Ne yeveth never the power ne governaunce of thy godes, to thy son, to thy wife, to thy frende, ne to thy brother: ne yeve thou never mighte ne maystrye over thy body while thou livest. Nowe, sith he defendeth that a man should nat yeve to his brother ne to his frende, the might of his bodye; By a stronger reson he defendeth and forbiddeth a manne to yeve himselfe to his enemye. And nathelless I counsaile you that ye mistrust nat my lorde: for I wote well and know verely, that he is debonaire and meke, large, curteis, and nothing desirous ne covitous of godes riches. For there is nothing in this worlde that he desireth, save onely worship and honoure. Ferthermore I knowe, and am right sure, that he shall nothings doe in this nede, without my counsaile: and I shall so werke in

this case, that by the grace of oure Lorde God, ye shall be reconfild unto us.

Than saide they with one voice, worshipful lady, we put us and our godes all fully in your will and disposicion, and ben redy to come, what daie that it liketh unto your noblesse to limite us or assine us, for to make our obligacion and bonde, as stronge as it liketh unto your godenesse, that we mowe fulfill the wil of you and of my lorde Melibe.

Whan dame Prudence had herd the answere of these men, she bad hem goe ayen prively and she returned to her lord Melibe, and tolde him howe she founde his adversaries full repentaunt, knowleging full lowly ther sinnes and trespas, and how thei were redy to suffer all paine, requiring and praying him of mercy and pite.

Than saide Melibe, he is well worthy to have pardon and foryeveness of his sinne, that excuseth not his sinne, but knowlegeth and repenteth him, asking indulgence. For Seneke saith, there is the remission and foryevenesse, where as the confession is: for confession is neighbour to innocence. And therefore I assent and confirme me to have pece, but it is gode that we doe nought without the assent and wil of our frendes.

Than was Prudence right gladde and joyfull, and saide: Certes sir, ye have well and godely answered: for righte as by the counsaile, assente, and helpe of your frendes, ye have be steered to venge you and make war: Right so, without ther counsaile shall ye not accorde you, ne have pece with your adversaries. For the lawe saith: there is nothing so gode, by waie of kinde, as a thing to be unbounde by him that it was ibounde.

Than dame Prudence, without delay or tarying, sent anon her messenger, for her kinsfolke and her olde frendes, whiche that were trewe and wise: and tolde hem by order, in the presence of Melibe, all the mater, as it is above expressed and declared. And praied hem that they would saye their advise and counsaile, what best were to do in this nede. And when Melibeus frendes had taken ther advise and deliberacion of the forsaide mater, and had examined it by grete besinesse and diligence, thei yave ful counsaile for to have pece and reste, and that Melibe should receive with gode hert his adversaries, to foryevenesse and mercy.

And when dame Prudence had herde th' assent of her lorde Melibe, and the counsaile of his frendes accorde with her will and her entencion, she was wonderfly glad in her hert, and saide. There is an olde Proverbe (saide she) That the godenesse that thou maiste doe this daie, doe it, and abide it not, ne delaye it nat till the nexte daie. And therefore I counsaile, that ye sende your messengers, suche as be discrete and wise, unto your adversaries: telling hem on your behalfe, that if they woll trete of pece and accorde, that they shape hem without delay or tarying, to come unto us: whiche thinge perfourmed was in dede. And when these trespallours, and repenting folke of ther folies, that is to saye, the adversaries of Melibeus, had herde what these messengers saide unto hem, they were right gladde and joyfull, and answered full mekely and benignely, yeldinge grace and thanks to ther lorde, Melibe, and to all his companie: and shope hem without delaye to go with the messengers, and obeyed the commaundement of ther lorde Melibeus. And right anon they toke ther waye to the court of Melibe, and toke with hem some of ther true frendes, to make faith for hem, and for to be ther borowes: And whan they were comen to the presence of Melibe, he said to hem these wordes. It stondeth thus, saide Melibe, and sothe it is, that causelesse and without

skil

skill and refon, ye have done gret injuries and wronges to me and my wife Prudence, and to my doughter also, for ye have entred into my house by violence, and have don such outrage, that all men know wel that ye have deserved dethe. And therefore woll I knowe and wete of you, whether ye woll put the punishing and the chastising and the vengeance of this outrage, in the will of me and my wife, or ye wol not.

Then the wisest of 'hem thre answerde for 'hem al, and said. Sir (said he) we knowe well that we ben unworthy to come to the courte of so gret a lorde and so worthy as ye be, for we have so gretly mistaken us, and have offended and agilted in such wise againe your high lordeship, that truly we have deserved the dethe, but yet for the grete godenesse and debonaire, that all the worlde witnesseth of your person, we submitte us to the excellence and benigne of your gracious lordeshippe, and ben redy to obey to all your commaundementes, beseeching you, that of your merciable pite ye woll consider our grete repentaunce, and lowe submission, and graunte us foryevenesse of our outragious trespassse and offence: For wel we knowe, that your liberall grace and mercye stretche ferther in to the godenesse, than doen our outragious giltes and trespassses into the wickednesse. Al be it that curfildy and dampnably we have agilted against your high lorship.

THan Melibe toke 'hem up fro the ground full benignely, and received ther obligacions and ther bondes, by ther othes upon ther pledges and borowes, and assyned 'hem a certayne day to returne unto his court for to receyve and accept sentence and judgement, that Melibeus would commaunde to be don on 'hem, by the causes asorfaid, which thinges ordained, every man returned to his house.

And when dame Prudence sawe her time, she fained and asked her lorde Melibe, what vengeance he thought take on his adversaries.

To which Melibe answerde, and said: Certes (said he), I thinke and purpose me fully to disherite 'hem of all that ever they have, and for to put them in exile for ever.

Certes said dame Prudence, this were a cruell sentence, and muche ayenst refon. For ye be riche inough, and have no nede of other meanes riches. And ye might lightly in this wise gete you a covetous name, whiche is a vicious thing, and ought be eschewed, of every gode manne. For after the saying of the Apostel, Covetise is rote of all harmes. And therefore it were better to you lese so muche gode of your owne, than for to take of their gode in this manner. For better it is to lese gode with worship, than to winne gode with villane and shame. And every man ought to do his diligence and his businesse, to gete him a gode name. And yet shall he not only busy him in kepinge his gode name, but he shall also enforce him alwaie to doe some thinge, by whiche he maye renewe his gode name. For it is written, that the olde gode lose of a manne or gode name,

is sone gon and paste, whan it is not renewed. And as touchinge, that ye saie that ye woll exile your adversaries: that thinketh me muche ayenst refon, and out of mesure, considring the power, that they have yeve you upon them self. And it is writen: that he is worthy to lose his privilege, that misuleth the mighte and power that is given him. And I sette case, ye might enjoyne 'hem that paine by righte and lawe, whiche I trowe ye maie not doe: I saie, ye might not put it to execution, for peraventure than it were like to turne to the warre, as it was before. And therefore if ye woll that men do you obeisaunce, ye must demene you more courteisly, that is to saye: ye must yeve more esy sentences and judgement. For it is written: he that most curteisly commaundeth, to him men most obey. And therefore I praye you, that in this necessite and in this nede, ye caste ye to overcome your herte. For as Senek saith: he that overcometh his hert, overcometh twife. And Tully saith: there is nothing so commendable in a grete lord, as when he is debonaire and meke, and apeseth him lightly. And I pray you that ye wol now forbere to do vengeance in suche a maner, that your gode name maie be kept and conserved, and that men maie have cause and matter to praise you of pite and mercy: and that ye have no cause to repent you of thing that is done. For Senek saith: he overcometh in an yvell manere, that repenteth him of his victorie. Wherefore I praye you, lette mercy be in your hert, to th' effect and entent, that God Almightye have mercie upon you in his laste judgement. For saint James saith in his Epistel: judgement without mercy shal be do to him, that hath no mercy of another wight.

Whan Melibe had herde the grete skilles and reasons of dame Prudence, and her wife informacions and techinges, his herte gan encline to the will of his wife, considring her trewe entent, conformynge him anon and assented fully to worke after her counsaile: and thanked God, of whom procedeth all godenesse and vertue, that him had sent a wife of so grete discretion. And whan the day came that his adversaries should apere in his presence, he spake to 'hem godely, and saide in this wise.

Al be it so, that of your pride and high presumption and folie, and of your negligence and unconninge, ye have misborne you, and trespaced unto me, yet for as mikell as I se and beholde your gret humilite, and that ye be fory and repentaunt of your giltes, it constraineth me to doe you grace and mercy: Wherefore I receive you to my grace, and forgeve you holly all the offences, injuries, and wronges, that ye have done ayenst me and mine, to th' effect and ende, that God of his endlesse mercy woll at the time of our dyinge foryeve us our giltes, that we have trespaced to him in this wretched worlde. For doutlesse if we be fory and repentaunt for the sinnes and giltes, whiche we have trespaced in the sight of our Lord God: he is so fre and so merciable, that he woll forgive us our giltes; and bring us to the blisse that never shall have ende. Amen.

Here endeth the TALE of CHAUCER.

Here



Here foloweth the MONKE's PROLOGUE.

Han endid was the tale of Melibee
 And of Prudence, and her benignite,
 Our hoste saide, as I am a faithful man,
 And by the precious corpus Madrian,
 I had levir than a baril of ale
 That goodlese my wife had yherde this tale,
 For she nothing is of suche pacience
 As was this Melibeus wife Prudence.

By godd's bonis, when I bete my knaves
 She bringith to me the grete clubbid staves,
 And cryith, flee the doggis everichone,
 And breke of them the backe and every bone.
 And if so be any neighbour of mine
 Wol not in churche unto my wife encline,
 Or be so hardy to her to trespase,
 Whan she cometh home she rennith in my face,
 And cryith, false cowarde, awreke thy wife,
 By *Corpus Domini*, I wol have thy knife,
 And thou shalt have my distafe, and go spinne,
 Fro day til night, she wol right thus beginne.

Alas! she saith, that ever she was shape
 To weddin a milkop, a cowarde ape,
 That wol be overleide with every wight,
 Thou darst not stondin by thy wiv's right.

This is my life, but if that I wol fight,
 And out at dore, anon I mote me dight,
 And ellis I am losse, but if that I
 Be like a wilde lion, and sole hardy.

I wot well she wol do me flee some day
 Some neighbour or othir and goe my way,
 For I am perilous with knife in honde,
 Al be it that I dare not her withstonde,
 For she is bigge in armis by my faith,
 That shal he finde, that her misdoth or faith:

But let us passe away from this mattere.

My lord he said, sir monke, be mery of chere;
 For ye shall tellin us a tale truely.

Lo Rochester ystondeth here fast by,
 Ride forth min own lord, and breke not our game,
 But by my trowth I knowin not your name, 40
 Whe'er I shal cal you my lorde dan John,
 Or dan Thomas, dan Robert, or Albon,
 Or what house be ye, by your father kin,
 I vowe to God, thou hast a ful faire skyn,
 It is a gentle pasture there thou gost,
 Thou art not like a pinaunt or a ghost.

Upon my faithe thou art some officere,
 Some worthy Sexten, or some Celerere,
 For by my father's soule, as to my dome 50
 Thou art a maistir, when thou art at home,
 No pore cloisterer, ne no pore novise,
 But a governour both wity and wise,
 And therewithall of braune and eke of bones
 A right well faring person for the nones.

I praie to God yeve him confusion
 That first The brought into religion,
 Thou woldist have ben a trede foule aright,
 Haddist thou as grete leve, as thou haste might
 To persourm al thy lust in ingendrure,
 Thou haddest begottin many a cature, 60
 Alas! why werist thou so wide a cope,
 God yeve me sorowe, and I werin Pope,
 Not onely thou, but every mighty man,
 Though he were shorin high upon his pan,
 Should have a wife, for al this world is lorn,
 Religion hath take up al the corne
 Of treading, and we borel men ben shrimpes,
 Of feble trees there comith wretched impes,

This

This makith that our childern be so slender
And feble, that thei may not well engender,
This makith that our wivis wol assay
Religious folke, for they may bettir pay
Of Venus paimentes, bettir than mowe we,
For God wote no lufsburghis payin ye,
But be not wroth my lord, although I playe,
Ful ofte in game a sothe have I herde say.

This worthy monke toke al in pacience,
And said, I wol doin my diligence
As ferre as founith into honeste,
To tellin you a tale, ye two or thre,
And if ye liste to herkin hitherwarde,
I wol you saine the life of saint Edward,
Or ellis tragidies first I wol tell,
Of whiche I have an hundrid in my cell.
Tragidy is to tell a certaine story

As oldē bokis makin ofte memory
Of 'hem that stode in grete prosperite,
And be fallin out of ther hie degre
In to misery, and endid wretchidly,
And thei ben versifyid cominly 90
Of fixe fete, whiche men clepen hexametroh,
In prose eke ben enditid many one,
And in metre, many a sondry wife,
Lo! this ought inough you for to suffise.
Now herkinith, if you list for to here,
But first I you beseke in this matere,
80 Though I by ordir tellin not these thinges,
Be it of Popis, Emperours, or Kinges,
After ther agis, as men writin finde,
But telle 'hem, some before and some behinde, 100
As it comith nowe to my remembraunce,
Have me excusid of mine ignoraunce.

Here endeth the MONKE's PROLOGUE.



Here beginneth his TALE.

A Tragical Discourse of many who have fallen from high Estate to extreme Misery.



Wol bewaile in manre' of Tragedy
The harme of them that stode in hie
degre,

And fell so that there was no remedy
To bring 'hem out of ther adversite.
For certaine whan that fortune list to flye,
There may no man of her the course withhold,
Let no man trust to blind prosperity,
Beth ware by these ensamples yonge and olde. 110

Lucifer.

At Lucifer, though he an angel were
And nat a man, at him will I beginne,
For though fortune may nat an angel dere,
From hie degre, yet fel he for his sinne,
Doun into hell, where as he is yet inne.
O Lucifer, brightist of angels all,
Now art thou Sathanas, that maist not twin
Out of misery, in whiche thou art fall.

Adam.

Lo Adam! in the felde of Damascene
With Godd's owne finger ywrought was he, 120
And not begotin of mannes strene unclene,
And welte al paradise savoring o tre,
Had nevere worldely man so hie degre
As Adam, til he for misgovernance
Was driven out of his high prosperite,
To labour unto Helle, and to mischaunce.

Sampson.

Lo Sampson! which that was annunciate
By the' angel, long or his nativite,
And was to God almighty consecrate,
And stode in nobles whilis he might fe, 130
Was nevere suche another, as was he,
To speke of strength, and therto hardinesse,
But to his wivis tolde he his previte,
Through which he slough himself for wretchidnesse.

Sampson, this noble' and mighty champion,
Withoutin wepin, save his handis twey,
He slough and al to rente the strong lien

Towarde his wedding, walking by the wey,
His false wife coulde him so plesse and pray,
Till she his counsaile knewe, and she untrew 140
Unto his foes his counsaile gan bewray,
And him forfoke, and toke another newe.

An hundrid foxis toke Sampson for yre
And all ther tailis he together bonde,
And set the foxis tailis al on fire,
For he in every taile hath put a bronde,
And thei brent all the cornis in that londe,
And ther olivis, and ther vinis eke,
A thousand men eke he slough with his honde,
And had no wepin, but an ass's cheke. 150

Whan thei were slaine, so thrifed him that he
Was wel nie lorne, for which he gan to prey
That God wold of his paine have some pite
And sende him drinke, or ellis mote he dey,
And of this ass's cheke, that was so drey,
Out of a wange tothe sprang anon a well,
Of whiche he dronke inough, shortly to sey,
Thus halpe him God, as Judicum can tell.

By very force, at Gasa on a night,
Maugre the Philistins of that cite, 160
The gatis of the toun he hath up plight,
And on his backe icaried 'hem hath he
High on an hill, where as men might 'hem fe.
O noble mighty Sampson, lese and dere,
Had thou not tolde the woman thy secre,
In al this worldē ne had be thy pere.

This Sampson neither sider dranke ne wine,
Ne on his hed came rasour none ne there,
By precepte of the messangere divine,
For all his strength was lodgid in his here, 170
And fully twenty winteres yere by yere
Of Israel he had the governaunce,
But after sone shall he wepe many a tere,
For women shal bring him to his mischaunce.

Unto his lemman Dalila he tolde

T t

That

That in his heris al his strength ylay,
And falsely to his foemen she him folde,
And sleping in her barme upon a day 180
She made to clippe or shere his heres away,
And made his fomen al his craft espie,
And whan that thei him fonde in suche aray
They bounde him faste, and tho put out his eyen.

But er his heres were clippid or ishave
There n'as no bond with which men might him
binde,
But now he is imprison'd in a cave,
Where as thei made him at the querne to grinde.
O noble Sampson, strongist of mankinde,
O whilom judge in glory and riches! 190
Now maist thou wepin with thine eyin blinde,
Sith thou art from wele fal to wretchidnesse.

The' ende of these caitives was, as I shal sey,
His fomen made a fest upon a daie
And made him, as their sole, before 'hem pley,
And this was in a temple of gret araie,
But at the last he made a foule affray,
For he two postis shoke, and made 'hem fall,
Doun fel the temple al, and there it laie,
And sloughe himself, and eke his fomen all. 200

This is to say, the princes everichone,
And eke thre thousand bodies were ther slain
With falling of the grete temple of stone.
Of this Sampson now wol I no more saie,
Beth ware by this ensample olde and plain
That no men tel ther counsaile to ther wives
Of such thing as thei would have secret fain,
If that it touche ther limmis or ther lives.

Of Hercules.

Of Hercules the soveraine conqueroure
Singin his werkis, laude, and hie renown, 210
For in his time of strength he bare the floure,
He slough and raste the skin of the lioun
And of the Centaurs laide the boste adoune,
He Harpyes slewe, the cruel birdis fell,
He goldin appels raste fro the dragon,
He drewe out Cerberus the hounde of hell.

He slewe the cruel tiraunt Busyris,
He made his horse to frete him fleshe and bone,
He sloughe the very serpent venemous,
Of Achelous hornes brake he that one, 220
And he slewe Cacus in a cave of stone,
He sloughe the giaunt Antæus the stronge,
He sloughe the grisly bore, and that anon,
And bare his hed upon his sperè longe.

Was nevir wight, sithin the world began,
That slough so many monsters, as did he,
Throughout this wide world his name it ran,
What for his strength, and what for his bounte,
And evèry relme went he for to se,
He was so strong, that no man might him let, 230
And at the world's end he, for Trophe,
Instede of boundes of brassè 2 pillours set.

A lemman had this noble champion
That hight Deianire, as fresh as Maye,
And as these clerkis makin mention
She hath him sent a shirt both fresh and gaie,
Alas: this shirte, alas and well awaie!
Envenomid was subtilly withall,
That er he had werid it halfe a daie
It made his bonis fro his fleshe to fall. 250

But nathelesse, some clerkis here excusen

By one that hight Nessus, that it makid,
Be as be may, I wol her not accuseri,
But on his bak the' shirte he ware nakid,
Til the fleshe was with the venim blakid,
And when he sawe none othir remedie,
In hote colis he hath himselfe irakid
For with no venim dainid he to die.

Thus sterfe this worthy mighty Hercules,
Lo! who may trust in fortune any throwe? 250
For him that foloweth of this world the pres
Or he beware, is oftin laide ful lowe,
Ful wise is he, which that himselfe can knowe,
Beware, for when that fortune liste to glose
Than waitith she, her man adoune to throwe
By suche a way, as he would leste suppose.

Nabuchodonosor.

THE mighty trone, the precious trefore,
The glorious septer, royal majeste,
That hath the King Nabuchodonosore,
With tonge unnethis may discrivid be. 260
He twise wanne Hierusalem, that cite,
The vesseles of the temple he with him lad,
At Babilon was his soveraine se,
In whiche his glory and delite he had.

The fairist childrin of the blode royall
Of Israel he did do gelde anone,
And make eche of 'hem for to ben his thrall,
Amonge all othir Daniell was one,
That was the wisist childe of everichone,
For he the dremis of the king expounded, 270
Where as in Caldee clerkis were there none
That wist unto what fine his dremis souned.

This proude king let make a statu of golde
Sixty cubites in lengthe, and sevin in brede,
To whiche ymage, to bothe the yonge and olde
Commaundid he to loute, and have in drede,
Or in a forneis, ful of flamis rede,
He should be brente, that ne would not obey,
But never would assent unto that dede
Daniell, ne his yong felowis twey.

This king of kingis, so proude and elate
Wende God, that sittith hie in majeste
Ne might him nat birefe of his estate,
But sodainly he losse his dignite, 280
And like a best him semid for to be,
And ete hey as an oxe, and laye therout
In rain, and with wilde bestis walkid he,
Til that a certain time was come about.

And like an Egl's fethers were his heres,
And his neilis like birdis clawis were, 290
But God relevid him at certain yeres,
And yave him wit, and than with many' a tere
He thonkid God, and al his life in fere
Was he to doe amisse, or more trespase,
And ere that he layid was on his bere
He knew that God was full of might and grace.

Balthasar.

HIS sonnè, which that hightin Balthafare,
That helde the reign after his fa'ir's daie,
He by his fa'ir could not be aware,
For proude he was of herte, and of arraie, 300
And eke an Ydolaster was he aie,
His high estate assurid him in pride,
But fortune cast him doun, and there he laie,
And sodainly his reigne bygan devide.

A fest he made unto his lordis all

Upon

Upon a time, he made him blith to be,
And than his officeris gan he call,
Goth bringith forth the Vessellis, qð he,
Whiche that my fathre' in his prosperite
Out fro the Temple' of Jerus'lem beraft,
And to our Goddis thonkis yeldin we
Of honour, that our eldiris with us laft.

His wife, his lordis, and his concubines
Aie dronkin, whiles ther appetyte wold laft,
Out of these noble vessels, fondrie wines,
And on a wall this king his eyin cast,
And sawe an hond armelesse, that wrote full fast,
For fere of whiche he quoke, and fighid fore,
This hond, that Balthasar made fore agast,
Wrote *Mene Techel Phares* and no more.

In all that londe Magicien was ther non
That couð expounin what this letter ment,
But Daniel expounid it anon,
And saied, O king, God to thy fathir sent
Glorie and honour, reign, tresour, and rent,
And he was proude, and nothing God he drad,
And therefore grete wrath God upon him sent,
And him biraft the reigne that he had.

He was out cast of mann'is companie,
With Affis was his habitacion,
And ete haie as a best, in wete and drie,
Till that he knewe, by grace and by reson,
That God of heven hath dominacion
Ovir every reigne, and every cature,
And than had God of him compassion,
And him restored his reigne and his figure.

Eke thou, that art his sonne, art proud also,
And knowist all these thingis privily,
And rebell unto God art, and his foe,
Thou dranke eke of his vessels boldly,
Thy wife eke, and thy wenchis sinfully
Dronke of the same vessels fondrie winis,
And heryid false Goddis curdily,
Therefore unto The shapin full gret pyne is.

This hond was sent fro God, that on the wal
Wrote *Mene Techel Phares* trustith me,
Thy reigne is doen, thou weldest it not at all,
Devidid is thy relme, and it shall be
To Medis and to Perciens (qð he)
And that same night in bed the king was slawe, 250
And Darius occupied his degre,
Though he therto had neither right ne law.

Lordinges, here by ensample mowe ye take
How that in lordship is no sikirnesse,
For whan that fortune woll a man forsake,
She bereth awaie his reigne, and his richesse,
And eke his frendis, bothe more and lesse,
And whanne a man hath frendis through fortune
Mishap woll make them enemies I gesse,
This proverbe is full soth, and ful commune. 360

Zenobia.

Zenobia of Palmerie the Quene
(As writith Perciens of her noblesse)
So worthy was in armis, and so kene,
That no wight passid her in hardinesse,
Ne in linage, ne othir gentillesse,
Of kingis blode of Perce she is discended,
I saie that she ne had not moſte fairenesse,
But of her shap she might not be amended.

From her childhode I findin that she fled
Office of woman, and to wode she went,

And many a wilde Hert'is blode she shed.
With arrowis brode, that she to 'hem sent,
She was so swift, that she anon 'hem hent,
And whan that she was eldir, she would kill
Lions, Libardes, and Beris all to rent,
And in her armis welde 'hem at her will.

She durst the wilde bestis dennis seke,
And rennin in the mountaines all the night,
And slepe under a bushe; and she could eke
Wraſtill by very force, and very might
With any yong man, were he nere so wight,
There mightin nothing in her armis stonde,
She kept her maidinhed from every wight,
To no man dained she to be ybounde.

But at the laſt, her frendis haven her married
To Odenat, a Prince of that countre,
All were it so, that she 'hem long ytaried,
And ye shall understondin how that he
Yhad soche fantasie as had she,
But nathelſſe, whan thei were knit in fere,
Thei lived in joye and in felicite,
For eche of 'hem had othir leſe and dere.

Save one thing, that she n'olde nevir assent
By no waie, that he shouldin by her lie
But onis, for it was her plain entent
To have a child, the worlde to multiplie,
And al so sone as that she might asprie
That she was not with childe with that dede,
Than would she suffre' him do his fantasie
Eftſonis, and but onis out of drede.

And if she were with childe at thilkè cast,
Than no more should he play with her that game
Till fully fourtie dayis werin past
Than would she onis suffir him the same,
All were this Odenat or wilde or tame
He gate no more of her, for thus she saied,
It was to wivis lecherie and shame,
In othir case if that men with 'hem plaid.

Two fonnis by this Odenat had she,
The whiche she kept in vertue and lettrure,
But now unto our talè tournin we,
I saie that so worshipfull a cature
And wise therwith, and eke large with mesure,
So penible in warre, and curteis eke,
Ne more labour mightin in warre endure
Was non, though al this world men woldin seke.

Her riche araie ne might not be ytold
As well in vessell as in her clothing,
She was all cladde in pierrie and in gold,
And eke she ne left not for none hunting;
To have of fondrie tonguis folke knowing
Whan that she leisir had for to entende
To lernin bokis was all her liking,
How she in vertue might her life dispende.

And shortly of this storie for to trete,
As doughtie was her husbonde as was she,
So that thei conquered many reignis grete
In the' Orient, with many' a faire cite
Appertenaunt unto the Majeste
Of Rome, and with strong hond them held ful faste,
Ne nevir might her foemen doe her sle
As long as Odenat'is dayis laſt.

Her battailes, who so liſte 'hem for to rede,
Again Sapor the king, and othir mo,
And how that all this proces fill in dede,
Why she conquered, what title she' had therto,
And

And after of her mischief, and her wo,
How that she was besiegid, and itake,
Let him unto my maister Petrarke go,
That write inough of this, I undertake.

440

Whan Odenat was dedde, she mightily
The relmis held, and with her propre honde
Ayenst her foes she fought so truilly,
That there n'as prince ne king in all that londe
That he n'as glad, if that the grace he fonde,
That she ne should upon his londe warrey,
With her thei maidin aliaunce by bonde
To be in pece, and let 'hem ride and pley.

The Emperour of Rome hight Claudius,
Ne him beforne, the Romain Galien
Ne durst nevir be so coragious
Ne non Armen, ne non Arabiene,
That durste onys before hiere be sene
Within the field, that durst with her to fight,
Lest that she would 'hem with her hondis flene,
Or with her meine, put 'hem all to flight.

450

In king's habite, went her sonnis two,
As lawfull heiris of her relmis all,
And Hermano and Titamallio
Ther namis were, as Perciens 'hem call
But aie fortune, hath in her honie gall,
This mightie Quene, ne maie no while endure
Fortune out of her reigne made her to fall
To wretchidnesse, and to misaventure.

460

Aurelian, whan that the governaunce
Of Rome was come into his hondis twey,
He shope upon this quene to doe vengeance,
And with his legions, he toke his wey
Toward Zenobia', and shortly for to saie
He made her fle, and at the last her hent,
And fettered her, and eke her children twaie,
And wan the lond, and home to Rome he went.

470

Emongis othir thingis that he wan
Her chare, that of gold was wrought and pierre,
This gretè Romaine, this Aurelian
Hath with him lad, for that men should it se,
And beforne his triumph ywalkid she
With golden chainis on her necke honging,
Crounid she was, as aftir her degre,
And full of pierre chargid her clothing.

480

Alas fortune, she that whilom ywas
Dredefull to Kingis, and to Emperoures,
Now gaurith all the peple' on her, alas!
And she that helmid was in starke stouris
And wan by force tounis strong, and touris,
Shall on her hedde now werin autremite!
And she that bare the scepter full of flouris,
Shall bere a distasse, her coste for to quite!

Nero.

Although that Nero were as vicious
As any fende, that lieth full low adoun,
Yet he, as tellith us Suetonius,
All this wide worlde had in subjeccioun
Bothe East and West, South and Septentrioun,
Of Rubies, Saphers, and of Perlis white
Were all his clothis broudrid up and doun,
For he in gemmis gretely gan delite.

490

More delicate, more pompous of araie,
More proude, was nevir Emperour, than he,
That ilke clothe that he had werid o daie,
Aftir that time he n'old it nevir se,
Nettis of gold threde had he grete plente

500

To fishe in Tiber, whan him list to plaie,
His lustis were as lawe, in his degre,
For fortune, as his frende, would him obaie.

He Rome ybrent for his delicacie,
The Senatours he slue upon a daie,
To here how ther wivis would wepe and crie,
And slowe his brothir, by his siltir laie,
His mothir made he in pitous araie,
For he her wombe let slite for to beholde
Where he conceivid was, so welawaie
That he so little of his mothir tolde.

520

No teres out of his eyin for that sight
Ne came, but saied a faire woman was she,
Grete wondir is, how that he couð or might
Be the Domifman of her dedde beaute,
The wine to bringin him commaundid he,
And dranke anon, none othir wo he made;
Whan might is joignid unto cruelte
Alas! to depe wollin the venim wade.

520

In youth a maistir had this Emperour
To techin him lettrure, and curtesie,
For of moralite he was the floure,
As in his time, but if these bokis lie,
And whiles his maistir had of him maistre
He made him so conning and so souple,
That long time it was or that tirannie,
Or any vice, durst in him uncouple.

This Seneca of which I you devise,
Bicause that Nero had of him soche drede,
For he for his vicis would him chastise
Discretly as by worde, and not by dede,
Sir, he would saie, an Emperour mote nede
Be vertuous, and hatin tirannie,
For whiche he made him in a bathe to blede
On bothe his armis, till he must ydie.

This Nero had eke of a customaunce
In youth, ayenst his maistir for to rise,
Which aftirward him thought a grete grevaunce,
Therefore he made him dey in this wyse,
But natheless this Seneca the wife
Chese in a Bath to dye in this manere,
Rathir than have anothir turmentise,
And thus hath Nero slain his maistir dere.

540

Now fell it so, that fortune list no longer
The high pride of this Nero to cherishe
For tho that he were strong, yet was she stronger,
And thus she thought by God I am to nice
To set a man, that is fulfilled of vice,
In hie degre, and Emperour him call,
By God out of his fete I woll him trice,
Whan he lest wenith, sonist shall he fall.

550

The peple rose upon him on a night
For his defaute, and whan he it aspied,
Out of his dores anon he hath him dight
Alone, and there he wende have ben alied,
He knockid fast, and aie the more he cried,
The fastir shette han thei the doris all,
Tho wist he well, he had himself begiled,
And went his waie, no lengir durst he call.

The peple cried and romblid up and doun,
That with his eris he herd how thei saied,
Where is this false Traytour, this fell Neroun?
For fere full nere out of his wit he braied,
And to his Goddes right pitouly he praied
For focoure, but it might not him betide,
For drede of this him thoughtin that he deide,

560

And

And ran into a gardein, him to hide.

And in this gardeine found he chorlis twey
That fattin by a fire full grete and redde,
And to the chorlis two he gan to prey
To flea him, and to girdin of his hedde;
That to his body, whan that he were dedde,
Were no despite ido, for his deffame,
Himself he slough, he could not better redde,
Of which fortune ylough and made a game.

Holofernes.

WAS never a capteyn undir a king,
That reiginis mo put in subjeccion;
Ne strongir was in field, of alle thing
As in his time, ne gretir of renoun,
Ne more pompous in high presumpcioun,
Than Holofernes which fortune aie kiste,
And so licorously lad up and down,
Till that his hedde was off er that he wiste.

Not only that this worlde had of him awe,
For lesing of richesse and liberte,
But he made every man renie his lawe,
Nabuchodonosor was lorde, saied he,
None othir God yshould honourid be,
Ayenst his heft, there dare no wight trespase,
Save in Bethulia, a strong cite,
Where Eliathem was priest of that place.

But take kepe of the deth of Holoferne;
Amid his hoste he dronkin laie all night
Within his tent, as large as is a berne,
And yet for all his pompe, and all his might,
Judith, a woman, as he laie upright
Slepinge, his hedde of smote, and fro his tent
Full privily she stole; from every wight,
And skatheless fram hem all she went.

Antiochus.

WHat nedith it of king Antiochus
To tell his high and roiall majeste?
His grete pride, and his werkis venemus;
For soche an othir nas never noon but he;
Redith what that he was in Machabe,
And redith the proude wordis that he saied,
And why he fill from his prosperite,
And in an hill how wretchidly he died.

Fortune him had enhaumid so in pride;
That verily he wende he might attaine
Unto the steris, upon every side,
And in a balaunce to wey eche mountain,
And all the foudis of the se restrain,
And Godd's peple had he moste in hate,
Them would he flea, in turment, and in pain,
Wening that God ne might his pride abate.

And for that Nichanore and Timothe
By Jewis were venquithid mightily,
Unto the Jewis soche an hate had he,
That he bad greithe his chare full hastily,
And swore and sayid, full dispitously,
Unto Hierusalem he would eftfone,
To wreke his ire on it full cruilly;
But of his purpose was he let full sone.

God for his menace him so fore hath smote,
With woundes invisible, incurable,
That in his guttis carfid so and bote,
That his peynis werin importable,
And certainly the wreche was refonable,
For many a mann's guttis did he pain,
But from his purpose, cursed and dampnable,
For all his smert, he n'old him not restrain.

But bade anon, aparailin his hoste;
And sodainly, er he was of it ware,
God dauntid all his pride, and all his boste;
For he so fore yfell out of his chare,
That all his limmis and his skin to rare,
So that he no more ne might go ne ride;
But in a chaire men doe about him bare
Alle forbrufid both in back and side.

The wreche of God him smote so cruilly
That in his body wickid wormis crept,
And therewithall he stanke so horribly,
That none of all his meine, that him kept,
Whethir that he awoke, or ellis slepte,
Ne mightin not of him the stinke endure,
And in his mischief he wailid and wept,
And knewe God was Lorde of every cecture.

To all his hoste, and to himself also,
Full lothsome was the stinke of his caraine,
There n'as no man might bere him to and fro,
And in his stinke, and his horrible pain
He sterfe full wretchidly on a mountain.
Thus hath this robbour, and this homicide,
That many a man made to wepe and plain,
Soche guerdon, as belongeth unto pride.

Alexander.

ALisaunder's storie is so commune;
That every wight, that hath discrecioun,
Hath herde somwhat or all of his fortune,
This wide worlde, as in conclusioun,
He wan by strength; or for his high renoun
Thei werin glad for pece unto him fende,
The pride of man and beeste he laied adoun
Where so he came, unto the world's ende.

Comparioun might yet nevir be makid
Betwixt him, and an othir conquerour,
For al this world for dred of him hath quaked,
He was of knighthode, and of fredome floure;
Fortune him made the heir of high honour,
Save wine and women, nothing might alswage
His high entent in armis and laboure,
So was he full of Leonine corage.

What price were it to him, though I you told
Of Darius, and of a thoufande mo,
Of Princis, Erlis, and of Knightis bold,
Whiche that he conquerid, and brought to wo?
I saie as ferre as man mai ride or go
The world was his, what shuld I more devise?
For though I wrote and told you evir mo
Of his knighthode, it mightin not suffice.

Twelve yere he reignid, as sayeth Machabe,
Philipp's sonne of Macedohe was he,
Which that first King was of Grece the countre;
O worthy gentill Alisaundre, alas! qd he
That evir it sholde falle in swyche degreet,
Enpoisonid of thy own folke thou were,
Thy fortune to an asse hath turnede thee,
And yet for The ne wept she ner a tere.

O who shall yeve me tetis to complain
The deth of gentilnesse, and of fraunchise,
That all the worlde weldid in his demain,
And yet him thought it mightin not suffice,
So full was his corage of high emprise!
Alas! who shall me helpin to endite
Falso fortune, and her poison to dispise,
The which two of all this wo I wite.

U u

Julius

Julius Cesar.

BY wisedome, manhode, and by grete labour,
 From humble bed to roiall Majeste
 Up rose he, Julius the Conquerour,
 That all the Occident, by londe and see,
 Wan by strength of hond, or els by trete,
 And unto Rome made them tributarie,
 And sith of Rome the Emperour was he
 Till that fortune wext his adversarie.

700

O mightie Cesar, that in Theffaly
 Ayenst Pompeius father thine in lawe,
 That of the' Orient had the chivalrie
 As ferre as that the daie beginneth to dawe,
 Them thorough knighthode thou hast take and slaw,
 Save a fewe folke that with Pompeius fled,
 Through which thou puttest al the' orient in awe; 710
 Thonkith fortune that The so well yspedde.

But now a little while I woll bewaile
 This Pompeius, this noble governour
 Of Rome, which that yfied at this battaile,
 I saie one of his men, a false traitour,
 His hedde of smote, to winnin him favour
 Of Julius, and to him the' hedde ybrought:
 Alas Pompei, of the' Orient conquerour
 That fortune unto soch a fine The wrought!

To Rome again repairith Julius
 With his triumph laureate full hie,
 But on a time Brutus and Cassius,
 That evre' had of his hie estate envie,
 Full privilie had made conspiracie
 Ayenst this Julius, in subtilt wise,
 And cast the place, in whiche he should ydie
 With bodekins, as I shall you devise.

720

This Julius to the Capitoll went
 Upon a daie, as he was wont to gone,
 And in the Capitoll anon him hent
 This false Brutus, and his othir fone,
 And stickid him with bodekins anone
 With many' a wound, and thus thei let him lie,
 But never groned he at no stroke but one,
 Or els at two, but if his storie lie.

730

So manly was this Julius of herte,
 And so well loved estatey honeste
 That tho his dedly woundis so fore smerte,
 His mantell ovir his hippis cast he,
 For no man should yse his privite,
 And as he laie in dying on a traunce,
 And wist verrily that ded shuld he be,
 Of honestie yet had he remembrance.

740

Lucan, to The this storie I commende,
 And to Sueton, and Valerie also,
 That of this storie writin orde and ende
 How that to these grete Conquerouris two
 Fortune was first a frende, and sith a foe,
 Let no man trust upon her favour long,
 But have her in awaite for evermo;
 Witnesse on all the conquerouris strong.

750

Cresus.

THE riche Cresus, whilom was king of Lide
 (Of which Cresus Cirus fore him ydrad)
 Yet was he caught amidis all his pride,
 And to be brent men to the fire him lad,
 But soche a rain down from the welkin had
 That quent the fire, and made him to escape,
 But to beware yet no grace he had,
 Till fortune on the galowes made him gape.

Whan he escapid was he could not stint
 For to begin a newe araie again,
 He wenid well, for that fortune him sent
 Soche hap, that he escapid through the rain,
 That of his fois he might not be slain,
 And eke asweven' upon a night he met,
 Of whiche he was so proude, and eke so fain,
 That in vengeaunce he all his herte yfet.

760

Upon a tre he was, as that him thought,
 Ther Jupiter him wishe, both hals and side,
 And Phebus eke a faire towayle him brought
 To drie him with, and therwith wexe his pride,
 And to his doughtir, that stode him beside,
 Which that he knewe in hie sentence habound,
 He bad her tell him what it signified,
 And she his dreame right thus began expound.

770

The tre (qð she) the galous is to mene,
 And Jupiter betokeneth snowe and rain,
 And Phebus, with his towell all so clene
 Betokeneth the Sunne bemis, soth to fain,
 Thou shalt hongid be, fathir myne certain,
 Rain shall The washe, and sunne shall The ydrie.
 Thus she warnid him full plat and full plain,
 His doughtir, which that callid was Phanie.

780

And hongid was this Cresus the proude king,
 His roiall throne ne might him not availe;
 Tragedie is none othir manir thing,
 Ne can in finging, crying ne bewaile,
 But for that fortune aldaie woll assaile,
 With unware stroke, the reignis that ben proud,
 For whan men trustith her, than wol she faile,
 And covir her bright face undir a cloude.

790

Petro of Spain.

O Noble, worthy Petro, King of Spain,
 Whom fortune held so high in Majeste,
 Well oughtin men thy pitous deth complain,
 Out of thy londe thy brothir made The fle,
 And astir at a sieg by subtilte
 Thou wer betraied, and ladde unto his tent,
 Where as he with his owne honde slue The,
 Succeding in thy reigne and in thy rent.

The felde of snowe, with th' egle black therin,
 Caught with the limrod, coloured as the glede,
 He brewe this curfidnesse, and all this sinne,
 The wicked neste was werker of this dede,
 Not Charles, ne Oliver, that toke aie hede
 Of trouth and honour, but of Armorique
 Genillion Oliver, corrupt for mede,
 Brought this worthie king into soche a brike.

800

Petro King of Cipre.

O Worthy Petro, king of Cipre also,
 That Alixandrie wan by high maistrie,
 Full many an Hethin wroughtist thou wo,
 Of whiche thine owne liegis had envie,
 And for nothing, but for thy chivalrie,
 Thei in thy bed han slain The by the morow;
 Thus can fortune her whele govern and gie,
 And out of joye bringin men into sorowe.

810

Barnabo Visconti.

OF Milan, the grete Barnabo Vicounte,
 God of delite, and scourge of Lombardie,
 Why should I not thine infortune accounte,
 Sens in estate thou clombin were so hie?
 Thy brothir's sonne, that was thy double aie,
 For he thy nevewe was, and sonne in lawe,
 Within his Prison made The for to die,
 But why ne how n'ot I, that thou wer slawe.

Hugeline

Hugeline of Pise.

OF the' erle Hugeline of Pise the langoure
Ther maie no tong ytellin for pite,
But lityl out of Pise there stont a toure,
In the whiche toure in prifon put was he,
And with him ben his little childrin thre,
The eldist scarfly five yere was of age;
Alas fortune, it was grete cruelte
Soche birdis for to put in soche a cage!

Dampnid was he to die in that prifon,
For Roger, whiche that bishop was of Pise,
Had on him made a false suggestion,
Through which the peple gan upon him rise,
And put him in prifon, in soche a wise
As ye have herd, and mete and drinke he had
So small, that unnethis it maie suffise,
And therwithall it was full pore and bad.

And on a daie bifell, that in that houre 840
Whan that his mete wont was for to be brought,
The geilour shett the doris of the toure,
He herd it well, but yet he spake right nought,
And in his herte anon there fill a thought,
That thei for hungir wouldin doe him dien,
Alas (qð he) alas that I was wrought!
And therewithal the teres fell from his eyen.

His yongè sonne, that thre yere was of age,
Unto him said, fathir, why do ye wepe?
Whan will the geilour bring us our potage? 850

Is there no morfell bred that ye do kepe?
I am so hungrie, that I maie not slepe;
Now would to God that I might slepe for ever!
Than should not hunger in my belly crepe,
There n'is nothing but bred that me were lever.

Thus daie by daie this child began to crie,
Till in his fathir's barme adoune it laie,
And sayid farewell fathir, I mote die,
And kist his fathir, and deide the same daie, 860
And whan the wofull fathir did it sey,
For wo his armis two he gan to bite,
And saied alas: fortune, and welawaie
Thy false wylis my woo I may wyte.

His childrin wend, that it for hungir was
That he his armis gnawe, and not for wo,
And sayid: fathir, do not so (alas!)
But rathir ete the fleshe upon us two,
Our fleshe thou yave us, take our fleshe us fro,
And ete inough; right thus thei to him said; 870
And afir that within a day or two
Thei laid 'hem in his lappe adoun, and deide.

Thus endid is this mighty erle of Pise
Himself dispeirid eke, for hungir starfe,
From high estate fortune away him carfe,
Of this Tragedy', it ought inough suffise,
Who so wol here it in a longir wise,
Yredith the grete poete of Itaille,
That hight Dante, for he can it all devise,
Fro point to point, not a worde wol he faile.

Here endeth the MONKE's TALE.



Here



Here stineth the Knight the Monke of his Tale, and here foloweth the Prologue of the Nonne's Priest.

HO! (qð the knight) gode sir no more of this,
 That ye have sayd is right ynough I wis,
 And mokil more; for litill hevinessse,
 Is right inough to mochell folk I gesse,
 I saie for me, it is a grete difese
 Wheras men havin ben in welth and ese,
 To herin of ther sodaine fal, alas!
 And the contrary is joye and solas,
 As when a man hath ben in pore estate
 And climbith up, and wexith fortunate,
 And there abidith in prosperite,
 Such thingis are gladsome, as thinkith me,
 And of suche thingis were gode for to tell.
 Ye (qð our hoste) by saint Poul's bell
 Ye say right soth, this monke he clappith lowde,
 He spake, how fortune covered with a cloude
 I wote not what, and also' of a Tragedy
 Right nowe ye herde, and parde no remedy
 It is for to bewailin, ne complaine
 That that is done, and als it is a paine,
 As ye have saide, to here of hevinessse;
 Sir monke no more of this, so God you blesse,
 Your tale anyith all this company,
 Suche talking is not worth a butterfly,
 For therin is there no disporte ne game,
 Therfore sir monke, dan Piers by your name,
 I pray you hertely, tell us somwhat elles,

For sikirly, n'ere clinking of your belles,
 That on your bridill honge on every side,
 By hevin king, that for us allè dide,
 I should er this han fallin doune for slepe,
 Although the slough had ben nevir so depe,
 Than had your tale al be toldin in vaine,
 For certeinly, as that these clerkis saine,
 Where as a man may have none audience
 Nought helpith it to tellin his sentence;
 And wel I wote the substance is in me,
 If any thing shal well reportid be.
 Sir, say somwhat of hunting, I you pray.
 Nay (qð this monke) I have no lust to play,
 Now let an othir tel, as I have tolde.
 Than spake our hoste with rude speche and bolde,
 And saied unto the Nonn's priest anon,
 Come nere thou preeft, come hithir thou sire John,
 Tel us such thing, as may our hertis glade,
 Be blithe, although thou ride upon a jade,
 What though thy horse ybe be both foule and lene,
 If he wol servin The, recke not a bene,
 Loke that thy herte be mery ever mo.
 Yes Oofte, qð he, soo mote I ryde or goo,
 But I be mery', I wis I wol be blamed,
 And right anon his tale he hath atamed,
 And thus he saide unto us everichon,
 This swetè preeft, this godely man sir John.

Here endeth the PROLOGUE of the Nonne's PRIEST.

Here

Here foloweth his TALE.

Of a Cock and a Hen. The Morall whereof is to embrace true friends, and
to beware of flatterers.

A Pore widowe, somdele islept in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwe cotage
Beside a grene, ystonding in a dale;
This widowe, of the whiche I telle my tale,
Sithins the day that she was last a wife
In pacience ledde schee a full simple life,
For litill was her catill and her rent,
By husbondry, of suche as God her sent,
She fonde her self, and eke her doughtirs two;
Thre large fowis had she, and no mo,
Thre kine, and eke a shepe which that hight Mall;
Full sooty was her boure, and eke her hall,
In whiche she ete many a sengell mele,
Of poinant fauce hiere nededene a dele,
Noo deinty morcill passid through her throte,
Her diet was acordaunt to her cote,
Repletion ne made her nevir sike,
A temperate diete was all her phisike,
And exercise, and hertis suffisaunce,
The gout ne let her nothing for to daunce,
Ne apoplexie ne shent nat her hed,
No wine drank evir she, ne white ne red.
Her borde was most servid with white and blacke,
Milke and broun bred, in which she fonde no lack,
Seinde bakon, and sometime an eye or twey,
For she was as it were a manir dey.

A gardyn she had, enclosid al aboute
With stickis, and with a drie ditch without,
In whiche she had a cocke hight chaunteclere,
In al the lande of crowing n'as his pere,
His voice was merier than the merie orgon
On masse dayis that in the churchis gon,
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge
Than is a clock, or Abbey-horologe,
By nature he knew eche assencion
Of the equinoctial in that ilke toun,
For when degrees xv. werin assended
Than crew he, that it might not be amended.

His comb was reddir than the fine corall,
And battelled, as it were a castill wall,
His beke was blacke, as any get it shone,
Like asure were his leggis and his tone,
His nailis whitir than the lilly floure,
And like the burnid golde was his coloure.

This gentel cocke had in his governaunce
Seven hennis, for to donne all his plesaunce,
Which were his sustirs, and his paramours,
And wondir like to him, as of colours,
Of whiche the fayrist hewed under the throte
Was callid faire damosell Pertelote;
He fethered her a hundred times a day,
And she him plesith al that ere she may,
Curteis she was: discrete and debonaire,
And compenable, and bare her selfe so faire
Sithins the time that she was sevenight olde,
That truiliche she hath the herte in holde
Of Chaunteclere, loking in every lith,
He loved her so, that wel was him therwith;
But suche a joye it was to here him sing,
Whan that the brighte Sunne began to spring,
In swete acorde, My life is faren in londe.

For at that time as I have undirstonde
Bestis and birdis couldin speke and sing,
And it so fell, that in the day dawninge
As Chaunteclere, among his wivis all,

Sat on his perche, that was within the hall,
And nexte to him sat his faire Pertelote,
This Chaunteclere gan to grone in his throte,
As a man in his dreame is dreethed sone,
And whan that Pertelot thus herde him grone,
She was agast, and said my herte dere,
What eylith you to grone in this manere?
Ye be a very slepir, fie for shame!

And he answerid thus, by God madame,
I pray you, that ye take it not in grete,
By God I mette, I was in suche mischefe
Right now, that yet mine hert is sore afright,
Now God (q'ð he) my swevin rede aright,
And kepe my body out of foule prisoun.

Me mette, how that I romid up and doun
Within our yerde, wher as I sawe a best
Was like an hound, and would have made arest
Upon my body, and have had me ded,
His colour was betwixt yellow and red,
And tippid was his taile, and both his eres
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres,
His snoute was small, with glowing eyin twey,
Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey,
This causith me my groning doutilese.

Away, q'ð she, fie on you hertilese!
Alas (q'ð she) for by that God above
Now have ye losse my hert, and al my love;
I can not love a cowarde by my faithe,
For certis, what so any woman faithe,
We all desirin, if that it might be
To have husbondis, hardy, wise, and fre,
But siker no nigarde, ne no sole,
Ne him that is agast of every tole,
Ne none avowtour, by that God above,
How durst ye say for shame unto your love
That any swevin might make you aferde?
Have ye no mann'is hert, and have a berde?
And con ye be aferde of swevenis?
Nothing but God woot but fantasye it ne is.

Swevins engendir of repletions,
And oft of fume, and of complections,
When humours ben to habundaunt in a wight;
Certis this dreame, which ye have met to night,
Comith of the grete superfluite
Of youre reede coloure that yee have parde,
Which causith folk to dredin in ther dremes
Of arowes, and of firis with red lemes,
And of red bestis that wollin hem bite,
Of conteke, and of whelpis gret and light,
Right as the humour of melancholye
Causith many a man in slepe to crye
For fere of beris ore of bolis blake,
Or ellis that blacke buggys wol him take.

Of othir humours coude I tell also,
That werkin a man in slepe mochil wo,
But I wol passe, as lightly as I can.
Lo Caton, whiche that was so wise a man!
Said he not thus? ne do no force of dremes.

Now sir (q'ð she) when we fle fro the bemes,
For Godd'is love takith some laxatife,
Up peril of my soule, and of my life
I counsaile you the beste, I woll not lie,
That bothe of colour, and melancholye
Ye purgin you, and for ye shal not tarie,
Though in this toun be none apotecarie,

I shal my self two herbis techin you,
That shall be for your hele, and for your prow,
In the gardyn two herbis shall I finde
The whiche havin ther properte by kinde
To purgin you bineth, and eke above,
Foryet not this for Godd's ownè love;
Ye be right colerike of complection,
Ware, the sunne is in his ascencion,
Ne finde you not replete of humours hote?
For if ye do, I dare wel lay a grote
That ye shal have a fever terciane,
Or els an ague, that may be your bane.
A day or two ye shal have digestives
Of wormis, or ye take your laxatives,
Of laurel, centorie, and femetere,
Or els of elder beries, that growe there
Of Catapuce, or of gaitre beries,
Or erve Ive growinge in oure erberis,
Pecke 'hem up as thei growe, and ete 'hem in,
Be mery husbonde, for your fathir kin
Dredith no dreme, I can say you no more.

Madame (qð he) gramercy for your lore,
But nathèlesse, as touching dan Catoun,
That of wisdom hath such a grete renoun,
Though that he bade no dremis for to drede,
By God, men may in oldè bokis rede
Of many' a man, more of auctorite
Than ever Caton was, so mote I the,
That al the revers saith of his sentence,
And have well foundin by experience
That dremis ben significacions
As wel of joye, as tribulacions,
That folke endurin in this life present,
There nedith make of this none argument,
The very prefe shewith it us in dede,
One of the gretist auctours out of drede
Saith thus; that whilom two felowes ywent
On pilgrimage, in a ful gode entent,
And happid so, thei come in to a toun
Where as there was suche congregacioun
Of peple, and eke of straite herbigage,
That thei ne founde as muche as a cotage,
In whiche thei bothe mightin ilogid be
Wherfore thei motin of necessite
As for that night departin company,
And eche of 'hem goeth to his hostelry,
And toke his ostrye, as it would yfall.

That one of 'hem was lodgid in a stall
Farre in a yerde, with oxin of the plough,
That other man was lodgid wel inough,
As was his aventure, or his fortune,
That us governith all, as in comune.

And so befel, that longe or it were day
This man mette in his bedde, there as he lay,
How that his felowe gan upon him call,
And said (alas) for in an ox's stall
This night shal I be murdered, there I lie,
Now helpith me dere brothir, or I die,
In all haste comith unto me, he sayed,

This man out of his slepe for fere abraid,
But whan he was awakid of his slepe
He turnid him, and toke of this no kepe,
Him thought his dreme was but a vanite,
Thus twise in his sleeping ydremid he,

And at the thirde time yet his felawe
Cam as him thought, and said I now am slawe,
Beholde my bloudy woundis, depe and wide, 1130
Arise up erly, in the morow tide,
And at the west gate of the toun (qð he)
A carte ful of donge there shalt thou se,
In whiche my body' is hide ful privily;
Do thou that carte arestin boldily,
My golde causid my deth, soth for to saine,
And told him every point how he was slaine,

With a ful petous face, all pale of hewe,
And trustith wel his dreme he founde right trewe,
For on the morue', as sone as it was day 1140
To his felow's inne he toke the way,
And when that he came to the ox's stall
After his felowe lowde gan he to call.

1070 The hostiler answeride him anon,
And seide, sir, your felawe is ygone,
As sone as day he went out of the toun.

This man gan fal into suspeccioun,
Remembring of his dremis that he mette,
And forth he goeth, no lengir would he lette,
Unto the west gate of the toun, and fonde 1150
A donge carte, as hee wentte to donge the londe,
That was arayid in the same wise

As ye have herde the ded man did devise,
And with an hardy herte he gan to crie
Vengeaunce and justice on this felonie,
My felowe murdrid is this same night,
And in this carte he lieth, gaping upright,
I cry out on the ministers (qð he)

That shouldin kepe and rulin this cite,
Harowe alas, here lieth my felowe slaine! 1160

What shouldin I more of this tale saine?
The peple' out start and cast the cart to grounde,
And in the middill of the donge thei founde
The ded man, that murderid was al newe.

O blisful God! that arte so gode and trewe,
Lo! how thou bewrayist murdre alway!
Murdre wol out, that se we day by day,
Murdre' is so walsome and abhominable
To God, that so juste is and refonable
That he ne wol it suffre heled to be, 1170
Though it abide a yere, or two, or thre,
Murdre wol out, this is my conclusioun.

And right anon the ministers o'th toun
Have hent the cartir, and so sore him pined,
And eke the hostiler so sore constreynede,
That thei beknew ther wickidnesse anone,
And thei were hongid up by the neck bone.

Here maie ye se that dremis ben to drede.

And certis, in the same boke men may rede
Right in the next chapter I rede of this, 1180
I gabbè not, so have I joye and blis.

Two men would have passid ovir the se
For certaine cause, into a ferre countre,
If that the winde ne had ben contrarie,
That made 'hem in a cite to tarie,
That stode ful mery' upon an havin side,
But on a day, ayenst an evin tide,
The winde gan chaunge, and blewe right as 'hem left,
Joly and glad they wentin to ther rest;
And castin 'hem full erly for to faile, 1190
But herkin, to one man fell grete mervaille.

That one of 'hem, in sleeping as he lay
He met a wondir's dreme, again the day,
Him thought a man stode by his bedd's side,
And him commaundid, that he should abide,
And said him thus, if thou to morow wende,
Thou shalt be dreint, my tale is at ende.

He woke, and tolde his felow what he mette,
And prayid him his voyage for to lette,
As for that day he prayd him for to abide. 1200

His felowe that laie in his bedde that tyde
Gan for to laugh, and sko.nid him ful faste,
No dreme (qð he) may so my herte agaste,
That I woll letin for to do my thinges,
I ne set not a strawe for thy dreminges,
For swevins ben but vanites and japes,
Men meten' al day of oulis and of apes,
And eke of many a mafe ther withal,
And dremen' of thing that nevir was, ne shal,
But sithe I se that thou wolt here abide, 1210
And thus forslouthin wilfully thy tide,

God

God wote it ruith me, and have gode day,
And thus he toke his leve, and went his way.

But er that he had halfe his course ifailed,
I ne wote why, ne what mischaunce it ayled,
But casuelly the schippis bothom rent,
And ship and men undir the watir went,
In sight of othir shippis there beside,
That with 'hem sailid at the samè tide.

And therfore my faire Pertelot so dere,
By such enfamples olde mayist thou lere
That no man should ybe to rechileffe
Of dremis, for I say The doutileffe
That many' a dreme ful fore is for to drede.

Lo! in the life of saint Kenelme we rede;
That was Kenelphus sonne, the noble king
Of Merkenrick, how Kenelm mette a thing,
A lite er he were murdrid on a day,
His murdir in his vision he say,
His norice him expounid every dele
His swevin, and badde him to kepe him wele
Fro trayson, but he was but seven yere old,
And therfore litill tale he therof tolde
Of any dreme, so holy was his herte,
By God, I had full rathir than my sherte
That ye hadde herde his legende, as have I.

Dame Pertelot, I say to you truely,
Macrobius, that writith the' avision
In Affrike, of the worthy Scipion,
Affirmith dremis, and saieth that they ben
Warning of thingis that men aftir sene.

And ferthirmore I pray you lokith well
In the olde Testament, of Daniell,
Yf he held dremis only vanite.

Rede eke of Joseph, and there shal ye se
Dremis ben somtime, but I say nat all
Warning of thingis, that aftir shal fall.

Lo! of Egypt the king, that hight Pharao,
His baker, and his buttiler also
Wheðer they feltin none effect in dremes?
Who so wol seke athis of sondrie remes
May rede of dremis many' a wondir thing.

Lo! Cresus whiche that was of Lide king
Mette he not that he satte upon a tre?
Whiche signified that he should hongid be.

Lo! Andromache, that was Hector's wife,
That day that Hector should ylese his life
She dremid in the samè night beforne
How that the life of Hector should be lorne,
Yf that day he went unto the battaile;
She warnid him, but it might not availe,
He went for to fightin neverthelesse,
But he was slain anone of Achilles;
But that ilke tale is all to long to tell,
And eke it is nigh day I may nat dwell.

Shortely I say, as for conclusion,
That I shall have of this avision
Adversite: and I say farthirmore
That I ne tell of laxatives no store,
For they ben venomous, I wote it wele,
I them desie, I love 'hem nevre' a dele.

But let us speke of mirthe, and stinte all this,
Dame Pertelot, so have I joye and blisse,
Of one thing God hath sent me a large grace,
For when I se the beaute of your face,
Ye ben so scarlet red about your eyen,
It makith al my dredè for to dien,
For also siker, as *In principio*
Mulier est hominis confuso.

Madame, the sentence of this latin is
Woman is mann's joye and all his blis;
For when I fele on night your softè side,
Al be it that I may not on you ride,
For that our perche is made so narowe' alas!
I am so full of joye, merthe and solas,

That I desie bothè swevin and dreme.
And with that word he flewe down fro the beme,
For it was day, and eke the hennis all,
And with a chucked he gan 'hem for to call,
For he had founde a corne lay in the yerde, 1290
Royall he was, he n'as no more aferde,

He fetherid Pertelot twenty time,
And tradde her eke as ofte, er it was prime;
1220 He lokede as it were a grimme lioun,
And on his toes he romid up and down,
Him deivid not to set his fete to grounde,
He chuckid, when he had a corne ifounde,
And to him than rennin his wivis all.

As royall as a prince is in his hall
Leave I this Chaunteclere, in his pasture, 1300
And after woll I tel his adventure.

Whan that the moneth in whiche the world began
That hight March, in which God first makid man,
1230 Was complete, and ypaffid were also
Sith Marche began twenty dayis and two,
Befill that Chaunteclere, in all his pride,
His sevin wivis walking him beside,
Cast up his eyin to the brightè funne,
That in the signe of Taurus was irunne

Twenty degrees and one, and fomwhat more,
He knew by kinde, and by none othir lore,
That it was prime, and crew with blisfull steven,
The funne he said is clombin up to heven
1240 Twenty degrees and one, and more iwis,
Now Madame Pertelot, my world's blisse,
Herkinith how these blisful birdis singe,
And se the freshe flouris howe thei springe,
Full is min hert of revel, and solas;

But sodainly him fel a sory caas,
For er the lattir ende of joye is wo, 1320
God wote that worldely joye is sone ago,
And if that a rethore coud faire endite,
He in a cronicle might favelly write
It as a souveraine notabilite;

Nowe every wife man herkin to me,
This story' is al so true I undirtake
As is the boke of Launcelot du lake,
That women holden in ful grete reverence.
Now wol I turne ayen to my sentence.

A col foxe (ful of slie iniquite) 1330
That in the grove had wonnid yeris thre,
By high imaginacion aforne caste
On a night thorghw the hoggis sty hee braste
1260 Into the yerde, there Chaunteclere the faire
Was wont, and eke his wivis to repaire,
And in a bedde of wortis still he laye,
Til it was passid undren of the day
Waiting his time on Chaunteclere to fall,
As gladly done these homicidis all,
That in a waite liggin to murdre men. 1340

O false murderer, rucking in thy den!
O newe Scariot, and newe Ganilion!
O false dissimuler! O greke Sinon
That broughtist Troy all uttirly to sorowe!
O Chaunteclere, accursid be the motowe,
That thou into thy yerde flewe fro the bemes,
Thou were ful well ywarnid by thy dremes,
That ilke day was perillous to The,
But what that God afore wote, must nedes be, 1350
After the opinion of certaine clerkis,
Witnesse on hem that conne of that werkys,

That in scole is grete altercacion
In this matere, and grete disputacion,
And hath ben of an hundrid thousande men,
But I ne can not boulte it to the brenne,
As can the holy doctour saint Austin,
Or Boece, or the Bishop Bradwardin,
Whethir that Godd's wille by forweting
Steryth me nedily to do a thing,

(Nedely)

(Nedely clepe I simple necessite)
 Or ellis if fre choice be grauntid me
 To doin the same thing, or do it nought,
 Though God forewote it, or that it was wrought,
 Or if his weting strainith ner a dele,
 But by necessite condicionele,
 I wol not have to done of suche matere,
 My tale is of a cocke, as ye shal here,
 That toke his counsaile of his wife with forowe,
 To walkin in the yerde upon the morowe,
 That he had met the dreame, as I you tolde, 1370
 Womens counsaillis ben oftin ful colde,
 And womens counsaile brought us first to wo,
 And made Adam fro paradise to go,
 There as he was ful mery, and well at ese,
 But for I n'ot whom that I might displese
 If I the counsaile of women would blame,
 Passe ovir, for I said it in my game,
 Rede authors, wher thei trete of such matere,
 And what thei say of women ye mowe here,
 These ben the Cock's wordis, and not mine, 1380
 I can noon harme of no woman divine.

Faire in the fonde, to bathe her merily,
 Lieth Pertelot, and al her sustirs by
 Ayenst the sunne, and Chaunteclere so fre
 Songe merier, than the Marmaide in the se,
 For Phisiologus saieth sikirly
 How that they singin wel and merily.

And so befill that as he cast his eye
 Among the wortis on a butterflie,
 He was ware of the foxe that laie ful lowe, 1390
 But nothing than ne list him for to crowe,
 But cried anon cocke cock, and up he stert
 As one that was affrayid in his hert,
 For nat'urally bestis desire to fle
 Fro ther contrarie, if they may it se.
 Tho he ner erst had sene him with his eye,
 This Chaunteclere, when he gan him espie,
 He would have fledde, but that the foxe anone
 Said, gentil sir, alas! what wol ye done?
 Be ye affraide of me, that am your frende? 1400

Nowe certis I were worse than is a fende
 Yf I to you would harme, or villanny,
 I am not come your counsaile to espie,
 But frewily the cause of my comminge
 Was only for to herkin howe ye singe,
 For sothly ye have as mery a steven
 As any angel hath, that is in heven,
 Therwith ye have of musike more feling
 Than had Boece, or any that can sing, 1410
 My lorde your fathir, God his soule yblese,
 And eke your mothir of her gentilnesse
 Have in my house yben, to my grete ese,
 And certis, sir, ful fain would I you plesse.
 But for men speken of singing, I wol sey
 So mote I biokin wel mine eyin twey
 Save you, ne herde I nevir man so singe
 As did your father in the morowninge,
 Certis it was of herte, all that he song,
 And for to make his voice more shrill and strong,
 He would so paine him, that with both his eyen 1420
 He must ywinke, so loude he must ycrien,
 And stondin on his tiptoes therwithall,
 And stretchin forth his necke so long and small,
 And eke he was of suche discrecion,
 That ther was no man in no region
 That him in songe or wisdom might ypasse;
 I have wel reddin dan Burnel the asse
 Among his veris, how there was a Cocke,
 For that a prest's sonne yave him a knocke,
 Upon his legges, while he was yong and nice, 1430
 He made him for to lese his benefice,
 But certaine there is no comparison
 Betwixt the wisdom and discrecion

Of your fathir, and of his subtilte;
 Nowe singith sir, for swete saint charite,
 Let se, can ye your father counterfete.

This Chaunteclere his wingis gan to bete,
 As one that could not his trefon aspie,
 So was he ravished with his flaterie!

Alas ye lordes, many' a false flaterour
 Is in your courte, and many a lesingour,
 That plesith you wel more, by my faith,
 Than he that sothfastnesse unto you saith.

Redith Ecclesiast of flaterie,
 Beware ye lordis of ther trecherie.

This Chaunteclere stode hie upon his toos
 Stretching his necke, and held his eyin cloos,
 And gan to crowin loudè for the nones,
 And dan Russel the foxe starte up at ones,
 And by the gorget hath hent Chaunteclere, 1450
 And on his backe towarde the wode him bere,
 For yet ne was there no man that him sued.

O destine, that maiste not be eschued!
 Alas that Chaunteclere flewe fro the bemes!
 Alas his wife ne rought not of his dremes!
 And on a friday fill al this mischaunce.

O Venus, that art goddesse of plesaunce,
 Sithnes that thy servaunt was this Chaunteclere,
 And in thy service did all his powere,
 More for delite, than kind to multiplie,
 Why woldest thou suffre' him on thy day to die?

O Gaulfride, my dere maistir soveraine,
 That whan that worthy king Richard was slaine
 With shot, complanedist his deth so fore,
 Why n'ad I now thy science and thy lore,
 The friday for to chide, as didin ye?
 (For on a friday sothly slaine was he)
 Than wold I shew you how that I coud plaine
 For Chauntecler's drede, and for his paine.

Certis such cry, ne lamentacion 1470
 N'as ner of ladies made, whan Ilion
 Was won, and Pirrus with his brighte swerde
 Whan he had hent king Priam by the berde
 And slough him (as sayith Eneidos)
 As madin all the hennis in the close,
 Whan they had losse of Chaunteclere the sight,
 But soverainly dam Pertelot the fright
 Wel loudir than did Hadruball's wife,
 Whan that her husbond had ylost his life,
 And that the Romans had ybrent Cartage, 1480
 She was so ful of turment and of rage,
 That wilfully into the fire she sterte,
 And brent her self with a full stedfast herte.

O woful hennis, right so cryid ye,
 As whan that Nero brennid the cite
 Of Rome, cryid the senatouris wives,
 For that ther husbondis should lese their lives,
 Withoutin gilte this Nero hath 'hem slaine.

Now wol I turne unto my tale againe.

The sely widowe and her doughtirs two 1490
 Yherde the hennis crie and makin wo,
 And out at the dore stertin thei anon,
 And saw the foxe towarde the wode ygon,
 And bare upon his backe the Cocke away,
 And cryid out harow and well away!
 A ha! the Foxe! and after him thei ran,
 And eke with stavis many' anothir man,
 Ran Coll our dogge, Talbot, and eke Garlonde,
 And Malkin, with her distaffe in her honde,
 Ran Cowe and Calfe, and eke the very Hogges, 1500
 So ferid thei the barking of the Dogs,
 And shouting of the men, and women eke,
 They ran so that them thought ther herts shuld breke,
 They yellin loude as fendis do in hell,
 The Duckis cryid as men wold 'hem quell,
 The Geese for fere flewin ovir the trees
 Out of the Hivis came the swarme of Bees,

So

So hidous was the noife, ah *benedicite* !
 Certis ne Jacke Strawe, ne all his meine
 Ne madin nevir shoutis half so shrill,
 Whan that thei wouldin any Flemming kill,
 As that ilke daie was made upon the Foxe;
 Of brasse thei blewe the trompis, and of boxe,
 Of horne and bone, in which thei blew and pouped,
 And therewithal thei shrikid and thei howpede,
 It semid, as though hevin should yfall.
 Now gode men I praie you herkinith all.

Lo how that fortune tournith sodainly
 The hope and the pride of ther enemy !
 This Cocke that laie upon the Fox's backe
 In all his drede, unto the Foxe he spake
 And sayid, gode sir: if I were as ye,
 Yet should I saie, as wise God helpe me,
 Tournith ayen, ye proudè churlis all,
 A very pestilence upon you fall,
 Now am I come unto this wod's sïde,
 Maugre of you alle, the Cocke shal here abide,
 I woll him ete in faith, and that anon.

The Foxe answerd, in faith it shall be doen.
 And as he spake the worde, all sodainly
 This Cocke brake from his mouth delivirly,
 And high upon a tree he flewe anon,
 And whan the Foxe sawe that he was agon,
 Alas! (qð he) O Chaunteclere alas!

I have (qð he) doe to you grete trespas,
 In as moche as I makid you aferde
 Whan I you hent, and brought out of your yerde,
 But sir, I did it in no wick entent,
 Come down, and I shall tell you what I ment,
 I shall to you saie sothe, God helpe me so. 1540

Naie than (qð he) I shrewe us bothè two,
 And first I shrewe my self, both blode and bones,
 If thou begile me oftir time than ones,
 Thou shalt no more thorough thy flatterie
 Doe me to sing, and winkin with myne eye,
 For he that winkith, whan he should yfe
 All wilfully, God let him nevir the.
 Naie (qð the Foxe) but God yeve him mischaunce,
 That is so indiscrete of governaunce,
 That janglith, whan that he should hold his pees.

Lo, soche it is for to be rechiles,
 And negligent, and trust on flaterie !
 But ye that holde this Tale for a folie,
 As of a Fox, or of a Cock, or Henne,
 Ytakith the moralite gode men ;
 For fain& Poule sayith, all that writtin is
 To our doctrine it is writtin, iwis,
 Takith the corn, ond let the chaffe be still.

And now, gode God, if that it be thy will,
 As saïeth my lorde, so make us all gode men, 1560
 And bring us unto thy high blisse. Amen.

Here endeth the TALE of the Nonnes PRIEST.



Y y

Here



Here foloweth the MANCIPLE's PROLOGUE.

SIR Nonn'is Prieſte, our hoſte ſaied anone,
 Ibleſſid be thy breche and every ſtone,
 This was a merie tale of Chauntecler,
 But by my trowth, if thou were ſeculer
 Thou wouldiſt be a tredəfoule aright,
 For if thou have corage, as thou haſt might,
 The werin nede of hennis, as I wene,
 Ye more than ſevin timis ſevintene,
 Se whichè braunis hath this gentle prieſt,
 So grete a necke, and ſoche a large breſt,
 He lokith as a Sparhauke with his eyen,
 Him nedith not his colours for to dien
 With Braſill, ne with grain of Portingale.
 But fir, full faire yfall you for your tale.
 And aſtir that, he with full mery chere
 Saied to an othir man, as ye ſhall here.
 Wote ye not where ſtondith a little toun
 Whiche that yclepid is Bob up and doune
 Undir the blee, in Caunterburie waie?
 There gan our hoſte to japin and to plaie,
 And ſayid, ſirs: what? Dunne is in the mire,
 Is there no man, for praier ne for hire
 That woll awake our felowe here behinde?
 A theſe him might full lightly rob and binde,
 Se how he nappith, ſe for cock'is bones
 How he woll fallin from his hors at ones;
 Is that a Coke of London, with miſchaunce?
 Doe him comfort, he knowith his penaunce,
 For he ſhall tellin a tale by my fey
 Although it be not worth a bottle' of hey.
 Awake thou Coke (qð he) God yeve The ſorow,
 What eilith The to ſlepin by the morow,
 Haſt thou had ſleen al night, or art thou drunk,
 Or haſt thou al night with ſome quene iſwonke,

So that thou maiest not holdin up thine hedde?
 This Coke that was ful pale, and nothing redde,
 Sayid, ſir hoſte: ſo God my ſoule ybleſſe
 There is fallin on me grete hevineſſe,
 But I n'ot why, me were levir to ſlepe 1600
 Than the beſt gallon wine that is in Chepe.
 Well (qð the Manciple') if it maie doe eſe
 To The ſir Coke, and to no wight diſpleſe
 1570 Whiche that here ridith in this companie,
 And that our hoſte will of his curteſie,
 I woll as now excuſe The of thy tale,
 For in gode faith thy viſage is full pale,
 Thine eyin daſin ſothly as me thinketh,
 And wel I wote thy breth ful ſoure yſtinketh,
 That ſhewith wel thou art not well diſpoſed, 1610
 Of me certaine thou ſhalt not be ygloſed,
 Se how he galpith, lo this dronkin wight!
 As though he would us ſwalowe anon right.
 1580 Holde cloſe thy mouthe man, by thy fathir kin,
 The devill of hell ſet his fote therein,
 Thy curſid breth will now enſect us all,
 Fie ſtinking ſwine! fie foule mote The befall!
 Ah! takith hede ſirs of this luſtie man.
 Now ſwete ſir, woll ye juſtin at the van?
 Thereto me thinkith ye be well yſhape, 1620
 I trowe that ye have dronkin wine you ape,
 And that is whan men playin at a ſtrawc.
 And with his ſpech the coke waxid al wrawc,
 And on the Manciple gan to nodde faſt
 For lacke of ſpeche: and down his hors him caſt,
 Where as he laie, till that men up him toke,
 This was a faire cheveſaunce of a coke,
 Alas that he n'ad holde him by his ladill!
 And er that he ayen were in the ſadill

There was a gretè shoving to and fro
To lift him up, and mochill care and wo,
So' unweldy was this sely pallid goste,
And to the Manciple than spake our hoste.

Bicause that drinke hath dominacion
Upon this man, by my salvacion
I trowe that leudely woll he tell his tale,
For were it wine, or stronge old moistie ale
That he hath dronke, he spekith in the nose,
And snivelith fast, and eke hath caught the pose.

He also hath to doe more than inough
To kepe him on his caple' out of the slough,
And if he fall from his caple estfone,
Than shall we all havin inough to doen
And lifting up again his dronkin corce;
Tell on thy tale, of him make I no force.

But Manciple, in faith thou art to nice
Thus opinly to reprevin his vice,
An othir daie he woll paraventure
Recleime The, and bringin The to lure,
I mene he spekin will of smale thinges,
And for to pinchin at thy reckininges,
That were not honest, if it came to pefe.

No (qð the Manciple) that wer mischefe,
So might he bringin me into the snare,
Yet had I levir payin for the Mare

1630 He ridith on, than he should with me strive,
I woll not wrathe him, all so mote I thrive,
That which I spake, I saied it but in bourde,
And wote ye what? I have here in my gourde
A draught of wine, it is of a ripe grape, 1660
And right anon ye shall se a gode jape,
This Coke shall drinke thereof, if that I maie,
Up pain of my life he woll not saie naie.

And certainly, to tellin as it was,
Of this vessell the Coke dranke fast, alas!
What nedith it, he drank inough beforen,
And whan he had ypoupid in his horne
To the' Manciple he toke the gourde again,
And of the drinke the Coke was wondir fain,
And thonkid him, in soche wise as he coulde. 1670

Than gan our hoste to laughin wondir loude,
And saied: I se well it is necessary
Where that we gon, gode drinke with us to cary,
For that will tournin rancour and disefe
To' accord and love, and many' a worde to pefe.

1650 O Bacchus! blessid be thy holy name!
That so canst tournin ernest into game;
Worship and thonke be to thy deite.
Of that mattir ye get no more of me.
Tell on thy tale thou Manciple', I The praie. 1680
Well sir (qð he) herkinith what I saie.

Here endeth the MANCIPLE's PROLOGUE.

Here foloweth his TALE.

Phœbus kepeth a white Crow, which can speak as a Jay. The Crow accuseth his Wife, of whom he was too jealous, to have play'd false in his Absence. Hereupon with an Arrow he slayeth his Wife; but after repenting of his Rashness, he taketh revenge of the Crow.

¶ Han Phebus dwellid here in yerth adoun,
As olde bokis makin mencoun,
He held was the moſte luſtie bachelor
Of all the worlde, and eke the beſt archer!

He ſlough Python the ſerpent, as he laie
Sleping ayenſt the Sonne upon a daie,
And many' an othir noble worthy dede
He with his bowe ywrought as men mow rede.

Playin he coulde on every minſtralcie,
And ſingin that it was a melodie
To herin of his clere voice the ſoun.
Certis the king of Thebis, Amphioun,
That with his ſinging, wallid the cite,
Could nevir ſingin halfe ſo well as he.
And therto he ywas the ſemelyſt man,
That is or was, ſithe that the worlde began.

What nedith it his ſeturys to diſcrive?
For in this world n'as none ſo faire alive.
He was therewith fulfilled of gentilneſſe,
Of honour, and of perſite worthineſſe.

This Phebus, that was floure of bachelorie
As well in fredome, as in chivalrie,
For his diſport, in ſigne of victorie
Of Python, ſo as tellith us the ſtorie,
Was wont to berin in his hond a bowe.

Now had this Phebus in his hous a crowe,
Whiche in a cage he foſtrede many' a daie,
And taught to ſpeke, as men techin a jaye,
White was this crowe, as is a ſnow-white Swan, 1710
And counterfete the ſpeche of every man

He coulde, whan that he tellin ſhould a tale,
There was in all this world no Nightingale
Ne coulde by an hundrid thouſand dele
Singin ſo wondir merrily and wele.
Now had this Phebus in his hous a wife,
Whiche that he lovid more than his own life,
And night and daie did evre' his diligence
Her for to pleſe, and doe her reverence,
Save onily, if I the ſoth ſhall ſain, 1720
Jelous he was, and would have kept her ſain,
For him were lothe yjapid for to be,
And ſo is every wight in ſoche degre,
But all for nought, for it availith nought,
A gode wife, that is clene of werke and thought,
Should not be kept in none awaite certain,
And truily the labour is vain

To kepe a ſhrew, for it woll not ybe,
This holde I for a very nicete
To ſpill our labour for to kepe our wives, 1730
Thus writith olde clerkis in ther lives.
But now to purpoſe, as I firſt began.
This worthy Phebus doeth all that he can
To pleaſin her, wening through ſoch pleaſaunce,
And for his manhode, and his governaunce,
That no man ſhould have put him from her grace,
But God it wote, there maie no man embrace
As to diſtraine a thing, whiche that nature
Hath naturally ſette in a cature.

Take any birde, and put him in a cage, 1740
And doe all thine entent, and thy corage

To

To fostre' it tendirly with mete and drinke
Of all the dainties that thou canste bethinke,
And kepe it also clenely as thou maie,
Although the cage of gold be ner so gaie,
Yet had this birde by twentie thousand fold
Levre' in a forest, that is wide and cold,
Go etin wormis, and soche wretchidneße,
For er this birde will doe his businesse
To' escape out of his cage, whan that he maie, 1750
His libertie the birde desirith aie.

Let take a Cat, and fostir her with milke
And tender fleshe, and make her couch of filke,
And let her se a Mous go by the wall,
Anon she weivith fleshe, and couche, and all,
And every deinte, that is in that hous,
Soche appetite hath she to ete the Mous.
Lo! here hath lust his dominacion,
And appetite flemith discrecion.

A she Wolfe hath also a vila'nous kinde,
The leudist Wolfe, that evir she maie finde,
Or lest of reputacion wolle she take,
In time whan that her lust to have a make.

All these ensamples speke I by these men,
That ben untrue, and nothing by women,
For men have er a lico'rous appetite
On lowir thinge to performe ther delite,
Than on their wivis, be thei ner so faire,
Ne nevir so true, ne so debonaire,
The fleshe is so newfangell, with mischaunce, 1770
That we ne con in nothing have plesauce,
That founith unto vertue any while.

This Phebus, which that thought upon no gile,
Disceivid was, for all his jolite,
For bysyde hym another love hadde she,
A man of little reputacion,
Nought worth to Phebus, in comparison,
The more harme is, it happith oftin so,
Of whiche there comith mochill harme, and wo.

And so bifell, whan Phebus was absent, 1780
His wife anon hath for her lemman sent,
Her lemman, certes that is a knavishe speche,
Foryeve it me, and that I you besече.
The wife Plato sayith, as ye mowe rede,
The worde must nedis acorde with the dede,
If men should tellin propirly a thing,
The worde must cosin be to the working;
I am a boistous man, right thus saie I,
There is but little difference truely
Betwixt a wife, that is of hie degre, 1790
If of her body dishonest she be,
And a pore sely wenche, othir than this,
If it so be thei werkin bothe amis,
But for the gentill is in state above
She shall be called his lady and his love,
And for that tothir is a pore woman
She shal be called his wenche or his lemman,
And God it wote, mine ownè dere brothir,
Men laie as lowe that one as that othir,
Right so betwixt a titlelesse tiraunt 1800
And an outlawe, or elles a thefe erraunt
The same I saie, there is no difference,
To Alexaunder was told this sentence,
That for the tiraunt is of gretir might
By force of meine for to slea doune right,
And brenin hous and home, and make al plain,
Lo therfore is he called a capitain,
And for the outlawe hath but small meine,
And maie not doe so grete an harme, as he,
Ne bring a cuntry to so grete mischefe, 1810
Men callin him an outlawe or a thefe.

But for I am a man not textuele,
I wolle not tell of textis ner a dele,
I wolle go to my tale, as I began.
Whan Phebus wife had sent for her lemman,

Anon thei wroughtin all their luste volage.
This white crowe, that hing aie in the cage,
Behelde their werke, and saied nevir a worde;
And whan that home was come Phebus the lorde,
This crowe ysong, cuckowe, cuckowe, cuckow.
What bird (qð Phebus) what song singist thou?
N'ere thou not wont so merily to sing

That to my herte it was a rejoising
To heare thy voice? alas! what song is this?

By God (qð he) I singin not amis,
Phebus (qð he) for all thy worthinesse
For all thy beaute, and thy gentilnesse,
For all thy songis, and thy minstralcie,
For all thy waiting, blerid is thine eye
With one of little reputacion, 1830

Not worth to The as in comparison
The mounenance of a gnat, so mote I thrive,
For on thy bedde thy wife I sawe him swive.

What wol you more? the crow anon him told,
By sad tokinis, and by wordis bold
How that his wife had doen her lecherie,
Him to grete shame, and to grete villanie,
And tolde how oft, he sawe it with his eyen.

This Phebus gan awaiward for to prien,
Him thought his wofull herte ybsraist a two, 1840
His bowe he bent, and set therin a flo,
And in his ire he hath his wife yslain,
This is the' effect, there is no more to sain,
For sorowe then he brake his minstralcie
Bothe Harpe and Lute, and Getern, and Sautrie,
And eke he brake his arowes, and his bowe,
And aftir that, thus spake he to the crowe.

Traitour (qð he) with tong of Scorpion,
Thou hast me brought to my confusion,
Alas that I was wrought! why n'ere I dedde? 1850

O dere wyif, O gemme of all lustihede,
That were to me so sad, and eke so true,
Now liest thou dedde, with face all pale of hewe
Full giltileffe, that durst I swere iwis,
O rakell honde, to doe so foule amis!

O troublid wit, O irè wretchileffe,
That unavisid smitist giltileffe!
O wantrust, full of false suspeccion!
Where was thy wit and thy discrecion?

Oh every man beware of rekilnesse 1860
Ne trowe nothing, withoutin strong witnesse,
Smite not to sone, or that thou wetè why,
And be avisid well and soberly

Or ye do any execucion
Upon your ire, thorough suspection.

Alas; a thousand folke hath rekell ire
Fully fordoen, and brought 'hem in the mire.

Alas! for sorowe I wolle my self sle.
And to the crowe, O false thefe sayid he, 1870
I wolle The quite anon thy false tale.

Thou songist whilom, like a Nightingale,
Now shalt thou false thefe, thy song forgone,
And also thy white fethers everychone
Ne nevir in all thy life shalt thou speke,
Thus shull men on a traytour be awreke,
Thou and thin offspring ever shall be blake,
Ne nevir aftir swete noife shall ye make,
But evir crye ayenst tempest and rain,
In token, that through The my wife is slain, 1880
And to the crow he stert, and that anon,
And pulled of his white fethers everichon,
And made him blacke, and rest him al his song,
And eke his speche, and out at dore him slong
Unto the devill, whiche I him betake,
And for this cause yben all crowis blake.

Lordinges, by this ensample' I wol you pray
Beth ware, and takith kepe what that I say,
Ne tellith nevir no man in your life
How that an othir man hath dight his wife. 1890

He

He woll you hatin mortally certain.
 Dan Salomon, as thes wise clerkis sain,
 Techith a man to kepin his tong well,
 But as I saied, I am not textuell;
 But nathelasse, thus taughte me my dame,
 My sonne thinke on the crowe a God's name;
 My sonne kepe wel thy tong, and kepe thy frend,
 A wicked tong is worse than is a fend;
 My sonne, from any fende men may 'hem blesse,
 My sonne, God of his endlesse godenesse 1900
 Wallid a tong with tethe, and lippis eke,
 For man shuld him avisin what he speke;
 My sonne, full oftin for to mikill speche
 Hath many' a man be spilt, as clerkis teche,
 But for lite speche, spokin avisdly
 Is no man shent, to spekin generally;
 My sonne, thy tong yshouldist thou restrain
 At all timis, but whan thou doest thy pain
 To speke of God, in honour and praier;
 The first vertue my sonne, if thou wolt lere, 1910
 Is to restrain, and kepin well thy tong,
 Thus lemin children, whan that thei be yonge,
 My sonne, of mikill speking unavised
 (There whan lasse speking had inough suffised)
 Comith moche harme; thus was me told and taught.

In mochl speche there ne sin wantith not.
 Wolfe thou wherfore a rakell tong yserveth?
 Right as a sworde forcuttith and forkerveth
 An arme on two, my derè sonne right so
 A tong ycuttith frendship all atwo; 1920
 A jangler is to God abhominable,
 Rede Salomon, so wise and honourable,
 Rede David in his Psalms, rede Senecke,
 My sonne speke not, but with thyin hed thow beck,
 Dissimule' as thou were dese, if that thou here
 A janglour speke of perilous mattere.
 The Fleming sayeth, and lerne it if thou lest,
 That lityl jangling causith mochl reste;
 My sonne, if thou no wickid word hast said
 The thereof dredè not to be bewraid, 1930
 But he that hath missaid, I dare well sain
 He maie by no waie clepe his worde again,
 Thing that is saied, is saied, and forth it goth,
 Though him repent, or him be ner so loth,
 He is his thrall to whom that he hath saied
 A tale for whiche he is now ill apaied;
 My sonne beware, and be non authour new
 Of tidinges, whether thei be false or true,
 Where so thou come, emongis hie or lowe
 Kepe well thy tong, and thinke upon the crowe. 1940

Here endeth the MANCIPLE'S TALE.



Z z

Here



Here beginneth the PLOWMAN's PROLOGUE.

This and the Tale is in none of the MSS that I have seen, nor in any of the first Printed Books; Caxton and Pynsent, I presume, durst not publish it: The former printed this Poet's Works in Westminster-Abbey, and both before the Abolition of Popery; and the MSS being before that, I fancy the Scriveners were prohibited transcribing it, and enjoyn'd to subscribe an Instrument at the end of the Canterbury Tales, call'd his Retraction. So that if this Tale had not been carefully collected and preserv'd in Master Stowe's Library, as the Editor of Illip's 1602 Book says he has seen it, in a hand of near to Chaucer's time for Antiquity, in all likelihood it had been lost.

THE Plowman pluckid up his plowe,
Whan Midsomer Mone was comen' in,
And saied his bestes should ete inowe,
And lige in graspe up to the chin,
Thei ben feble both Oxe and Cowe,
Of 'hem n'is left but bone and skinne,
He shoke of there, and coulter' off drowe,
And honged his harnis on a pinne.

He toke his tabarde and staffe eke,
And on his hedde he set his hat,
And saied he would sainct Thomas seke,
On pilgrimage he goth forth plat;
In scrippe he bare bothe bred and lekes,
He was forswonke and all forswat,
Men might have sene through both his ehekes,
And every wang tothe where it sat.

Our hoste behelde well all about,
And sawe this man was Sunne ibrent,
He knewe well by his singid snout,
And by his clothes that were to rent,
He was a man wont walke about,
He n'as not aye in cloister pent,
Ne couthe religiouseliche lout,
And therefore was he full ill shent.

Our hoste him axed, what mani art thou?
Sir Hoste (qð he) I am an hine,

For I am wont to go to plow,
And erne my mete yer that I dine,
To swette and swinke I make avowe,
My wife and babes therewith to finde, 1970
And servin God and I wist how,
But we leude men yben full blinde.

For clerkes saie we shullin be fain
For ther livelod to swette and swinke;
And thei right nought us give again, 1950
Neither to ete ne yet to drinke,
Thei mowe by lawe, as that thei fain,
Us curse and dampne to hell'is brinke,
And thus thei puttin us to pain
With candlis queint and bell'is clinke. 1980

Thei make us thrallis at ther lust,
And fain we mowe not els be saved,
Thei have the corne and we the dust,
Who gainfayes them, they saye he raved.
What? man (qð our hoste) canst thou preche?
Come nere and tel some holy thing. 1960
Sir, qð he, I herd onis teche
A preeft in pulpit gode preching.

Saie on, qð he, I The besече.
Sir I am redy at your bidding, 1980
I praie that no man me reproche,
While that I am my tale telling.

Thus endeth the PROLOGUE.

Here

Here foloweth the first Part of the TALE.

A Complaint against the Pride and Covetousness of the Clergy, made no doubt by Chaucer, says the Editor of Chaucer's Works; Printed for *Ad. Islip* at London. A.D. 1602.

A Full sterne strief is stirid newe,
In many stedis in a stounde,
Of sondry sedis that ben sewe,
It semith that some ben unsounde,
For some be grete growin on grounde,
Some ben fouble, simple and small,
Whethir of 'hem is falsir founde,
The falsir foule mote him bifall.

That one side is that I of tell,
Popis, Cardinals, and Prelates;
Parsons, Monkis, and Freris fell,
Priours, Abbotes, of grete estates;
Of heven and hell thei kepe the yeates,
And Peter's successours ben all,
And this is demid by old dates;
But falshed foule mote it befall.

The othir side ben pore and pale,
And peple yput out of prese,
And femin caitiffes fore a cale,
And er in one without encrese,
Iclepid lollers and londlese,
Who toteth on 'hem thei ben untall,
Thei ben arayid all for pece,
But falshed foule mote it befall.

Many a countrey have I fought;
To knowe the falsir of these two,
But aye my travaile was for nought
All so ferre as I have ygo,
But as I wandrid in a wro
Within a wode beside a wall,
Two foulis sawe I sittin tho,
The falsir foule mote him befall.

That one did plete on the Popes side,
A Griffon of a grimme stature,
A Pellicane withoutin pride
To these lollers ylaied his lure,
He mused his mattir in mesure
To counsaile, Christ ay gan he call,
The Griffon shewed as sharpe as fire,
But falshed foule mote it befall.

The Pellicane began to preche
Bothe of mercie and of mekenesse;
And saied that Christ so gan us teche,
And meke and merciable gan blesse,
The' Evangely berith witnesse,
A lambe he likeneth Christ ovre' all,
In tokening that he mekist was,
Sith pride was out of hevin fall.

And so should every Christened be,
Priestis, and Peter's successours,
Beth lowliche and of lowe degre,
And usin none yerthly honours,
Ne croune, ne curious covertours,
Ne pilloure, ne othir proude pall;
Ne to cofrin up grete tresours,
For falshed foule mote it befall.

Priestis should for no cattill plede,
But chaftin 'hem in charite,
Ne to no battaile should men lede
For inhaunsing ther owne degre;
Nat willin sittinges in hie se,
Ne soverainte in hous ne hall,
Worldly worship defie and fle,
Who willith highnes foule shall fall.

Alas! who maie soche sainctis call
That wilnith welde yerthly honour;
Lowe as Lucifere soche shall fall,
In balefull blacknesse build ther boure,
That eggith peple to erreure,
And makith them unto 'hem thrall,
To Christ I holde soche one traitour,
Lowe as Lucifer soche shall fall.

That willith to be kingis peres;
And higher than the Emperour,
And some that werin but pore Freres
Now wollin waxe a warriour;
God he is not ther governour,
That holdith none his permagall,
While cove'tise is ther counsaillour,
All soche falskede mote nedis fall.

That hie on horse willith to ride
In glitterande golde of grete araie;
Paintid and portrid all in pride,
No common knight maie go so gaie;
Chauge of clothing every daie,
With goldin girdils grete and small,
As boistous as is Bere at baie,
All soche falsshed mote nedis fall.

With pride punishith thei the pore;
And some one thei sustain with sale,
Of holie churche makith an hore,
And fill ther wombe with wine and ale;
With money fille thei many a male;
And chaffrin churchis when thei fall,
And telle the peple a leude tale,
Soche false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Thei fede of many manit metes,
With song and solas sitting long,
And fillith ther wombe, and fast fretes,
And from the mete unto the gong,
And astir mete with harpe and long,
And eche man mote 'hem Lordis call,
And hote spicis evir emong,
Soche false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Miters thei werin mo than two
Iperlid as the quen'is hedde,
A staffe of golde, and pirrie lo!
As hevie as' it were made of ledde,
With clothe of gold bothe newe and redde,
With glitterande gold as grene as gall,
By dome thei dampne men to be dedde,
All soche faitours foule 'hem befall.

And Christ's peple proudly curse
 With brode boke, and braying bell,
 And to put pennies in ther purse
 Thei wolle sell bothe hevin and hell,
 In ther sentence and thou wilt dwell
 Thei willin gessie in ther gaie hall,
 And though the soth thou of hem tell
 In the grete cursing shalt thou fall.

That is yblessid, that thei blesse,
 And cursid that thei cursin wolle,
 And thus the peple thei oppresse,
 And have ther lordshippis at full,
 And many be marchauntes of wolle,
 And to purs pennies wolle come thrall,
 The pore peple thei al to pull,
 Suche false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Lordis also mote to 'hem loute
 Obeyfaunt to ther brode blessing,
 Thei ridin with ther royal route
 On a coursir, as' it were a king,
 With saddle of golde glittering,
 With curious harneis quaintly crallit,
 Stiropis gaie of golde mastling
 All suche falsched foule may befall it.

Christes ministers clepid thei bene,
 And rulin al in robberie,
 But Antichriste thei servin clene,
 Attirid al in tirannie,
 Witnesse of John his prophecie,
 Antichriste is ther admirall,
 Tiffelers attired in trecherie,
 Al suche faitours foule 'hem befall.

Who faith that some of 'hem may sinne
 He shal be domid to be ded,
 Some of 'hem wollein gladly winne
 Al ayenst that whiche God forbed,
 Al holiest they clepe ther hed,
 That of ther rule is full regall,
 Alas that evir thei ere bred!
 For al such falsched wol foule fall.

Ther hed covitith al honour,
 To be worshipped in worde and dede,
 Kingis mote to him knele and coure
 To the Apostles that Christ forbode,
 To popis heste such take more hede
 Than to kepe Christes commaundement,
 Of gold and silvir ben ther wede,
 Thei holde him hole omnipotent.

He ordaineth by his ordinaunce
 To parishe priestis a powere,
 To' anothir a gretir avaunce,
 A gretir point to his mistere,
 But for he' is highist in erth here
 To him reserveth he many' a point,
 But unto Christ, that hath no pere,
 Reservith he no pin, no joynt.

So semith he abovin all,
 And Christ abovin him nothings,
 Whan that he sittith in his stall,
 Dampnith and savith as him thinke,
 Suche pride tofore hie God doth stinke,
 An angel bad John to' him not knele,
 Only to God do his bowinge,
 Soche worship-willers mote ill fele.

Thei ne clepe Christ but *sanctus Deus*,
 And clepe ther hed *sanctissimus*,

All they that suche a secte sewis
 I trowe thei takin 'hem amisse,
 In erth here they havin ther blisse,
 Ther hie mastir is Belial,
 Christ his pore peple from 'hem wisse,
 For al suche false will foule befall.

They mowin both ybinde and lose,
 And all is for ther holy life
 To save or dampne they mowin chose,
 Betwene 'hem now is a grete strife,
 Many' a man is killed with a knife,
 To wete which havin lordship shall,
 For suche Christ suffrid woundis five,
 For all suche falsched will foule fall.

Christ said: *Qui gladio percussit*
 With swerde surely he shall die,
 He bad his priestis pece and grith,
 And bad 'hem not drede for to die,
 And bad them be both simple' and slye
 And carke not for no cattell,
 And truste on God that sitteth on hie,
 For al false shal full foule befall.

These wollein make men to swere,
 Ayenst Christ's commaundement,
 And Christ's members al to tere,
 On rode as he were newe yrent,
 Suche lawes thei makin by assent
 Eche on it throwith as a ball,
 And thus the pore be fully shent,
 But falsched foule it shulle befall.

Ne usin thei no simonie
 But selle churchis and priorities,
 Ne they usin to none envie
 But cursin al 'hem contraries,
 And hirith men by daies and yeres
 With strength to hold 'hem in ther stall,
 And culle all ther adversaries,
 Therefore falsched foule thou them fall.

With purse they purchase personage,
 With purse thei payin 'hem to plede,
 And men of warre thei wollein wage
 To bring ther enemies to dede,
 And lordis livis they wol lede,
 And muchil take, and give but small,
 But he' it so get, from it shal shede,
 And make suche false right foule yfall.

They halowe nothing but for hire,
 Ne churche, ne font, ne veltiment
 And make orders in every shire,
 But priestis pay for the parchment,
 Of riatours they takin rent,
 Therwith they smere the shep's skall,
 For many churches ben suspent,
 Al suche falsched foule it befall.

Some livith not in lecherie,
 But haunte wenchis, widows, and wives,
 And punish the pore for putre,
 Themselfe it usith al ther lives,
 And but a man to them him shrives,
 To hevin come he nevir shall,
 He shal be cursed as be catives,
 To hel thei saine that he shal fall.

There was more mercy' in Maximine,
 And Nero, that nevir was gode,
 Than there is now in some of them,
 Whan he hath on his furrid hode,

They

They folowe Christ that shedde his blode
To heven, as bucket to the wall,
Suche wrechis yben worfe than wode,
And al fuche faitours foule 'hem fall.

They give ther almis to the riche,
To mainteynours, and men of lawe,
For to lordis they wol be liche,
An harlottes sonne not worth an hawe,
Sothfastnesse allè fuche han flawe,
They kembe ther crokettes with cristall,
And drede of God they have doune drawe,
Al fuche faitours foule 'hem befall.

They make parsons for the pennie,
And Canons and ther Cardinals,
Unnethe amongst 'hem al is any
That ne hath glosed the gospel fals,
For Christ made ner no Cathedrals,
Ne with him was no Cardinall
With a redde hatte, as use minstrals,
But falsched foule mote it befall.

Ther tithing, and ther offring bothe
They clemith by possession,
Ne therof n'il they none forgo,
But robbin men as a raunsome,
The tithing of *Turpe lucrum*
With these maisters is veniall,
Tithinge of bribery, and larson
Will make falsched full foule to fall.

They takin to ferme ther sompnours
To harme the peple what they may,
To pardoners, and false faitours
Thei sell ther seles I dare well say,
And all to holdin gret arraie,
To multiplie 'hem more metall,
They drede ful liril dom'is day,
Whan al fuche falsched shal foule fall.

Suche harlottes shul men disclaunder,
For that they shullin make them gre,
And ben as proud as Alexander,
And sain to the pore, wo be ye,
By yere eche priest shal paie his fe,
For to encrese his lemmans call,
Suche herdis shul wel ivil the,
And al fuche false shal foule befall.

And if a man be falsely famed,
And wol ymake purgacioun,
Than wol the' officers be agramed,
And assign him fro toun to toun,
So nede he must payin raunsome,
Though he be clene as is cristall,
And than have an absolution,
But al fuche false shal foule befall.

Though he be giltye of the dede,
And that he may the money paie,
Al the while his purse wol yblede
He may use it fro day to day,
The bishopes officers gone gay,
And this game they use ovir all,
The pore to pil is al their pray,
But al fuche false shul foule befall.

Alas! God ordained no fuche lawe,
Ne no fuche crafte of covetise,
But he forbad it by his lawe,
Suche rulers mowen of God agrise,
For al his rulis ben rightwise,
These newe pointis ben pure papall,

And Godd'is lawe they all dispice,
And al fuche faitours shul foule fall.

2240 They saine that Peter had the key
Of heven and hel, to have and holde,
I trowe Peter toke no money
For no finnis that he yfolde,
Suche successours yben to bolde,
In winning all ther witte they wral,
2310 Ther conscience is waxin colde,
And al fuche faitours foule 'hem fal.

Peter was ner so grete a fole
To leve his key with fuche a lorell,
Or take fuche curfid soc or tole,
2250 He was advysid nothing well,
I trowe they have the key of hell,
Their maistir is of that marshall,
For there thei dresin 'hem to dwell,
And with false Lucifer to fall. 2320

Thei ben as proude as Lucifarre,
As angry, and as envious,
From a gode faith they ben ful farre,
In cove'tise they ben curious,
2260 To catche catil as covitous
As hounde, that for hungre wol yall,
Ungodly, and ungracious,
And nedely fuche false shal foule fall.

The Pope, and he were Peter's heire,
Me thinke he errith in this case,
2330 Whan choise of bishop's in dispaire
To chosin 'hem in divers place,
A lorde shal write to him for grace,
For his clerke anone pray he shal,
So shal he spedin his purchase,
2270 And al fuche false foule 'hem befall.

Although he can no manir gode
A lord'is prayir shal be spedde,
Though he be wilde of wil or wode,
2340 Nat understanding what men redde,
A leude bostir, that God forbedde,
As gode a Bishoppe' is my horse Ball,
Suche a Pope is full foule bestede,
And at the laste wol foule yfall.

2280 He makith Priestes for ertthly thanke,
And not at all for Christ'is sake,
Suche that yben ful fat and ranke,
To foul'is hele none hede they take,
Al is wel done what er they make,
For they shal answere ones for all,
2350 For world'is thank such worch and wake,
And al fuche false shal foule befall.

Suche that can nat ysay ther Crede,
With prayir shul be made Prelates,
2290 Nothir canne thei the gospels rede,
Suche shul now weldin hie estates,
The hie godes frendship 'hem makes,
Thei totith on ther summe total,
Suche bere the keyes of hell'is yates,
2360 And all fuche false shal foule befall.

Thei forsakin for Christ'is love
Travaile, and hungre, thurst, and colde,
They ben ordrid or al above,
Out of youthed til they ben olde
2300 By the' dore they go nat to the folde,
To helpe ther shepe they nought travaile,
For hirid men al fuche I holde,
And al fuche false foule 'hem befall.

A a a

For

For Christ our king thei wol forfakē,
 And knowe him nought for his povertē,
 For Christ's love they wol awake
 And drinke piement ale aperte,
 Of God they seme nothing aferde,
 As lusty live, as Lamual,
 And drive ther shepe into desert,
 Al fuche false faitours shul foule fal.

Christ yhad xii. Apostles here,
 Nowe say they, there may be but one,
 That may not erre in no manere,
 Who leve not this ben lost echone,
 Peter errid, so did not John,
 Why is he cleped the principall?
 Christe cleped him Peter, not the Stone,
 Al false faitours foule 'hem befall.

Why cursin they the croisery
 Christ's Christian creturis?
 For bytwene them is now envy
 To be enhaunlid in honours;
 Christin livers with ther labours,
 For they levin on no mortal,
 Ben do to deth with dishonours,
 And al fuche false foule 'hem befall.

What knoweth a tilloure at the plowe
 The Pop's name, and what he hate?
 His crede suffisith to' him inowe,
 And knoweth a cardi'nal by his hatte;
 Rough is the pore unrightly latte,
 That knowith Christ his God royal;
 Suche maters be not worth a gnatte,
 But fuche false faitours foule 'hem fal.

A king shal knele and kisse his shoue,
 Christ let a sinful kisse his fete,
 Me thinke he holdeth him hie inowe,
 So Lucifer did, that hie set,
 Suche one me thinke himsele foryet,
 Or to the trouthe he was nat cal,
 Christe that suffrid woundis wete
 Shall make all fuche falsched foule fall.

They layith out ther large nettes
 For to takin silvir and golde,
 Thei fillin coffers, and sackes fettes
 There as they soulis catchin sholde,
 Ther servauntes be to them unholde
 But they can doublin ther rental,
 To bigge 'hem castles, bigge 'hem holde,
 And al fuche false foule 'hem befall.

*Here endeth the first parte of this tale, and hereafter
 foloweth the seconde parte.*

TO accorde what this wordè fall
 No more Englishe ne can I finde,
 Shewin anothir nowe I shall,
 For I have moche to saye behinde,
 How priestis han the peple pinde,
 As curteis Christe yhath me kinde,
 And put this matter in my minde,
 To make this manir men amende.

Shortely to shende 'hem, and shewe nowe
 How wrongfully they werche and walke,
 Of hie God nothing tell, ne howe,
 But in Goddes worde tell many a balke,
 In harnis holde 'hem and in halke,
 And prechen' of tithis and offende,
 And untruely' of the gospel talke,
 For his mercy God it amende.

What els is Antichriste to saie
 But even Christ's adversarie?
 Suche hath now ben many a daie
 To Christ's biddingful contrarie,
 That from the trouthe clene ywarry,
 Out of the way they ben ywende,
 And Christ's peple' untruely cary,
 God for his pitie it amende.

They live contrary to Christes life,
 In hie pride against mekenesse,
 Against suffraunce they usin strife,
 And angre ayenst sobrenesse,
 Ayenst wisdom wilfulnesse,
 To Christ's talis lital tende,
 Against mesure outragiousnesse,
 But whan God wol, it may amende.

Lordely life ayenst lowlinesse,
 And demin al without mercy,
 And covetise ayenst largesse,
 Ayenst trouthe trechery,
 And ayenst almesse envy,
 Ayenst Christ they comprehende,
 For chastite mainteine leche'ry,
 God for his grace this amende.

Against penaunce thei use delightes,
 Ayenst suffraunce strong defence,
 Ayenst God they usin ill rightes,
 Ayenst pitie punishmentes,
 Open' evil ayenst continence,
 Ther wickid winning worse dispende,
 Sobirnesse sette in to dispende,
 God for his godenesse it amende.

Why cleimin they holy' his powere
 And wranglin ayenst al his hestes?
 His living folowe thei nought here,
 But livin worse than witlesse bestes,
 Of fishe and fleshe they lovin festes,
 As lordis thei ben brode ikende,
 Of Godd's pore thei hatin gestes,
 God for his mercy this amende.

With Dives fuche shal have ther dome,
 That faine that they be Christ's frendes,
 And do nothing as they should done,
 Al fuche ben falsir than ben fendes,
 On the peple they ley fuche bendes,
 As God in erth they han offende,
 Succour for such Christe now send us,
 And for his mercy this amende.

A token' of Antichrist they be
 His careckes ben now wide iknowe,
 Receved to preche shal no man be,
 Without token of him, I trowe,
 Eche christin priest to prechin owe
 From God above, thei ben yfende
 Goddes word to al folke for to showe,
 And sinful man for to amende.

Christ sent the pore for to preche,
 The royal riche he did not so,
 Now dare no pore the peple teche,
 For Antichrist is al ther foe,
 Among the peple he mote go,
 He hath biddin al fuche suspende,
 Some hath he hent, and thinketh yet mo,
 But al this God may wel amende.

Al tho that han the worlde forsake,
 And livin lowly, as God badde,

Into

Into ther prifon fhulle be take,
Betin and boundin, and forth ladde,
Hereof I rede no man be dradde,
Christ faid that his fhould be yfhende,
Eche man ought hereof to be gladde,
For God ful wel it wol amende.

They take on 'hem royall power,
And fay they havin fwerdis two,
One curfe to hel, one fle men here,
At his taking Christ had no mo,
Yet Peter had but one of tho,
And Christ to him fmite gan defende,
And into the' fheth badde put it tho,
And al fuche mifcheves God amende.

Christ bad Peter to kepe his fhepe,
And with his sworde forbade 'hem fmite,
Swerde is no tole with fhepe to kepe,
But to fhepherdas that fhepe wol bite,
Me thinke fuche fhepherdas ben to wite
Who' ayen ther fhepe with fwerde contende,
They drive ther fhepe with grete difpite,
But al this God may well amende.

Peter's fuccellours be thei nought,
Whom Christ ymade his chefe pafoure,
A fwerde no fhepherde ufin ought,
But he would fle, as a bochoure,
Who fo were Peter's fuccelloure
Should bere his fhepe til his backe bende,
And shadowe 'hem from every fhoure,
And al this God may wel amende.

Succellours to Peter ben thefe
In that, that Peter Christe forfoke,
That levir had God's love to lefe,
Than fhepherde had to lefe his hoke,
He culleth the fhepe as doth the Coke,
Of 'hem takin they woll untrende,
And fallfely glose the Gofpell boke,
God for his mercy them amende.

Whan Christ had take Peter the kay
Christ faide, he muft ydie for man,
That Peter to Christ gan withfay,
Christe bad him go behinde Sathan,
Suche counfailours many' of thefe han,
For world's wele God to offende,
Peters fuccellours they ben than,
But al fuche God may wel amende.

For Sathan is to fay no more
But he that contrary to Christ is,
In this they lernin Peter's lore,
They fegin him whan he did miffe,
They folowe him forsoth in this
That Christ would Peter reprehende,
But nat that longith to' hevin bliffe,
God for his mercy 'hem amende.

Thei none Apofle fewen, in cafe
Of ought that I can underftonde,
But him that betraied Christ, Judas,
That bare the purfe in every londe,
And al that he might fette on honde
He hidde and ftale, and it mifpende,
His rule thefe traitours han in honde,
Almighty God all fuche amende.

And at the laft his Lorde gan tray
Curfidly through falfe covetife,
So would thefe traine him for money,
And they ywifin in what wife,

2500 They be fike' of the felfe enfle,
From all fothneffe they ben yfhende,
And covetife chaunge with quentife,
Almighty God al fuche amende.

2510 Were Christ upon erth here efte fone,
Thefe wouldin dampne him to die,
All his heftis they han fordene,
And faine his fawes ben herefie,
Ayenft his commaundementes they crie;
And dampnin all his to be brende,
For thei ne like fuche lofengrie,
God Almighty all fuche amende.

2520 Thefe han more might in Englande here
Than hath the king-and all his lawe;
They han purchafid fuche powere
To takin 'hem whom list not knawe,
And fay that herefie' is ther fawe,
And fo to prifon wol 'hem fende,
It was not fo by eldir dawe,
God for his mercy it amende.

2530 The king's lawe wol no man deme
Angerliche withoutin anfwere,
But if any man thefe mifqueme
He fhall be baightid as a bere,
And yet wel worfe they wol him tere,
And in prifon wollin him pende
In ginis, and in othir gere
Whan that God woll, it may amende.

2540 The king ne taxith nat his men
But by' affent of the commi'nalte,
But thefe eche yere wol raunfom 'hem
Maiftirfully, more than dothe he,
Ther felis by yere bettir be
Than is the king's in extende,
Ther officers han gretir fe
But alle this mifcheve God amende.

2550 Who fo wol prove a testament,
That is nat al worth tennè ponde,
He fhall paye for the parchement
The thirde of the money all rounde,
Thus the pore peple is ranfoude,
They fay fuche parte t'em fhould apende;
There as they gripen' it goeth to grounde,
God for his mercy it amende.

2560 A fimple fornicacion
Twenty fhillingis he fhall pay,
And than have abfolucion
And al the yere ufe it he may,
Thus thei lettin 'hem go aftray,
Thei recke nat though the foule be brende;
Thefe kepin evill Peter's kay,
And al fuche fhepherdas God amende.

2570 Wondir is, that the parliamente,
And al the lordis of this londe,
Here to takin fo lite entente
To helpe the peple' out of ther honde;
For thei ben hardir in ther bonde,
Worfe bete, and cruellir ybrende,
Than to the king is underftand,
God him helpe this for to amende.

2580 What Bifhoppes, what religions
Han in this lande as muche lay fe,
Lordefhippis and poffeffions,
More than Lordis, it femith me;
That makith 'hem lefe charite,
They mowin not to God attende,

2590 In

In erth thei have so highe degre;
God for his mercy it amende.

The Empe'rou yafe the Pope somtime
So highe lordeship him about,
That at the last the fely kime,
The proude Pope yput him out,
So of this relme is in grete dout,
But lordes beware and them defende,
For nowe these folke be wondir stoute,
The King and Lords now this amende. 2640

*Thus endeth the seconde parte of this tale, and hereafter
foloweth the thirde.*

MOyses lawe forbode it tho
That prestis should no lordshippes welde,
Christ's gospels biddith also
That they should no lordshippis helde,
Christes apostels were ner so bolde
No suche lordshippes to 'hem embrace,
But sklere ther shepe and kepe ther folde,
May God amende 'hem for his grace.

For thei ne ben but counterfete,
Men may yknow 'hem by ther fruite, 2650
Ther greteneffe maketh 'hem God foryete,
And take his mekenesse in dispite,
And thei were pore and had but lite,
Thei n'old nat demen' afir the face,
Norishe ther shepe, and 'hem nat bite,
May God amende 'hem for his grace.

Griffon.

What canst thou preche ayenst Chanons
That men yclepin seculere?
Peli. Thei ben curates of many tounes,
On yerth they havin grete powere, 2660
They have grete prebendis and dere,
Some two or thre, and some have mo
A parsonage to ben playing fere,
And yet thei serve the king also,

And let to ferme all that fare
To whom that wol moste give therfore,
Some wollin spende, and some woll spare,
And some wol laye it up in store,
A cure of soule they care not fore, 2670
So that they mowin money take,
Whethir ther soules be wonne or lore,
Ther profites they woll not forsake.

They have a ge'nering procuratour,
That can the pore peple enplede,
And robbe 'hem as a ravinour,
And to his lorde the mony lede,
And catche of quicke and eke of dede,
And richin him and his lorde eke,
And to robbe the pore give gode rede 2680
Of olde and yonge, of hole and sicke.

Therwith they purchase 'hem lay fe
In londe, there as 'hem likith best,
And buildin brode as a cite
Both in the Est, and in the West,
To purchase thus they ben ful prest,
But on the pore they woll nought spende,
Ne no gode give to Godd's gest,
Ne sende him some that all hath sende.

By ther service soche wollin live,
And trust that othir to trefure, 2690
Though all ther parishe die unshrive,
Thei woll nat givin a rose floure,

Ther life should be as a mirrour
Both to lerid and leude also,
And teche the folke ther lele labour,
Soche mister men ben all misgo.

Some of 'hem yben full harde nigges,
And some of 'hem ben proude and gaie, 2700
Some spendin ther gode upon gigges,
And findin 'hem of grete araie,
Alas! what thinke these men to saie
That thus dispendin Godd's gode
At the grete dredefull dom's daie?
Soche wretchis shull be worse than wode.

Some ther churchis nevir ne sie,
Ne ner o penie thi'ir sende,
Though that the pore for hungir die,
O penie' on 'hem will thei not spende, 2710
Have thei receiving of the rente
Thei recke ner of the remenaunt,
Alas! the devill hath clene 'hem blente,
Soche one is Sathanes sojournaunt.

And use horedome and harlottrie,
And covetise, and pompe, and pride,
And slothe, and wrathe, and eke envie,
And sewin sinne by every side,
Alas! where thinkin soche t' abide?
How woll thei ther accomptis yeld?
From hie God thei mowe 'hem not hide, 2720
Soche willers witte' is not worth a nelde.

Thei ben so rotid in richeffe
That Christ's povert is foryet,
Yservid with so many messe
Hem thinke that Manna is no mete, 2660
All is gode that thei mowin gete,
Thei wene to livin evirmore,
But whan that God at dome is sete,
Soche trefour is a feble store.

Unnethis mote thei Matins saie
For counting and for courtholding, 2730
And yet he jangilith as Jaie,
And understont himself nothing,
He woll yserve bothe Erle and King
For his finding and for his fe,
And hide his tithing and offring,
This is a feble charite.

Othir thei ben proude, or cove'tous,
Or elles thei ben hard, or hungrie,
Or thei ben libe'rall or lecherous,
Or els medlers with Marchandrie, 2740
Maintainers of men with maistrise,
Or stewardes, countours, or pledours,
And serve God in ypocrisie,
Soche priestis ben Christes false traitours.

Thei ben false, thei ben vengeable,
And begile men in Christ's name,
Thei ben unstedfast and unstable,
To traie ther Lorde, 'hem thinke no shame, 2750
To servin God thei ben full lame,
Godd's thevis, and falsely stele,
And falsely Godd's worde defame,
In winning is ther world's wele.

Antichrist these priestis serve all,
I praie The who maie sayin naie?
With Antichrist soche shullin fall,
Thei folowen him in dede and faie, 2690
Thei servin him in riche araie,
To servin Christ soche falsely fain,

Why,

Why, at the dredfull dom's daie
Shull thei not folowe him to pain,

That knowen 'hem self that thei doen ill
Ayenst Christ's commaundement,
And amende 'hem ner ne will,
But serve Sathan by one assent?
Who sayith sothe he shall be shent,
Or spekeith ayenst ther false living,
Who so well livith shall be brent,
For soche ben gretir than the king.

Popis, Bishops, and Cardinals,
Chanons, and Parsons, and Vicare
In Goddes service I trowe ben fals,
That Sacramentis sellin here,
And ben as proude as Lucifere,
Eche man loke whether that I lie,
Who so spekeith ayenst ther powere
It shall be holdin herefie.

Lokith how many orders take
Onely of Christ, for his service,
That the world's godis forsake;
Who so take ordirs othir wise,
I trowe that thei shall sore agrise,
For all the glose, that thei conne,
All ne sewin not this assise,
In evill time thei thus begonne.

Loke how many emong 'hem all
Ne holdin not this hie waie,
With Antichrist thei shullin fall,
For that thei wollin God betraie,
God amende 'hem that best ymaie,
For many men thei makin shende,
Thei wetin well the sothe I saie,
But the devill hath soule 'hem blende.

Some of 'hem on ther Churchis dwell
Apparailled porely, proude of porte,
The seven sacramentes thei doen sell,
In cattell catching' is ther comfort,
Of eche mattir thei wollin melle,
To doen 'hem wrong is ther disport,
To' afraie the peple thei ben fell,
And hold 'hem lower than doeth the lorde.

And for the tithing of a Ducke,
Or of an Apple, or an Aie,
Thei make men swere upon a boke,
Lo! thus thei foulin Christ's saie,
Soche berin evill hevin kaie,
Thei mowin assoile, thei mowe thrive,
With mennis wivis strongly plaie,
And with true tillers sturte and strive.

At the wrestling, and at the wake,
And the chief chauntours at the nale,
Market beters, and medling make,
Hoppen' and houtin with heve and hale,
At faire freshe, and at wine stale
Thei dine and drinke, and make debate,
The seven Sacramentes set a faile,
Kepe soche the kaies of hevin gate?

Mennis wivis thei wollin hold,
And though that thei ben right fory,
To speke thei shull not be so bold,
For sompning to' the Consistory,
And make 'hem saie with mouthe I lie,
Though thei it sawin with ther eye
His lemman holdin opiny,
No man so hardy to aske why.

2760

He woll have tithing and offring,
Maugre whofoevir it grutche,
And twise on the daie he woll sing,
Godd's priestis ne were none soche,
He mote go hunte with dogge and biche,
And blowen his horne, and cryin hey,
And forcerie usen as a Witche,
Soche kepin evill Peter's key.

2830

2770

Yet thei mote have some stocke or stone
Gaily paintid, and proudly dight,
To makin men livin upon,
And saie that it is full of might,
About soche men set up grete light,
Other soche stockes shull stande therby,
As darke as if it were midnight,
For it maie makin no mastreie.

2780

That it the leude peple se mowe,
Thou Mary, thou worchest wondir thinges,
About that, that men offrin to,
Hongin brochis, ouchis, and ringes,
The priest purchasith the offringes,
But he n'll offir to' none Image,
Wo is the soule that he forsinges,
That prechith for soche pilgrimage!

2790

To men and women that ben pore,
Which that ben Christ's owne likenesse,
Men shullin offir at ther dore,
That suffre hungir and distresse,
And to soche Image offir lesse,
That mowe not fele ne thirste ne cold,
The pore in spirite gan Christ blesse,
Therefore offrit to feble' and old.

2850

2800

Buckilers brode, and swardis long,
Baudrike, with baselardis kene,
Soche toles about ther necke thei hong,
With Antichrist soche priestis ben,
Upon ther dedes it is well sene
Whom thei servin, whom thei honouren,
Antichrist's thei ben all clene,
And Godd's godes falsly devouren.

2860

Of scarlet and grene gaie gounes,
That mote be shapin for the newe,
To clippin and kiffin in tounes
The damoseles that to the daunce sewe,
Cuttid clothis to sewe ther hewe,
With longè pikis on ther shone,
Our Godd's Gospell is not true,
Eithir thei serve the devill or none.

2170

2110

Now ben the priestis pokes so wide,
Men must enlarge the vestiment,
The holy Gospell thei doen hide
For the contrarien in raiment,
Soche priestes of Lucifer ben sent,
Like conquerours thei ben araied,
The proude pendautes at ther ars pent,
Falsely the trueth thei han betraied.

2880

2820

Shrift silvir soche wollin askeis,
And wollin men crepe to the crouche,
None of the Sacramentes save askis,
Withoutin mede shall no man touche,
On ther Bishop ther warant vouche,
That is a lawe of the decre,
With mede and money thus thei mouche,
And thus thei sain is charite.

Within the middis of ther Masse
Thei n'll have no man but for hire,
B b b

2890
And

And full shortly let forth ypassé,
 Soche shull men findin in eche shire,
 That Parsonages for game desire,
 To live in liking and in lustes,
 I dare not fain, *Sans ose jeo dire*
 That soche ben Antichrist's priestes.

Or thei yef the Bishoppis why,
 Or thei mote ben in his service,
 And holdin forth ther harlottrie,
 Soche Prelates ben of feble' emprise,
 Of Godd's grame soche men agrise,
 For soche mattirs that takin mede,
 How thei' excuse 'hem, and in what wise
 Me thinkith thei ought gretely drede.

Thei fain that it to no man longeth
 To reprove them though that thei erre,
 But falsly Godd's godes thei fongeth,
 And therwith maintein wo and werre,
 Ther dedes should be as bright as sterre,
 Ther living, leude mann's light,
 Thei saie the Pope ne maie not erre,
 Nede must that passin mann's might:

Though' a priest lie with his lemman' al night,
 And tellen his felowe, and he him,
 He goith to Masse anon right,
 And saie the singeth out of sinne,
 His birde abideth him at his inne,
 And dighteth his diner the mene while,
 He singeth his Masse for he would winne,
 And so he wenith God begile.

'Hem thinkith long till thei be met,
 And that thei use forth all the yere,
 Emong the folke whan he is set
 He holdith no man half his pere,
 Of the Bishop he hath powere
 To soile men, or els thei ben lore,
 His absolucion maketh them skere,
 Wo is the soule that he singeth for.

The Griffon began for to thirete
 And saied, of Monkis canst thou ought? 2930
 The Pelli'can saied, thei ben full grete,
 And in this world moche wo hath wrought,
 Sainct Benet, that ther ordir brought,
 Ne made 'hem ner in soche manere,
 I trowe it came ner in his thought
 That thei should use so grete powere.

That a man should a Monke lorde call,
 Ne serve him on knees, as a king;
 He is as proude as Prince in pall,
 In mete, and drinke, and in all thing, 2940
 Some werin a miter and ring
 With double Worstid well idight,
 With roiall mete and richè drinke,
 And ride on courser as a knight.

With haukis and with houndis eke,
 With broche or ouchis on his hode,
 Some saie no Masse in all a weke,
 Of deinties is ther moste fode,
 With lordshippis and with bondmen,
 This is a roiall regioun,
 Sainct Benet made ner non of 'hem
 To have lordship of man ne toun.

Now thei ben queint and curious,
 With fine clothe clad and servid clene,
 Proude, and angrie, and envious,
 Malice is mochil that thei mene,

In catching craftie and covetous,
 Lordly livin in grete liking,
 This living' is not religious
 According to Bener's living. 2960

Thei ben clerkes, and courts ovir se,
 Ther pore tenaunce fully thei flite,
 The hier a man amercid be
 The gladlyir thei woll it write,
 This is farre from Christes poverté,
 For all with cove'tise thei endite,
 On the pore thei have no pite,
 Ne ner 'hem cherishe but or bite.

And comminly soche ben comen
 Of pore peple', and of 'hem begete, 2970
 That this perfection han inomen,
 Ther fathirs ride but on ther fete,
 And travaile sore for that thei etc,
 In povert livith yong and old,
 Ther fathirs suffreth drought and wete,
 Many hungrie meles, thursté, and cold.

And all this the Monkes han forsake
 For Christ's love and sainct Benete,
 To pride and ese have 'hem betake,
 This religion is ill besete, 2980
 Had thei ben out of religion
 Thei must have hangid at the plowe,
 Threshid and diked fro toun to toun,
 With forie mete, not halfe inowe.

Therefore thei han this all forsake,
 And take to riches, pride, and ese,
 Full fewe for God woll Monkes 'hem make,
 Lite is soche ordir for to praise,
 Sainct Benet ordained it not so,
 But bad 'hem to be chereliche, 2990
 In churliche manir live and go,
 Boistous in yerth, and not lordliche.

Thei disclaunderin sainct Benet,
 Therefore thei have his holy curse,
 Sainct Benet with 'hem nevir met
 But if thei thought to robbe his purse;
 I can no more here of 'hem tell,
 But that thei ben like tho before,
 And clene serve the devill of hell,
 And ben his trefure and his store. 3000

And all soche othir counterfaitours
 Chanons, Canons, and soche disgised,
 Ben Godd's enemies and traitours,
 His religion han soule dispised,
 And of Freris I have before
 Told in a makin of a Crede,
 And yet I could tell worse and more,
 But men would werien it to rede.

As Goddes godenes no man tell might,
 Ne write ne speke, ne thinke in thought, 3010
 So ther falsshed, and ther unright
 Maie no man tell that ere God wrought,
 The Griffon saied, thou canst no gode,
 Thou came ner of no gentill kinde,
 Othir I trowe thou waxist wode,
 Or ellis thou hast losse thy minde.

Should holy churche yhave no hedde?
 Who should ybc her governaile?
 Who should her rule, who should her redde?
 Who should her forthren, who availe? 3020
 Eche man shall live by his travaile,
 Who best doith, shall have most mede,

With

With strength if men the churche assaile,
With strength men must defende her nede.

And if the Pope were purely pore
And nedy, and nothing ne had,
He should be drive from dore to dore,
The wickid of him n'olde not drad,
Of soche an hedde men would be fader,
And sinfully liven' as 'hem lust,
With strength amendis soche be made,
With wepin Wolves from shepe be wust.

If that the Pope and Prelates would
So begge, and bid, bowe and borowe,
Holy churche should ystande full cold,
Her servauntes sit and soupe sorowe,
And thei wer noughtie foule and horowe
To worship God men would wlate
Both on evin and on morowe,
Soche harlotrie men would hate.

And therefore men of holye churche
Shouldin be honeste in all thing,
And worshipfull God's workis werche,
So semeth it to serve Christ ther king
In honest and in clene clothing,
With vessels of gold and clothes riche
To God honestly to' make offring,
For to his lordship none is liche.

The Pellican cast an honge crie
And saied alas! why saiest thou so?
Christ is our hedde that sitteth on hie,
Heddis ne ought we have no mo,
We ben his membres bothe also,
Fathir he taught us call him als,
Maisters to call forbad he tho,
All maisters ben wickid and fals.

That takith maistrise in his name
Ghostly, and to win yerthly gode,
Kings and lordes should lordship have
And rule the peple with milde mode,
But Christ for us that shed his blode
Bad his priests no mastirship have,
Ne carke not for clothis ne fode,
From all mischief be wolle 'hem save.

Ther riche clothes shall be rightwisnesse,
Ther tresure a true life shall be,
Charite shall be ther richesse,
Ther Lordship shall be unite,
And hope in God ther honeste,
Ther vessell a clene conscience,
Pore in sprite, and humilite
Shall be holy church's defence.

What, saied the Griffon, maie The greve
That othir folkis farin wele?
What hast thou to doen with ther live?
Thy falschid every man maie felse,
For thou ne canst no cattell gete,
But livest in londe as a lorell,
With glosing gettist thou thy mete,
So farith the devil in hell.

He would that eche man there should dwell,
For he livith in clene envie,
So with the tales that thou doest tell
Thou wouldest othir peple destric,
With your glose, and your heresie,
For ye can live no bettir life
But clene in fals Hypocrisie,
And bringist The in wo and strife.

And therwith have ye not to doen,
For ye ne havin here no cure,
Ye serve the devill, not God ne man,
And he shall payin you your hire,
For ye wolle farin well at festes,
And be warm clothid for the cold,
Therefore ye glosin Godd's hestes,
And begile peple yong and old.

And all the seven Sacramentes
Ye speke ayenst, as ye were flie,
Tithings, offringes with your ententes,
And on our Lord's body lie,
All this ye doen to live in ese,
As who sayith, there ben none soche,
And fain the Pope' is not worth a pefe,
To make the peple' ayen him groche.

And this ycommith in by fendes
To bring the christin in distaunce,
For thei would that no man were frendes;
Levith thy chattring with mischaunce,
If thou live well, what wilt thou more,
Let othir men live as 'hem list,
Spendin ther gode, or kepe in store,
Othir mennes conscience ner thou n'ist.

Ye han no cure to answer fore,
What meddle' ye, that han not to doen?
Let men live as thei han doen yore,
For thou shalt answer for no man.
The Pellican sayid, sir, naie,
I ne dispisid not the Pope,
Ne no Sacrament, sothe to saie,
But speke in charite' and gode hope.

But I dispise ther hiè pride,
Ther welthe, that should be pore in sprite,
Ther wickidnesse is knowe so wide,
Thei servin God in false habite,
And tournin mekenesse into pride,
And lowlinesse into' hie degre,
And Godd's wordis tourne and hide,
And I am moved by charite.

To lettin men to livin so
With all my conning and my might,
And to warnin men of ther wo,
And to tellin 'hem trouth and right,
The Sacramentes be soul's hele,
If thei ben usid in gode use,
Ayenst that speke I ner a dele,
For than ne were I nothing wise,

But thei that use 'hem in misse manere,
Or set 'hem up to any sale,
I trowe thei shall abie 'hem dere,
This is my reson, this my tale,
Who so taketh 'hem unrightfullliche
Ayenst the ten commaundementes,
Or ellis by glose wrechidliche,
Selleth any of the Sacramentes,

I trowe thei doe the devill homage,
In that thei wetin thei doe wrong,
And thereto I dare well to wage
Thei serve Sathan for all ther song,
To tithen' and offre' is holosome life,
So it be doen in due manere,
A man to houselin and to thrive,
Wedding, and all othir in fere.

So it be nother folde ne bought,
Ne take ne give for covetise,

And

And it be so taken' it is nought,
Who selleth him so, maie fore agrife;
On our Lordes body' I doe not lie,
I saie the sothe thorough true rede,
His fleshe and blode through his misterie
Is there all in the forme of brede.

3150

How it is there, it nedeth not strive,
Whethre' it be subget or accident,
But as Christ was, whan he' was on live
So is he there in verament,
If Pope or Cardinall live gode live
As Christ us bad in his Gospell,
Ayenst that ne woll I not strive,
But me thinkith thei live not well.

For if the Pope lived as God bedde,
Pride and highnesse he should dispise,
Richesse, covetise, and croune on hedde,
Mekenesse and poverté' he should use.
The Griffon saied he should abie,
Thou shalt be brent in balefull fire,
And all thy sect I shall distrie,
Ye shall be hangid by the swire.

3160

Ye shulle be hangid and to drawe
Who givith you leve for to preche,
Or spekin against Godd's lawe,
And the peple thus falsely teche?
Thou shalt be curfed with boke and bell,
And dislevered from holie churchie,
And clene idampnid into hell,
Othirwise but ye wollin worche.

3170

The Pelli'can saied that I ne drede,
Your cursing is of lite value,
Of God I hope to have my mede,
For it is falsed that ye shewe,
For ye ben out of charite,
And wilne vengeance, as did Nero,
To suffrin I woll redy be,
I drede not all that thou canst do.

3180

Christ bad ones suffre for his love,
And so he taught all his servauntes,
But thou' amende for his sake above,
I drede not all thy maintenaunce,
For if I drede the world's hate
Me thinkith I were lite to praise,
I drede nothing your hie estate,
Ne I ne drede not your disce.

3190

Wollin ye tourne and leve your pride,
And your hie porte, and your richesse,
Your cursing should not go so wide,
God bring you into rightwisenesse,
For I drede not your tirannie,
For nothing that ye can ydoen,
To suffre I am all redie,
Sikir I recke never how sone.

The Griffon grinned as he were wode,
And lokid lovely as an Owle,
And swore by cock's herte and blode,
He would him tere every doule,
Holy churchie thou disclaundrist foule,
For thy speche I woll The to race,
And make thy fleshe to rote and moule,
Lofell, thou shalt have hardè grace.

The Griffon flewe forth on his waie,
The Pellican did sit and wepe,
And to himself he gan to saie
God would that any of Christes shepe

3210

Had herdin, and itakin kepe
Eche a worde that here sayid was,
And would it write and well ikepe,
God would it were all for his grace.

Plowman.

I answerid, and saied I would,
If for my travaile one would pey.
Pelican. He saied yes, these ther God han sold,
For thei han grete store of money.

Plowman. I sayid, tell me and thou maie,
Why tellist thou menn's trespase?

3220

Pelican. He said, to' amende'hem in gode fay
If God woll give me any grace.

For Christ himself is liken to me,
That for his peple died on Rode,
As fare I, right so farith he,
He fedith his birdes with his blode,
But these doen evill ayenst gode,
And ben his foen undir frendes face,
I told 'hem how ther living stode,
And God amende 'hem for his grace.

3230

Plowman.

What ailith the Griffon, tell why
That he holdith on the' othir side,
For thei two yben likily
And with kindis yrobin wide.
Pelican. The foule betokinith pride,
As Lucifer, that high flewe was,
And sith he did him in ill hide,
For he agiltid Godd's grace.

As birde flyith up in the aire,
And livith by birdes that ben meke,
So these ben flowe up in dispaire,
And shendin sely foulis eke,
The foulis that ben in sinnes eke:
He culleth 'hem, knele therfore alas!
For bribrie Godd's forbode breke,
But God amende it for his grace.

3240

The hinder parte is a Lioun,
A robber and a raviner,
That robbeth the peple in yerth doune,
And in yerth holdith none his pere,
So fareth this foule both ferre and nere,
With tempo'rel strength, the peple chafe,
As a Lion proude in yerth here,
May God amende 'hem for his grace.

3250

Pellican.

He flewe forth with his wingis twain
All drouping, and dafid, and dull,
But sone the Griffon came again,
Of his foulis the yerth was full,
The Pelli'can he had cast to pull,
So grete number ner sene there was,
What manir of foules telle I woll,
If God woll give me of his grace.

3260

3200

With the Griffon come foulis fele,
Ravins, Rokis, Crowis, and Pie,
And graie foulis, aga'drid wele,
Igurde above they wouldin hie,
Gledis and bosardes weren 'hem by,
White molles and purtockes toke ther place,
And lapwinges, that wel conith lie,
This Company' han forlete ther place.

3270

Long while the Pellican was oute,
But at last he commith againe,
And brought with him the Phenix stoute,

The

The Griffon would have flow ful faine,
His foulis flew as thicke as raine,
The Phenix tho began 'hem chace,
To fle from him it was in vaine,
For he did vengeaunce and no grace.

He slewe 'hem doune without mercy,
There astarte neither fre ne thrall,
On him they cast a rufull crie,
Whan that the Griffon down was fall,
He bete him not, but slewe 'hem all,
Where he 'hem drove, no man may trace,
Under the erth me thought they yall,
Alas they had a feble grace!

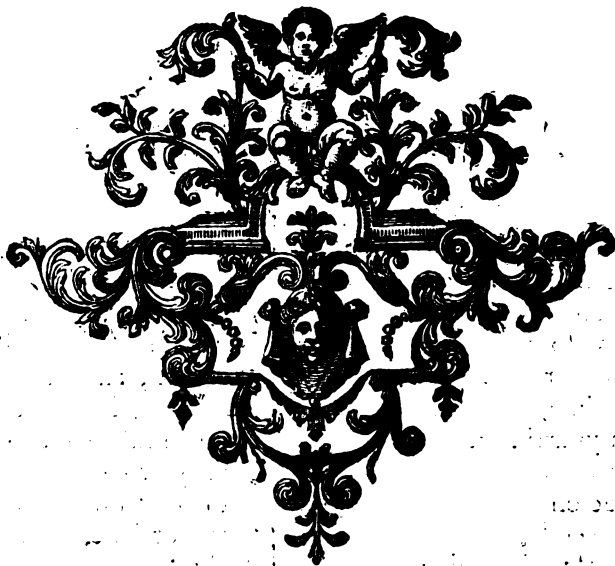
The Pellican then axid right
For my writing if I have blame,
Who then wol for me fight of flight?
Who shullin sheldè me from shame?
He that yhad a maide to dame,
And the lambè that slaine ywas,

Shal sheldin me from gostly blame,
For erthely harme is Godd'is grace.

3280 Therefore I pray evèry man
Of my writing have me excused,
This writing writeth the Pellican,
That thus these peple hath dispised,
For I am freshe fully advised,
I n'ill not mainteine his menace, 3300
For the Devill is ofte disguised
To bring a man to evil grace.

3290 Witith the Pelli'can and not me,
For herof I n'il not avowe,
In hie ne lowe, ne no degre,
But as fable take it ye mowe,
To holy churche I will me bowe,
Eche man to' amende him Christe sende space,
And for my writing me alowe
He that' is almighty for his grace.

Here endeth the PLOWMAN's TALE.



C c c

Here



Here foloweth the PARSON's PROLOGUE.



BY that the Plowman had his tale endid
The sunne fro the fourthe side is discendid
So lowe, that it was nat unto my sight
Degrees of five and twenty upon hight,
Tenne of the clocke it was, so as I gesse,
For enlevin fote, a lite more or lesse
My shadowe was at thilke time, as there
Of suche fete as my length ypartid were
In fixe fete equalle of proporcion,
Therwith the mon's exaltacion
I menè Libra, alway gan ascende,
As we were entring at the throp's ende;
For which our Hoste, as he was wont to gie
Aye in this case this joly companie,
Said in this wise, lordingis everichone,
Now lackith us no tale more than one,
Fulfilled is my sentence, and my decre,
Who wol now tellin a tale let us se,
Almost fulfillid is my ordinaunce,
I pray to God so yeve him right gode chaunce, 3330
That tellith this tale to us lustily.

Sir priest (qð he) arte thou a vicary,
Or art thou a parson, say soth by fay?
Be what thou be, ne breke thou not our play,
For every man save thou hath tolde his tale,
Unbokle, and shewe us what is in thy male;
For trewily me thinkith by thy chere,
Thou shouldest knit up well a grete matere,
Tel us a fable anon, for cock's bones.
This Person him answeride al at ones, 3340
Thou gettist fable none ytolde of me,
For Poule, that writith unto Timothe,

Reprevith hem that waivin sothfastnesse,
And techin fables, and suche wretchidnesse;
Why shouldest I sowin draffe out of my filte,
Whan I may sowin whete, if that me list?
For whiche I saye, if that ye list to here
Moralite, and of vertuous matere,
And than, if ye wol yeve me audience,
I would ful faine at Christ's reverence
Doin you plesauce lesful, as I can;
But trusteth wel, I am a sotherne man,
I can not jesse, rum, ram, ruf, by letter,
And God wote, rime holde I but litle better;
And therefore if ye list, I wol not glose,
I wol you tell a litil tale in prose,
To knit up al this fest, and make an ende;
And Jesu for his grace, wit me fende
To shewin you the way in this voyage
Of thilke perfite gloriouse pilgrimage, 3360
That hight Hierusalem celestiall,
And if that you vouchsave, anon I shall
Begin upon my tale, for whiche I pray
Tel your advise, I can not bettir say.

But nathelless this meditacion
I put it aye undir correccion
Of clerkis, for I am not textuell,
I take but the sentence ytrustith well,
Therefore I make a protestacion
That I woll standin to correccion. 3370

Upon this worde, we have assentid sone,
For as it semid it was for to done
To endin in some vertuous sentence,
And for to yeve him space and audience,

And

And bade our Hoste that he should to him say,
That al we to tellin his tale him pray.

Our Hoste had the wordis for us all,
Sir priest (qð he) now sayre more you befall,
Say what ye list, and we shall gladly here,

And with that worde he said in this manere, 3380
Tellith (qð he) your meditacion,
But hastith you, for the sunne wol a doun,
Berh fructuous, and that in litil space,
And to do wel God sende you of his grace.

Here endeth the PARSON'S PROLOGUE.

Here foloweth his TALE.

Jerem. vi. *State super vias, & videte, & interrogate de semitis antiquis, quæ sit via bona, & ambulate in eâ: & inuenietis refrigerium animabus vestris.*

OUR swete Lorde God of heven, that no man woll perysbe, but woll that we turne all to the knowlege of him, and to the blisfull life that is perdurable, amonesteth us by the Prophete Jeremie, that faith in this wise. Stonderth upon the wayes and seeth, and asketh of olde pathes: that it to saie, of olde sentences, whiche is the gode waie, and walketh in that waye, and ye shall finde refreshing for your soules, &c. Manie ben the waies espirituelles that lede folke to our Lorde Jesu Christ, and to the reigne of glory: Of whiche waies there is a full noble waye, and full convenable, whiche maye not faile to man ne to woman, that through sinne hath misgone fro the right way of Hierusalem celestia: and this waye is called penitence, of whiche man should gladly herken and enquire with al his hert, to wete what is penitence, and whiche is called penitence, and howe many maners bene of actions or werkinges of penitence, and howe many speces there ben of penitence, and which thinges apertaine and behove to penitence, and which thinges distourbe penitence.

Saint Ambrose faith, that penitence is the plaining of manne for the gilte that he hath doen, and no more to do any thing for which him oughte to playne. And some doctours faith, Penitence is the waimentinge of man that soroweth for his sinne, and paineth himselfe, for he hath misdoun. Penitence with certaine circumstaunces, is very repentance of a man that holte himself in sorow, and other payne for his giltes: and for he shall be verie penitent, he shall first bewaile sinnes that he hath done, and stedfastly purpose in his hert to have shrifte of mouthe, and to do satisfaccion, and never to doe thing, for whiche him ought more bewaile or complaine, and continewe in gode workes: or els his repentance may not availe. For as saint Hoder saith, He is a japer and a lier, and no very repentaunt, that effone doth thing, for which him ought repente. Weping and not for to finte to do sinne, maye not availe: But nathelesse men shall hope that at every time that man falleth, be it never so ofte, that he may arise through penaunce, if he have grace: But certaine it is grete doute, for as saith S. Gregory, Unnethes ariseth out of sinne, that is charged with the charge of evill usage: And therefore repentaunt folke, that finte for to sinne, and leve sinne or sinne leve them, holy Church holdeth them fiker of their salvacion. And he that sinneth, and verely repenteth him in his last end, holy church yet hopeth his salvacion, by the grete mercy of our Lorde Jesu Christe, for his repentance: but take the fiker waye.

And nowe sith I have declared you, what thing is Penitence, now ye shal understonde, that there ben thre actions of Penitence. The firste is, that a manne

be baptised after that he hath sinned. Saint Augustin saith, but he be penitent for his olde sinfull life, he may not beginne the newe clene life: For certes if he be baptised without penitence of his olde gilt, he retaineth the marke of baptisme, but not the grace ne the remission of his sinnes, till he have very repentance. An other defeaute is this, that men doe dedly sinne after that they have receyved baptisme. The thirde defeaute is this, that men fall in veniall sinnes after ther baptisme, fro day to day. Thereof saith saint Augustin, that penitence of gode and humble folke, is the penitence of every daie.

The speces of penitence ben thre: That one of hem is solempne; an other is commune; and the thirde is privy. That penaunce that is solempne is in two maners: As to be put out of holy church in lent, for slaughter of children, and suche maner thinge. An other is when a man hath sinned openlye, of whiche sinne the fame is openly spoken in the countrie: and than holy church by judgment distraineth him for to do open penaunce.

Commen penaunce is, that prestes enjoyne men in certaine case: as for to go peraventure naked in pilgrimage, or bare fote. Privy penaunce is that, that men do all daie for privy sinnes, of whiche we thrive us prively, and receive privy penaunce.

Nowe shalt thou understond, what is behovefull and necessary to very perfite penitence: and this stonde on thre thinges. Contricion of herte, confession of mouthe, and satisfaccion. For whiche saith saint Johan Chrisostom. Penitence distraineth a man to accept benignely every paine, that him is enjoined, with contricion of hert, and shrifte of mouthe, with satisfaccion; and in werking of al maner humilite. And this is fruitfull penitence ayenste thre thinges, in whiche we wrathe our Lorde Jesu Christ: this is to saie, By delite in thinkinge, by retchelesse speking, and by wicked sinnefull werking. And ayenst thes wicked giltes is penitence, that maie be likened unto a tre.

The rote of this tre is contricion, that hideth him in the herte of him that is very repentaunt, right as the rote of the tre hideth him in the erth. Of this rote of contricion springeth a stalke, that bereth braunches and leves of confession, and frute of satisfaccion. For whiche Christ saith in his gospels, Doth digne frute of penitence, for by this frute men may knowe the tre, and not by the rote that is hid in the herte of manne, ne by the braunches, ne the leves of confession. And therefore our Lord Jesu Christ saith thus: By the frute of hem shal ye knowe hem. Of this rote also springeth a fede of grace, the which fede is mother of al sikernes, and this fede is eager and hote. The grace of this fede springeth of God through remembraunce on the daye of dome, and on the

the paines of hell. Of this matter saith Salomon, that in the drede of God, man forleteth his sin. The herte of this fede is the love of God, and the desiring of the joy perdurable: This herte draweth the herte of man to God, and doth him hate his sinne: For sothely there is nothing that savoureth so wel to a childe, as the milke of his nourse, ne nothinge is to him more abhominable than that milke, when it is medled with other mete. Right so the sinfull man that loveth his sinne, him semeth that it is to him moste swete of any thinge, but fro that time he loveth sadly our Lorde Jesu Christ, and desireth the life perdurable, there is to him no thing more abhominable: For sothely the lawe of God is the love of God. For which David the prophete saith: I have loved thy lawe, and hated wickednesse: He that loveth God, kepeth his lawe and his worde.

This tre sawe the prophete Daniel in spirite, on the vision of Nabuchodonosor, when he counsailed him to do penitence. Penance is the tre of life, to hem that it receyve, and he that holdeth him in very penitence is blessed after the sentence of Salomon. In this penitence or contricion man shall undirstonde foure thinges, that is to say: What is contricion, and whiche ben the causes that move a man to contricion, and how he shulde be contrite, and what contricion availeth to the soule. Than is it thus, that contricion is the very sorow, that a man receiveth in his herte for his sinnes, with sadde purpose to thrive him, and to do penance, and never more to doe sinne: And this sorowe shall be in this maner, as saith saint Bernard: It shal be hevie and grievouse, and ful sharpe and poynting in herte.

First, for a man hath agilted his Lorde and his creatoure, and more sharpe and poynting, for he hath agilted his father celestiall: And yet more sharpe and poynting, for he hath wrathed and agilted him that bought him, that with his precious blode hath delivered us fro the bondes of sinne, and fro the cruelte of the divel, and fro the paines of hell.

The causes that ought move a man to contricion bene fixe, First a man shall remembre him of his sinnes, but loke that that remembraunce ne be to him no delite, by no waye, but grete shame and sorowe for his sinnes. For Job saith, sinfull men done workes worthy of confession. And therefore saith Ezechiell: I wol remembre me al the yeres of my life, in the bitternesse of my herte. And God saith in the Apocalypse: Remembre ye from whence that ye ben fall, for before that time that ye sinned, ye were children of God, and limmes of the reigne of God: But for your sin ye ben waxen thrall and foule, and membres of the fende, hate of angels, slaunde of holye churche, and fode of the false serpent, perpetuell mattere of the fyre of hell: And yet more foule and abhominable, for ye trespase so oft times, as doeth an hounde that returneth ayen to ete his owne spwing: and yet be ye fouler, for your long continuing in sinne, and your sinful usage, for whiche ye be roted in your sinne, as a beste in his donge. Suche maner of thoughtes make a manne to have shame of his sin, and no delite. As God saith, by the prophete Ezechiell: Ye shall remembre you of your waies, and they shal displese you sothly. Sinnes ben the waies that lede folke to Hell.

THE seconde cause that ought make a man to have disdaine of sinne is this, that as saith saint Peter: Who so doth sinne, is thrall of sinne, and sinne putteth a man in grete thralldome. And therefore saith the prophete Ezechiell: I wente sorowful, in disdaine of my selfe. Certes wel ought a manne have disdaine of sinne, and withdrawe him

fro that thralldome and vilany. And lo! what saith Seneke in this matter? he saith thus: Though I wiste, that neither God ne manne should never knowe it, yet would I have disdaine for to do sinne. And the same Seneke also saith: I am borne to greter thinge, than to be thrall to my body, or for to make of my body a thrall. Ne a fouler thrall maye no man ne woman make of his bodie, than for to yeve his body to sinne, all were it the foulest churle, or the foulest woman that liveth, and leste of value, yet is he than more foule, and more in servitude. Ever fro the higher degre that man falleth, the more is he thrall, and more to God and to the worlde vile and abhominable. O gode God! wel oughte man have grete disdaine of sin, sith that through sinne, there he was fre he is made bonde. And therefore saith saint Augustin: If thou hast disdaine of thy servaunt, if he offende or sinne, have thou than disdaine that thou thy selfe shuldest do sinne. Take rewarde of thine owne valewe, that thou ne be to foule to thy selfe. Alas! well ought they than have disdaine to be servauntes and thralls to sinne, and sore to be ashamed of themself, that God of his endeles godenesse hath sette in highe estate, or yeve hem witte, strength of bodye, hele, beutie, or prosperite, and bought hem fro the deth with his herte blode, that thei so unkindly, ayenst his gentilesse quite him so villainously, to slaughter of ther owne soules; O gode God! ye women that ben of grete beutie, remembreth you on the proverbe of Salomon: He saith he likeneth a faire woman, that is a sole of her bodie, to a ringe of gold that were worne on the groine of a sow: For right as a sowe wrotheth in every ordure, so wrotheth she her beaute in stinking ordure of sinne.

THE thirde cause that ought meve a man to contricion, is drede of the daye of dome, and of the horrible paines of hel. For as sainte Jerom saith: At every time that me remembreth of the daye of dome, I quake: For when I ete and drinke, or what so that I do, ever semeth me that the trompe sowneth in mine ere: Riseth ye up that ben ded, and cometh to the judgment. O gode God! muche ought a manne to drede suche a judgement, there as we shall be all, as sainte Poule saith, before the sete of our Lorde Jesu Christ, where as he shal make a general congregacion, where as no man may be absent, for certes there avayleth none esoyne ne excusation, and not onely that our defaultes shal be judged, but also that all our werkes shal openly be knowne. And as saith saint Barnarde, there ne shall no pleding availe, ne no sleight: We shall yeve rekeninge of every idle worde. There shall we have a judge that maie not be disceived ne corrupt, and why? For certes, all our thoughtes ben discovered, As to him, ne for prayer ne for mede he shall not be corrupte. And therefore saith Salomon: The wrathe of God ne wol not spare no wight, for prayer ne for yeste. And therefore at the day of dome, there is no hope to escape. Wherefore, as saith saint Anselm: ful grete anguishe shall the sinnefull folke have at that time: There shal the fiers and wrothe judge sitte above, and under him the horrible pitte of hel open, to distroy him that must beknowe his sinnes, which sinnes openly ben shewed before God and before every cature: And on the leste side, mo Divels than anie herte maye thinke, for to hale and drawe the sinful soules to the paine of hell, and within the hertes of folke shal be the biting conscience, and without forth shal be the worlde al brenning, whither shal than the wretched sinfull man fle to hide him? Certes he may not hide him, he must come forth and shewe him. For certes, as saith S. Jerom, the

the erth shal cast him out of it, and the se also, and the ayre that shal be ful of thonderclappes and lightnings. Now sothly, who so wel remembreth him of these thinges, I gesse that his sinne shall not turne him into delite, but to grete sorowe, for drede of the paine of hell. And therefore saith Job to God: suffre Lord, that I may a while bewaile and wepe, er I go without returning to the derke londe, covered with the derkenesse of deth, to the londe of misere and of derkenesse, where as is the shadowe of deth, where as there is none order or ordinaunce, but ferefull drede that ever shall last. Lo! here may you se, that Job praied respite a while, to bewepe and waile his trespass: for sothely one day of respite is better than all the trefour of this world. And for as much as a man may acquite himself before God by penitence in this world, and not by trefour, therefore should he pray to God to yeve him respite a while, to bewepe and waile his trespass: for certes, al the sorowe that a man might make fro the beginning of the world, n'is but a litel thing, at regarde of the sorowe of hell. The cause why that Job calleth hell the londe of derkenesse, understondeth that he calleth it londe or erth, for it is stable and never shall faile, and derkenesse; For he that is in hell hath defaute of light materiall; for certes the derke light, that shal come out of the fire that ever shall brenne, shal turne him al to pain that is in hell, for it sheweth him to the horrible Divels that him turmenteth, covered with the derkenesse of deth, that is to say, that he that is in hel, shal have defaute of the sight of God: for certes the sight of God is the life perdurable. The derkenesse of deth ben the sinnes that the wretched man hath don, which that disturbe him to se the face of God, right as the derke cloude betwixt us and the sunne. Londe of misere; bicause that there ben thre maner of defautes ayenst thre thinges that folke of this worlde have in this present life, that is to saie: honours, delices, and riches. Ayenst honour have they in hel shame and confusion: For wel ye wote, that men call honour the reverence that man doth to man, but in hell is none honour ne reverence. For certes, no more reverence shal be do ther to a kinge, than to a knave. For whiche God saith by the Prophet Jeremy: Those folke that me dispise, shal ben in dispyit. Honoure is also called grete lordship: there shal no wight serve other: but of harme and turment. Honoure is also called grete dignite and highnesse, but in hell shal thei be al fortroden of divelles. As God saith: the horrible divels shal goe and come upon the hedes of dampned folke: and this is, for as much as the higher that thei were in this present life, the more shal thei be abated and defoiled in hell. Ayenst the riches of this world shal they have misere of povertie, that shal be in foure thinges. In defaute of trefour. Of which David saith: The riche folke that embrace and knite al ther herte to trefour of this worlde, shal slepe in the slepinge of deth, and nothing ne shull they finde in ther hondes of al ther trefour. And more over the misere of hel shal be in defaute of mete and drinke. For God saith thus by Moyses: They shall be wasted with hunger, and the byrdes of hell shal devour hem with bitter deth, and the gal of the dragon shal be ther drinke, and the venom of the dragon ther morsels. Also ther misere shal be in defaute of clothing, for thei shal be naked in body, as of clothing, save the fire in whiche they brenne, and other filthes: and naked shall they be of soule, of al maner vertues, whiche that is the clothing of the soule. Where ben than the gay robes, the soft shetes, and the smal shertes? Lo! what saith God of hem by the Prophet Isaie? that under hem shal be strewed moughtes, and ther covertures shal be of wormes of hel. Also ther misere shal be

in defaute of frendes, for he is not pore that hath gode frendes, but ther is no frende, for neither God ne no cature shal be frende to hem, and eche of hem shall hate other with dedly hate: The sonnes and the doughters shall rebell ayenst father and mother, and kinred ayenst kinred, chide and dispise eche other, both day and night, as God saith by the Prophet Micha: And the loving children that whilom loved so fleshly eche other, would eche of hem ete other if they might. For howe should they love together in the paines of hel, when they hated eche other in prosperite of this life? for truste wel ther fleshly love was dedly hate. As saith the Prophet David: Who so that loveth wickednesse, he hateth his soule, and who so hateth his owne soule, certes he may love none other wight in no maner: And therefore in hel is no solace ne no frendship, but ever the more kinredes that ben in hel, the more cursinges, the more chidinges, and the more dedly hate there is amonge hem. Also they shal have defaute of all maner delices, for certes delices ben after the appetites of the five wittes: As sight, hering, smellenge, favouring, and touchinge. But in Hell ther sight shal be full of derkenesse and of smokke, and therefore full of teres, and ther heringe full of waylinge and grintage of terhe: As saith Jesu Christ: Ther nostrilles shal be ful of stinking. And, as saith Isaie the prophete: Ther favouring shal be ful of bitter gall, and as of touching all ther bodies, icovered with fire, that never shall quenche, and with wormes that never shall die. As God saith by the mouth of Isaie: and for as muche as they shal not wene that they may die for paine, and by deth shie fro paine, that maye they understonde in the wordes of Job, that saith: There is the shadowe of deth. Certes a shadowe hath likenesse of the thing of whiche it is shadowed, but shadowe is not the same thing of whiche it is shadowed: right so fareth the paine of hel, it is like deth, for the horrible angustie. And why? For it paineth hem ever as though they should die anon, but certes thei shal not die. For as saith saint Greg: to wretched caitifes shal be deth without deth, and ende without ende, and defaute without failing, for ther deth shal alway live, and ther ende shal ever more begin, and ther defaute shal not faile.

And therefore saith saint John the Evangelist, they shal folowe dethe, and they shal nat fynde him, and they shal desire to die, and deth shal shie from hem. And also Job saith, that in hel is no order or rule: And al be it so, that God hath create al thing in right order, and nothing without order, but all thinges ben ordred and numbred, yet nachelesse they that ben dampned ben nothing in order, ne holde none order, for the erth ne shal bere hem no fruite. For, as the prophete David saith: God shall distroie the fruite of the erth, as for hem, ne water ne shal yeve hem no moislure, ne the eyre no refreshinge, ne fire no lighte. For as saith saint Basilie: The brenning of the fire of this world shal God yeve in hel to hem that ben dampned, but the light and the clerenesse shal be yeve in Heven to his children: right as gode men yeve fish to ther children, and bones to ther houndes. And for they shal have none hope to escape, as saith saint Job at laste; that there shal horroure and grevly drede dwell without ende. Horroure is alway drede that is to come, and this drede shal alway dwell in the hertes of hem that be dampned. And therefore have they losse all ther hope for seven causes. Firste for God that is ther Judge shal be without mercy to hem, and they may not plesse him ne none of his saintes, ne they maie not yeve nothinge for ther raunsome, ne thei shal have no voice to speke to him, ne they may not

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fre fro paine, ne they have no godenesse in 'hem that they maye shewe to deliver 'nem fro paine. And therefore saith Salomon: The wicked manne dieth, and whan he is ded, he shall have no hope to escape fro paine. Who so than would wel understonde the paines, and bethinke him well that he hath deserved those paines for his sinnes, certes he should have more talent to sighe and wepe, than for to singe and playe. For as saith Salomon, who so that had the science, to know the paines that ben ordained for sinne, he woulde make grete sorowe. That science, as saith saint Austin, maketh a man to weiment in his herte.

THE fourth pointe that ought make a man have contricion, is the sorowful remembraunce of the gode that he hath leste to doe here in erth, and also the gode that he hath losse. Sothly the gode werkes that he hath leste, either they be the gode werkes that he wroughte er he fill in dedly sinne, or elles the gode werkes that he wrought while he laie in sin. Sothly the gode werkes that he did before that he fill in sinne ben al mortified, astoned, and dull by ofte sinninge. The werkes that he did while he lay in sinne be ded, as to the life perdurable in Heven: than the gode werkes that ben mortified by oft sinning, whiche he did beyng in charite, may not quicke ayen without very penitence. And of it saith God by the mouthe of Ezechiel: If the rightfull man returne ayen fro his rightwisnesse and do wickednesse, shal he live? nay, for al the gode werkes that he hath do ne shal never be in remembraunce, for he shall die in his sin. And upon that chapitre saith saint Gregorie thus, that we shall understond this principally: If that we don dedly sin, it is for nought than to reherce or drawe in to memory the gode werkes that we have wrought before: for certes in the working of dedly sinne, there is no truste to no gode werke that we have doen before: that is to say, as for to have thereby the life perdurable in Heven. But nathelesse the gode werkes quicken and come againe, and helpe and availe to have the life perdurable in Heven whan we have contricion: But sothly the gode werkes that men don while they be in dedly sinne, for as moche as thei were doen in dedly sinne, thei maie never quicke: For certes, thing that never had life, maie never quicke: And nathelesse, albeit that thei availe not to have the life perdurable, yet availe thei to abredge of the paine of hell, or els to get temporell riches, or els that God woll the rather enlumine or light the hert of the sinful man to have repentaunce, and eke thei availe for to use a manne to doe gode werkes, that the fende have the lesse power of his soule. And thus the curteis Lorde Jesu Christe ne woll that no gode werke be losse, for in somewhat it shall availe. But for as moche as the gode werkes that menne doen while thei ben in godelife, ben al amortified by sinne following: and also sithe that all the gode werkes that men doen while they be in dedly sinne, ben utterly dedde, as for to have the life perdurable, well maie that manne that no gode werke ne doeth, sing that newe freshe song (*Jay tout perdu mon temps, & mon labure.*) For certes sinne bireveth a man bothe godenesse of nature, and also the godenesse of grace. For sothly the grace of the Holy Ghoſte fareth like fire that maie not be idell, for fire faileth anon as it forleteth his working: and right so grace faileth anon, as it forleteth his working. Than leseth the sinfull man the godenesse of glory, that onely is behight to gode men that labour and werke. Well maie he be sorie than, that oweth all his life to God, as long as he hath lived, and also as long as he shall live, that no godenesse ne hath to paie with his debt to God, to

whom he oweth all his life: for trust well he shall yeve accomptes as saith saint Bernarde, of all the godes that have ben yeve him in this present life, and how he hath 'hem dispended, in so moche that there shall not perishe an here of his hedde, ne a moment of an houre ne shall not perishe of his time, that he ne shall yeve of it a reckening.

THE fifthe thinge that ought to move a man to contricion, is remembraunce of the passion that our Lorde Jesu Christ suffered for our sinnes. For as saith saint Bernarde, while that I live, I shall have remembraunce of the travailes, that our Lord Jesu Christe suffred in preching, his werinesse in travailling, his temptacions whan he fasted, his long walkinges whan he praied, his teres whan that he wept for pite of gode peple, the wo, the shame, and the filthe that menne said to him: of the foule spitting that menne spitte in his face, of the buffettes that men yave him: of the foule mowes and of the reproves that men said to him: of the nailes with whiche he was nailed to the crosse, and of all the remnaunt of his passion, that he suffred for my sinnes, and nothing for his gilte. And ye shall understonde, that in mann's sin is every maner order or ordinance tourned up side downe. For it is sothe, that God, reson, sensualite, and the body of man, ben ordained, that eche of these fower thinges, should have Lordship over that other: as thus, God should have Lordship over reson, and reson over sensualite, and sensualite over the body of man. But sothly whan man sinneth, all this order or ordinance, is turned upside down. And therefore than, for as moche as reson of man ne woll not be subiecte ne oberſaunt to God, that is his Lorde by right, therefore leseth it the Lordship that it should have over sensualite, and also over the bodie of manne. And why? For sensualite rebelleth than ayenst reson: and by that waie leseth reson the lordship over sensualite, and over the bodie: For right as reson is rebell to God, right so is both sensualite rebell to reson, and to the body also. And certes this disordinaunce and this rebellion our Lorde Jesu Christ bought upon his precious body full dere: and herkeneth in what wise. For as moche than as reson is rebell to God, therefore is man worthy to have sorow, and to be dedde. Thus suffred our Lorde Jesu Christe for manne, after that he had be betraied of his disciple, and distrained and bounde, so that his blode braſte out at every naile of his hondes, as saith S. Augustin. And furthermore, for as moche as reson of manne woll not daunt sensualite, whan it maie, therefore is manne worthie to have shame: and this suffred our Lorde Jesu Christ for man, whan thei spit in his visage. And furthermore, for as moche than as the carſive body of man is rebell both to reson and to sensualite, therefore it is worthy deth, and this suffred our Lorde Jesu Christe upon the crosse, where as there was no part of his bodie fre, without grete pain and bitter passion: and al this suffred our Lorde Jesu Christ that never forfeited. And therefore resonably maie be said of Jesu in this maner: To moche am I pained for thinges that I never deserved, and to moche defouled for shame that manne is worthy to have: And therefore maie the sinfull man well saie, as saith S. Bernarde, Acursed be the bitternesse of my sinne, for whiche there muste be suffered so moche bitternes. For certes, after the divers discordaunce of our wickednes, was the passion of Jesu Christe ordained in divers thinges: as thus. Certes sinfull mann's soule is betraied of the devill, by covetise of temporell prosperite, and scorned by disceite, whan that he cheseth fleshy delices, and yet it is turmented by impaciencie of adversite, and bespet by servage and subjection of sinne,

sinne, and at the last it is slain finally. For this ordinance of sinfull man was Jesu Christ first betrayed, and after that he was bounde, that came for to unbinde us of sinne and of paine. Than was he bescorned, that onely should have be honoured in all thinges. Than was his visage that ought be desired to be sene of all mankind, in whiche visage Angels desire to loke, villainously bespet. Than was he scourged that nothing had trespassed, and finally, than was he crucified and slain. Than was accomplished the wordes of Isaie: He was wounded for our misdeds, and defoiled for our felonies. Now sithe that Jesu Christ toke on him the pain of all our wickedneses, moche ought sinfull manne wepe and bewaile, that for his sinnes, Godd's sonne of heven should all this pain endure.

THE sixt thing that should meve a man to contricion, is the hope of thre thinges, that is to saie: foryevenesse of sin, and the yeste of grace for to doe well, and the glorie of heven, with whiche God shall rewarde manne for his gode dedes: And for as moche as Jesu Christ yeveth us these yestes of his largesse, and of his soverain bounte therefore is he called (*Jesús Nazarenus Rex Judæorum*); Jesus is to saie, saviour or salvacion, on whom men shal hope to have foryevenesse of sinnes, whiche that is properly savacion of soulis. And therefore saied the Angel to Joseph, thou shalte call his name Jesus, that shall save his peple of ther sinnes. And hereof saith saint Peter: There is none other name under heven, that is yeve to any man, by whiche a man maie be saved, but onely Jesus. Nazarenus is as moche for to saie, as flourishinge, in whiche a manne shall hope, that he that yeveth him remission of sinnes, shall yeve him also grace well for to doe. I was at the dore of thine herte, saith Jesus, and called for to enter: he that openeth to me, shall have foryevenes of his sinne. I woll entre into him by my grace, and suppe with him by the gode werkes that he shall doe, whiche werkes ben the fode of the soule, and he shall suppe with me, by the grete joye that I shall yeve him. Thus shall man hope for his werkes of penaunce, that GOD shall yeve him his reign, as he behight him in the Gospell. Now shal a manne understonde, in whiche maner shal be his contricion: I saie, that it shall be universell and totall, this is to saie: a man shall be very repentaunt, for al his sinnes that he hath doen in delite of his thought, for delyit is full perillous.

For there ben two maner of consentinges, that one of hem is called consenting of affection, whan a man is moved to do sinne, and than deliteth him long, for to thinke on that sinne, and his reson aperceiveth it wel, that it is sinne ayenst the Lawe of God, and yet his reson refraineth not his soule delite to talent, though he se wel apertly, that it is ayenst the reverence of God, although his reson consent not, to do that sinne in dede, yet saie some Doctours, that soche delite that dwelleth long is full perillous, al be it never so little. And also a man should sorowe, namely for all that ever he hath desired ayenst the Lawe of God, with perfite consenting of his reson, for thereof is no doubte, that it is dedly sinne in consenting: for certes, there is no dedly sinne, but that it is first in mann's thought, and after that in his delite, and so forth into consenting, and into dede. Wherefore I saie that many men, ne repent hem never of soche thoughtes and delices, ne never thrive hem of it, but onely of the dede of grete sinnes outward: wherefore, I saie that soche wicked delites ben subtil begilers of hem that shall be dampned.

Moreover, man ought to sorowe for his wicked

wordes, as well as for his wicked dedes: for certes the repentaunce of a singuler sinne, and not repentaunt of al his other sinnes, or els repent him of all his other sinnes, and not of a singuler sinne, maie not availe: For certes GOD Almightye is all gode; and therefore, either he foryeve all, or els right nought. And therefore saith saint Augustin: I wote certainly, that God is enemye to every sinner: and how than he that observeth one sinne, shall he have foryevenesse of the remnaunt of his other sinnes? Naie. And moreover, contricion should be wonder sorowfull and anguishous; and therefore yeveth him God plainly his mercie: and therefore whan my soule was anguished, and sorowfull within me, than had I remembrance of God, that my praier might come to him: Ferthermore, contricion must be continuell, and that manne have stedfast purpose to thrive him, and to amende him of his life. For sothly while contricion lasteth, man maie ever hope to have foryevenes. And of this cometh hate of sinne, that distroiet both sinne in himself, and also in other folk at his power. For whiche saith David: thei that love God hate wickednesse: For to love GOD, is for to love that he loveth, and hate that he hateth. The last thing that men shal understonde is this, wherefore availeth contricion? I saie, that contricion somtime delivereth manne fro sinne: Of whiche David saith, I saie (saied David) I purposed fermely to thrive me, and thou Lorde relese me my sinne. And right so as contricion availeth not without sad purpose of shrifte, if manne have opportunitie, right so litle worth is shrift or satisfaction without contricion. And moreover contricion distroiet the stronge prison of helle, and maketh weke and feble all the strengthes of the devils, and restoreth the yestes of the Holy Ghost, and of all gode vertues, and it clensth the soule of sinne, and delivereth it fro the pain of helle, and fro the companie of the Devill, and fro the servage of sinne, and restoreth it to all gode spirituells, and to the companie and communion of holie church. Ferthermore, it maketh him that whilom was sonne of Ire, to be the sonne of Grace: And all these thinges ben proved by holie writte. And therefore, he that would set his entent to these thinges, he were full wise, for truely he ne should have than in all his life corage to sinne, but yeve his herte and bodie to serve Christ, and thereof doe him homage. For truely our Lorde hath spared us so mekely in our folies, that if he ne had pite of mann's soule, a sory song might we all sing.

Explicit prima pars penitentia, et incipit pars secunda.

THE seconde parte of penitence is Confession, that is signe of contricion. Now shull ye understonde what is confession, and whither it ought nedes be doen or no, and whiche thinges be covenable to very confession.

First shalt thou understonde, that confession is very shewing of sinnes to the Prieste: this is to saie very, for he muste confesse him of all the condicions that belong to his sinne, as ferforth as he can: all must be saied, and nothing excused ne hid, and not avaunt The of thy gode werkes. Also it is necessarie to understonde whens that sinnes spring, and how thei encrese, and whiche thei ben.

Of the springe of sinnes, saith S. Poule in this wise: that right as by one man sinne entred first into this worlde, and through sinne deth, right so the deth entreth into al men that sinne, and this man was Adam, by whom sinne entred into this world, whan he brake the commaundement of God. And therefore he that first was so mightie, that he ne shuld have died, became so that he muste nedes die,

whether he would or no, and all his progeny in this worde, that in the saied manne sinned. Loke that in the estate of innocencie, whan Adam and Eve were naked in Paradise, and shamed not thereof, how the serpente, that was most wily of all other bestes that GOD made, saied to the woman: why commaunded God you, that ye should not ete of every tre in Paradise? The woman answered: of the fruit said she of the trees of Paradise he defended us nought, but of the fruit of the middle tre of Paradise, God forbode us to ete and touche, lest we should die. The serpente saied to the woman: naie, naie, ye shall not die of deth, for sothe God wotte that what daie that ye ete therof your eyen shall open, and ye shall be as Gods knowing gode and harme. The woman than sawe that the tre was gode to feding, and faire to the eyen, and delectable to sight, she toke of the fruite of the tre and etc, and yave to her husbände, and he ete, and anon the eyen of hem both opened: and whan that thei knewe that thei were naked: thei token the levys of fyge treys, and soweden hem togedere, and maden hem in maner of breches, to hide ther members. There maie ye se that dedly sin hath first suggestion of the fende, as sheweth here by the Adder, and afterwarde the delite of the fleshe, as sheweth by Eve, and after that, consenting of reson, as sheweth here by Adam. For trust wel though so it were, that the fende tempted Eve, that is to saie, the fleshe, and the fleshe had delite in the beautie of the fruite defended, yet certes till that reson, that is to saie Adam, consented to the eting of the fruit, yet stode he in the state of innocencie. Of the saied Adam toke we the saied originall sinne, for of him fleshy disceded be we all, and engendered of vile and corrupt matter: And whan the soule is put in our bodies, right anon is contract originall sinne, and that was erst but onely pain of concupiscence, is afterward both paine and sinne, and therefore we ben all borne sonnes of wrath, and of dampnacion perdurable, if it n'ere Baptisme that we receive, which benimmeth us the coulpe, but forsoth the pine dwelleth with us as to temptacion, whiche pine hight concupiscence. This concupiscence whan it is wrongfully disposed or ordained in man, it maketh him covelte by covetise of fleshe, fleshy sinne by sight of his eyen, as to yerthly things, and also covetise of highnes by pride of herte.

Now as to speke of the first covetise, that is concupiscence, after the lawe of our members, that were lawfully made, and by rightfull judgement of God, I saie, for as moche as manne is not obeissaunt to God, that is his Lorde, therefore is the fleshe to him disobeissaunt through concupiscence, whiche is called nourishing of sinne, and occasion of sinne. Therefore, all the while that a manne hath within him the pine of concupiscence, it is impossible but he be tempted somtime, and moved in his fleshe to sin. And this thing maie not faile, as long as he liveth. It maie well wexe feble by vertue of Baptisme, and by the grace of God through penitence, but fully ne shall it never quenche that he ne shall sometime be moved in himself, but if he were all refrained by sicknesse, or by malice of forcerie or cold drinckes. For lo, what saith S. Poule: the fleshe coveteth ayenst the spirite, and the spirite against the fleshe: they ben so contrarie and so striven, that a manne maie nat alwaie do as he would. The same S. Poule, after his grete Penaunce, in water and in lond: in water by night and by daie, in grete peril, and in grete pain; In lond; famine and thurst, cold and clothlesse, and ones stoned almoste to deth. Yet (saied he) alas, I caitife man! who shall deliver me fro the prisone of my caitife bodie? And saint Jerom, whan he long time had dwelled in desert, where as he had no company, but of wilde

bestes, where as he had no mete, but herbes, and water to drinke, ne no bed, but the naked yerth, wherefore his fleshe was blacke, as an Ethiopien for hete, and nie distroied for cold. Yet (saied he) that the brenning of lecherie. boiled in all his bodie. Wherefore I wot well that thei be disceived that saie, thei be nat tempted in ther bodies. Witnesse sainte James that saith, that every wight is tempted in his own concupiscence, that is to saie: That eche of us hath matter and occasion, to be tempted of the nourishing of sinne, that is in his body. And therefore saith saint John the Evangelist: if we saie that we ben without sinne, we deceive our self, and truthe is not in us. Now shal ye understonde, how sinne wexeth and encrefeth in man. The first thing is the same nourishing of sinne, of which I spake before, the fleshy concupiscence, and after that cometh suggestion of the devill, that is to saie, the devil's belous, with which he bloweth in man the fire of concupiscence, and after that a man bethinketh him whether he woll doe or no, that thing to whiche he is tempted. And than if a man withstonde and weive the first entising of his fleshe, and of the fende, than it is no sinne, and if so be he doe not, than feleth he anon a flame of delite, and than it is gode to beware and kepe him well, or els he wolle fall anone to consenting of sinne, and than woll he do it, if he maie have time and place. And of this matter saith Moses by the Devill, in this manner: The fende saith, I woll chace and pursue man by wicked suggestion, and I woll take him by moving and stering of sinne, and I woll depart my prise of my praie by deliberacion, and my lust shall be accomplished in delite, I woll drawe my swerd in consenting. For certes, right as a swerde departeth a thing in two peces, right so consenting departeth God fro manne, and than wolle I flea him with my honde in dede of sinne: thus saith the fende. For certes, than is a man all dedde in soule, and thus is sinne accomplished with temptacion, by delite and consenting: and than is the sinne actuell. Forsoth sinne is in two maners, either it is veniall or dedly sinne. Sothly whan man loveth any cature more than Jesu Christ our creatour, than it is dedly sinne; and veniall sinne it is, if man love Jesu Christe lesse than him ought. Forsoth the dede of this venial sinne is full perillous, for it minisheth the love that man should have to God more and more. And therefore, if a man charge himself with many soche veniall sinnes: certes but if so be that he sometime discharge him of hem by shrifte. Thei maie full lightly minishe in him al the love that he hath to Jesu Christ, and in this wise skippeth veniall sinne into dedly sinne. For certes, the more that a man chargeth his soule with veniall sinnes, the more he is enclined to fall into dedly sinne. And therefore let us not be negligent, ne to boold to charge us of veniall sinnes. For the Proverbe saith, that many small make a grete. Herken this ensample. A grete wave of the sea cometh sometime with so gret a violence, that it drouneth the shippe. And the same harme doeth sometime the smal droppes of water, that entreth through a little creveis into the timber, and into the botome of the shippe, if men be so negligent, that thei discharge hem not by times. And therefore although there be a difference, betwixt these two causes of drouning, al gates the shippe is drouned. Right so fareth it sometime of dedly sinne, and of anioous veniall sinnes, whan thei multiplie in man so gretly; that those worldly things that he loveth, through whiche he sinneth venially, is as grete in his hert as the love of God, or more: and therefore the love of every thing is not beset in God, ne doen principally for Godd's sake, although that a manne love it lesse than

than God, yet is it veniall sinne, and dedlie sinne whan the love of any thing weieth in the hert of man as moche as the love of God or more. Dedly sinne as saieth saint Augustine, is whan a man tourneth his herte fro God, whiche that is very soveraine bountie, that maie not chaunge, and yeveth his hert to thing that maie chaunge and flit: and certes, that is every thing save God of heven. For soth is, that if a man yeve his love, which that he oweth to God with all his herte, unto a cature, certes, as moche of love as he yeveth to the same cature, so moche he bireveth fro God, and therefore doeth he sinne: For he that is debtour to God, ne yeldeth not to God al his debt, that is to saie, all the love of his herte. Now sith manne understondeth generally, whiche is veniall sinne, than it is covenable to tell specially of sinne, whiche that many a man peraventure demeth hem no sinnes, and shriveth him not of the same thinges, and yet natheles thei be sinnes sothly, as these clerkes write, this is to saie: At every time that manne eteth and drinketh more than sufficeth to the sustenance of his body, in certene he doeth sinne: and also whan he speketh more than it nedeth, it is sinne.

Also whan he herkeneth not benignely the complainte of the pore: Also whan he is in hele of body, and wolle not fast whan other folke fast, without cause resonable: also whan he slepeth more than nedeth, or whan he cometh by thilke encheson the lattere to Church, or to other werkes of charite: Also whan he useth his wife without soveraine desire of engendrure, to the honour of God, or for the entent to yelde to his wife the debte of his bodye. Also whan he wol not visite the sick, or the prisoner, whanne he may flo it. Also if he love wife or child, or other worldly thing, more than reson requireth. Also if he flatter or blandise more than him ought for any necessite. Also if he minish or withdrawe the almose of the pore. Also, if he appaile his mete more deliciously than nede is, or ete to hastely by likoroufnes. Also, if he talke vanities at church, or at Goddis service, or that he be a talker of idle wordes of folie or vilanie, for he shall yelde accomptes of it at the daie of dome. Also, whan he behighteth or assureth to doe thinges, that he maie not performe. Also, whan that he by lightnesse of folie mislaie the scorneth his neighbour. Also, whan he hath any wicked suspicion of thing, that he ne wote of if no sothfastnesse. These thinges and mo without nomber be sinnes, as saieth S. Augustine. Now shall men understonde, that all be it so that non yerthly manne maie eschue all veniall sinnes, yet maie he refrain him, by the brenning love that he hath to our Lorde Jesu Christ, and by praiers and confession, and other gode workes, so that it shall be but little grete. For as saith S. Augustin, If a man love God in soche maner, that all that ever he doth is the love of God, or for the love of God verely, for he brenneth in the love of GOD: loke how moche that one drop of water, whiche doeth fall into a grete fourneis full of fire, anoieth or greveth the brenning of the fire: in like maner anoieth or greveth a veniall sinne unto that manne, whiche is stedfast and perfite in the love of our Saviour Jesu Christ. Ferthermore, men maie also refraine and put awaie veniall sinne, by commoning and receiving worthely the body of our saviour Jesu Christ. Also, by taking of holy water, by almose dede, by general confession of *Confiteor* at Masse, and at Complin, and by blessing of Bishops, and priestes, and by other gode workes.

De septem peccatis mortalibus, & de eorum dependentiis, circumstantiis, & speciebus.

NOW it is behovely thinge to tell, whiche ben the seven dedly sinnes, that is to saie, chieftains of sinnes. Al thei ten in o lees, but in divers maners. Now ben thei called seven Sins, for as moche as thei be chiefe, and springe of all other sinnes. Of the roote of these seven sinnes, than is Pride the general rote of all harmes. For of this rote springeth certain braunches: as Ire, Envie, Accidie or Sloth, Avarice or Covetise, to common understonding, Glotonie and Lecherie: and eche of these chief sinnes have ther braunches and twigges, as it shall be declared in ther chapiters following. And though so be, that no manne can utterly tell the number of twigges, and of the harmes that come of Pride, yet wolle I shewe a part of hem, as ye shall understonde: There is inobedience, avaunting, ipocrisie, dispite, arrogance, impudence, swelling of hert, insolence, elacion, impacience, strief, contumacie, presumption, irreverence, pertinacie, vainglorie, and many other twigges that I can not declare. Inobedience is he that disobeieth for dispite the commaundementes of God, to his soveraines, and to his ghostly father: Avaunter is he that bosteth of the harme or of the bountie that he hath doen. Ipocrite is he that hideth to shewe him soche as he is, and sheweth him to seme soche as he is nat. Dispitous, is he that hath disdain of his neighbour, that is to saie, of his evin Christen, or hath dispite to doe that him ought to doe. Arrogance is he that thinketh that he hath those bounties in him, that he hath nat, or weneth that he should have hem by his desertes, or els that he demeth he is that he is nat. Impudent, is he that for his pride hath no shame of his pride ne sinne. Swelling of herte is whan man rejoiseth him of harme that he hath doen. Insolence is he that dispiseth in his judgement all other folke, as in regarde of his value, of his conning, of his speking, and of his bearing. Elacion is whan he ne maie neither suffer to have maister ne felowe. Impacience is he that wolle not be taughte, ne rebuked of his vice, and by strief denieth trouthe wittingly, and defendeth his folie. Contumacious is he that through his indignacion is ayenst every auctorite or power of hem that ben his Soveraines. Presumption is whan a manne undertaketh an emprise that him ought not to do, or els that he maie not doe, and this is called surquidrie. Irreverence, is whan man doeth not honor there, as him ought to doe, and awaytith to be revered. Pertinacie, is whan men defende their folie, and trust to moche on ther own wit. Vainglorie, is for to have pompe, and delite in his temporel hinesse, and glory him in worldly estates. Jangling, is whan men speke to moche before folke, and clappeth as a mille, and take no kepe what thei saie.

And yet there is a privie spice of pride, that waiteth first to be sawed, or he wolle save, all be he lesse worthy than that other is. And also he waiteth or desireth to sit, or els to go above him in the waie, or kisse paxe, to be encenced, or go to offring before his neighbour, and soche semblable thinges, ayenst his dutie peraventure, but that he hath his herte and his entent in soche a proude desire to be magnified and honoured before the peple.

Now ben there two maner of prides. One of hem is within the hert of a man, and that other is without. Of whiche forsaide thinges sothly, and mo than I have said, appertain to pride, that is in the hert of man, and other spices of pride ben without, but nathelesse, that one of these spices of pride is

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signe of that other, righte as the gaie leuefell at the Taverne is signe of the Wine that is in the Cellere. And this is in many thinges: as in speche and countenance, and outrageous arraie of clothing: for certes, if there had ben no sinne in clothing, Christ wuld not so sone have noted, and spoken of the clothing of thilke riche man in the Gospell. And as S. Grego. saith, that precious clothing is culpable, for the derth of it, and for his softenesse, and for his straungenesse and disguising: And for the superfluite, or for th' inordinate scantnes of it. Alas! maie not a man se as in our daies the sinnefull coslewe arraie of clothing, and namely in to moche superfluite, or els in to disordinate scantnesse?

As to the first sinne in superfluite of clothing, soche that maketh it so dere, to the harme of the peple, nat only the cost of enbraudering, the disguised indenting, or barring, ounding, paling, winding, or bending, and semblable wast of clothe in vanite. But there is also the coslewe Furring in ther gounes, so moche pounsing of chesel to make holes, so moche dagging with Sheres forth, with the superfluite in length of the forsaied gounes, trailing in the dong and in the mire, on hors and also on fote, as well of man as of woman. That all that trailing is verely as in effect wasted, consumed, treadbare, and rotten with dounge, rather than it is yeve to the pore, to grete damage of the forsaied pore folke, and that in fondrie wise, this is to saie that the more the clothe is wasted, the more must it cost to the pore peple for the scarfenesse. And more over, if so be that thei wuld yeve suche pounsed and dagged clothing to the pore peple, it is nat convenient to were for ther estate, ne sufficient to ther necessite, to kepe hem fro the distemperaunce of the firmament. Upon that other side, to speke of the horrible disordinate scantnesse of clothing, as ben these cutted sloppes or hanselines, that through ther shortnesse cover not the shamefull membres of manne, to wicked entent. Alas! some of hem shewe the bosse of ther shap, and the horrible swole membres that semeth like the madaye of Hernia, in the wrapping of ther hosen, and also the buttockes of hem fare as it were the hinder parte of a she Ape in the full of the mone. And more over the wretched swollen membres that they shewe throughe disguising, in departing of ther hosen, in white and red semeth that halfe ther shamefull privy membres were flain. And if so be that they departe ther hosen in other colours, as is white and blew, or white and blacke, or blacke and red, and so forth: Than semeth it as by variaunce of colour that the halfe part of ther privy membres ben corrupt by the fire of saint Anthony, or by canker, or other suche mischaunce. Of the hinder parte of the buttockes it is full horrible for to se, for certes in that partie of ther body there as thei purge ther stinking ordure, that foule partie shewe thei to the peple proudly in dispite of honestie, whiche honestie that Jesu Christ and his frendes observed to shewe in ther life. Now as to the outrageous aray of women, God wote that though the vilages of some of hem seme full chaste and debonaire, yet notify in ther aray or attire, licorousnesse and pride: I say not that honestie in clothing of man or woman is uncovenable, but certes the superfluite of disordinate quantite of clothing is reprovab. Also the sinne of ornament or of aparaile is in thinges that appertaine to riding, as in company, delicate horses that ben holden for delite, that ben so faire, fatte, and coslewe and also in many a vitious knave, that is susteined bicause of hem, in curious harneis, as in sadels, cropers, peitrels, and bridels covered with precious clothing, and riche barres of plates, of golde and of silver. For which God saith by Zacharie the prophete, I wold

confounde the riders of suche horses. These folke take litel regarde of the riding of Godd's sonne of heven, and of his harneis when he rode upon the Ass, and had none other harneis but the pore clothes of his disciples, ne we rede not that ever he rode on other best but on an asse. I speke this for the sinne of superfluite, and not for resonable honestie, when reson it requirith. And more over, certes pride is gretly notified in holdinge of grete meine, when they ben of lill profite or of right no profite, and namely when that meine is felonous and dammageous to the peple by hardinesse of highe lordship, or by waye of offices. For certes, suche lordes sell than ther lordeshippe to the Devill of Hell, whan they susteine the wickednesse of ther meine. Or els, whan these folke of lowe degre, as those that kepe hostelryes, susteine theste of ther hostellers, and that is in manie maner of disceites: those maner of folke ben the flies that folow the hony, or els the houndes that folowe the caraine. Suche forsaied folke strangell spirituallly ther lordships: For suche thus saith David the Prophete. Wicked deth might come on those lordeshippes, and GOD yeve that they might discende into Hell, all doun, all doun: For in ther houses ben iniquities and shreudenesse, and not GOD of heven. And certes, till they doen amendement, right as God yave his blessing to Pharao by the service of Joseph, and to Laban by the service of Jacob: Right so God wold yeve his malis on to suche lordshippes, as susteine the wickednesse of ther servauntes, but they come to amendement. Pride of the table appereth also full ofte: for certes, riche menne be called to festes, and pore folke ben put awaye and rebuked. And also in excesse of divers metes and drinckes, and namely suche maner bake metes and dishe metes brenninge of wilde fire, peynted and castelled with paper and semblable waste, so that it is abusion to thanke. And also in to grete preciousnesse of vessell, and curiosite of minstrelcy, by whiche a man is sterred more to delices of lecherie, if so be that he sette his herte the lesse upon our Lorde Jesu Christe, certeinly it is a sinne. And certeinly the delices mighte be so grete in this case, that a manne might lightly fall by hem into a dedly sinne. The especes that fourde of pride, lothely whan they fourde of malice imagined, avised, and forecaste, or els of usage, ben dedly sinne, it is no doute. And when they fourde by frelte un-avised sodenly, and sodenly withdrawe ayen, all be they grevous sinnes, I gesse that they be not dedly. Nowe mighte menne kepe, whereof that pride fourdeth and springeth. I say that somtime it springeth of the godes of nature, somtime of the godes of fortune, and somtime of the godes of grace. Certes the godes of nature stondeth onely in godes of bodye, or godes of the soule. Certes godes of bodye ben hele of body, strength, deliverance, beaultie, gentrie, franchise. Godes of nature of the soule ben gode with sharpe understanding, subtil engine, vertue naturel, gode memory. Godes of fortune be riches, hie degrees of lordships, prayssinges of the peple. Godes of grace ben science, power to suffise spirituall travaille, benigne, vertuous contemplacion, understanding, of temptation, and semblable thinges: of whiche forsaied godes certes it is a full grete folie a manne to have pride in any of hem all. Now, as for to speke of godes of nature, God wote that somtime we have hem in nature as muche to our damage as to our profit. As to speke of hele of body, truly it passeth full lightly, and also it is full ofte occasion of sickenesse of the soule: for God wote the fleshe is a grete enemy to the soule: and therefore the more that the body is hole, the more we be in perill to fall. Also for to have pride in his strength of body it is an hie folie, for certes the flesh coveteth ayenst the

the spirite: and the more strong that the fleshe is, the forier maye the soule be. And over all this strength of body and worldly hardinesse causeth full ofte manie manne to perill and mischaunce; and also to have pride of his gentry, is right grete foly: for ofttime the gentry of the bodye taketh awaye the gentry of the soule: and also we ben all of o father and mother: and all we ben of o nature, rotten and corrupt, both riche and pore. Forsoth o maner gentry, is for to praise, that apparelleth mann's courage, Witte, vertue, and moralite, maketh him Christ's childe. For truste well, that over what manne that sinne hath maystry, he is a very churle to sinne.

Nowe ben there generall signes of gentilnesse: as eschewing of vice and ribaudrie, and servage of sinne: in worde, in werke, and continuance of using and vertue, curtesy, and clennesse, and to be liberall: that is to saye, large by mesure: for that that passeth mesure, is foly and sin: Another is to remembre him of bounte, that he of other folke hath received: An other is to be benigne to his gode subjectes. Wherefore saith Seneca: there is nothing more convenient to a manne of highe estate than debonairite and pite. And therefore these flies that men call bees, whan they make ther kinge, they chese one that hath no pricke, wherwith he may stinge.

Another is, manne to have a noble herte and a diligent, to attayne to the highe vertuous thinges. Nowe certes, a manne to have pride in the godes of grace is also an outrageous foly: for those giftes of grace that shuld have turned him to godenesse, and to medicine, tourneth him to venom and confusion, as saith saint Gregory. Certes also, who so hath pride in the godenesse of fortune, he is a full grete sole: For sometime is a manne a grete Lord by the morne that is a caitife and a wyrtche or it be nyght: and sometime the riches of a manne is cause of his deth. Sometime the delices of a manne is cause of grevous maladie through whiche he dieth. Certes, the commendacion of the peple is sometime full false and brotell for to truste. This day they praise, to morowe they blame. God wote, desire to have commendacion of the peple hath caused deth to manie a busse manne. Nowe sith that so is, that ye have understonde what is pride, and whiche be the spes of it, and whence it fourdeth and springeth: nowe ye shall understonde whiche is the remedy ayenst it. Humilite or mekenesse is the remedy ayenst pride, that is a vertue, thorowe whiche a manne hath very knowlege of him self, and holdeth of himselfe nor price ne daintie, as in regarde of his desertes, considering ever his frelte. Nowe ben there thre maner of humilites: As humilite in hert, an other humilite is in mouthe, and the thirde is in werkes. The humilite in hert is in four maners: That one is, whan a manne holdeth himselfe as nought worth before GOD of heven. The second is, whan he dispiseth none other man. The thirde is, whan he ne recketh nat, though men hold him noughte worthe. And the fourth is, whan he is not sory of his humiliacion. Also the humilite of mouthe is in four things. In a temperate speche, in humilite of spech, and when he confesseth with his owne mouth, that he is such as him thinketh that he is in his herte: Another is when he prayseth the bounte of another manne and nothing therof miniseth. Humilite also in werke, is in four maners. The firste is, when he putteth other menne before him, the seconde is to chese the lowest place over al, the thirde is gladly to assent to gode counsaile, the fourth is, to stonde gladly to the awarde of his soveraines, or of him that is in hier degre: Certaine this is grete werke of humilite.

De Invidia.

After pride woll I speke of the foule sinne of Envy, whiche that is after the worde of the Philosopher, sorowe of other mennes prosperite. And after the worde of saint Augustin: it is the sorowe of other mennes wele, and the joy of other mennes harme. This foule sinne is platly ayenst the Holie Ghoste: All be it so, that every sinne is ayenst the Holy Ghoste: Yet nathelesse, for as muche as bounte apertaineth properly to the Holy Ghost, and Envy cometh properly of malice, therefore it is properly ayenst the bounte of the Holy Ghost. Now hath malice two spices, that is to saie, hardinesse of herte in wickedness, or els the fleshe of a manne is so blinde, that he considreth nat that he is in sinne, or recketh not that he is in sinne, which is the hardinesse of the devil. That other spice of Envy is, when that a man denieth trouth, when he knoweth that it is trouth, and also when he repenteth the grace that God hath yeve to his neighbour: and all this is by Envy. Certes, than is Envy the worst sinne that is, for sothly, all other sinnes be sometime onely ayenst o speciall vertue: but certes, envy is ayenst al vertues and al godenesse. For it is sory ayenst all the bountes of ther neighbour, and in this maner, it is divers from al other sinnes. Alas! For there ne is any sinne that it ne hath some delite in it selfe, save only Envy, that ever hath in it self anguish and sorowe. The spes of Envy ben these: there is firste sorowe of other mennes godenesse and of ther prosperite, and prosperite is kindly matter of joye: Than is envy a sinne ayenst kinde. The seconde spece of Envy is joye of other mennes harme, and that is properly like to the Devill, that ever rejoyseth him of mann's harme. Of these two spes cometh backbiting, and this sinne of backbitinge or detracting hath certaine spes, as thus: Some manne praiseth his neigbour by a wicked entent, for he maketh alway a wicked knot at the last ende, alwaie he maketh a but at the last ende, that is digne of more blame, than is worth al the praising. The seconde spece is, that if a man be gode, or doth or saith a thing to gode entent, the backbiter wol turne al that godenesse up side down, to his shreude entent. The thirde is to aminishe the bounte of his neighbour. The fourthe spece of backbiting is this, that if menne speke godenesse of a manne, than wol the backbiter saye: Perfay suche a manne is yet better than he, in dispraising of him that menne praise. The fifthe spece is this, for to consent gladly and herke gladly to the harme that men speke of other folke: This sinne is full grete, and aye encreseth after the wicked entent of the backbiter. After backbiting cometh grutchinge or murmuracion, and sometime it springeth of impaciencie ayenst God, and sometime ayenst manne. Ayenst God it is whan a man grutcheth ayenst paine of hell, or ayenst poverty, or losse of cattell, or ayenst raine or tempest, or els grutcheth that shrewes have prosperite, or els for that gode menne have adversite: and all these thinges shoud menne suffre patiently, for they come by the rightful judgement and ordinaunce of God. Sometime cometh grutching of avarice, Judas gruched ayenst Maudelein, whan she anointed the hed of our Lorde Jesu Christ, with her precious ointment. This maner murmuring is such as whan man grutcheth of godenesse that himself doth, or that other folke doen of ther owne cattell. Sometime cometh murmure of pride, as whan Simon the Pharise gruched ayenst Maudelein whan she aproched to Jesu Christ and wepte at his fete for her sinnes. And sometime it fourdeth of Envy, whan men discover a man's harme that was privy, or berith him an honde

honde thing that is false. Murmure also is ofte among servauntes that grutche whan ther souveraines bidde hem do lefull thinges, and for as much as they dare not openly withsaye the commaundement of ther souveraines, yet wol they say harme and grutche and murmure prively for very dispite: which wordes they call the divels Pater noster, though so be that the divell had never Pater noster, but that leude folke yeveth it suche a name. Somtime it cometh of ire or privy hate, that norissheth rancour in the hert, as afterward I shall declare. Than cometh also bitterness of herte, thorowe which bitternes every gode dede of his neighbour semeth to him bitter and unfavory. Than cometh discorde that unbindeth al maner of frendship. Than cometh scornage of his neighbour, all do he never so well. Than cometh accusing, as whan man seketh occasion to anoie his neighbour, which is like the crafte of the divel, that waiteth both day and night to accuse us all. Than cometh malignite, through which a manne anoie his neighbour prively if he may, and if he maye not, algate his wicked wil shall not let as for to brenne his house prively, or enpoison or sle his bestes, and semblable thinges. Nowe woll I speke of the remedie ayenst this foule sinne of envy. Firste is the love of God principally, and loving of his neighbour as himselfe: for sothly that one ne may not be without that other. And trust well that in the name of thy neighbour thou shalt understande the name of thy brother, for certes all we have one father fleshy and one mother, that is to saie Adam and Eve, and also one father spirituall, that is God of heven. Thy neighbour art thou bound for to love, and will him all godenesse, and therefore saith God: Love thy neighbour as thy self, that is to say, to salvation both of life and soule. And more over thou shalt love him in worde and in benigne admonishing and chastisinge, and comfort him in his noyaunces, and praye for him with all thy herte. And in dede thou shalt love him in soche wise that thou shalt do to him in charite, as thou woldest that it were don to thin owne person: and therefore thou ne shalt doe him no damage in wicked worde, ne harme in his body ne in his catel, ne in his soule by entising of wicked ensample. Thou shalt nat desire his wife ne none of his thinges. Understond also that in the name of neighbour is comprehended thyn enemy: Certes man shall love his enemy by the commaundement of God: and sothly thy frende thou shalt love in God. I saie thin enemy, shalt thou love for Godd's sake, by his commaundement, for if it were reson that man should hate his enemy, forsoth God n'olde not receive us to his love that ben his enemies. Ayenst thre maner of wronges that his enemy doth to him, he shal do thre thinges, as thus: ayenst hate and rancour of hert, he shal love him in hert: Ayenst chiding and wicked wordes he shal praye for his enemy: Ayenst wicked dedes, he shall doe him bountie. For Christ saith: Love your enemies, and praie for hem that speke you harme, and for hem that chace and pursue you: and do bountie to hem that hate you. Lo! thus commaundeth our Lorde Jesu Christe to do to our enemies: Forsothe nature driveth us to love our frendes, and parfay our enemies have more nede of love than our frendes, and they that more nede have, certes to hem shall men rather do godenesse. And certes in that dede have we remembrance of the love of Jesu Christe, that died for his enemies: And in as much as that love is more grevous to perfourme, so muche is the more grete the merite, and therefore the loving that our Lord loved his enemys hath confounded the devils venom: For right as the devill is discumfited by humilite, right so is he wounded to the deth by the love of our enemy, certes

than is love the medicin that casteth out the venom of envie fro man's man's herte. The spices of this mattere shal be more largely schewed in the chapteris that folwen here afterward.

De Ira

After Envy wol I discrive the sinne of Ire, for sothely who so hath Envy upon his neighbour, anone he woll comenly finde him a matter of wrahte in worde or in dede, ayenst him to whome he hath Envy: And as well cometh Ire of pride as of Envy, for sothly he that is proude or envious is lightly wrothe.

This sin of Ire, after the discriving of S. Austin is wicked wil to be avenged by worde or by dede. Ire after the Philosopher is the fervent blode of man quickened in his herte, through which he would harme to him that he hateth: for certes the herte of manne by eschaufing and moving of his blode, wexeth so troubled, that it is out of all maner judgement of reson. But ye shal understonde that Ire is in two maners, that one of hem is gode, and that other is wicked. The gode ire is by jelousie of godenes throughe whiche a man is wrothe with wickednesse, and ayenst wickednesse. And therefore saith a wise man, that ire is bet than playe. This ire is with debonaire, and it is wroth without bitterness, not wroth ayenst the man, but wrothe with the misdede of the manne. As saith the prophete David: *Iracimini, et nolite peccare*. Nowe understonde that wicked Ire is in two maners, that is to saye, sodaine ire or hasty ire without avisement and consenting of reson: The meninge and the sence of this is, that the reson of a man ne consente not to that sodeine ire, and than it is veniall. Another ire is ful wicked, that cometh of villoney of herte, avised and cast before with wicked wil to do vengeance, and thereto his reson consenteth: and sothly this is dedly sin. This ire is so displeaunt to God, that it troubleth his house, and chafeth the Holy Goste out of man's soule, and wasteth and distroiet that likenesse of God, that is to say, the vertue that is in man's soule, and putteth in him the likenesse of the devill, and taketh the man fro God that is his rightfull Lord. This ire is a full grete plesaunce to the devill, for it is the devils forneis that is eschaufed with the fire of Hell: For certes right so as fire is more mighty to distroye erthly thinges, than any other element, right so ire is mighty to distroie al spirituel thinges. Loke howe that fire of smale coles that ben almost ded under ashen, woll revive or quicke ayen whan thei ben touched with brimstone, righte so ire woll ever more quicke ayen when it is touched, by the pride that is covered in man's herte. For certes fire ne maie not come out of nothings, but if it were first in the same thing naturelly: as fire is drawn out of flintes with steel. And right so as pride is many times matter of ire, right so is rancour norice and keper of Ire. There is a maner tre, as saith saint Isidore, that whan a manne maketh fire of the said tre, and cover the coles of it with ashen, sothely the fire of it wol last a yere or more: And right so fareth it of rancour, when it is ones conceived in the hert of some men, certes it woll laste peraventure from one Ester day untill an other Ester daye or more. But certes the same man is ful ferre from the mercy of God all that while.

In this forsaide devils forneis there forge thre shrewes: Pride that aye bloweth and encrefeth the fire by chiding and wicked wordes: Than stondeth envy and holdeth hotte yron in the fire upon the hert of man, with a payre of long tonges of longe rancoure. And than stondeth the sinne of contumelie

or

or grief and chesse, and battereth and forgeth by villainous reprevings. Certes this cursed thing anoieth bothe to the manne himself and also his neighbour. For sothely almoste all the harme or damage that any man dothe to his neighbour cometh of wrath: for certes outrageous wrathe dothe all that ever the foule sende willeth or commaundeth him, for he ne spareth neither our Lorde Jesu Christ, nether his swete mother. And in his outrageous angre and ire, alas alas! full many oon at that time, feleth in his herte full wickedly bothe of Christ, and also of all his halowes: Is not this a cursed vice? yes certes. Alas! it taketh fro man his witte and his reson, and all his debonayre life spirituall that shoulde kepe his soule. Certes it benymyth God his dewe lordship, and that is man's soule, and the love of his neighbours. It striveth also al daye ayenst trouthe, it reveth him the quiete of his hert, and subverteth his soule.

Of ire cometh these stinking engendrures. Firste hate, that is olde wrath. Discorde, thorowe which a man forsaketh his olde frende that he hath loved full longe. And than cometh warre and every maner of wrong that a man dothe to his neighbour in bodye or in catell. Of this cursed sinne of ire cometh also manslaughter. And understonde well that homicide, that is manslaughter, is in divers wise.

Some maner of homicide is spirituall, and some is bodely. Spirituell manslaughter is in vi. thinges. Firste by hate as saith sainte John. He that hateth his brother is an homicide. Homicide is also by backbiting, of whiche backbiting saith Salomon, that thei have two swerdes, with whiche they sle thei neighbours: For sothely as wicked is to take fro him his gode name as his life. Homicide is also in yevinge of wicked counsell by fraude, as for to yeve counsaile to areyse wrongfull customes, and talages. Of whiche saith Salomon: A Lion roringe and a Bere hungry, be like to the cruell Lordes in withholding or abredging of the shepe or the hire or the wages of Servauntes, or elles in usurie, or in withdrawinge of the Almesse of pore folke. For whiche the wise man saith: Fedeth him that almoste dieth for hongery, for sothly but if ye fede him ye sle him. And all these ben dedly sinnes. Bodily manneslaughter is when thou sleest him with thy tounge: An other maner is, when thou commaundest to sle a man, or elles yevest counsaile to sle a man. Manslaughter in dede is in four maners. That one is by lawe, right as a Justice dampneth him that is culpable to the deth. But let the Justice beware that he doe it rightfully, and that he doe it not for delite to spill blode, but for keping of rightwisnesse. An other homicide is done for necessite, as when a man sleeth an other in his defence, and that he ne may none other wise escape his owne deth; but certeynly if he may askape without flauttere of his adversarie, and sleeth him, he doth sinne, and he shall bere penaunce as for dedly sinne. Also if a manne by cale or adventure shote an arrowe or caste a stone, with which he sleeth a man, he is an homicide. Also if a woman by negligence overlieth her child in her slepinge, it is homicide and dedly sin. Also whan man disturbeth concepcon of a childe, and maketh a woman either bareyne by drinking of venomous herbes, throughe which she may not conceive, or sleeth a childe by drinke, or els putteth certaine materiall thinges in her secret places to sle the childe, or els doth unkindly sinne, by whiche a man or a woman shedeth her nature in maner or in a place there as a childe maye not be conceived. Or els if so be that a woman hath conceived, and hurteth her selfe, and by that mishappe the childe is slayne, yet it is homicide. What say we of those women that murder

ther children for bicause of eschewynge of worldly shame? Certes it is an horrible homicide. Homicide is also if a manne approche to a woman by desire of lechery, thorowe whiche the child is perished, or els smiteth a woman wittingly, through which she leseth her childe: Al these ben homicides and horrible dedly sinnes. Yet come there of ire mo sinnes, as well in worde as in thought, and dede. As he that arreteth upon God, or blameth God of the thing of which he is himselfe guilty, or dispiseth God and all his halowes, as don the cursid hafardours in divers countreis: This cursid sinne don they, whan they fele in ther herte full wickedly of God and of his halowes. Also whan they trete unreverently the sacrament of the auge, that sin is so gret that unneth it may be reled, but that the mercy of God passeth al his werkes, it is so gret and he so beuigne. Than cometh of ire an atterly angre, whan a man is shaply amonested in his shriste to leve his sinne: Than wolle he be angrie, and answer hokerly and angerly, or defende or excuse his sinne by unjustfastnesse of his fleshe, or els he did it for to holde companie with wyse felowes, or els he saith the sende enticed him, or els he doth it for his youthe, or els his complexcion is so coragious that he may not forbere, or els it is his destenie he saith unto a certaine age, or els he saith it cometh him of gentilnesse of his auncesters, and semblable thinges. All these maner of folke so wrappe hem in ther sinnes, that thei ne wolle deliver hemselfe: For sothly no wight that excuseth himselfe wilfully of his sinne, maye not be delivered of his sinne, till that he mekely beknoweth his sinne. After this than cometh sweringe, that is expresse ayenste the commaundement of God, and this befallith often of angre and of ire: God saith, Thou shalt not take the name of thy Lorde God in veine or in idell. Also our Lorde Jesu Christ saith by the worde of sainte Mathew: Ne shall ye not swere in no maner, neither by heaven, for it is Godd's trone, ne by erth, for it is the benche of his fete, ne by Hierusalem, for it is the cite of a grete King, ne by thing hed, for thou maiste not make an here neyther white ne blacke: but saye by youre worde, ye, ye, naye, naye: and what that is more, it is of evill. Thus saith Christe. For Christ's sake swere not so sinfully in dismembringe of Christe: By soule, herte, bones, and body, for certes it semeth that ye thinke that the cursed Jewes ne dismembred not inoughe the precious person of Christ, but ye disembre him more. And if so be that the lawe compell you to swere, than ruleth you after the lawe of God in your swering, as saith Jeremie, iiii. cap. Thou shalt kepe thre condicions, thou shalt swere in trouthe, in dome, and in rightwisnesse, this is to saye, thou shalt swere soth. For every lesinge is ayenst Christ, for Christe is verie trouthe. And thinke well this that every grete swerer not compelled lawfully to swere, the plage shall not departe fro his hous, while he useth such unlesful swering. Thou shalt swere also in dome, whan thou arte constreined by thy dom's manne to witnesse the trouthe: Also thou shalt not swere for envie, neither for favour, nether for mede, or rewarde, but onely for rightwisnesse and for declaringe of it to the honour and worshippe of God, and to the aydinge and helpe of thinge even Christen. And therefore every man that taketh Godd's name in idell, or falsely swerith with his mouth, or els taketh on him the name of Christe to be called a Christen man, and liveth ayenst Christ's livinge and his teching, all they take Godd's name in idell. Look also what saith saynt Peter, *Actum iiii. capite: Non est aliud nomen sub celo, &c.* There is none other name saith saint Peter under heven yave to men, in which they may be saved, that is to say, but the name of

Jesu Christe. Take hede eke howe precious is the name of Jesu Christe, as saith sainte Poule, *ad Philippenes ii. In nomine Jesu, &c.* That in the name of Jesu every knee of Hevenly cretures, erthly, and of hel should bowe, for it is so hie and so worshipfull, that the cursed fende in hell should tremble to here it named. Than semeth it that men that swere so horribly by his blessed name, that they dispise it more boldely than the cursed Jews, or els the devel that trembleth whan he hereth his name.

Nowe certes sithe that swering, but it be lawfully done, is so hie defended: moche wers is it for to swere falsely, and yet nedelesse.

What say we also of 'hem that delite 'hem in swering, and holde it a gentye or a manly dede to swere gret othes? And what of 'hem that of very usage ne cese not to swere gret othes, all be the cause not worthe a strawe? Certes, this is horrible sinne. Swering sodeinly withouten avisement is also a perous sinne. But lette us go now to that horrible sinne, swering of adjuration and conjuration, as doen these fals Enchauntours, or Necromancers in Basins full of water, or in bryght swerdis blade, in a circle, in a fire, or in the shulder bone of a shepe? I can not saie, but that thei doe cursedly and damnable ayenst Christ, and all the faith of holie churche.

What say we of 'hem, that beleve on Devinales, as by flighte or by noise of birdes or of best, or by sorte, by Geomancie, by dremes, by chirking of dores, or craking of houses, by gnawing of rattes, and soche maner wretchidnesse? Certes, all these thinges ben defended by God, and holy churche, for whiche thei ben accursed, till thei come to amendement, that on soch filth set ther beleve. Charmes for woundes, or maladie of menne, or of bestes, if thei take any effect, it maie be paraventure that God suffreth it, for folke shuld yeve the more faith, and reverence to his name.

Nowe wolle I speke of lesinges, whiche generally is false signifiante of worde in entent, to disceive his evin Christen. Some lesing is of whiche there cometh none avauntage to no wight, and some lesing turneth to the profite and ese of a man, and to the damage of an other man. An other lesing is, for to save his life or his catel. Another lesing theer is which cometh of delite for to lie, in which delite thei wolle forge a long tale, and peinte it with all circumstances, where al the ground theroffe is false. Some lesing cometh, for he wolle susteine his wordes: Some lesing cometh of retchelesnesse without avisement, and semblable thinges.

Let us now touche the vice of flatterie, whiche ne cometh not gladly but for drede, or for covetise. Flatterie is generally wrongfull praising. Flatterers ben the devil's norices, that norishe his children, with milke of losingerie: forsoth Salomon saith, that flatterie is worse than detraction, for sometime detraction maketh an hautein manne be the more humble, for he dredeth detraction, but certes flatterie maketh a man t'enhaunce his herte and his countenance. Flatterers be the Devill's enchauntours, for thei make a manne to wene himself be like that he is nat like. Those be like to Judas, that betraie a manne, to sell him to his enemy. Flatterers ben the devill's: Chapeleins, that ever sing *Placebo*. I reken flatterie in the vices of ire: for oft time if a man be wroth with an other, than wolle he flatter some wight, to susteine him in his quarrell.

Speke we now of soche cursing, as cometh of irous hert. Malison generally may be saied, every maner power of harme: soche cursing bereveth man fro the teigne of God, as saith S. Poule. And ofte time soche cursing wrongfully returneth ayen to him that curseth, as a birde that turneth again to his owne

nefte. And over all thing, men oughte eschue to curse ther children, and yeve to the Devill ther engendrure, as ferre forth as in 'hem is: certes, it is grete peril and grete sinne.

Let us than speke of chiding and reproch whiche ben full grete woundes in mann's herte, for thei unfowe the semes of frendship in mann's herte: For certes, unneth maie a man plainly be accorded with him, that him openly hath reviled and reprieved, and disclaunders: This is a full grisely sinne, as Christe saith in the Gospel. And take hede now, that he that repriveth his neighbour, ether he repreve him by some harme of pain, that he hath upon his bodie, as Mesell, croked, harlot, or by some sinne that he doeth. Nowe if he repreve him by any enfirmitis of Godd's visitation that is harm to hym or payn, than turneth the repreve to Jesu Christ: for pain is send by the rightwise sonde of God, and by his sufferance, be it meselrie, maim, or malady: and if he repreve him uncharitably of sinne that he useth, as thou holour, thoudronkelewe harlot, and so forth, than pertaineth that to the rejoising of the devill, whiche ever hath joie that men doen sin. And certes, chiding maie not come but of vilanous herte, for after the haboundance of the herte speketh the mouth full oft. And ye shall understond, that loke by any waie, whan any man shall chastise or correct an other, that he beware from chiding or repreving: for truly but he beware, he maie ful lightly quicken the fire of angre and of wrath, whiche he should quenche: and peraventure, slaeth him, which he might chastise with benigne. For as saith Salomon: the amiable tongue is the tre of life, that is to saie, of life spirituall. And sothly, a dissolute tong slaeth the spirites of 'hem that repreve, and also of him whiche is reprieved. Lo! what saith saint Augustin: There is nothing folike the devil's child, as he whiche oft chideth. Saint Poule seyth also, a servaunte of GOD behoveth not to chide. And though that chiding be a villainous thing, betwixt al maner folke, yet it is certes moste uncovenable, betwene a man and his wife, for there is never reste. And therefore saith Salomon: An hous that is uncovered in reyne, and a chiding wife, ben a like.

A manne, which is in a dropping hous in many places, though he eschue the dropping in o place, it droppeth on him in an other place: So fareth it by a chiding wife, if she chide him in one place, she wolle chide him in an other: And therefore better and gretly more plesant is a morsell, or little gobet of brede with joye, than an hous filled full of delicies, with chiding and gnerring, saith Salomon. Saint Poule saith, O ye women, beth ye subgette to your husebandes, as you behoveth and ought in God: And ye men loveth your wives. *Ad Colossenses. iii.*

Afterward speke we of scorning, whiche is a wicked sinne, and namely whan he scorneth a man for his gode werkes: For certes, soche scorners fare like the foule Tode, that maie not endure to smell the swete savour of the vine, whan it flourisheth. These scorners ben parting felowes with the devil, for thei have joie whan the Devill winneth, and sorowe if he leseth. Thei ben adversaries of Jesu Christ, for thei hate that he loveth, that is to saie, salvation of soulis.

Speke we now of wicked counsaile, the whiche is a Traiture, for he disceiveth him that trusteth in him: *Ut Achitophel ad Absalom.* But nathelesse, yet is his wicked counsaile, first ayenst himself, for as saith the Wiseman: Every false living man hath this propertie in himself, that he that wolle anoie an other man, he anoie first himself. And men shall understond, that man shall not take his counsaile of false folke, ne of angrie folke, or grevous folke, ne of folke that

that love specially to moche here owne proffit, ne to moche worldly folke, namely in counsailling of soules.

Now cometh the sinne of 'hem that sowe and make discorde emong folke, whiche is a sinne that Christ hateth utterly, and no wonder is: for he died for to make concorde. And more shame doe thei to Christe, than did thei that him crucified: for God loveth better that frendship be emonges folke, than he did his owne body, whiche that he gave for unite. Therefore ben thei likened to the devill, that ever be about to make discorde. Now cometh the sinne of double tounge, soche as speke faire before folke, and wickedly behind, or els thei make semblaunte, as though thei spake of gode entencion, or els in game and plaie, and yet thei speke of wicked entent.

Now cometh bewraying of counsaile, through whiche a man is defamed: certes unneth maie he restore the damage. Now cometh menace, that is an open folle, for he that ofte menaceth, he thretteth more than he maie performe ful oft time. Now cometh idel wordes, that is without profite of him that spekethe the wordes, and also of him that harkeneth the wordes: Or els idell wordes ben those that ben nedelesse, or without entente of naturell profite. And albeit that idel wordes be somtime veniall sinne, yet should men doubt 'hem, for we shall yeve rekening of 'hem before God. Now cometh jangling, that may not be without sinne. And as saith Salomon: it is a sign of apert foly. And therefore a Philosopher saied, whan menne asked him how that men shulde plesse God, he answerde: Doe many gode werkes, and speke few vanities. After this cometh the sin of japeries, that ben the devill's Apes, for thei make folke to laugh at ther japerie, as folke doe at the gaudes of an ape: whiche japes defendeth saint Poule. Loke how that vertuous wordes and holy comfort 'hem that travaile in the service of Christe. Right so comforteth the villainous wordes and knackes of japers 'hem, that travaile in the service of the devill. These ben the sinnes of the tounge, that come of ire, and of other sinnes.

The remedie ayenst Ire.

THE remedie ayenst Ire, is a vertue that men klepen *mansuetudo* that is debonaire, and also an other vertue that menne clepe pacience or sufferaunce.

Debonaire withdraweth and refraineth the stringes and movinges of mann's corage in herte, in soche maner that thei ne skip nat out by anger ne Ire. Sufferaunce suffreth swetely all the anoiaunces and wronges that men doen to man outward. S. Jerome saith this of debonaire, that it doeth no harme to no wight, ne saith: ne for no harme that men doe ne saie, he ne chafeth ayenst reson. This vertue somtime cometh of nature: for as saith the Philosopher, A man is a quicke thinge by nature, debonaire and trefable to godenes: but whan debonaire is enformed of grace, than it is the more worth.

Pacience is an other remedie ayenst ire, and is a vertue that suffreth swetely every mann's godenes, and is nat wroth for no harme that is doen to him. The Philosopher saith, that pacience is the vertue that suffreth debonairely all the outrages of adversite, and every wicked worde. This vertue maketh a man like to God, and maketh him Godd's owne child: as saith Christ. This vertue discomfiteth thine enemies. And therefore saith the Wiseman: if thou would venquish thine enemy, lerne to suffre. And thou shalt understonde, that a man suffereth fower maner of grevaunces, in outward things, a-

yenst the whiche fower he must have fower maner of paciencies.

The first grevaunce is of wicked wordes, whiche suffered Jesu Christe without grutching full patiently, whan the Jews dispised him full oft. Suffer thou therfore patiently, for the Wiseman saith: if thou strive with a fole, though the fole be wroth, or though he laugh, alwaie thou shalt have no reste. That other grevaunce outward, is to have dammage of thy cattell: There ayenst suffred Christ full patiently, whan he was dispoiled of all that he had in this life, and that was but his clothes. The thirde grevaunce, is a man to have harme in his body: that suffred Christ full patiently in all his passion. The fourth grevaunce, is an outrageous labour in werkes: wherefore I saie, that folke that make ther servauntes to travaile to grevously, or out of time, as in holy daies, sothly thei do grete sinne. Here ayenst suffred Christe full patiently, and taught us pacience, whan he bare upon his blessed sholders the crosse, upon which he should suffre dispitous deth. Here maie men lerne to be patient, for certes, not onely Christen be patiente for love of Jesu Christ, and for guerdon of the blisse of hevене, and of the blissfull life that is perdurable, but certes the olde Painems, that never were christened, commended and used the vertue of pacience.

A Philosopher uppon a time, that would have bete his disciple, for his grete trespase, for whiche he was moved, and brought a yerde to skore the childe, and whan this child sawe the rodde, he said to his maister: what thinke ye to doe? I woll bete The saied the maister for thy correction: Forsothe saied the childe, ye ought firste correcte your selfe, that have lost all your pacience, for the offence of a childe. Forsoth saied the maister al weping, thou saiest soth: have thou the rodde my dere childe, and correcte me for mine impacience. Of pacience cometh obedience, through whiche a manne is obedient to Christ, and to all 'hem to which he ought be obedient in Christe. And understonde well, that obedience is perfite, whan that a man doeth gladly and hastily, with gode herte entierly all that he should doe. Obedience generally, is to performe the doctrine of God, and of his soveraines, to whiche him ought to be obeisaunt in all rightwisnesse.

De Accidia.

After the sinnes of Envie and Ire, now woll I speke of the sinne of Accidie: for envie blindeth the herte of a manne, and ire troubleth a man, and Accidie maketh him hevvy, thoughtfull and pensive. Envy and ire maken bitternesse in herte, whiche bitternesse is moer of accidie, and benymyth him the love of all godenesse, than is accidie the anguiste of trouble of herte. And saint Augustin saith: It is anoie of godenesse and anoie of harme. Certes this is a dampnable sinne, for it doeth wrong to Jesu Christ, in as moch as it benommeth the service that men ought to doe to owre Lorde Jesu Crist with all the diligence, as saith Salomon: but Accidie oeth no soche diligence. He doeth al thing with anoie, and with wrawnnesse, slackenesse, and excusacion: with idelnesse and unlust. For whiche the boke saith. Accursed be he that doeth the service of God negligently. Than is accidie enemy to every estate of man. For certes the estate of man is in thre maners. Either it is in the estate of innocencie, as was the estate of Adam, before that he fell into sinne, in which estate he was holde to worke, as in praising and lauding God. An other estate is the estate of sinfull men: in whiche estate men ben holden to labour in praying to God, for amendement of ther sinnes, and that he would graunt 'hem to rise out of ther sinnes.

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An other estate is the estate of grace, in whiche state he is holden to do workes of penitence: and certes, to all these thinges is accidie contrary, for he loveth no busynesse at all. Now certes, this foule sinne accidie is also a full grete enemy to the livelode of the body, for it hath no purveiaunce ayenst temporell necessite, for it forlewethed and forflugged, and that distroiet al godes temporell by rechelesnes.

The fowrth thing is, that accidie is like hem that ber in the paine of hell, bicause of ther sloth and hevines; for thei that be damned ben so bound, that thei may neither wel doe ne thinke. Of accidie cometh first that a manne is anoied and encombred to doe any godenesse, and maketh that God hath abhominacion of soche accidie, as saith S. John.

Now cometh sloth, that woll nat suffre no hardnesse ne penaunce: for sothly slothe is so tender and so delicate, as saith Salomon, that he woll suffer no hardnesse ne penaunce, and therefore he marreth all that he doeth. Ayenst this rotten hertid sinne of accidie and slothe, should men exercise hem self, and use hem to do gode workes: and manly and vertuously catch corage to doe, thinking that our Lorde Jesu Christ quitteth every gode dede, be it never so lite. Usage of labour is a grete thing. For it maketh, as saith S. Bernarde, the labourer to have strong armes, and hard senewes: and slothe maketh hem hevy, feble, and tender. Than cometh drede to beginne to worke any gode workes. For certes, he that enclineth to sin, him thinketh it is so gret an emprise for to undertake the workes of godenesse, and casteth in his herte, that the circumstaunces of godenesse ben so grevous and weightie for to suffre, that he dare not undertake to doe workes of godenes, as saith saint Gregorie.

Now cometh wanhope, that is dispeire of the the mercie of God, that cometh somtime of to moche outrageous sorowe, and sometime of to moche drede, imagining that he hath doe so moche sinne, that it woll not availe him, tho he would repent him, and for take it and doon good: through whiche dispeire or dred, he abandoneth all his herte to every maner sinne, as saith saint Augustine. Whiche dampnable sinne, if it continieth unto his ende, it is called finning in the Holy Ghost. This horrible sinne is so perillous, that he that is dispeired, ther n'is no felonie ne no sinne, that he doubteth for to doe, as sheweth well by Judas. For certes, above all sinnes than is this sinne moche displeaunte to Christe, and moche adversarie. Sothly, he that dispeireth him, is like to the coward champion recreaunt, that flieth without nede. Alas alas! nedeles is he recreaunt, and nedelesse dispaired. For certes, the mercie of God is ever redy to the penitent persone, and is above al his workes. Alas! can not a man bethinke him on the Gospell of S. Luke xv. Where as Christ saith, that as well shal there be joie in heaven upon a sinfull manne that doeth penitence, as upon xcix. rightfull men that nedre no penitence. Loke ferther in the same Gospel, the joy and the fest of the gode man, that had lost his sonne, when his sonne with repentaunce was returned to his father. Can thei not remember hem also, that (as saith Saint Luke) Chapi. xxiii. How that thief that was hanged beside Jesu Christe, saied: Lord remember me, when thou comest in thy reigne. Forsoth saied Christ, I saie to The: to daie shalt thou be with me in Paradise. Certes, there is non so horrible sinne in man, that he maie in his life be distroied by penitence, through vertue of the passion and of the deth of Christe. Alas! what nede men than to be dispaired, sith that his mercy is so redy and large? but aske and have. Than cometh sompnolence, that is sluggie, slombring,

whiche maketh a man hevie, and dull in bodie and in soule, and this sinne cometh of slothe: And certes, the time that by waie of reson, man should not slepe, is by the morowe, but if ther were cause reasonable. For sothly, the morowe tide is moche covenable, a manne to saie his praiers, and for to thenke on God, and to honor God, and to yeve almose to the pore that cometh first in the name of Jesu Christ.

Loe! what saith Salomon? Who so woll by the morowe awake to seke me, he shal find me. Than cometh negligence or rechelesnes that recketh of nothing. And though that ignorance be mother of all harmes, certes, negligence is the novice. Negligence ne doth no force, when he shall doe a thing, whether he doe it well or evill.

The remedy of these two sinnes is, as saith the Wiseman: that he that dredeth God, spareth not to doe that he ought to doe, and he that loveth GOD, he woll doe diligence to plesse GOD by his workes, and abandone himself with all his might, well for to doe. Than cometh idelnesse, that is the yate of all harmes. An idell manne is like to a place that hath no walles, the devill maie enter on every side, or shote at him that is discoverte, by temptacion on every side. This idleness is the thorruke of all wicked and vileynous thoughts and of all janglingis. Certes, blis of hevne is yeve to hem that will labour, and not to idel folke. Also David saith, that thei ne be not in the labour of menne, ne thei shall not be whipped with men, that is to saie in Purgatorie. Certes, than semeth it thei shall be turmented with the devils in hell, but if thei do penaunce.

Than cometh the sinne, that men call *tarditas*, as when a man is so latered, or taryng or he woll tourne to God: and certes, that is a grete foly. He is like him that falleth in the ditch, and woll not arise. And this vice cometh of fals hope, that he thinketh he shal live long, but that hope faileth full oft.

Than cometh lacheffe, that is he that when he beginneth any gode worke, anon he woll leve and stint it, as doen thei that have any persone to governe, and ne take of him no more hede, anon as thei finde any contrary or any anoie. These ben the newe shepherdes, that let ther shepe wittingly go ren to the Wolfe, that is in the breres, or doe not force of ther owne governaunce. Of this cometh povertie and distruction, both of spirituall and temporell thinges. Than cometh a maner coldnesse, that freeth the herte of man. Than cometh undevocion, through whiche a man is so blont, and as saith S. Bernard, hath soche langoure in his soule, that he maie neither redene sing in holy churche, ne here ne think of no devocion, ne travaille with his bondes in no gode worke, that it n'is to him unsavery and all appalled. Than wexeth he slow and slombry, and sone woll be wroth, and sone is enclined to hate and envy. Than cometh the sinne of worldly sorowe, soche as is called *Tristitia*, that slaeth a man, as saith sainte Poule. For certes, soche sorowe worketh the deth of the soule and the bodie also, for thereof cometh that a man is anoied of his own life. Wherefore soche sorowe shorteth ful oft the life of man, er that his time is come by waie of kinde.

Remedium contra peccatum Accidie.

Ayenst this horrible sinne of accidie, and the branches of the same, there is a vertue that is called *Fortitudo* or strengthe, that is an affection, through whiche a man dispiseth anyous thinges: this vertue is so mightie and so vigorous, that it dare

dare withstonde mightlie, and wisely kepe himself fro perilles that ben wicked, and wraustell ayenst the assautes of the devill, for it enhaunceth and enforceth the soul, right as accidie abateth and maketh it feble: for this fortitude maie endure by long sufferance the travailes that ben covenable.

This vertue hath many spes, the first is called Magnanimite, that is to saie, grete corage. For certes, there behoveth grete corage ayenst Accidie, lest that it ne swallowe the soule by the sinne of sorrowe, or distroie it by wanhope. Certes, this vertue maketh folke undertake hard and grevous things by their own will, wisely and resonably. And for as moche as the devil fighteth ayenst a manne, more by subtilte and sleight, than by strength, therefore shall a man withstande him by wit, reson, and discrecion. Than are there the vertues of faith, and hope in GOD and in his sainctes, to eschue and accomplishe the gode workes, in the whiche he purposeth fermely to continue. Than cometh suretie or sikernes, and that is whan a man ne doubteth no traivale in time comming of the gode workes that he hath begon. Than cometh Magnificence, that is to saie, whan a man doth performe grete workes of godenes, that he hath begon, and that is th'ende, why that men should doe gode workes. For in th'accomplishing of gode workes lieth the grete guerdon. Than is there Constaunce, that is stablesnes of corage, and this should be in herte by stedfast faith, and in mouth, in bering, in chere, and in dede. Also there ben mo speciall remedies ayenst accidie, in divers workes: as in consideracion of the paines of hell, the joyes of heven, and in trust of the grace of the Holy Ghost, that will yeve him might to performe his gode entent.

De Avaritia.

After Accidie, woll I speke of Avarice, and of Covetise. Of whiche sinne S. Poule saith: the rote of all harmes is Covetise. *Ad Timoth. vi.* For sothly, whan the hert of manne is confounded in it self and troubled, and that the soule hath lost the comforte of God, than seketh he an idell solace of worldly thinges.

Avarice, after the discripcion of S. Augustine, is a licorousnes in hert to have yerthly thinges. Some other folke saie, that Avarice is for to purchase many yerthly thinges, and nothing to yeve to hem that have nede. And understonde, that avarice standeth not onely in lande ne cattell, but somtime in science and glorie, and in every maner of outragious thinges is avarice and covetise; and the difference betwixe avarice and covetise is this.

Covetise, is for to covete soche thinges, that thou hast nat. And Avarice is to withholde and kepe soch thinges, as thou hast without rightfull nede. Sothly, this avarice is a sinne, that is full dampnable, for all holy writ curseth it, and speketh ayenst that vice, for it doeth wrong to Jesu Christe: for it taketh fro him the love that men to him owe, and tourneth it backwarde ayenst all reson, and maketh that the avaricious man hath more hope in his cattell, than in Jesu Christe, and doth more observaunce in keping of his tresour, than he doeth in the service of Jesu Christe. And therefore saith saint Poule: *Ad Ephesios quinto*: That an avaricious man is the thraldome of Idolatrie.

What difference is there betwixt an Idolaster, and an avaricious man? But that an Idolaster, peraventure ne hath nat but a Maumet or two, and the avaricious manne hath many. For certes, every Florein in his cofer, is his Maumet. And certes, the sinne of maumetrie, is the first that God defended, as in the x. commaundmenttis it berith witnes, in

Exodi. Capi. xx. Thou shalt have no false Goddess before me, ne thou shalt make to The no graven thing. Thus is an avaricious man that loveth his tresure before God, an Idolaster. And through this cursed sinne of avarice and covetise, cometh these hard lordshippes, through whiche thei ben streined by taylliagys, customes, and cariages, more than ther duetie or reson is, or els take thei of ther bonde menne amerciamentes, whiche might more resonably be called extorcions, than amerciamentes. Of which amerciamentes, or raunsoming of bondmen, some Lordes stewardes saie, that it is righfull, for as muche as a churle hath no temporell thing, that it ne is his lordes, as thei saie. But certes, these lordshippes doe wrong, that bereve their bondemen thinges that thei never yave hem. *Augustinus de Civitate Dei. Libro. ix.* Sothe is that the condicion of thraldome, and the first cause of thraldome was for sinne.

Thus maie ye se, that the offence deserved thraldome, but nat nature. Wherefore these Lordes ne should not moche glorifie hem in ther Lordshippes, sithe that thei by naturall condicion ben not lordes over thralles, but for that thraldome came firste by the deserte of sinne. And more over, there as the Lawe saith, that temporell godes of bonde folke ben the godes of ther Lorde: yea, that is for to understonde, the godes of the Emperour, to defende hem in ther right, but not to robbe hem ne reve hem. Therefore saith Seneca: Thy prudence should teche The for to live benignly with thy thrall. Those, that thou callest thy thralles, ben Godd's peple: and for humble peple ben Christ's frendes, thei ben consuberniall with the Lord.

Thinke also, that if soche fede as churles spring, of soche fede spring Lordes: As well may the chorle be saved as the Lord. The same deth that taketh the chorle, soche deth taketh the Lorde. Wherefore I rede doe right so with thy chorle, as thou wouldest that thy lorde did with The, if thou wer in his plight. Every sinfull manne is a chorle to sinne: I rede The Lorde certes, that thou werke in soche wise with thy chorles, that thei rather love The than dred The. I wote well, that there is degre above degre, as reson is, and skill is that menne doe ther devour, there as it is due. But certes, extorcions, and dispote of your underlinges is dampnable.

And ferthermore understande well, that these Conquerours or Tyrautes, make full oste thralles of hem: that ben borne of as roiall blode, as ben thei that hem conquere. This name of Thraldome was never erst knowe, till that Noe saied that his sonne Canaan should be thrall to his brethren for his sinne. What saie we than of hem, that pil and doe extorcions to holie Church: Certes, the swerd that menne yeve first to a knight, whan he is newe dubbed, signifieth that he should defende holie Church, and not robbe and pill it, and whoso doeth is Traitor to Christe. And as saith saint Augustine, thei ben the Devill's Wolves, that strangle the Shepe of Jesu Christe, and doen worse than Wolves, for sothely, whan the Wolfe hath full his wombe, he stinteth to strangle shepe: But sothly, the pillours and distroiers of holie Church godes, ne doe not so, for thei ne stinte never to pill. Now as I have saied, sith so is that sinne was first cause of thraldome, than is it thus, that at the time that all this worlde was in sin, than was all this worlde in thraldome, and in subjection, but certes, sithe the time of grace came, GOD ordained that some folke should be more hie in estate and in degre, and some folke more lowe, and that eche should be served after his estate and in degre.

And therefore, in some countreis there thei be thralles, whan thei have tourned hem to the faith, thei

thei make thier thralles fre out of the thraldome: and therefore, certes the Lord oweth to his man, that the man oweth to the lorde. And therefore the Pope clepyth himself servaunt of the servautes of God, but for as the estate of holy Church ne might not have ben, ne the common profite might not have be kept, ne pece ne reste in erth, but if God had ordained that some manne hath hier degre, and some menne lower: Therefore was soverainte ordained to kepe, maintaine, and defende ther underlinges and ther subjectes in reson, as fer forthe as it lieth in ther power, and not to distroy ne confounde 'hem. Wherefore I saye, that those lordes that ben like woulves that devour the possessions or the cattell of pore folkes wrongfully, without mercy or mesure, they shall receive by the same mesure that they have mesured to pore folke the mercy of Jesu Christ, but it be amended. Nowe cometh disceite betwixt marchaunt and marchaunt. And thou shalt understond that marchaundise is in two maners, that one is bodily, and that other is ghostly: that one is honest and lesful, and that other is dishonest and unlesful. The bodely marchaundise that is lesful and honeste is this: that there as God hath ordained that a reigne or a countrie is soficiente and plenteous withinne himselfe, than it is honest and lesful that of haboundaunce of this countrie menne helpe an other countrie that is nedey: And therthere muste be marchautes to bring fro one countrie to that other ther marchaundise. That other marchaundise that menne haunten with fraude, and trecherie, and disceite, with lesinges and false othes, is righte cursed and dampnable. Espirituell Marchaundise is properly Simonie, that is ententise desire to bie any thing espirituell, that is a thinge, whiche apertaineth to the saintuarie of GOD, and to cure of the soule. This desire if so be that a manne do his diligence to perfourme it, all be it that his desire ne take none effect, yet it is to him a dedly sinne, and if he be ordred, he is irreguler. Certes Simonie is called of Simon Magus, that would have boughte for temporell cattel the yeste that God had yeve by the Holy Ghost to Saint Peter, and to the Apostels: And therefore understonde, that he that selleth and he that bieth thinges espirituels, ben called Simoniackes, be it by cattel, be it by procuring or by fleshy praier of his frendes, fleshy frendes or spirituel frendes, fleshy in two maners, as by kinred or other frendes: Sothly if they praie for him that is not worthy and able, it is Simonie if he take the benefice, and if he be worthy and able there is none. That other maner is whan man or woman praieith for folke to avaunce him onely for wicked fleshy affection which thei have unto the persons, and that is soule simonie. But certes in service, for whiche menne yeven thinges espirituell unto there servautes, it must be understonde that the service muste be honest, or els not, and also that it be without bargeining, and that the person be able. For as saith saint Damascen: All the sinnes of the worlde at regarde of this sinne, are as thing of noughte, for it is the grettest sinne that maie be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Antichriste: For by this sinne GOD forleseth the Church and the Soule, which he bought with his precious blode, by 'hem that yeve Churches to 'hem that ben nought able of aunninge, for they put in theves hondes that stele the soules of Jesu Christe, and distroie his patrimonie. By suche unworthy priestes and curates have leude menne lesse reverence of the Sacramentes of holy Church, and suche yovers of churches put the children of Christ out, and put in the Church the Divels owne sonnes: thei sell the soules of the lambys that thei shold kepe fro the wolf that strangleth 'hem: and therefore shall they never have parte of the pasture of lambes, that is the blisse of Heven. Nowe cometh

hasardrie with his apurtynauncis, as tables and raffles, of whiche cometh disceite, false othes, chidinges, and all ravinelle, blaspheminges, and renyings of God, and hate of his neighbours, waste of godes, mispendinge of time, and sometime manslaughter. Certes hasardours ne mowe not be without grette sinne whiles that thei haunte that crafte. Of Avarice cometh also lesinges, theft, false witnesse, and false othes: and ye shall understonde that these be grette sinnes, and expresse ayenst the commaundementes of God, as I have saide. False witnesse is in worde, and also in dede: In worde, as for to bireve thy neighbour's gode name by thy false witnesse, or bireve him his cattell or his heritage, by thy false witnessing, whan thou for ire or for mede, or for envie, berest false witnesse, or accusest him, or excusest thy selfe falsely. Ware ye questmongers and notaries: certes for false witnessing was Susan in ful grette sorow and paine, and many an other mo. The sin of theft is also expresse ayenst Godd's hest, and in two maners, corporel and spirituel, the temporell theft is: As for to take thy neighbour's cattel ayenst his will, be it by force or by sleight, be it by mette or by mesure: by steling also of false enditementes upon him, and in borowing of thy neighbour's cattel, in entent never to pay it ayen, and semblable thinges. Espirituel theft is sacrilege, that is to say, hurting of holy things sacred to Christ in two maners, by reason of the holy place, as churches or chirchhawis: For which every vilainous sinne that men done in suche places, may be called sacrilege, or every violence in the semblable places. Also thei that withdrawe falsely the rightes that long to holy church and pleasing. And generally sacrilege is to reve holy thing fro holy place, or unholy thing out of holy place, or holy thinge out of unholy place.

Relevatio contra peccatum Avaricie.

NOwe shall ye understond, that relieving of Avarice is misericorde and pite largely taken. And menne might aske why that misericorde and pite are relievinge of Avarice? Certes the avaricious man sheweth no pite ne misericorde to the nedefull man.

For he deliteth him in the keeping of his trefure; and nat in the rescuing ne relieving of his evin Christen. And therefore speke I first of misericorde. Than is misericorde (as saith the Philosopher) a virtue, by whiche the corage of manne is stered by the misere of him that is disced. Upon whiche misericorde foloweth pite, in performing and fulfilling of charitable workes of mercy, helpeth and comforteth him that is misced. And certes these thinges move and stere a man to misericorde of Jesu Christe; that he yave himselfe for our offence, and suffred deth for misericorde, and foryave us our original sinnes, and therby relefed us fro the paines of hell, and minished the paines of purgatory by penitens; and yeveth grace well to doe, and at laste the blisse of Heven. The spes of misericorde ben for to releve, and also for to yeve: for to foryeve and relece, and for to have pite in herte and compassion of the mischief of his evin Christen, and also to chastise there as nede is. An other maner of remedy ayenst Avarice, is resonable largesse: but sothly here behoveth the consideracion of that grace of Jesu Christ, and of the temporell godes, and also of the godes perdurable that Jesu Christ yafe to us, and to have remembraunce of the deth whiche he shal receive, he knoweth not whan, where, ne who: and also that he shall forgo all that he hath, save onely that which he may dispende in worldly gode.

But for as muche, as some folke ben unmesurable, menne oughte for to avoide and eschue folish largesse, the whiche some peple call waste.

Certes

Certes, he that is fole large, yeveth not his cattell, but he lefeth his cattell.

Sothly what thing that he yeveth for vein-glory, as to minstrels and to folke that bere his renome in the world, he hath sinne thereof and none almesse: Certes he lefeth foule his gode that he ne seketh with the yest of his gode nothing but sinne. He is like to an horse that seketh rather to drinke drovy or troubled water, than for to drinke water of the clere wel. To hem appertainen the saide cursing, that Christ shall yeve at the daie of dome, to hem that shall be dampned.

Sequitur de Gula.

After Avarice cometh Gloteny, which is expresse ayenst the commaundement of God. Gloteny is unmesurable appetite to ete or to drinke, or els to do inough to the unmesurable appetite, and disordeined covetise to ete or to drinke. This sinne corrupteth all this worlde, as is well shewed in the sinne of Adam and of Eve. Loke also what saith sainte Poule of gloteny. Many (saith he) gon, of whiche I have often said to you, and now I saye it weping, that ben the enemies of the crosse of Christ, of whiche the ende is deth, and of which ther wombe is ther God and ther glorye, in confusion of hem that so devour erthly thinges. He that is used to this sinne of Gloteny, he ne maie no sinne withsonde, he must be in servage of all vices, for it is the Devil's houre, there he hideth and resteth him. This sinne hath manie spes: The firste is dronkenesse, that is the horrible sepulture of man's reason: and therefore whan a manne is dronke he hath loste his reson: And this is dedly sinne. But sothly whan that a manne is not wonte to stronge drinke, and paraventure ne knoweth not the strength of the drinke, or hath feblese in his hed, or hath travailed, through whiche he drinketh the more, all be he so dainly caught with drinke, it is no dedly sinne, but veniall. The second spece of gloteny is, that the spirite of a manne wexeth al troubled, for dronkenesse bireveth him the discrecion of his wit.

The thirde maner spece of Glotenie is whan a manne devoureth his mete, and hath not right full maner of eting. The fowerth is, whan through the grete abundaunce of his mete the humours in his body ben distempered. The fift is, foryetfulness by to moch drinking, for whiche sometime a man forgetteth er the morning what he did att even or the night byforne.

In other maner ben distinct the spes of glotenie, after sainte Gregorie. The first is, for to ete before time to ete. The second is, whan a man giveth him to delicate mete, or drinke. The third is, whan men take to moche over mesure. The fourth is, curiosite, with gret entent to make and appareill his mete. The fift is, for to ete to greedely.

These ben the five fingers of the devill's hond, by whiche he draweth folke to sinne.

The remedie ayenst Glotenie.

Ayenst Glotenie, the remedie is abstinence, as saith Galiene: but that I holde nat meritorious, if he doe it for the hele of his bodie. Sainte Augustine woll that abstinence be doen for vertue, and with pacience. Abstinence (saith he) is little worthe, but if a man have gode will thereto, and but if he be enforced by pacience and charite, and that men doe it for Godd's sake, and in hope to have blisse in heven.

The fellowes of abstinence be attemperance, that holdeth the mene in all thinges. Also shame that

eschueth al dishonestie. Suffisaunce, that seketh no riche metes ne drinks, ne doeth not force of outrageous appareling of mete. Mesure also, that restraineth by reson, the unmesurable appetite of eting. Sobernesse also, that restraineth the outrage of drinke. Sparing also, that restraineth the delicate ese to sit longe at mete, wherfore some folke standen of ther owne will whan thei ete, bicause thei woll ete at lesse lesure.

De Luxuria.

After Glotenie cometh lecherie, for these two sinnes ben so nigh cosins, that oft time thei wol nat depart. God wote this sin is ful displefant to God, for he sayd himself: doe no lecherie. And therefore he putteth grete paines ayenst this sinne of lecherie in the olde lawe.

For in the old law, if a woman thrall wer take in this sinne, she should be bete with staves to deth. And if she were a gentill woman, she should be slain with stones. And if she were a Bishop's daughter, she should be brent by Godd's commaundement.

More over by the sinne of Lecherie God drowned all the worlde, at the deluve of Noe, and after that he brent five citees with thunder and lightning, and sanke hem into hell.

Now let us speke than of the said stinking sinne of Lecherie, that menne call avoutrie of wedded folke, that is to saie, if that one of hem ben weddid, or els bothe. Saint John saith, that avouterers shall be in hell, in stynke brenning of fire and of brimstone, for the stynche of the ordure: certes the breking of this Sacramente is an horrible thing: it was made of God himself in Paradise, and confirmed by Jesu Christe, as witnesseth S. Mathew in the Gospell: A manne shall leve father and mother, and take him to his wife, and thei shall be two in one fleshe.

This Sacramente betokeneth the knitting together of Christe and holie Church. And not only that God forbade avoutrie in dede, but also he commaunded that thou shouldest not covete thy neighbour's wife. In this heste saith saint Augustine, is forbidden all maner covetise to do Lecherie. Lo! what saith saint Mathewe in the Gospell? that who so seeth a woman, to covetise of his luste, he hath doen Lecherie with her in his herte. Here maie ye se, that not onely the dede of this sinne is forbidden, but also the desire to that sinne. This cursed sinne anoieth grevously hem that it haunt: and first to ther foule, for he obligeth it to sinne, and to paine of deth, whiche is perdurable. Unto the bodie anoieth it grevously also, for it drieth him and wasteth, and shenteth him, and of his blode he maketh Sacrifice to the fend of helle: It wasteth his cattell and his substance. And certes, if it be a fouler thing, a manne to waste his cattell on women: yea it is a fouler thing, whan that for soche ordure women dispende upon menne, ther cattel and ther substance. This sinne as saith the prophete, taketh from manne and woman ther gode fame and ther honour, and it is full delectable, and plesant to the devill. For therby winneth he the more parte of this wretched worlde. And righte as a Marchaunte delireth him moste in that chaffare, whiche he hath moste avauntage and profite of, right so deliteth the fend in this ordure.

This is that other honde of the devill, with five fingers, to catche the peple to his vilanie. The firste is the folishe looking of the folishe woman and of the folishe man, that sleeth right as the Basilisk or Cocatrice sleeth folke by venom of his sight, for the covetise of the eyen foloweth the covetise of the hert.

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The second finger is the villainous touching in wicked maner. And therefore saith Salomon: that who so toucheth and handeleth a woman, he fareth as the manne that handeleth the scorpion, which stingeth and sodainly sleeth through his enveming, or as who so that toucheth warme pitch blemisheth his fingers. The thirde is foule wordes, whiche fareth like fire, whiche right anon brenneth the herte. The fourthe finger is the kissing: And truly he were a grete sole that would kisse the mouthe of a brenninge oven or of a forneis. And more soles ben they that kisse in vilanie, for that mouthe is the mouthe of hel, and namely these olde dotardes holours, whiche wolle kisse and flicker, and besie hem self though they maie nought do. Certes they ben like to houndes: For an hounde whan he cometh nigh to the roser, or by other benches, though he be that they maie not pisse, yet wolle he heve up his legge, and make a countenance to pisse. And for that manie manne weneth that he maie not sinne for no licorousnesse that he doth with his wife, truly that opinion is false: God wote a manne maie sle himselfe with his owne knife, and make himselfe dronke with his owne tonne. Certes be it wife, be it childe, or any worldly thing, that he loveth before God, it is his maumette, and he is an idolaster. A manne should love his wife by discrecion, patiently and attemperatly, and than is she as though it were his suster. The fiftie finger of the Divell is honde is the stinking dede of lechery. Truly the five fingers of glotonie the Divell putteth into the wombe of a man: And with his five fingers of lecherye he gripeth him by the reines, for to throwe him into the forneis of Hell, there as they shall have the fire and the wormes that ever shall laste, and weping and wailing, and sharpe hungre and thrust, grimnesse of Divels, whiche shall all to trede hem withouten ende. Of lecherie as I saide soun-eth and springeth divers especes: as fornicacion, that is betwene man and woman whiche be not married, and is dedly sinne, and ayenst nature: All that is enemye and distruccion to nature is ayenst nature. Perfaie the reson of a man telleth him wel also that it is dedly sinne, for as much as God forbade lecherie. And saint Poule yeveth hem the reigne that n'is dewe to no wight but to hem that done dedly sinne. Another sinne of lechery is to bireve a maidens maidenhed, for he that dothe, certes he casteth a maiden out of the hieft degre that is in this presente life, and bireveth her that precious fruite that the boke calleth the hundreth fruites, I ne can faye it none other wife in Englishe, but in Latin it highte (*Centesimus fructus*.) Certes he that so doth is the cause of many damages and vilanies, mo than any manne can reken: righte as he is cause of many damages somtime that bestes doe in the felde, that breke the hedge or the closure through which he distroieth that maie not be restored: For certes no more maye maidenhed be restored, than an arme that is smitte fro the bodie maie retorne ayen and wexe: She maie have mercy, this wote I well, if that she have will to doe penitence, but never shall it be that she n'as corrupte. And all be it so that I have spoke somewhat of avoutrie, also it is gode to shewe the perilles that longe to avoutrie, for to eschewe that foule sinne. Avoutrie in latin is for to saie, approching of an other mann's bedde, through whiche those that sometime were one fleshe, abandon ther bodies to other persons. Of this sinne as saith the wise man folowe many harmes: Firste breking of faithe, and certes in faithe is the keye of christendome: and whan that faithe is broke and losse, sothly christendom stont veine and withoute fruite. This sinne is also a theef, for theste generally is to reve a wight his thing ayenst his will. Certes, this is the foulest theft that

may be, whan that a woman steleth her body fro her husbonde, and yeveth it to her holour to dofoyle her, and steleth her soule fro Christe, and yeveth it to the Devill: This is a fouler theste than for to breke a churche and stele away the chalice, for these avouterers breke the temple of God spiritu-ally, and stele the vessell of grace that is the bodie and the soule: For whiche Christe shall distroy hem, as saith saint Poule. Sothely of this theste doubted gretly Joseph, whan that his Lord's wife prayed him of vilanie, whan he saide: Lo my Lady how my Lorde hath take to me under my warde, all that he hath in this world, ne nothing of his thinges is out of my power, but onely ye that be his wife: and how should I than do this wickednesse and sinne so horrible ayenst God, and ayenst my lorde! God it forbode. Alas! all to litell is suche trouthe now founde. The third harme is the filth, through which they breke the commaundement of God, and defoule the auter of matrimonie, that is Christ. For certes, in so muche as the Sacrament of mariage is so noble and so digne, so muche it is greter sin for to breke it: For God made mariage in paradise in the estate of innocencie, to multiplie mankind in the service of God, and therefore is the brekinge thereof the more grevous, of whiche breking come false heires oft time, that wrongfully occupie folkes heritages: and therefore wolle Christe putte hem out of the reigne of heaven, that is heritage to gode folke. Of this brekinge cometh also oft time that folke unware wedde or sin with ther own kinrede: and namelye these harlottes that haunte bordels of these foule women, that maie be likened to a commune gonge, where as menne purge ther ordure. What saie we also of putours, that live by the horrible sinne of putrie, and constreine women to yeve to hem a certaine rente of ther bodely puterie, yea somtime of his own wife or his childe, as don these baudes: Certes, these ben cursed sinnes. Understond also that avoutrie is sette gladly in the ten commaundementes bitwene theste and manslaughter, for it is the gretest theste that maie be, for it is theste of bodie and of soule, and it is like to homicide, for it kerveth a two and breketh a two hem that firste were made of one flesh. And therefore by the olde lawe of GOD they should be slaine, but nathelesse by the lawe of Jesu Christ, that is law of pite, whan he said to the woman that was founde in avoutrie, and should have be slaine with stones after the will of the Jewes, as was ther lawe: Go said Jesu-Christ, and have no more will to do sinne. Sothely the vengeance of avoutrie is awarded to the paines of Hell, but if so be that it be distroyd by penitence. Yet ben there mo especes of this cursed sinne, as whan that one of hem is religious or els bothe, or of folke that ben entred into ordre, as Subdeken, Deken, or Prieste, or hospitaliers. And ever the hier that he is in ordre, the greter is the sinne. The thinges that gretly agredge ther sinne is the breking of ther avowe of chastite, whan they receiveth the ordre. And more over sothe is that holy order is chefe of all the tresorie of GOD and his especieell signe and marke of chastite, to shew that they ben joyned to chastite, whiche is the moste precious life that is: and these ordred folke ben specially tited to God and of the speciall meine of GOD, for whiche whan they doen dedly sinne they ben the traitours of GOD and of his peple, for they live by the peple for to preye for hem. Priestes ben Aungelles as by the dignite of ther misterie, but forsoth saint Poule saith, that Sathanas transfourmeth him in an Aungell of lighte. Sothely the Prieste that haunteth dedly sinne he may be likened to the Aungell of darkenesse, transfourmed in the Aungell of light, he semeth Aungell of light, but forsoth he is Aungell of darknesse. Such Priestes be the sonnes of

of Hely, as sheweth in the boke of Kinges, that they were the sonnes of Beliall, that is the Divell. Beliall is to saie without judge, and so fare they, 'hem thinketh they be fre and have no judge, no more than hath a fre bulle that taketh whiche Cowe that him liketh in the toun. So fare thei by women, for right as one fre Bull is inough for all a toun, right so is a wicked Priest corrupcion inough for all a parisse, or for al a countrey: These Priestres, as saith the boke, ne can not minstre the misterie of priesthode to the peple, ne they know not GOD, they ne helde 'hem not apayed, as saith the boke, of sodden fleshe that was to 'hem offred, but they toke by force the fleshe that was raw. Certes, so these shrewes ne helde 'hem not apayed of rosted and sodde fleshe, with whiche the peple fedde 'hem in grete reverence, but they woll have rawe fleshe of folkes wives and ther doughters, and certes these women that consent to ther harlotry don grete wrong to Christ and to holy Church, all Halowes, and ail Soules, for they bireve all these 'hem that should worship CHRIST and holy Church, and praie for christen Soules, and therefore have suche Priestres and ther lemans also that consent to ther lecherie, the cursing of all the courte christien, till they come to amendement. The thirde spece of avourtie is somtime betwixt a manne and his wife, and that is whan they take no regarde in ther assembling, but onely to ther fleshy delite, as saith saint Jerome, and ne reken of nothing but that they ben assembled bicause they ben married, all is gode inoughe, as they thinke: but in suche folke hath the Divell power, as said the angell Raphael to Tobie, for in ther assembling they put Jesu Christe out of ther herte, and yeve 'hem selfe to all ordure. The fourthe spece is the assemble of 'hem that ben of one affinite, or els of 'hem, with which ther fathers or ther kinred have deled in the sinne of lecherie: This sinne maketh 'hem like to houndes, that take no kepe to kinrede. And certes parentele is in two maners: either ghostly or fleshy: ghostly as for to dele with his godsib, for right so as he that engendreth a childe is his fleshy father, right so is his Godfather his father esprituell: for whiche a woman may in no lesse sinne assemble with her Godsib, than with her owne fleshy brother. The fifthe spece is that abhominable sinne, of whiche abhominable sinne no man unneth ought speke ne write, nathelesse it is openly rehersed in holy writ. This cursed sinne doen menne and women in divers entent and in divers maner: But though that holy writte speke of horrible sinne, certes holy writte maie not be defoiled, no more than the sunne that shineth on the donghill. An other sin apperteineth to lechery that cometh sleping, and this sinne cometh often to 'hem that ben maidens, and also to 'hem that be corrupt, and this sinne menne cal Pollucion, that cometh of iiiii manners: Somtime of languishing of bodie, for the humours ben to ranke and habundaunt in the body of man, sometime of infirmite, for febleness of the vertue retentive, as phisike maketh mention: Somtime for surfete of mete and drinke, and somtime of villainous thoughtes that ben enclosed in mann's minde whan he goeth to slepe, whiche maie not be without sinne, for whiche menne muste kepe 'hem wisely, or els maie men sinne ful grevously.

Remedium contra peccatum luxurie.

NOwe cometh the remedie ayenst lechery, and that is generally chastite and continence, that restrayne all disordinate mevinges that come of fleshy talentes. And ever the greter merite shall he have that most restraineth the wicked chaufinges of the ordour of this sin, and this is in two maners: That is

to saie, chastite in mariage, and chastite in widowhede. Nowe shalte thou understonde that matrimony is lesful assembling of man and woman that receiven by vertue of this Sacrament, the bonde through whiche they maie not be departed in all ther life, that is to say, while that thei live bothe. This, as saith the boke, is a ful grete sacrament, God made it as I have said in paradise, and wold himselfe be borne in mariage: and for to halowe mariage he was at a weddinge, where as he tourned water into wine, whiche was the first miracle that he wrought in erth before his disciples. Trew effecte of mariage clenseth fornicacion and replenisheth holy church of gode linage, for that is the ende of mariage, and chaungeth dedly sinne into veniall sin, bitwene 'hem that ben wedded, and maketh the hertes as one of 'hem that ben wedded, as well as the bodies.

Very mariage was established by God, er that sinne began, whan naturall lawe was in his right pointe in Paradise. And it was ordained that o man should have but o woman, and o woman but o man, as saith saint Augustin, by many resons.

First, for mariage is figured betwix Christ and holy church.

An other is for a man is hed of a woman, alway by ordinaunce it should be so. For if a woman had mo menne than one, than should she have mo hedes than one, and that were a right horrible sinne before God, and also a woman mighte not plesse so many folke at ones: and also there should never be reste ne quiete among 'hem, for eche of 'hem would aske ther owne righte. And furthermore, no manne should knowe his owne engendrure, ne who shoulde have his heritage, and the woman should be the lesse beloved fro that time that she were comitted to many menne.

Now cometh how that a man should bere him with his wife, and namely in two thinges: that is to saye, in sufferance and reverence, as shewed Christe whan he first made woman. For he ne made her of the hed of Adam, for she should nat claime to grete lordshippe, for there as the woman hath the maistrise, she maketh to muche variaunce, there nede no mo ensample of this, the experience of this day by day ought inough suffice.

Also certes, God ne made not woman of the fote of Adam, for she should not be holde to lowe, for she cannot patiently suffre, but God made woman of the ribbe of Adam, for woman should be felow unto man.

Man should bere him to his wife in faith, in trouthe, and in love (as saith sainte Poule) that a man should love his wife, as Christ loveth holy Church, that loved it so well that he died for it: So should a man die for his wife, if it were nede.

Now how that a woman should be subject to her husbände: that telleth S. Peter, first in obedience. And also as saith the Decree: a woman that is a wife, as long as she is a wife, she hath none auctorite to swere ne bere witnesse, without leave of her housebände, that is her Lorde, alwaie he should be so by reson. She should also serve him in al honeste, and be attemperate of her arraie.

I woll well that thei should set ther entent to plesse ther husbondes, but nat by queintise of ther arraie. Sainte Jerom saith: Wives that be apparelled in filke and precious purple, ne mowe not clothe 'hem in Jesu Christe. S. Gregorie saith also: that no wight seketh precious array, but onely for vainglory, to be honoured the more of the peple. It is a grete folie, a woman to have gret arraie outward, and in her self be soule inward. A wife shuld also be mesurable in loking, in bering, and in laughing, and discrete in all her wordes and her dedes, and above all worldly thinges, she should love her husbände with al her hert, and to him be true of her body: so should

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an husbonde be to his wife: For sith that all the body is the husbondes, and the husbonde is the wyv's, so should her hert be, or els ther is betwixt 'hem two, as in that no perfite mariage. Than shal men understonde, that for thre thinges, a manne and his wife fleshely maie assemble. The firste is, forth' entent of engendrure of children, to the service of God, for certes, that is the cause final of matrimonie. An other cause is, to yeld eche of 'hem to other the debtes of ther bodies for neither of 'hem hath power over ther own bodies. The thirde is, for to eschue lecherie and vilanie. The fowerth is, forsoth dedly sinne. As to the first is meritorie: the second also, for as saith the Decree, that she hath merite of chastite, that yeldeth to her husbonde the debte of her bodie, ye though it be ayenst her liking, and the lust of her hert. The third maner is venial sinne, and truly scarce maie any of these be without venial sinne, for the corrupcion and for the delite. The fowerth maner is for to understonde, if thei assemble onely for amoros love, and for none of the forsaied causes, but for to accomplishe the brenning delite, thei recke not how ofte, sothly it is dedly sinne: and that with sorowe some folke woll pain 'hem more to doe, than to ther appetite suffiseth.

The second maner of chastite, is for to be a clene widow, and eschue the enbrasinges of a man, and desire the enbrasing of Jesu Christe. These ben those that have ben wives, and have forgone ther husbondes, and also women that have doen lecherie, and ben received by penitence. And certes, if that a wife could kepe her all chaste, by licence of her husebande, so that she yeve never none occasion that he offende, it wer to her a grete merite. This maner of women that observeth chastite, mote ben clene in herte as well as in body and in thought, and mesurable in clothing and in countenance, abtinent in eting and drinking, in speking, and in dede, she is the vessell or the boxe of the blessed Magdelain, that fulfilleth holy Church of gode odour. The thirde maner of chastite is virginite, and it behoveth that she be holy in hert, and clene of bodie, than is she spouse of Jesu Christe, and she is the life of Aungels: she is the praising of this World, and she is as these martyrs in regalite: she hath in her, that tong maie not tel, ne herte thinke. Virginite bare our Lorde Jesu Christ, and virgin was himself.

An other remedie against lechere, is specially to withdrawe soche thinges, as yeve occasion to that vilanie: as ese, eting, and drinking: for certes, whan the pot boileth strongly, the best remedie is to withdrawe the fire. Sleeping long in grete quiet is also a grete nourice to Lecherie.

An other remedie ayenst lecherie is that a manne or a woman eschue the companie of 'hem, by whiche he doubteth to be tempted: For all be it so that the dede is withstonde, yet is there grete temptacion. Sothly, a white wall, although it ne brenne not fully, by sticking of the Candell, yet is the wall blac of the leyte. Full oft time I rede, that no man trust in his owne perfection, but he be stronger than Sampson, or holier than Daniell, or wiser than Salomon.

Now after that I have declared you, as I can, the seven dedly sinnes, and some of ther braunches, with ther remedies. Sothly if I could, I would tell you the ten commaundementes, but so hie doctrine I put to divines. Nathlesse I hope to God, thei ben touched in this tretise in Englishe eche of 'hem.

Sequitur secunda pars penitentia.

NOW forasmoche as the second part of penitence stonde in confession of mouth, as I began in the first cap. I saie saint Augustine saith: Sin is every worde and every dede, and all that men conveyten ayenst the lawe of Jesu Christe, and this is for to sinne

in herte, in mouthe, and in dede, by the five wittes, whiche ben sight, hering, smelling, tasting or savoure, and feling. Now is it gode to understande, that that agregeth moche every sinne. Thou shalte consider what thou art that doest the sinne, whether thou be male or female, young or old, gentill or thrall, fre or servaunt, hole or sicke, weddid or single, ordred or unordred, wife or sole, clerke or secular, if she be of thy kinrede bodily or ghostly, or no, if any of thy kinrede have sinned with her or no, and many mo thinges.

An other circumstance is this, whether it be doen in fornicacion or in advoutrie or no, in theefte or noon, in mayden or noon, in maner of homicide or no, horrible grete sinnes or smalle, and howe longe thou hast continued in sinne. The thirde circumstance is, the place there thou hast doen sin, whether in other mennes houses, or in thine own, in field, in church or in churchyarde, in church dedicate or no. For if the church be halowed, and man or woman spill his kinde within that place, by waie of sinne or wicked temptacion, the church is enterdited, tyl it were reconfyed by the Bychfehope, and the priest that did soche a vilanie, the terme of all his life he should no more sing Masse, and if he did, he should doe dedly sinne, at every time that he so song Masse. The fowerth circumstance is, by whiche mediatours or by whiche mesfangers, or for enticement, or for consentment, to bere companie with felowshippe. For many a wretche for to bere companie, woll go to the devill of hell. Wherefore, thei that egge or consente to the sinne, ben parteners of the sinne, and of the dampnacion of the sinner. The fifth circumstance is, how many times that he hath sinned, if it be in his minde, and how oft he hath fallen. For he that oft falleth in sinne, he dispiseth the mercie of God, and encreseth his sinne, and is unkinde to Christe, and he wexeth the more feble to withstande sinne, and sinneth the more lightly, and the later riseth, and is more slowe to thrive him, and namely to him that is his confessor. For whiche that folke whan thei fall ayen to ther olde folies, either thei leve their old confessor, or els thei depart ther shrifte in divers partes. But sothly soche departed shrifte deserveth no mercie of God for ther sinnes. The sixte circumstance is, why that a man sinneth as by temptacion: and of him self procure that temptacion, or by the exciting of other folke, or if he sin with a woman by force or by her assente, or if the woman maugre her hed, have be aforced or none. This shall she tell, whether it were for covetise or for povertie, or if it were by her procuremente or no, and soche other thinges. The seventh circumstance is, in what maner he hath doe his sinne, or how that she hath suffred that folke have doe to her. And the same shall the manne tell plainly, with all the circumstances, and whether he hath sinned with common bordell women or none, or doen his sinne in holy times, or none, in fasting time or none, or before his shrift, or after his latter shrifte, and hath paraventure broke thereby his penance enjoined, by whose helpe or whose counsaile, by forcery or craft, all must be tolde, and al these thinges after as thei be gret or smalle, agrege the conscience of manne or woman. And eke the priest that is thy judge, maye the better be avised of his judgement in yeving of penance, and that is after thy contricion. For understonde well that after time that a man hath defoiled his baptisme by sinne, if he wol come to salvacion, there is none other waie but by penance, shrifte, and satisfaction, and namely by thei two, if there be a confessour to whom he maie thrive him, and the thirde if he have life to performe it. Than shall a man loke and consider, that if

if he wolle make a trewe and a profitable confession, there must be foure condicions. First it must be in sorowfull bitternesse of hert, as saith the king Ezekiah to God, I wol remembre me all the yeres of my life in bitternesse of my herte. This condicion of bitternesse hath five signes. The first is, that confession must be shamefast, not for to cover ne hide ther sinne, for he hath offended his Lorde God, and defouled his soule. And herof saith S. Augustin: The hert travaileth for shame of his sinne, and for he hath grette shamefastnesse he is worthy to have gret mercy of God, whiche was the confession of the Publican, that would not heve up his eyen to heven, for he had offended God of heven: for which shamefastnesse he had anon the mercy of God. And therof saith saint Augustin: that suche shamful folke be nixte foryevenesse and mercy.

An other signe is humilite in confession of whiche saith saint Peter: Humbleth you under the mighte of GOD: the honde of God is strong in confession, for therby God foryevech The thy sinnes, for he alone hath the power. And this humilite shal be in hert, and in outward signes: For right as he hath humilite to God in his hert, right so should he humble his body outwarde to the priest, that sitteth in Godd's stede. For which in no maner, sith that Christ is soveraine, and the priest mene and mediatour betwixt Christ and the sinner, and the sinner is the laste by waie of reson. Than should not the sinner sitte as hie as his confessour, but knele before him or at his fete, but if sickenesse cause it: For he shall not take hede who sitteth there, but in whose place he sitteth. A manne that hath trespassed to a Lorde, and cometh to aske mercie and make his accorde, and sitteth him doune by him, men would hold him outrageous and not worthie so sone for to have remission of his trespase.

The thirde signe is, howe thy shrift should be full of teres if thou maie, and if thou maie not wepe with thy bodily eyen, than wepe in thine herte, whiche was the confession of saint Peter. For after that he had forsake Jesu Christ, he went out and wepte ful bitterly.

The fourth signe is, that thou ne lette not for shame to shewe thy confession: Such was the confession of Magdalein, that ne spared for no shame of hem that were at the fest, to go to our Lord Jesu Christ and beknow to him her sinnes. The fiftie signe is, that a manne or a woman be obeisaunte to receive the penaunce that hem is enjoined. For certes Jesu Christ, for the offences of man was obedient to deth. The seconde condicion of very confession is, that it be hastily done. For certes, if a man had a dedly wounde, ever the lenger that he tarieth to hele him self, the more would it corrupt and haste him to his deth, and also the wounde would be the worfe for to hele. And right so fareth sinne, that longe time is in a manne unshewed. Certes a man oughte hastily shewe his sinnes for manie causes, as for drede of deth, that cometh oft sodainly, and no certaine what time it shall be, ne in what place; and also the drenching of o sinne draweth in an other: and also the lenger that he tarieth the farther he is fro Christ. And if he abide to his last daie, scarcely maie he shrive him or amende hym for his sinnes, or repente for the grevous malady of his deth. And for as muche as he ne hath in his life herkened Jesu Christ whan he hath spoken, he shall crie to Jesu Christ at his last daie, and scarcely wolle he herken him. And understonde that this condicion muste have four thinges.

Thy shrifte must be provided before and avised, for wicked hast doth no profite, if a man shrive him of his sinnes: be it of pride, or envy, and so forth with the speces and circumstaunces of sinne. And

that he have comprehended in his minde the nombre and gretenesse of his sinnes, and howe longe he hath lien in sinne. And also that he hath be contrite for his sinnes, and in stedfast purpose (by the grace of God) never ayen to fal to sinne. And also that he drede and counterwayte himselfe that he flie the occasion of sinne, to whiche he is enclined. Also thou shalt shrive The of all thy sinnes to o manne, and nat parte to o manne, and parte to another. That is to understonde, in entent to departe thy confession for shame or drede, for it is but strangling of thy soule. For certes Jesu Christ is entierly all gode, in him is none imperfection, and therefore ether he foryevech al perfetely, or els never a dele, I saie nat that if thou be assigned to thy penitencer for certaine sin that thou are bounde to shewe him all the remenant of thy sinnes, of whiche thou hast beshriven of thy curate, but if it like to The of thy humilite, for this is no departing of shrifte. Ne I say not there as I speke of division of confession, that if thou have licence to shrive The to a diskreete and honeste man, a gode priest, and where The liketh, and by licence of thy curate, that thou ne maieste well shrive The to him of all thy sinnes. Lette no sinne be untolde as ferre as thou haste remembraunce. And whan thou shalt be shriven to thy curat, tell him all thy sinnes that thou hast do sith thou were last shriven. This is no wicked entent of division of shrifte.

Also the very shrift asketh certaine condicions. Firste that thou shrive The by thy fre will, nat constrained for shame of folke, sicknesse, ne such other thinges. For it is reson, that he that trespaceth by his fre will, that by his fre will he confesse his trespase, and that none other man tel his sin but himself, ne he shal nat nay ne deny his sin, ne wrathe him ayenst the priest for amoneshing him to leave his sin. The seconde condicion is that thy shrift be lafull, that is to saie, that thou shrivest The, and also the priest that hereth thy confession be verely in the faithe of holy churche, and that a man ne be not dispeired of the mercy of Jesu Christe, as Cain or Judas. And also a man must accuse himself of his owne trespase and not an other, but he shall blame and wite him selfe and his owne malice of his sinne, and none other: But nathelesse, if that an other man be occasion or enticer of his sinne, or the estate of a person be soche by whiche his sinne is agreedged, or els that he maie not plainly shrive him, but he tel the persone with whiche he hath sinned, than maie he tell, so that his entente ne be not to backbite the persone, but onely to declare his confession.

Thou ne shalt not also make no lesinges in thy confession for humilite, paraventure, to saie that thou hast commised and doen soche sinnes, as of which that thou ne wer never giltye. For saint Augustin saith, if that thou because of thine humilite, makest lesinges on thy self, though thou wer not in sinne before yet arte thou than in sinne through thy lesing. Thou must also shewe thy sinne, by thin owne proper mouth, but thou be dombe, and not by no letter: for thou that haste doen the sinne, shalt have the shame therefore. Thou shalt not eke paint thy confession with faire subtell wordes, to cover the more thy sinne: for than begilest thou thy self, and nat the priest, thou must tell it plain, be it never so foule ne horrible. Thou shalt also shrive The to a priest that is discrete to counsaile The, and also thou shalt not shrive The for vainglorie, ne for ipocrisie, ne for no cause, but onely for the love and fere of Jesu Christ, and hele of thy soule. Thou shalt nat also ren to the priest sodainly, to tell him lightly thy sinne, as who saith, to tell a jape or a tale, but avisedly and with gode devocion: and generally shrive The ofte, if thou ofte fall, ofte arise by confession.

And

And though thou thrive The ofter than ones of the sinne, whiche thou haste be shriven of, it is the more merite. And as faith saint Augustine, thou shalt have the more lightly foryevenesse and grace of God, bothe of sinne and pain. And certes ones a yere at lest, it is lawfull to be houseled, for surely ones a yere all thinges renovellen.

Now have I tolde you of verie confession, that is the second part of penitence.

Explicit secunda pars penitentia: Et sequitur tertia pars.

THE thirde part of penitence is satisfaction, and that stont most generally in almose dede and and bodily paine. Now ben there thre maner of almose. Contricion of herte, where a man offreth himself to God. An other is, to have pite of the defaultis of his neighbour. And the third is, in giving of gode counsaile, ghostly and bodily, where as men have nede, and namely in sustenance of mann's fode. And take kepe that a man hath nede of these thinges generally, he hath nede of fode, of clothing, and of herborowe: he hath nede of charitable counsaile, visiting in prison: in sickenesse, and sepulture of his bodie. And if thou maiest not visite the nede-full in prison in thy person, visite 'hem with thy message and yestes. These ben generally the almose and workes of charitie, of 'hem that have temporell richesse, or discrecion in counsailling. Of these workes shalt thou here at the daie of dome.

These almose shalt thou doe of thine own proper thinges, and hastely and prively if thou maiest: but nathelesse, if thou maiest nat doe it prively, thou shalt not forbere to doe almose though men se it, so that it be not doe for thanke of the worlde, but only for thanke of Jesu Christ. For as witnesseth saint Mathewe. Capi. v. A cite maie not be hid that is set on a mountaine, ne men light nat a lanterne, to put it under a bushell, but set it upon a condillsticke, to yeve light to menne in the hous. Right so shull your light light before menne, that thei maie se your gode workes, and glorifie our father that is in heaven.

Now as to speke of bodily pain, it stont in praers, waking, fasting, vertuous teching of orisons. And ye shall understonde, that orisons, or praers, is to saie, a pitous will of hert, that setteth it in God, and expresseth by worde outward to remeve harmes, and have thinges spirituall and perdurable, and sometime temporell thinges. Of whiche orisons certes in the orison of the Pater noster hath Jesu Christ enclosed moste thinges. Certes it is privileged of thre thinges in his dignite, for whiche it is more digne than any other praier, for that Jesu Christe himself made it, and it is short, for it should be lerned the more lightly, and to hold it the more esie in hert, and helpe himself the ofter with that orison: And for a man should be the lesse wery to say it, and nat excuse him to lerne it, it is so short and esie, and for it comprehendeth in it self, all gode praers. The expocion of this holie praier, that is so excellent and digne, I refer to the maisters of theologie, save thus moche wol I saie, that whan thou praieest, that God should foryeve The thine offences, as thou foryevest 'hem that have offended The, be well ware that thou be nat out of charite. This holy orison aminisheth also veniall sin, and therefore it apperteineth specially to penitence.

This praier muste be truely saied, and in parsite faith, and that men praie to God ordinatly, discretely, and devoutly, and alwaie a manne shall put his will to be subject to the will of God. This orison must also be saied with grete humbleesse, and full pure

and honestly, and not to the anoiaunce of any man or woman. It must also be continued with the workes of charite. It availeth also ayenst the vices of the soule: for as saith S. Jerom by fasting ben saved the vices of the fleshe, and by praier the vices of the soule.

After this thou shalt understonde, that bodily payne stont in waking. For Jesu Christe saith: wake ye and praie, that ye ne entre into wicked temptacion. Ye shull understonde also, that fasting stont in thre thinges: in forbering of bodily mete and drinke, in forbering of worldely jolite, and in forbering of dedly sinne: this is to saie, that a man shall kepe him fro dedly sinne with all his might.

And thou shalt understonde also, that God ordained fasting, and to fasting partaineth four thinges. Largenesse to pore folke, gladnesse of herte spirituall: nat to be angrie ne anoied, ne grutché for he fasteth, and also resonable houre to ete by mesure, that is to saie, a man shall not ete in untyme, ne sit the lenger at the table for he fasteth.

Than shalt thou understonde, that bodily pain stont in discipline, or teching by worde or writing, or by ensample. Also in wering of here or flamin, or of habergeons on ther naked fleshe for Christ's sake, but be wele awaar that soch maner penaunces ne make nat thine herte bitter or angrie, ne anoied of thy self, for better is to cast awaie thin here, than to cast awaie the swetenesse of Jesu Christe. And therefore saith sainte Poule: clothe you, as thei that ben chosen of God in hert, of misericorde, debonairete, suffraunce, and soche maner of clothing, of whiche Jesu Christ is more plesed than with the heres or herbergeons.

Than is discipline also in knocking of thy brest, in scourging with roddes, in kneling, in tribulacion, in suffring paciently wronges that ben doen to The, and also in pacient suffring of sickenesse, or lesing of worldly godes or cattell, or wife, child, or other frendes.

Than shalt thou understand, whiche thinges distourbe penaunce, and that is in fower maners, drede, shame, hope, and wanhope, that is desperacion. And for to speke first of drede, for which he weneth that he maie suffre no penaunce. There ayenst is remedy, for to thinke that bodily penaunce is but shorte and little, at regard of the pain of hell, that is so cruel and so longe, that it lasteth without ende.

Now ayenst the shame that a man hath to thrive him, and namely these Ipocrites, that would be holde so parsite, that thei have no nede to thrive 'hem. Ayenst that shame should a man thinke, that by waie of reson, that he that hath nat be ashamed to doe foule thinges, certes him ought not be ashamed for to doe faire thinges, and that is confessions. A manne should also think, that God seeth and knoweth all his thoughtes, and all his werkes: to him maie nothing be hid ne covered. Men should also remember 'hem of the shame that is to come at the daie of dome, to 'hem that be nat penitent, and shriven in this present life: for al the cretures in yerth and in hell shall se apertly all that thei hid in this worlde.

Now for to speke of the hope of 'hem, that ben so negligent and slowe to thrive 'hem: that stonde in two maners. That one is, that he hopeth for to live long, and for to purchase moche richetie for his delite, and than he woll thrive him: And as he saith, him semeth than timely inough to come to shrifte. An other is, of surquidrie that he hath in Christ's mercie: Ayenst the first vice, he shall thinke that our life is no sikernes, and also that all the riches in this worlde ben in adventure, and passe as a shadowe on the wal. And as saith saint Gregorie, that it appartaineth to the grete rightwisenesse of God, that never shall the paine stinte of 'hem, that never

never would withdrawe 'hem fro sinne ther thanks, but ever continued in sinne: for that perpetuell will to doe sinne, shall thei have perpetuell paine. Wanhope is in two maners. The first wanhope is, in the mercie of God. That other is, that thei think that thei ne might not long persever in godenes.

The firste wanhope cometh of that, he demeth that he hath sinned so gretly and so oft, and so long lien in sinne, that he shal not be saved. Certes ayenst that cursed wanhope should he thinke, that the Passion of Jesu Christe is more strong for to unbinde, than sinne is strong for to binde. Ayenst the second wanhope he shall thinke, that as often as he falleth, he maie rise again by penitence: and though he never so long hath lien in sinne, the mercie of Christ is alwaie redy to receive him to mercie. Ayenst the Wanhope that he demeth he should not long persever in godenesse, he shall thinke that the feblenesse of the devill maie nothing be, but if men wol suffre him, and also he shall have strength of the helpe of Jesu Christ, and of all holy church, and the protection of angels, if him list.

Than shall men understonde, what is the fruit of penance; and after the wordes of Jesu Christ, it is an endlesse blisse of heven. There joie hath never ende, no contrarie of wo ne grevaunce: there al harmes ben passed of this presente life, there as is the sikernes fro the paine of hell, there as is the blisfull companie, that rejoice 'hem ever mo, everiche of o-ther's joye: there as the body of man that sometime was foule and derke, is more clere than the Sunne: there as the body that sometime was sicke, feile, and feble, and mortall, is immortall, and so strong and hole, that there ne maie appeire: there as is neither hungre, thruste, ne colde, but every soule replenished with the sight of the parfit knowing of God. This blisfull reigne maie men purchase by poverte espi-ruell, and the glorie by lownesse, the plente of joie by hungre and thrust, and the reste by traveile, and the life by deth, and mortification of sinne: to whiche life he us bring, that bought us with his precious blode. Amen.

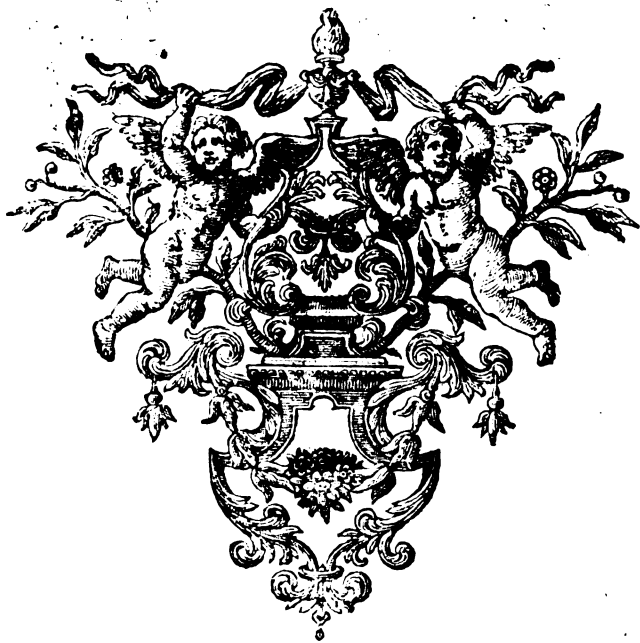
Here endeth the PARSON'S TALE.



What follows is published out of MS. Ch. with some amendments out of other MSS. where the sense required it.

When I preye I to hem alle, that herken this litle tretise or reden it, that if ther be any thing in it, that likith hem, that theroff they thanke our Lord Jesu Crist, of whom procedith all witte and all godenesse; and if there be any thing that displeith hem, I preye hem also that they arrette it to the defawte of myn uncunninge, and nat to the wille of my simple witte, that wold full fayn have seyde bettere, if that I hadde had cuninge: for oure Boke seythe, all that is writen is writen for our doctrine, and that is myn entent. Wherefore I beseeke you mekely for the mercie of God, that ye preye for me; that Crist have mercie on me, and forgyve me my gyltes, and namely for my transacions and enditinges of worldye vaniteis, the whiche I revoke me in my Retractions; as is the Boke of Troylus, the boke also of Fame, the boke of Seinte Valentines Day, of the Parlement of Birdis, the boke of the xiiij Ladies, the Tales of Canterbury, thiske that sounen into synne; the boke of the Lyon, and many an othir boke, if they were in my remembraunce, and manye a song, and manye a lecherous lay: Crist of his grete mercie forgyve me the synne. But of the transacion of the Consolacion of Boys, and other bokes of Legendes of Seintes, and Omelies, and Morallite, and Devocion, that thanke I oure Lord Jesu Crist and his blisfull Mother, and alle the Seintes of Heven, beseeke him and hem that they fro hensforth unto my lyv'is ende, sende me grace to bewaile my gyltes, and to studie to the savacion of my soule, and graunte me grace of verray penitence, confession and satisfacion to don in this present lif, through the beningne grace of hym that is Kinge of all Kinges, and Prest of all Prestes, that boughte us with the precious blode of his herte, so mote I be oon of hem atte the day of dome, that shall be saved. Qui cum Patre, &c.

Here endeth the Tales of Canterbury, compiled by GIFFREY CHAUCERIS, of whos Sowle Jesu Crist have mercy. Amen.



The

The Romaunt of the Rose.

This Book was begun in French verse by *William de Lorris*, and finish'd 40 Years after by *John Clopinell*, alias *John Moone*, born at *Mewen* upon the River of *Loyer*, not far from *Paris*, as appeareth by *Molinet* the French Author upon the morality of the Romaunt; and afterward translated for the most part into English Metre by *Geffrey Chaucer*, but not finish'd. It is entituled the Romaunt of the Rose, or the Art of Love; wherein are shew'd the helps and furtherances, as also the lets and impediments, that Lovers have in their suits. In this Book the Author hath many glances at the Hypocrisy of the Clergy, whereby he got himself such hatred amongst 'em, that *Gerson*, Chancellor of *Paris*, writeth thus of him; say' th he, There was one called *Johannes Meldinensis*, who wrote a Book called the Romaunt of the Rose; which Book if I only had, and that there were no more in the World, if I might have 500 Pound for the same, I would rather burn it than take the Money. He saith more, that if he thought the Author thereof did not repent him for that Book before he dyed, he would vouchsafe to pray for him no more than he would for *Judas* that betrayed Christ.

M Any menne saine that in sweveninges
Ther n'is but fables and lesinges,
But yet menne maie some swevin sene,
Whiche hardily that false ne bene,

But aftirwarde ben apparaunt,
This maie I drawin to warraunt.

An authour that hight *Macrobes*,
That halte not dremis false ne lese.
But undoth us the avisioun,
That whilom mette king *Cipioun*.

And who so saith, and weneth it be
A jape or els a nicete
To wene that dremis aftir fal,
Let who so liste a sole me cal,
For this trowe I, and say for me,
That dremis signifiante be
Of gude and harme to many wightes,
That dremis in ther slepe a nightes
Full many thingis covirtly
That fallin aftir opiny.

Within my twenty yere of age,
Whan that love takith his corage
Of yonge folke, I wente sone
To bed, as I was wont to done,
And faste I slepte, and in sleping
Me mette suche a swevining,
That likid me wondrous wele,
But in that swevin' is ner a dele
That it n'is aftirwarde befall,
Right as this dreame wol tell us al.

Now this dreame wol I rime a right,
To make your hertis gay and light.
For love it prayith, and also
Commaundith me that it be so.

And if there any askin me
Whether that it be he or she,
And how this bokè, whiche is here,
Shal hate, which that I rede you here,
It is the Romaunt of the Rose,
In whiche all the arte of love I close.

The matir faire is of to make,
God graunt in gre that she it take
For whom that it begonnin is,
And that is she, that hath iwis

So mokil prife, and therto she
So worthy is beloved to be,
That she wel ought of prife and right
Be clepid Rose of every wight.
That it was Mey me thoughtin tho,
It is five yere or more ago,

That it was Mey, thus dremid me,
In time of love and jolite,
That al thing ginnith waxin gay,
For there is nethir buske nor hay,
In Mey that it n'ill shroudid bene,
And it with newe levis wrene;

These woddis eke recoveren grene,
That drie in winter ben to sene,
And the erth wexith proude withall
For sote dewis that on it fall,
And the povir estate forgette,
In whiche that winter had it sette,

And than becometh the grounde so proude,
That it wol have a newe shroude,
And make so queint his robe and fayre,
That it had hewes an hundrid payre
Of grasle and flouris, Inde and Pers,
And many hewis full divers,

That is the robe I mene iwis,
Through whiche the ground to praisin is.
The birdis that han lest ther songe
While thei han suffrid colde ful stronge
In wethers grille, and derke to sight,
Ben in Mey, for the sunne bright.

So glad, that they shewe in finging,
That in ther hert is suche liking,
That thei mote singin and ben light;
Than dothe the nightingale her might
To makin noise, and singen blithe,
Than is blisfull many a lithe,

The chelaundre', and the popingay;
Than yonge folke entendin aye,
For to ben gaie and amorous,
The time is than so savourous.

Harde is his herte that lovith nought
In Mey, whan al this mirth is wrought,
Whan he may on these braunchis here
The smale birdis singin clere

Ther

Ther blisfull swete song pitous,
 And in this sefon delitous,
 Whan love affirmith allè thing,
 Me thought one night, in my sleping,
 Right in my bed, ful redily,
 That it was by the morowe erly,
 And up I rose, and gan me clothe,
 Anon I wishe mine hondis bothe,
 A silvir nedil forth I drowe
 Out of aguiler quaint inowe,
 And gan this nedill threde anone,
 For out of tounne me list to gone,
 The sounne of briddis for to here,
 That on the buskis singin clere,
 In the swete sefon, that lefe is,
 With a threde basting my slevis,
 Alone I went in my playing,
 The smale foulis songe herkening,
 That painid 'hem ful many' a paire
 To sing on bowis blossomed faire,
 Jolife and gaie, full of gladnesse,
 Towarde a River gan me dresse,
 Which that I herde renne faste by,
 For fairir playin none saugh I,
 Than playin me by that rivere,
 For from an hill that stode there nere
 Come doune the streme full stille and bold,
 Clere was the watir, and as cold
 As any welle is, sothe to saine,
 And somdele lasse it was than Saine,
 But it was straitir, wele away,
 And nevir saugh I er that daie
 The watir that so wele liked me,
 And wondir glad was I to se
 That lusty place, and that rivere;
 With that watir, that ran so clere,
 My face I wishe, tho sawe I wele
 The botome ipaved everidele
 With gravell, ful of stonis shene,
 The medowis softe, softe, and grene,
 Beet right upon the watir side;
 Ful clere was than the morowe tide,
 And ful attempre out of drede;
 Tho gan I walkin throwe the mede
 Downwarde evir in my playing
 Nigh to the River's side coasting.
 And whan I had a while igone,
 I sawe a Gardin right anone
 Full long and brode, and everidele
 Enclosid was, and wallid wele,
 With hie walis enbataillid,
 Portrayred without, and well entaylid
 With many full riche portreitures,
 And both the' imagis and peintures,
 Gan I beholdin besily,
 And I wol tel you redily
 Of thilke imagis the semblaunce,
 As ferre as I have remembraunce.
 Amiddis sawe I Hate yfonde,
 That for her wrathe and ire, and onde
 Semid to be a mainoresse,
 An angry wight, a chidireffe,
 And ful of gile; and fell corage,
 By semblaunt, was that ilke image,
 And she was nothing wele araide,
 But like a wode woman afraide,
 Yfrouncid foule was her visage,
 And grinning for dispitous rage,
 Her nose yfnortid up for tene,
 Ful hidous was she for to sene,
 Ful foule and rusty was she this,
 Her hed iwrithin was iwis
 Ful grimly with a grete rowaile,
 An image of anothre' entaile

A lifte halfe was her fast yby,
 Her name above her hed sawe I,
 And she was callid Felony.
 Anothre' image, that Villany
 Yclepid was, sawe I and fonde
 Upon the wall on her right honde;
 This Villany was like somdele
 That othre' image, and trustith wele
 She semid a wickid creature,
 By countenance in portreiture
 She semid be ful dispitous,
 And eke ful proude, and outragious.
 Wel coude he paint, I undertake,
 That such an image coude imake;
 Ful foule and chorlich semid she,
 And eke villeinous for to be,
 And litil could of noriture
 To worshippe any creature.
 And nexte was painrid Covetise,
 That eggith folke in many' a gife
 To take and yeve right nought again,
 And grete tresouris up to laine.
 And that is she, that for usure
 Lenith to many a creature
 The lasse for the more winning,
 So covitous is her brenning!
 And that is she for pennis fele,
 That techith for to robbe and stele
 These thevis, and these smale harlotes,
 And that is routhe, for by ther throtes
 Ful many one hongith at last;
 She makith folke compasse and cast
 To takin othir folkis thing
 Through robbery, or miscoveting;
 And that is she that makith trechours,
 And she that makith false pledours,
 That with ther termis and ther domes
 Do maidins, childrin, and eke gromes
 Ther heritage alas! forgo.
 Ful crokid were her hondis two,
 For covetise is evir wode
 To gripin othir folkis gode,
 For covetise, for her winning,
 Ful lese hath othir mennis thing.
 Another image set saugh I
 Nexte unto Covetise fast by,
 And she was clepid Avarice;
 Ful foule in painting was that vice,
 Ful sad and caitife was she eke,
 And also grene as any leke,
 So evill hewed was her coloure
 Her semed to' have livid in langoure,
 She was like thing for hungir ded,
 That lad her life onely by bred
 Knedin with eisel strong and egre;
 And therto she was lene and megre,
 And she was clad ful povirly
 Al in an olde torne courtpye,
 As she were all with doggis torne,
 And bothe behinde and eke before
 Ycloutid was she beggirly.
 A mantil honge her faste by
 Upon a benche both weke and smale,
 A burnette cote honge there withal,
 Yfurrid with no menivere,
 But with a furre rough of here,
 Of lambe skynnys hevy and blake,
 It was full olde I undirtake,
 For Avarice to clothe her wele
 Ne hastith her nevir adele,
 For certainly it were her lothe
 To werin of that ilke clothe,
 And if it were forwerid, she
 Would havin full gret nicete

Of clothing, er she bought her newe,
Al were it bad of wol and hewe.

This Avarice helde in her hande
A purse which that honge by a bande,
And that she hid and bonde so stronge,
Men must abidin wondir longe
Out of the purse er there come ought,
For that ne comith in her thought,
It was not certaine her entent
That fro that purse a peny went.

And by that image nigh inough
Was paintid Envy that nere lough,
Nor nevir wel in her hert ferde
But if she either sawe or herde
Some grete mischaunce, or grete disese,
Nothing ne may so much her plese
As mischese and misaventure,
Or whan she seeth discomfiture
Upon any worthy man fall,
Than likith her right well withall,
She is full glad in her corage
Yf she se any grete linage
Be brought to naught, in shamful wise,
And if a man in honour rise
Or by his wit, or his prowesse,
Of that she hath gret hevinesse;
For trustith wele she goeth nie wode
Whan any chaunce yhapith gode.
Envy is of suche cruelte,
That faith ne trowth ne holdith she
To frende ne felowe, badde or gode;
Ne she hath kinne none of her blode
That she n'is ful ther enemy;
She n'olde, I dare saine hardily,
That her own fathir farid wele.
And fore abieth she every dele
Her malice, and her male talent,
For she is in so grete turment
And hate suche, whan that folke doth gode,
That nigh she meltith for pure wode,
Her hert so kervith and so breketh,
That God the peple wel a wrekeith.

Envy I wis shall nevir let
Some blame upon the folke to set,
I trowe that if Envy i-wis
Yknew the bestè man that is
On this side or beyonde the se,
Yet somewhat lackin him wold she;
And if he were so hende and wise,
That she ne might abate his prife,
Yet would she blame his worthinesse,
Or by her wordis make it lesse.
I sawe Envy in that painting
Yhad a wondirful lokig,
For she ne lokid but awrie
Or ovirthwarte, all baggingly,
And she had a full foule usage
She mightin loke in no visage
Of man ne woman forth right plaine,
But shette her one eye for disdaine,
So for Envie ybrennid she,
Whan she might any man yse,
That faire, or worthy were, or wise,
Or ellis stode in folkis prife.

Sorowe was paintid next Envie
Upon that wal of masonrie;
But wel was sene in her colour
That she had livid in langour,
Her semid to have the jaundice;
Not halfe so pale was Avarice,
Ne nothing alike of lenesse,
For sorowe, thought, and grete distresse,
That she had suffrid day and night,
Made her yelow, and nothing bright:

Ful fade, pale, and megre also,
Was nevir wight yet halfe so wo,
As that her semid for to be,
Nor so fulfilled with yre, as she;
I trow that no wight might her plese,
Nor do that thing that might her ese;
Nor she ne would her sorowe slake,
Nor comforte none unto her take,
So depe ywas her wo begonne,
And eke her hert in angre ronne!
A frowful thing wel semid she;
Nor she had nothing slowe ybe
For to bescratchin all her face,
And for to rent in many place
Her clothes, and for to tere her swire,
As she that was fulfilled of ire,
And all to torne laie eke her here
About her shulders, here and there,
As she that had it all to rent
For angre and for male talent.

And eke I tell you certainly
How that she wept full tendirly,
In worlde n'is wight so hard of herte,
That had yfene her sorowes smerte,
That n'olde have had of her pite,
So wo begon a thing was she!
She all to dasht her self for wo,
And smote togiðir her hondes two,
To frowe was she full ententise,
That wofull rechilese caitife,
Her roughte little of playing,
Or of clipping or of kissing,
For who so frowfull is in herte
Him lustith not to plaie ne sterre,
Nor for to dauncin, ne to sing,
Ne maie his herte in temper bring
To make joie on even or morowe,
For joie is contrary to sorowe.

Elde was ypaintid after this,
That shortir was a fote i-wis
Than she was wont in her yonghede,
Unneth her self she might yfede,
So feble and so old was she
That fadid was all her beaute,
Full salowe was waxen her colour,
Her hedde for hore was white as flour,
Iwis grete qualme ne were it none,
Ne sinne, although her life were gone,
All woxin was her body' unwelde,
And drie and dwinid all for elde,
A foule forwelkid thing was she,
That whilom round and soft had be,
Her heris shokin fast withall,
As from her hedde they wouldin fall,
Her face yfrouncid and forpined,
And bothe her hondis lorne fordwinid,
So old she was, that she ne went
A fote, but it were by potent.
The time, that passith n ght and daie,
And restilesse travailith aie,
And stelith from us privily,
That to us semith sikirly
That it in one point dwellith ever,
And certis it ne restith never,
But goeth so fast, and passith aie,
That there n'is man that thinkin maie
What time that now present is,
Askith at these grete clerkis this;
For men thinkin it redily
Thre timis ben ypassid by,
The time, that maie not sojourne,
But goth, and maie nevir retourne,
As watir that doune runnith aie,
But nevir droppe retournè maie,

K k k

There

There maie nothing as time endure,
 Ne metall, nor yerthly cature,
 For alle thing is frette and fliall,
 The time eke, that ychaungith all,
 And all doeth waxe, and foltrid be,
 And alle thing distroyith he,
 The time that eldith our auncestours,
 And eldith Kinges and Emperours,
 And that us all shall ovircomen,
 Er that deth us shall have nommen,
 The time, that hath all in welde
 To elding folke, had made her elde
 So inly, that to my weting
 She mightin helpe her self nothing,
 But tourned ayen unto childhede,
 She had nothing her self to lede,
 Ne witte ne pithe within her hold,
 More than a child of two yere old.
 But nathelesse I trowe that she
 Was faire somtime, and freshe to se,
 Whan she was in her rightfull age,
 But she was past all that passage,
 And was a dored thing becomen,
 A furrid cappe on had she nommen,
 Well had she cladde her self and warme,
 For cold might els doin her harme,
 These old folke havin alwaie cold,
 Ther kinde is soche, whan thei ben old.
 An othir thing was down there write,
 That semid like an Ipocrite,
 And it was clepid Papelardie,
 That ilke is she, that privilie
 Ne sparith ner a wicked dede,
 Whan men of her takin none hede,
 And makith her outward precious,
 With pale visage and pitous,
 And semith a simple cature,
 But there n'is no misaventure,
 That she ne thinketh in her corage;
 Full like to her was thilke image,
 That makid was like her semblaunce,
 She was full simple of countenaunce,
 And she was clothid and eke shod,
 As she were for the love of God
 Yholdin to Religion,
 Soche semid her devocion.

A Psaltir helde she fast in honde,
 And busily she gan to fonde
 To make many a faint praier
 To God, and to his sainctis dere,
 Ne she was gaie, freshe, ne jolife,
 But semed to be full ententife
 To godè werkis, and to faire,
 And therto she had on an haire.

Ne certis she was fatte nothing,
 But semid werie for fasting,
 Of colour pale and dedde was she;
 From her the gates aie warnid be
 Of Paradise, that blisfull place,
 For soche folke makin lene ther grace,
 As Christ saieth in his Evangile,
 To get 'hem prise in toun a while,
 And for a little glory veigne
 Thei lesin God and eke his reigne.

And aldir last of everichone
 Was paintid Poverte' all alone,
 That not a peny had in hold,
 Although that she her clothis sold,
 And though she shold an hongid be,
 For nakid as a worme was she,
 And if the wether stormie were,
 For cold she shold have dyid there.

She ne had on but a straite old sacke,
 And many a cloute on it there stacle,

This was her cote, and her mantele,
 No more was there nevir a dele 460
 To clothe her with, I undirtake
 Grete lesir haddè she to quake;
 And she was put, that I of talke,
 390 Ferre fro these othre, up in an halke,
 There lurkid, and there courid she;
 For povir thing where so it be
 Is shamefast, and dispisid aie;
 A cursid maie well be that daie,
 That povir man conceivid is,
 For God wote all to selde i-wis 470
 Is any pore man well ifed,
 Or well arayid or icled,
 Or well beloved, in soche wise
 400 In honour that he maie arise.

Allè these thingis well avised,
 As I have you er this devised,
 With gold and asure ovir all
 Depaintid were upon the wall;
 Square was the wall, and high somdele, 480
 Enclofid, and ibarrid wele,
 In stede of hegge, was that gardin,
 Came nevir no Shepherd therein,
 Into that gardin, well ywrought,
 410 Who so that me coud have ybrought
 By ladders, or els by degre,
 It wouldè well have likid me,
 For soche solace, soche joie, and pleie
 I trowe that nevir man ne seie
 As was in that place delicious,
 The gardin was not daungerous, 490
 To herborowe birdes many one,
 So riche a yere was nevir none
 Of birdis song, and braunchis grene,
 420 Therin were birdis mo I wene
 Than ben in all the relme of Fraunce,
 Full blisfull was the accordaunce
 Of the swete petous song thei made,
 For all this worlde it ought to glade.

And I my self so mery ferde,
 Whan I ther blisfull songis herde, 500
 That for an hundrid pounce would I,
 If that the passage opinly
 Haddin ybe unto me fre,
 430 That I n'olde entrin for to se
 Th' assemble (God kepe it fro care)
 Of birdis, whiche that therein ware,
 That songin through ther mery throtes
 Dauncis of love, and mery notes.

Whan I thus herd the foulis sing,
 I fell fast in a waimenting, 510
 By whiche art, or by what engin
 I might come into that gardin,
 440 But waie I couthe ne findin none
 Into that gardin for to gone,
 Ne nought wist I if that there were
 Eithir a hole or a place where
 By whiche I mightin have entre,
 Ne there was none to techin me,
 For I was all alone i-wis,
 For wo and for anguishe of this, 520
 Till at the laste bethought I me;
 That by no waie ne might it be,
 450 There n'as ladder ne waie to pace,
 Or hole, into so faire a place;
 Tho gan I go a full grete pace
 Environ, evin in compas,
 The closing of the square wall,
 Till that I founde a wicket small
 So shette, that I ne might in gone,
 And othir entre was there none. 530

Upon

Upon this dore I gan to smite,
That was so fetis, and so lite,
For othir waie coud I not seke,
Full long I shofe, and knockid eke,
And stode full long all herkining
If I herd any wight coming,
Till that the dore of thilke entre
A maidin curteis opened me;
Her here was as yelow of hewe
As any basin scourid newe,
Her fleshe tendir as is a chike,
With bent browis both smothe and slike,
And thereto by mesure large were
The opening of her eyin clere,
Her nose of gode proportion,
Her eyen graie as is a faucon,
With swete breth, and well favoured,
Her face white, and well coloured,
With little mouthe and round to se,
A clovin chinne eke had she,
Her necke was of gode fashion,
In length and gretnesse by reson,
Withoutin bleine, or scabbe, or roine,
Fro Hierusalem to Burgoine.
There n'is a fairer necke i-wis,
To fele how smothe and soft it is;
Her throte also so white of hewe
As snowe on braunche ysnowid newe,
Of body full well wrought was she,
Men nedin not in no countre
A fairer bodie for to seke,
And of fine Orfrais had she eke.
A chapilet, so semely on,
Ne nevir werid maide upon,
And faire above that chapilet
A rose garlande had she yset;
She had also a gaie mirrour,
And with a richè golde tresour
Her hedde was tressid full queintly,
Her slevis sowid fetously;
And for to kepe her hondis faire
Of glovis white she had a paire;
And she had on a core of grene
Of cloth of Gaunt, withoutin wene,
Well semid by her aparaille
She was not wont to grete travaile,
For whan she kempt was fetecously,
And well araied and richily,
Than had she doen all her journe,
For mery' and well begon was she.
She had a lustie life in Maie,
She had no thought, by night ne daie,
Of nothing, but it were onely
To graieth her well and uncouthly.

Whan that this dore had opened me
This Maidin, semely for to se,
I thonkid her as I best might,
And askid her how that she hight,
And what she was I askid eke,
And she to me was nought unmeke,
Ne of her answeere daungerous,
But faire answerde, and sayid thus.

Lo sir, my name is Idilnesse,
So clepin men me, more and lesse,
Full mightie and full riche am I,
And that of one thing namily,
For I entending to nothing
But to my joie, and my playing,
And for to kembe and tressè me;
Acquaintid am I and prive
With Mirthe, the Lorde of this gardin,
That fro the' londe of Alexandrin
Made the treis hithir be fet,

That in this gardin ben iset,
And whan the trees were woxe an hight,
This wall, that stant here in thy sight,
Did Mirthe enclosin all about,
And these Imagis all without,
He did 'hem bothe entaile and paint,
That neither ben jolife ne quaint,
But thei ben full of f'rowe and wo,
As thou hast sene a while ago.

540 AND oft timis him to solace
Sir Mirthe comith into this place,
And eke with him come his meine:
That liven' in lust and jolite,
And now is Mirthe therein, to here
The birdis how they singin clere,
The Mavis and the Nightingale,
And othir joly birdis smale;
And thus he walkith to solace
550 Him and his folke, for swettir place
To playin in he maie not finde,
Although he sought one in till Inde;
The althir fairist folke to se,
That in this worlde maie founde ybe,
Hath Sir Mirthe with him in his rout,
That folowen him alwaies about.

Whan Idilnesse had tokde all this,
And I had harkened well i-wis,
Than saied I to dame Idilnesse,
560 Now all so wisely God me blesse,
Sith Mirthe, that is so faire and fre,
Is in this yerde, with his meine,
Fro thilke assemble, if I maie,
Shall no man wernè me to daie,
That I this night ne mote it se,
For well wene I there with him be

A faire and joly companie,
Fulfillid of all curtisie;
And forth withoutin wordis mo
570 In at the wickit went I tho,
That Idilnesse had opened me,
Into that gardin faire to se.

And whan that I was in i-wis
Mine hertè was full glad of this,
For well wende I full sikirly
Have ben in Paradise yerthly,
So faire it was, that trustith well
It semed a place espiituell,

580 For certis, as at my devise,
There is no place in Paradise
So gode in for to dwell or be,
As in that gardin thoughtin me;
For there was many' a birde singing,
Thoroughout the yerde all thringing,

In many placis Nightingales,
And Alpes, and Finches, and Wodewales,
That in ther swete song deliten,
In thilke placis as thei habiten.

There mightin men se many flockes
Of Turtels and of Laverockes,
590 Chalaundris fele ysawe I there,
That very nigh forsongin were,
And Thrustils, Terins, and Mavise,
That songin for to winne 'hem prise,
And eke to surmount in ther song
That othir birdis 'hem emong,

By note ymadin faire servise
These birdis, that I you devise,
600 Thei song ther song, as faire and wel
As angels doen espiituell;
And trustith me, whan I 'hem herde
Full lustie and full well I ferde,
For nevir yet soche melodie
Was herd of man that mightin dig,

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Soch

Soche swete song as was 'hem emong,
That me thought it no bird's song,
But it was wondir like to be
Song of Meremaids of the se,
That for her singing is so clere;
Though we Meremaids clepe 'hem here
In Englishe, as is our usaunce,
Men clepin 'hem Sereins in Fraunce.

ENtentife werin for to sing
These birdis, that not unkonning
Were of ther craft, and a prentise,
But of song subtile and eke wise;
And certis, whan I herd ther song,
And sawe the grene place emong,
In herte I wext so wondir gaie,
That I was never er that daie
So jolife, nor so well bigo,
Ne mery' in herte, as I was tho;
And than wist I, and sawe full well,
That idilnesse me servid well,
That me put in soche jolite,
Her frende well ought I for to be,
Sithe she the dore of that gardin
Had opinid, and let me in.

From hennis-forthe how that I wrought
I shall you tellin as me thought,
First whereof Mirthe yserved there,
And eke what folke there with him were,
Without fable I woll discrive,
And alle that gardin eke as blive,
I woll you tellin aftir this
The faire fassion all i-wis,
That well ywrought was for the nones,
I maie not tell you all at ones,
But as I maie and can, I shall
By order tellin you it all.

Full faire service, and eke full swete
These birdis madin as thei sete,
Layis of love full well souning
Thei songin in ther jargonig,
Some hie, and some eke lowe ysong
Upon the braunchis grene isprong,
The swetenesse of ther melodie
Made all mine herte in reveltrie.

And whan that I had herd I trowe
These birdis singing on a rowe,
Than might I not withholdin me
That I ne went in for to se,
Sir Mirthe, for all my desiring
Was him to sene ovir all thing,
His countenance and his manere
That sight was unto me full dere.

THO went I forthe on my right honde,
Doun by a little pathe I fonde
Of Mintis full, and Fenell grene,
As faste by withoutin wene
Sir Mirthe I founde, and right anon
Unto sir Mirthe gan I to gon,
There as he was him to solace,
And with him, in that lustie place,
So faire folke and so freshe had he,
That whan I sawe, I wondrid me
Fro whennis soche folke mightin come,
So faire thei werin all and some,
For thei weren like, as to my sight,
To angels, that ben fethered bright.

These folke, of whiche I tell you so,
Upon a karole wentin tho,
A Ladie karoled 'hem, that hight
Gladnesse the blisfull and the light,
Well could she sing and lustily,

None halfe so well and femily,
And cothe make in song soche refraining,
It fate her wondir well to sing,
680 Her voice full clere was and full swete,
She was not rude ne yet unmete,
But couthe inough for soche doing
As longith unto karolling,
For she was wonte in every place
To singin first, folke to solace,
For singing mozte she gave her to,
No crafte had she so lese to doe.

THO mightist thou karollis sene
And folkè daunce, and merie ben,
690 And made many a faire touning
Upon the grene grasse springing.
There mightist thou se these Flutours,
Minstrallis and eke jogelours
That well to singin did ther paine
Some songin songis of Loraine,
For in Loraine ther notis be
Full swetir than in this contre;
There was many a Timbestere
And sailours, that I dare well swere
700 Ycothe ther craft full parfity,
The Timbris up full subtrilly
Thei castin, and hent them full oft
Upon a fingir faire and soft,
That thei ne failid never mo.
Full fetis damosellis two
Right yong, and full of semelyhede,
In kirtils, and none othir wede,
And faire ytreffid every tresse
Had Mirthe ydoen for his noblesse
710 Amidde the carole for to daunce.
But hereof lieth no remembrance
How that thei daunsid queintily,
That one would come all privily
Ayen that othre', and whan thei were
Togithre' almoste, thei threwe isere
Ther mouthis so, that through ther plaie
It semid as thei kist alwaie;
To dauncin well couthe thei the gife,
What should I more to you devise?
720 Ne bode I never thennis go
Whiles that I sawe 'hem dauncin so;
Upon the karoll wondir fast
I gan beholde, till at the last
A Ladie gan me for to' espie,
And she was clepid Curtesie
The worshipfull, the debonaire,
I praie to God er fall her faire,
Full curtisly she callid me,
What do you there, Beau sire? (qð she)
800 Comith, and if it likith you
To dauncin, daunsith with us now.
And I withoutin tarying
Ywent into the karoling,
I was abashid ner a dele,
But it to me likid right wele
That Curtesie me clepid so,
And bade me on the daunce ygo,
For if I haddè durst certain
I would have karollid right fain,
810 As man that was to daunce right blithe.
Than gan I lokin oftè sithe
The shape, the bodies, and the cheres,
The countenance, and the maneres
Of all the folke that dauncid there
And I shall tellin what thei were.

Full faire was Mirthe, full longe and high,
A fairer man I never figh,
As rounde as aple was his face,
Full roddie' and white in every place,

820
Fetis

Fetis he was and well befeie,
With metely mouthe, and eyin greie,
His nose by meſure wrought full right,
Crispe was his here, and eke full bright,
His ſhulderis of large brede,
And ſmalſhe in the girdelſtede,
He ſemid like a purtreiture,
So noble he was of his ſtature,
So faire, ſo jolie, and ſo fetiſe,
With limmis wrought at point devife,
Deliver, ſmerte, and of grete might,
Ne ſawe thou nevir man ſo light,
Of berde unneth had he nothing,
For it was in the fiſte ſpring,
Full yong he was, and merie of thought,
And in ſamette, with birdis wrought,
And with golde bete full fetouſly
His bodie was clad full richely,
Wrought was his robe in ſtraunge giſe,
And all to ſlittered for queintife
In many a place, lowe and hie,
And ſhode he was with grete maiſtrie
With ſhone decopid, and with lace,
By drurie, and eke by ſolace
His leſe a roſin chapilet
Had made, and on his hedde it ſet.

And wetin ye who was his leſe?
Dame gladdeſte there was him ſo leſe,
That ſingeth ſo well with glad corage,
That from ſhe was twelve yere of age
She of her love graunt to him made;
Sir Mirthe her by the fingir hade
A daunſing, and ſhe him alſo,
Grete love there was a twix hem two,
Bothe were thei faire and bright of hewe,
She ſemid like a roſe newe
Of colours, and her fleſhe ſo tender,
That with a Brere ſmale and tender
Men might it cleve, I dare well ſain,
Her forhedde frounciles all plain,
Bent werin her eye-browis two,
Her eyin graie, and glad alſo,
That laughdin aie in her ſemblaunt,
Fiſt or the mouthe by covaunt.
I n'ot what of her noſe diſcrive,
So faire hath no woman alive,
Her here was yelow, and clere ſhining,
I wot no lady ſo liking.

Of Orfraies freſhe was her garlande,
I, whiche that ſene have a thouſande,
Sawe ner i-wis no garlande yet
So well ywrought of ſilke as it;
And in an ovir gilt ſamite
Ycladde ſhe was, by grete delite,
Of whiche her leſe a robe ywerde,
The merier ſhe in herte ferde.

Next her went, on her othir ſide,
The God of love, that can devide
Love, and as him likith it be,
But he can cherliſ dauntin, he,
And many folkis pride fallen,
And he can well theſe lordis thrallen,
And ladies put at lowe degre,
When he maie hem to proude yſe.

This God of love of his faſcion
Was like no knave, ne no quiſtron,
His beutie gretely was to priſe,
But of his robis to devife
I drede encombrid for to be,
For not icladde in ſilke was he,
But all in flouris and flourettes,
Ipaintid all with amorettes,
And with loſingis and ſcochons,

With birdis, Liberdes, and Lions,
And othir beſtis wrought full wele,
His garment was every dele
Ipurtraied and iwrought with floures,
By divers medeling of coloures,
Flouris there were of many giſe
Iſet by compaſe in a fiſe,
There lackid no floure, to my dome,
Ne not ſo moche as floure of Brome,
Ne violet, ne eke pervinke,
Ne floure none, that men can on thinke,
And many a roſe leſe full long
Was entermedlid there emong,
And alſo on his hedde was ſet
Of roſes redde a chapilet.

But Nightingales a full grete rout,
That ſien ovir his hedde about,
The levis ſeldin as thei ſien,
And he was all with birdis wrien,
With Poppingaie, with Nightingale,
With Chalaundre, and with Wodewale,
With finche, with larke, and with archangel,
He ſemid as he were an angell,
That doune were come fro hevin clere.

Love had with him a bachilere
That he made alwaies with him be,
And ſwete lokin clepid was he.
This bachilere ſtode beholding
The daunce, and in his honde holding
Turke bowes two, well deviſed had he,
That one of hem was of a tre
That berith fruit of ſavour wicke,
Full crokid was that ſoule ſticke,
And knottie here and there alſo,
And blacke as berie, or any flo.

That othir bowe was of a plant
Withoutin wemme, I dare warant,
Full even and by proporcion
Treciſ and long, and of gode faſcion,
And it was paintid well and thwitten,
And ore all diaprid and written,
With ladies and with bachileres,
Full lightſome and full glad of cheres;
Theſe bowis two held Swete lokin,
That ne ſemid like no gadling;
And ten brode arowes helde he there,
Of whiche five in his honde were,
But thei were ſhavin well and dight,
Nockid and fetherid a right,
And all thei were with golde begon,
And ſtrong ypoinctid everichon,
And ſharpe for to ykervin wele,
But iron was there none ne ſtele,
For all was golde, men might it ſe,
Out take the fethers and the tre.

THE ſwiftiſt of theſe arowes five
Out of a bowe for to drive,
And the beſt fethered for to ſlie,
And fairiſt eke, was cleped Beutie.

That othir arowe, that hurteth leſſe,
Was clepid (as I trowe) Simpleſſe.

The thirde yclepid was Fraunchiſe
That fethered was in noble wiſe
With valour and with curtiſie.

The fowerth was clepid Companie,
That hevie for to ſhotin is,
But who ſo ſhotith right i-wis
Maie therwith doen grete harme and wo.

The fiſt of theſe, and laſte alſo,
Faire Semblaunt men that arowe call;
'Tis the leſte grevous of hem all,
Yet can it make a full grete wounde,
But he maie hope his ſoris ſounde,

That hurte is with that arowe' i-wis,
His wo the bette bestowid is,
For he maie soner have gladnesse,
His langour ought to be the lesse.

FIve arowes were of othir gife,
That ben full foule for to devise,
For shaft and ende, sothe for to tell,
Were all so blacke as fende in hell.

The first of 'hem is callid Pride;
That othre' arowe next him beside
It was yclepid Vilanie,
That arrowe was with felonie
Envenimed, and with spitous blame;
The third of 'hem was clepid Shame;
The fowerth Wanhope yclepid is,
The fift the Newe thought iwis.

These arowes, that I speke of here,
Werin all five on one manere,
And all were thei resemblable,
To them was well sitting and able
The foule crokid bowe hidous,
That knottie was, and all roinous;
That bowe ysemid well to shete
The arowes five, that ben unmete
And contrary to that othir five;
But though I tellin not as blive
Of ther powir, ne of ther might,
Hereaftir shall I tellin right
The sothe, and eke signifaunce,
As ferre as I have remembraunce,
All shall be saied I undirtake,
Er of this boke an ende I make.

Now come I to my tale againe,
But aldirfirst, I woll you saine
The fashion and the countenaunces
Of all the folke that on the daunce is;
The God of Love, jolife and light,
Ladde on his honde a Ladie bright
Of high prife, and of grete degre,
This Ladie callid was Beutie;
And an arowe, of whiche I tolde,
Full well ythewid was she holde,
Ne she was derke ne broune, but bright
And clere as is the Monè light,
Again whom all the Sterris semen
But small candelis as we demen,
Her fleshe was tendre' as dewe of floure,
Her chere was simple' as birde in boure,
As white as Lilie' or Rose in rise,
Her face was gentill and tretise;
Fetis she was, and smale to se,
No Wintrid browis hadde she,
Ne popped here, for it nedid nought
To windir her, or to paint ought;
Her tresses yelowre, and long straughten,
Unto her heles doune thei raughten,
Her nose, her mouthe, and eye and cheke
Well wrought, and all the remnaunte eke,
A full grete savour and a sote
Me thoughtin in mine herte rote,
As helpe me God, whan I remember
Of the fassion of every member,
In worlde is none so faire a wight;
For yong she was, and hewid bright
Sore plesaunt, and fetis with all,
And gent, and in her middle small.

Beside Beute yede richesse,
And hight Ladie of grete noblesse,
And grete of price in every place,
But who so durst to her trespace,
Or till her folke, in werke or dede,

He were ful hardie out of drede,
For bothe she helpe and hindir maie,
And that is not of yesterdaie
That riche folke havin full grete might
To helpe, and eke to greve a wight.

The best and gretist of valour
Diddin Richesse full grete honour,
And busie werin her to serve,
For that thei would her love deserve,
Thei cleped her Ladie grete and small,
This wide worlde her dredith all,
This worlde is all in her daungere,
Her courte hath many' a losingere,
And many' a traitour envious,

That ben full busie' and curious
For to dispreisin and to blame
That best deservin love and name,
To forne the folke, 'hem to begilen,
These losengeours 'hem prife and smilen.

And thus the worlde with worde anointen,
But aftirward thei prill and poincten
The folke, right to the bare bone,
Behinde ther backe whan thei ben gone,
And foule abatin folkis prife,
Full many' a worthie man and wife
Han hindrid, and idoen to die
These losingeours with ther flatt'erie,
And makith folke full straunge be,
There as 'hem ought to ben prive,
Well evill mote thei thrive,
And evill arived mote thei be,
These losingeours, full of envie,
No gode man loveth ther companie.

Richesse a robe of purple' on had,
Ne trowe not that I lie or mad,
For in this world is none it liche,
Ne by a thousande dele so riche,
Ne none so faire, for it full wele,
With Orfreis laied was every dele,
And purtraied in the ribaninges
Of Dukis stories, and of Kinges,
And with a bend of golde tassiled,
And knoppis fine of golde amiled;
About her necke of gentle' entaile
Was shet the riche Chevesaile,
In whiche there was full grete plente
Of stonis clere, and faire to se.

Richesse a girdle had upon,
The bokill of it was of ston
Of vertue grete, and mokil might,
For who so bare the stone so bright,
Of venim durst him nothing doubt
While he the stone had him about;
That stone was gretely for to love,
And till a riche mann'is behove
Worth all the golde in Rome, and Frise;
The Mourdaunt wrought in noble gife
Was of a stone full precious,
That was so fine and vertuous,
That whole a man it couth ymake
Of palsie, and of the tothe ake,
And yet the stone had soche a grace
That he was sikre' in every place
All thilke daie not blinde to ben,
That fasting might that stone sene;
The barris were of gold full fine,
Upon a tiffue of Satin,
Full hevie, grete, and nothing light,
In everiche was a befaunt wight.

Upon the tressis of richesse
Was set a circle of noblesse
Of brende golde, that full light yshone,
So faire trowe I was nevir none,
But

But he were konning for the nones
That could devisin all the stones,
That in that circle shewin clere,
It is a wondir thing to here,
For no man could or preise or gesse
Of 'hem the value or richesse;
Rubies there were, Saphirs, Ragounces,
And Emeraudes, more than two unces,
But all before full subtilly
A fine Carboncle set sawe I,
The stone so clere was and so bright,
That all so sone as it was night
Men mightin sene to go for nede
A mile or two, in length and brede,
Soche light ysprang out of the stone,
That richesse wondir bright yshone,
Bothe on her hedde, and all her face,
And eke about her all the place.

Dame Richesse on her honde gan lede
A yong man full of semelyhede,
That she best loved of any thing;
His lust was moche in housholding,
In clothing was he full fetise,
And loved well to have hors of prife,
He wende to have reprovied be
Of theft or murder, if that he
Had in his stable an hackenaie,
And therefore he desirid aie
To ben aqueintid with Richesse,
For all his purpose, as I gesse,
Was for to makin grete dispence
Withoutin warning or defence,
And Richesse might it well sustain,
And her dispences wele maintain,
And him alwaie soche plentie sende
Of golde and silvir for to spende
Withoutin lacking or daungere,
As it were pourde in a garnere.

And aftir on the dauncè went
Largesse, that set all her entent
For to ben honourable and fre,
Of Alexander's kinne was she,
Her moste joie it was i-wis
Whan that she yafe, and faied; have this;
Not Avarice the foule caitife
Was halfe to gripe so ententife,
As Largesse is to yeve and spende,
And God alwaie inowe her sende,
So that the more she yave awaie
The more i-wis she had alwaie;
Grete loos hath Largesse; and grete prife,
For bothe the wise folke and unwise
Were wholly to her bandon brought,
So well with yestis hath she wrought.

And if she had an enemy,
I trowe that she couth craftily
Make him full sone her frende to be,
So large of yestes, and wise was she,
Therefore she stode in love and grace
Of riche and pore in every place.

A full grete fole is he i-wis
That riche, and pore, and nigard is.
A Lorde maie have no manir vice,
That grevith more than Avarice;
For Nigarde ner with strength of hande
Maie winne him grete lordshipe or lande,
For frendis all to fewe hath he
To doen his will performid be,
And who so wolle have frendis here
He maie not holde his trefour dere,
For by ensample tell I this,
Right as an Adamant i-wis
Can drawin to him subtilly

The Iron, that is laied therby;
So drawith folkis hertes i-wis
Silvir and golde that yevin is.

Largesse had on a robe freshe
Of riche purpure Sarlinishe,
Well formid was her face and clere;
And opened had she her colere,
For she right there had in present
Unto a Lady made present
Of a Gold broche, ful wel ywrought;
And certis it missate her nought,
For through her smocke ywrought with filke
The fleshe was sene as white as milke.
Largesse, that worthy was and wise,
Helde by the honde a knight of prife,
Was sibbe to Arthour of Breteigne,
And that was he that bare the' enseigne
Of worship, and the Gonfannoun,
And yet he is of suche renoun,
That menne of him say faire thinges
Before Barons, and Erles, and Kinges.

This knight was comin al newly
Fro tourneying there faste by,
Where he had done grete chivalry
Through his vertue and his maistrise,
And for the love of his lemman
He caste doune many' a doughty man.

And next him dauncid dame Franchise
Arayid in ful noble gise,
She n'as not broune ne dunne of hewe,
But white as snowe ifallin newe;
Her nose was wrought at point devise,
For it was gentill and tretise,
With eyin glad, and browis bent,
Her here doune to her helis went,
And she was simple' as dove on tre,
Ful debonaire of hert was she.

She durste neither say ne do
But that, that hir belongith to,
And if a manne were in distresse,
And for her love in heviness,
Her hert would have ful grete pite,
She was so amiable and fre,
For were a manne for her bestadde
She would ben right sore a dradde,
That she did ovir gret outrage,
But she him holpe his harme t' aswage
Her thought it all a vilanie;
And she had on a suckiny,
That not of hempè herdis was,
So faire was none in all Arras,
Lorde! it was ridded fetisly,
There ne was not a point truly,
That it n'as in his right assise,
Ful wel iclothid was Fraunchise,
For there n'is no clothe sittith bette
On damosell, than doth roquette,
A woman wel more fetise is
In roquette, than in cote i-wis,
The white roquette riddilid faire
Betokenith that full debonaire
And swete was she that it ybere.

By her dauncid a Bachelere,
I can not tell you what he hight,
But faire he was and of gode hight,
Al had he ben, I saie no more,
The lord's sonne of Windesore.

And next that dauncid Curtisy,
That preisid was of lowe and hie,
For nethir proude ne fole was she,
She for to dauncè callid me,
I praie God give to her gode grace,
For whan I come first to the place

She

She n'as not nice, ne outrageous,
But wise and ware, and vertuous,
Of faire speche, and of faire answere,
Was nevir wight mistaide of here,
She bare no rancour to no wight,
Clere broune she was, and therto bright
Of face, and body avenaunt,
I wotte no lady so plesant,
She werin worthy for to bene
An Empèresse or crounid Quene.

And by her went a knight dauncing,
That worthy was, and wel speking,
And ful wel coude he don honour,
The knight was faire and stiffe in stour,
And in armure a femely man,
And wel beloved of his lemman.

Faire Idilnesse than nexte laugh I,
That alway was me false by,
Of her have I withoutin faile
Tolde you the shape and appareile,
For (as I said) Lo! that was she,
That did to me so grete bounte,
She me the gate of that gardin
Undid, and let me passin in,
And aftir dauncid, as I gesse.

And she fulfilled of lustinesse,
That n'as not yet xii. yere of age,
With herte wilde, and thought volage,
Nice she ywas, but she ne mente
None harme ne sleight in her entente,
But onely luste and jolite,
(For yonge folke, wel wetin ye,
Have litill thought, but on ther play;) Her lemman was beside alway
In suche a gise, that he her kiste
At alle timis that him list,
That al the daunce might it se,
They make no force of privity,
For who spake of 'hem ill or wele,
Thei were ashamid nere a dele,
But men might sene 'hem kisse there,
As though it two yonge doves were,
For yonge was thilke Bachilere,
Of beute wot I non his pere,
And he was right of suche an age
As Youthe his lefe, and suche corage.

The lusty folke that dauncid there,
And also othir that with 'hem were,
That werin all of ther meine,
Ful hendè folke, bothe wise, and fre,
And folkè of faire porte truely
There werin allè cominly.

Whan I had sene the countenaunces
Of them that laddin thus these daunces,
Than had I will to go and se
The gardin that so likid me,
And tokin on these faire Laureres,
On Pine trees, Cedres, Oliveres,
The dauncis than endid ywere,
For many' of 'hem that dauncid there
Were with ther lovis went away,
Undir the trees to have ther play.

A Lorde thei livid lustily!
A grete sole were he sikirly
That n'oude his thankes suche life to lede,
For this dare I faine out of drede,
That who so might so weil yfare
For bettir life durst him not care,
For there n'is so gode paradise
As to have a love at his devise;
Out of that place went I tho,
And in that gardin gan I go,
Playing a long full merrily.

The God of Love full hastily
Unto him Swete Loking yclept,
No lengir would he that she kept
His bowe of Gold, that shone so bright.
He haddin him bent anon right,
And he full sonè set an ende,
And at a braide he gan it bende,
And toke him of his arowes five,
Ful sharpe and redy for to drive.

Now God, that sitteth in majeste,
Fro dedly woundis he kepe me,
If so be that he had me shete,
For if I with his arowe mete,
It had me grevid fore i-wis,
But I, that nothing wist of this,
Went up and doune, ful many' a waie,
And he me folowed fast alwaie,
But no where would I reste me
Til' I had in all the gardin be.

THE Gardin was by mesuring
Right even' and square in compassing,
It as longe was as it was large,
Of fruite had every tre his charge,
But it were any hidous tre,
Of whiche there werin two or thre.

There were (and that wote I full wele)
Of Pomgranetts a full grete dele,
That is a frute ful wel to like,
Namely to folke whan thei ben sike,
And trees there werin grete foison,
That berin nuttes in ther selson,
Suche as menne nutemiggis ycall
That fote of savour ben withall,
And of Almandris grete plente,
Figgis, and many a Date tre,
There werin, if that menne had nede,
Through the Gardin, in length and brede.

There was eke waxing many' a spice,
As Clowe, Gilofre', and Licorice,
Gingiber, and Grein de Paris,
Canell, and Setewale of pris,
And many' a spice delitable
To etin whan men rise fro table.

And many homely trees there were,
That Peches, Coines, and Apples bere,
Medlers, Plommis, Peris, Chesteinis,
Cherise, of whiche many one faine is,
Notis, and Aleis, and Bolas,
That for to sene, it was solas,
With many high Laurer, and Pine,
Was rengid clene all that gardine
With Cipris, and with Oliveris,
Of whiche that nigh no plenty here is.

Ther werin Elmis grete and strong,
Maplis, Ashe, Oke, Aspe, Planis long,
Fine Ewe, Popler, and Lindis faire,
And othir trees full many' a paire.

What should I tell you more of it?

There werin so many trees yet,
That I should al encombrid be
Er I had rekenid every tre.

These trees were set, that I devise,
One from an othir in assise

Five fadome or sixe, I trowe so,
But they were hie and gret also,
And for to kepe out wel the Sunne
The croppis were so thicke ironne,
And every braunche in othir knitte,
And ful of grene levis sitte,
That Sunne might there none discende,
Lest that the tendir grassis shende.
There might men Does and Roes ise,
And of squirels ful grete plente,

From

From bow to bow alwaie leping;
Connis there were also playing,
That comin out of ther clapers,
Of sondry colours and maners,
And madin many' a tourneying
Upon the freshe grasse springing.
In placis sawe I wellis there,
In whichè there no froggis were,
And faire in shadowe was eche wel;
But I ne can the nombre tel
Of stremis smal, that by devise
Mirth had done come thorough condise;
Of whichè the watir in renning
Gan makin a noise ful liking.

About the brinkis of these wellis;
And by the stremes ovir al ellis
Sprange up the grasse, as thicke iset
And soft eke as any velvet,
On which men might his lemman ley,
As on a fethirbed to pley,
For the erth was ful softe and swete,
Thorough moisture of the wel wete
Sprong up the sote grenè gras,
As faire, as thicke, as mister was;
But moche amendid it the place
That the erth was of suche a grace,
That it of flouris hath plente,
That both in somre' and wintir be.

There sprange the violet al newe,
And freshe pervinkè riche of hewe,
And flouris yelowè, white and rede,
Suche plente grewe there ner in mede,
Ful gaie was al the grounde and queint,
And poudrid, as men had it peint,
With many' a freshe and sondry floure,
That castin up ful gode favour.

I wol not longe holde you in fable
Of al this gardin dilectable,
I mote my tonge stintin nede,
For I ne maie withoutin drede
Naught tellin you the beutie all,
Ne halfe the bounte there withall.

I went on right honde and on leste
About the place, it was not leste,
Till I had al the gardin bene
In the estris that men might sene.

And thus while I went in my playe,
The God of love me folowed aye,
Right as an Hunter can abide
The beste till he seith his tide
To shote at godenesse to the dere,
Whan that him nedith go no nere.

And so besil, I restid me
Besides a wel undir a tre,
Whiche tre in Fraunce men cal a Pine,
But sihe the time of king Pepine
Ne grewe there tre in mann's sight
So faire, ne so wel woxe in hight,
In al that yarde so high was none;
And springing in a marble stone
Had nature set, the sothe to tell,
Undir that Pinè tre a well,
And on the bordir al without
Was writtin in the stone about
Letteris smal, that saidin thus,
Here whilome starfe faire Narcissus.

Narcissus was a bachilere,
That love had caught in his daungere,
And in his nette gan him so straine,
And did him so to wepe and plaine,
That nede him must his life forgo,
For a faire lady hight Echo,
Him loved ovir any cature,
And gan for him suche paine endure,

That on a timè she him tolde
That if he her ne lovin wolde,
That her behovid nedis die,
There laie none othir remedie.

1480

1410 But nathèlesse for his beaute
So feirs and daungerous was he,
That he n'olde grauntin her asking,
For weping, he for faire praying.

And whan she herde him werne her so;
She had in hert so gretè wo,
And toke it in so grete dispite,
That she withoutin more respite
Was ded anon: but ere she deide
Ful pitously to God she preide,
That the proude hertid Narcissus;
That was in love so daungerous,
Might on a day ben hampered so
For love, and ben so hote for wo;
That ner he might to joie attaine,
Than should he fele in every vaine
What sorowe trewe loveris maken,
That ben villainously forsaken.

1490

1420 **T**His prayir was but refonable,
Therefore God helde it ferme and stable, 1500
For Narcissus, shortly to tell;
By aventure came to that well;
To rest him in the shadowing;
O day, whan he came from hunting.

This Narcissus had suffrid paines
For renning al daie in the plaines;
And was for thirst in grete distresse
Of herte, and of his werinesse,
That had his breth almost benomen,
Whan he was to that wel icomen,

1510

1440 That shadowed was with braunchis grene,
He thought of thilkè watir shene,
To drinke, and freshe him wele withall,
And doune on knees he gan to fall,
And forth his necke and hed outstraught,
To drinkin of that well a draught,
And in the watre' anon was sene
His nose, his mouthe, his eyin shene,
And he therof was all abashed,

1520

1450 His owne shadowe had him betrashed,
For wel wende he the forme to se
Of a childe of full grete beaute,
Full well couth love him wreke tho
Of daungir and of pride also,
That Narcissus somtime him bere,

He quite him well his guerdon there,
For he musid so in the well,
That shortly, the sothe to tell,
He lovid his owne shadowe so,
That at the last he starfe for wo;
For whan he sawe that he his will
Might in no manir way fulfill,
And that he was so faste caught,
That he him couthè comfort naught,
He lost his witte, right in that place,
And deide within a litill space,
And thus his warison he toke
For the lady that he forsoke.

1530

Ladies, I praie ensample taketh,
Ye that ayenst your love mistaketh,
If of ther deth you be to wite,
God can ful wel your wilè quite.

1540

1470 Whan this letter, of whichè I tell,
Had taught me that it was the well
Of Narcissus in his beaute,
I gan anon withdrawè me,
Whan it fel in my remembraunce
That him betide suche a mischaunce;

M m m

But

But at the laste than thoughtin I,
 That scathèlesse full sikirly
 I might unto the welle go,
 Wherof shull I abashin so?
 Unto the welle than went I me,
 And doune I loutid for to se
 The clere watir in the stone,
 And eke the gravel, whiche that shone,
 Doune in the botome, as silvir fine,
 For of the welle this is the fine,
 In world is none so clere of hewe,
 The watre' is evir fresh and newe,
 That welmith' up with wavis bright
 The mountenaunce of two fingir hight,
 About it is the graspe springing
 For moiste so thicke and well liking,
 That it ne may in wintir die
 No more than may the fee be drie.

DOune at the botome set sawe I
 Two cristall stonis craftily
 In thilkè freshe and fairè well;
 But o thinge sothly dare I tell,
 That ye wol holde a grete mervaille
 Whan it is tolde, withoutin faile,
 For whan the sunnè clere in sight
 Cast in that welle his bemis bright,
 And that the hete discendid is,
 Than taketh the cristall stone i-wis
 Againe the sunne an hundrid hewis,
 Blewe, yelow, red that fresh and new is,
 Yet hath the mervailous cristall
 Suche strength, that the place ovir all,
 Both foule and tre, and levis grene,
 And all the yerde in it is sene,
 And for to don you to' undirstonde
 To make ensample wol I fonde,
 Right as a mirroure opinly
 Shewith al thing that stondeth thereby,
 As well the colour, as figure,
 Withoutin any covirture,
 Right so the cristall stone shining,
 Withoutin any disceving,
 The entrees of the yerde accuseth
 To him that in the watir museth,
 For evir in whiche halfe ye be
 Ye may wel halfe the Gardine se,
 And if ye turne, ye may right wele
 Sene the remenaunt every dele,
 For there is none so litil thing
 So hid ne closin with shitting,
 That it n'is sene, as though it were
 Ypainted in the cristall there.
 This is the mirroure perillus,
 In whiche the proude Narcissus
 Sey al his faire face so bright,
 That made him sith to lie upright,
 For who so loke in that mirroure,
 There may nothing ben his socour;
 That he ne shal there se somthing,
 That shal him lede into laughing;
 Ful many' a worthy man hath it
 Yblent; for folke of gretist wit
 Ben sone ycaught here and ywaited,
 Withoutin respite ben thei baited:
 Here comith to folke of newe rage,
 Here chaungith many wight corage,
 Here lithe no rede ne witte therto,
 For Venus sonne, dan Cupido,
 Hath sown there of love the fede,
 That helpe ne lithe there none, ne rede,
 So cerclith it the welle about,
 His ginnis hath ne set without,
 Right for to catche in his panteris

1550 These Damofels and Bachilers,
 Love wil none othir birdis catche,
 Though he set eithir nette or lache,
 And for the fede, that here was sowne,
 This welle is cleped, as well is knowen,
 The welle of Love, of very right,
 Of whiche there hath ful many wight
 Spokin in bokis diversely,
 But thei shul ner so verily
 1630 Discripcion of the welle here,
 Ne eke the sothe of this matere,
 1560 As ye shul, whan I have undo
 The crafte that here belongith to.

ALway me likid for to dwell,
 To sene the cristall in the well,
 That shewid me ful opinly
 A thousande thingis faste by,
 But I may saie in sory houre
 1640 Stode I to lokin or to poure,
 For sithin I sore have yfiked,
 That Mirroure hath me now entriked,
 But had I first knowen in my wit
 1570 The vertue and strengthis of it,
 I n'oldè not have musid there,
 Me had bettir ben ellis-where,
 For in the snare I fell anone,
 That had bitreshid many one.

In thilkè Mirroure sawe I tho
 Among a thousande thingis mo
 1650 A rosir chargid ful of rosis,
 That with an hedge aboute enclosed is,
 1580 Tho had I suche lust and envie,
 That for Paris ne for Pavie
 N'olde I have left to gone and se,
 There gretist hepe of rosis be,
 Whan I was with this rage yhente,
 That caught hath many' a man and shente,
 Towarde the Rosir gan I go,
 And whan I was not ferre there fro,
 1660 The favour of the rosis sore
 Me smote right to the hertè rote,
 1590 As I had all enbaumid me,
 And if I n'ad endoutid me,
 To have ben hatid or assailed,
 My thankis wol I not have failed,
 To pull a rose of al that route,
 To berin in mine honde aboute,
 And smellin to it where I went,
 But er I dredde me to repent,
 1670 And leste it grevid or forthought
 The lorde that thilkè gardin wrought;
 Of rosis there werin grete wone,
 So faire werin nevir in Rone;
 Of knoppis close some sawe I there,
 And some wel bettir woxin were,
 And some there ben of othir moison,
 That drowè nigh to ther seson,
 And spedde 'hem faste for to spredde,
 I lovè wel suche rosis redde,
 1680 For brode rosis, and open' also
 Ben passid in a daie or two,
 But knoppis wollin freshe be
 Two daies at lest, or ellis thre;
 The knoppis gretely likid me,
 For fairir maie there no man se,
 Who so might havin one of all
 It ought him ben ful lese withall,
 Might I garlondè of 'hem getten,
 For no richesse I wolde it letten.

Amonges the knoppis I chese one
 So faire, that of the remenaunt none
 1690 Ne preise I halfe so wel as it,
 Whan I avisin in my wit,
 It

It so well was enluminid,
With colour red, as well finid
As nature couth it makin faire,
And it hath levis wel foure paire,
That kind hath set through his knowing;
About the redde rosis springing
The stalke ywas as rishe right,
And theron stode the knoppe upright,
That it ne bowed upon no side,
The sote smell ysprong so wide
That it died al the place aboute;
Whan I had smelled the savour sote,
No will had I fro thence yet go,
But somdele nere it went I tho
To take it, but mine honde for drede
Ne durst I to the Rose bede
For thisteles sharpe of many maners,
Netlis, thornis, and hokid briers;
For muche they distourblid me,
For fore I dradde to harmid be.

THE God of Love, with bowe ybent,
That al daie set had his talent
To pursue and to spyin me,
Was stonidin by a figge tre,
And whan he sawe how that I
Had chosin so ententifely
The bothum more unto my pay
Than any othir that I say,
He toke an arowe, sharpely whette,
And in his bowe when it was sette,
He streight up to his ere ydrough
The stronge bowe, that was so tough,
And shotte at me so wondir smerte,
That through mine eye unto mine herte
The takil smote, and depe it wente,
And therwith al such colde me hente,
That undir clothis warme and softe
Sin that day I have chivered ofte.

Whan I was hurte thus, in ffounde
I fell doune plat unto the grounde,
Mine herte failid, and faintid aie,
And longè time in swoune I laie,
But whan I came out of swouning,
And hadde my witte, and my feling,
I was all mate, and wende full wele,
Of blode t' have lorne a full grete dele,
But certes the' arowe, that in me stode,
Of me ne drewe no droppe of blode,
For why, I founde my woundes all drie.

Than toke I with mine hondis tweie
The' arowe, and full fast it out plight,
And in the pulling fore I sight,
So at the last the shaft of tre
I drough out, with the fethirs thre,
But yet the hokid hedde i-wis,
The whiche beaute ycallid is,
Gan so depe in mine herte pace,
That I it ne might not arace,
But in mine herte still it stode,
All bledde I not a droppe of blode,
I was bothe anguifous and trouble
For the perill, that I sawe double,
I ne wist what to saie or doe.
Ne get a leche my woundis to,
For neither thorough grasse ne rote
Ne had I helpe of hope ne bote,
But to the bothum evir mo
Mine herte drewe, for all my wo,
My thought was in none othir thing,
For had it ben in my keping,
It would have brought my life again,
For certis evenly, I dare sain,
The sight onely, and the savour

Aleggid moche of my langour.

Than gan I for to drawe me
Toward the bothum faire to se,
1770 And Love had gette him in this throwe,
An othir arowe into' his bowe,
And for to shotin gan him dresse,
The arowes name was Simplenesse,
And whan that Love gan nigh me nere,
He drowe it up withoutin were,
And shotte at me with all his might,
So that this arowe anone right
Throughout myne eigh, as it was founde,
1780 Into mine herte hath made a wounde;
Than I anone did all my craft
For to ydrawin out the shaft,
1710 And therewithall I sighid eft,
But in mine hert the hedde was left,
Whiche aie encrefid my desire,
Unto the bothum drowe I nere,
And evirmo that me was wo
The more desire had I to go
Unto the Rosir, where that grewe
The freshe bothum, so bright of hewe,
1790 Bettir me were to' have lettin be,
But it behovid nedis me
To doen right as mine herte badde,
1720 For er the body must be ladde
Aftir the herte, in wele and wo,
Of force togethir thei must go,
But nevir this archir would fine
To shotte at me with all his pine,
And for to make me to him mete.

The thirde arowe he gan to shete,
1800 Whan best his time he might espie,
The whiche was namid curtise,
Into mine herte he did avale,
1730 A swoune I fell, bothe dedde and pale,
Long time I laie, and stirid nought,
Till I abraied out of my thought,
And faste than I avifid me
To drawin out the shaft of tre,
But aye the hedde was lefte behinde,
1810 For ought I couthè pull or winde,
So fore it sticket whan I was hit,
That by no crafte I might it flit,
But anguifous and full of thought,
1740 I felt soche wo, my wounde aie wrought,
That somoned me alwaie to go
Toward the Rose, that plesed me so,
But I ne durst in no manere,
Bicause the archir was so nere.

For evirmore gladly, as I rede,
1820 Brent child of fire hath mochil drede.
And certis yet for all my pain
Though that I sigh, yet arowes rein,
And ground quarelis, sharpe of stele,
1750 Ne for no pain that I might fele
Yet might I not my self with hold
The faire Rosir to behold,
For Love me yave soche hardiment
For to fulfill his commaundement,
Upon my fete I rose up than
1830 Feble, as a forwounded man;
And forthe to gon my might I set,
And for the Archir n'olde I let,
Toward the Rosir fast I drowe,
1760 But thornis sharpe mo than inow
There were, and also thisteles thicke,
And breris brimmè for to pricke,
That I ne might ygettin grace
Through the rough thornis for to pace
To sene the Rosis freshe of hewe,
1840 I must abide, though it me rewe,
The

The hedge about so thickè was,
That closed the Rosis in compas.

But o thing likid me right wele,
I was so nigh that I might fele
Of the bothum the sore odour,
And also se the freshe coloure,
And that right gretely likid me
That I so nere mightin it se,
Soche joie anon thereof had I,
That I forgate my malady,
To sene it I had soche delite
Of woe and angre' I was all quite,
And of my woundes that I had thore,
For nothing likin me might more
Than dwellin by the Rosir aie,
And thens nevir to passe awaie;
But whan a while I had be thare,
The God of love, whiche all to share
Mine herte with his arowis kene,
Casteth him to yeve me woundis grene,
He shote at me ful hastily
An arowe namid Companie,
The whichè takil is full able
To make these Ladies merciable;
Than I anon gan chaungin hewe
For grevaunce of my woundè newe,
That I again fell in swouning,
And sighid sore in complaining.

Sore I complainid that my fore
On me gan grevin more and more,
I had none hope of Allegiaunce,
So nigh I drowe to disperaunce,
I ne rought of deth, ne of life,
Whethir that love ywould me drife,
If me a martir would he make,
I might his powir not forsake;
And while for angir thus I woke,
The God of Love an arowe toke,
Full sharpe it was and full poinaunt,
And it was callid Faire semblaunt,
The whiche in no wise would consent
That any lovir him repent
To serve his love, with herte and all,
For any perill that maie fall:
But though this arowe was kene grounde,
As any rasour that is founde,
To cutte and kervin at the point,
The God of Love it had anoint
With a full precious ointment,
Some dele to yeve alegement
Upon the woundis, that he hade
Thorough the eye in my herte made,
To helpe ther foris, and to cure,
And that thei maie the bette indure,
But yet this arowe, without more,
Made in mine herte a large sore
That in full grete pain I abode,
But aie the ointment went abrode,
Throughout my woundis large and wide
It sprede about in every side,
Thorough whose vertue, and whose might
Mine hertè joifull was and light,
I had ben dedde and all to shent
But for the precious ointment.
The shaft I drowe out of the arowe,
Roking for wo right wondir narowe,
But the hedde, whiche that made me smerte,
I left behindè in mine herte,
With othir fower, I dare well saie
That nevir woll be toke awaie.
But the ointment halpe me wele,
And yet soche sorowe did I fele,
That allè daie I chaungid hewe,
Of my woundis so freshe and newe,

As men might se in my visage,
The arowes were so full of rage,
So variaunt of diversite,
That men in evèriche might se
Both grete anoie, and eke swetenesse,
And joie ymeint with bittirnesse;
Now were thei esy, and now wode,
In them I felt bothe harme and gode,
Now fore without alleggement,
Now softning with the ointment,
It softenid here, and prickid there,
Thus ese and angir were yfere.

THE God of Love deliverly
Came lepande to me hastily,
And sayid to me in grete jape
Yelde The, for thou maie not escape,
Maie no defence availe The here,
Therefore I rede make no daungere,
If thou wolt yelde The hastily,
Thou shalt the rathir have mercie;
He is a sole in sikirnesse
That with daungir or with stoutnesse
Rebellith, there that he should plesse,
In soche folie is little ese;
Be meke, where thou must nedis bowe,
To strive ayen is not thy prowé,
Come at onis, and have idoe,
For I wollè that it be so,
Than yelde The here debonairly.
And I answerid full humbly,
All gladly, sir, at your bidding
I woll me yelde in allè thing,
To your service I woll me take,
For God defende that I shoud make
Ayen your biddin resistence,
I woll not doen so grete offence,
For if I did, it were no skill,
Ye maie doe with me what ye will,
Or save or spill, and also flo,
Fro you in no wise may I go,
My life, my deth, is in your honde,
I maie not lasse out of your bonde,
Plaine at your liste I yeldè me,
Hoping in hert, that sometime ye
Comforte and ese shul to me sende,
Or els shortly, this is the ende,
Withoutin helth I mote aie dure,
But if ye take me to your cure:
Comforte or helth how shoud I have,
Sithe ye me hurte, but ye me save?
The helth of Love mote be yfounded
Where as thei tokin first ther wounde,
And if ye liste of me to make
Your prisoner, I woll it take
Of herte and will fully at gre,
Wholy and plaine I yeldè me,
Withoutin feining or feintise
To be governed by your emprise;
Of you I here so mochil prise,
I wol ben whole at your devise,
For to fulfill all your liking,
And to repent in for nothing,
Hoping to have yet in some tide
Mercy, of that that I abide,
And with that covenant yelde I me,
Anon doune kneeling on my kne,
Proffring for to kisse his fete,
But for nothing he would me lete.

And said, I love The both and preise,
Sens that thine answer doth me ese,
For thou answered so curtisly,
For nowe I wote well uttirly

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That

That thou art gentil by thy speche,
For though a man ferre woude seche,
He should not findin in certaine
No suche answere of no vilaine,
For suche a worde ne mighte nought
Issue out of a vilaines thought;
Thou shalt not lesin of thy speche,
For thy helping wollin I eche,
And eke encresin, that I maie,
But first I woll that thou obaie
Fully for thine own avauntage
Anone to do me here homage,
And sithin kisse thou shalt my mouthe,
Whiche to no vilaine was ner couthe
For to' aproche it, ne for to touche,
For saufe of cherlis I ne vouche
That thei shal nevir nigh it nere;
For curteis, and of faire manere,
Wel taught, and ful of gentilnesse
He must yben, that shall me kisse,
And also of ful highe fraunchise,
That shal atteine to that emprise.

And first of a thing warne I The,
That paine and gret adversite
He mote endure, and eke travaile,
That shal me serve, withoutin faile;
But there against The to comforte,
And with thy service to disporte,
Thou maist ful glad and joyfull be,
So gode a maistir to' have as me,
And lordè of so high renoun,
I bere of love the Gonfenoun,
And of Curtisie the banere,
For I am of selfe the manere,
Gentill and curteis, meke, and fre,
That who evir ententise be
Me to honour, re-doute, and serve,
And also that he him observe
Fro trespase and fro villanie,
And him gouverne in curtisie,
With will and with entencion,
For when he first in my prison
Is caught, than must he uttirly
Fro thennis-forth ful besily
Ycast him gentill for to be,
Yf he desire helpe of me.

Anone withoutin more delaie,
Withoutin daungir or affraie,
I become his vassal anone,
And gave him thanks many a one,
And knelid doune with hondis joint,
And made it in my porte full queint,
The joye went to my hertis rote,
Whan I had kised his mouthe so sote,
I had suche mirth and such liking,
It curid me of languishing.
He asked of me than hostages,
I have takin fele homages
Of one and othir, where I have bene,
Distreinid ofte, withoutin wene,
These felons ful of falsite
Have many sithes begilid me,
And through falsheid ther lust achived,
Wherof I repent, and am greved,
And I hem gette in my daungere,
Ther falsheed shul thei bie ful dere;
But for I love The, I saie The plaine,
I woll of The be more certaine,
For The fore I woll now ybinde
That thou away ne shalt not winde,
For to denien thy covenant,
Or done that is not avenant,
That thou were false, it were grete ruth,
Sithen thou semist so ful of truth.

Sir, if The liste to understaunde,
I merveile The' asking this demaunde,
For why or wherefore shoulde ye
Hostage or borowes aske of me,
Or any othir sikirnesse,
Sithin ye wote in sothfastnesse
That ye me have surprisid so,
And whole mine herte takin me fro,
That it woll doe for me nothing,
But if it be at your bidding?
Mine hert is yours, and mine right nought,
As it behoveth, in dede and thought,
Redy in all to worche your will,
Whethir so tourne to gode or ill,
So fore it lustith you to plesse,
No man therof maie you disese,
Ye have theron set soche justice,
That it' is werried in many wise,
And if ye doubt it n'olde obaie,
Ye maie therof doe make a kaie,
And hold it with you for hostage.

Now certis this is none outrage
(Qd Love) and fully I accorde,
For of the body' he is full Lorde
That hath the herte in his trefore,
Outrage it were to askin more.

THan of his aumener he drough
A little keie ferise inough,
Whiche was of gold polishid clere,
And saied to me, with this keie here,
Thine herte to me now woll I shet,
For all thy joifull loke and knet,
I binde undir this little keie,
That no wight maie cary awaie.

This keie is full of grete polle,
With whiche anone he touchid me
Undir the side full softly,
That he mine herte sodainly
Without any doute hath so spered,
That yet right nought it hath me dered.

Whan he had doen his will all out,
And I had put him out of dout,
Sir I saied: I have right grete will
Your lust and plesure to fulfill,
Loke ye my service take at gre.
By thilkè faith ye owe to me,
I saie nought for recreaundise,
For I nought doubt of your service.

But the servaunt travaileth in vain,
That for to servin doeth his pain
Unto that lorde, whiche in no wise
Conne him no thanke for his service.

LOve sayid tho, dismaie The nought,
Sithen thou for succour hast me fought,
In thanke thy service woll I take,
And high of degre woll The make,
If wickidnesse ne hindir The,
But (as I hope) it shall nought be;
To worship no wight by' aventure
Maie come, but that he pain endure.

Abide and suffre thy distresse,
That hurtith now, it shall be lesse,
I wote my self what maie The save,
What medicine thou wouldist have.

And if thy truth to me thou kepe,
I shall unto thine helping eke,
To cure thy woundes and make hem clene,
Where so that thei be old or grene,
Thou shalt be holpen' at wordis few,
For certainly thou shalt well shewe
Where that thou servist with gode will,
For to accomlishe and fulfill

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My

My commaundementis daie and night,
Whiche I to lovirs yeve of right.

Ah sir, for Godd's love (saied I)
Er ye passe hens ententifely
Your commaundementes to me ye saie,
And I shall kepe 'hem if I maie,
For them to kepen' is all my thought,
And if so be I wote 'hem nought,
Than maie I erre unwittingly;
Wherfore I praie you entirely
With all mine herte, me for to lere;
That I trespase in no manere.

The God of love than chargid me
Anon, as ye shall here and se
Wordè by worde, by right emprise,
So as the Romaunt shall devise.

The maistr lefith time to lere
Whan the disciple woll not here,
It is but vain on him to swinke
That on his lerning woll not thinke,
Who so lust love, let him intende,
For now the Romance ginneth to' amende.

Now is gode to herin in faie
If any be that can it saie,
And point it as the reson is,
Yfet for othir gate, i-wis,
It shall nat well in allè thing
Be brought to gode understanding;
For a reder, that pointith ill,
A gode sentence maie oftin spill.
The boke is gode at the ending,
Ymade of newe and lustie thing
For who so woll the ending here,
The craft of love he shall now lere,
If that he woll so long abide
Till I this Romance maie unhide,
And undoe the signifaunce
Of this dremè into Romaunce,
The sothfastnesse, that now is hid,
Without coverture shall be kid,
Whan I undoen have this dreming,
Wherein no worde is of lesing.

Villanie at the beginning
I woll, saied love, ovir all thing
Thou leve; if that thou wolt ybe
False, and trespase ayenist me,
I curse and blame generally
All them, that lovin villanie;
For villanie makith villaine,
And by his dedes a chorle is seine.

These villains arne without pite,
Frendship and love, and all bounte,
I n'll receive to my service
Them that ben vilains of emprise.

But undirstonde in thine entent,
That this is not mine entement
To clepin no wight in no age,
Onely gentill for his linage,
But who so that is vertuous,
And in his port not outrageous;
Whan soche one thou seest The beforene,
Though he be not gentill yborne,
Thou mayist well seine this in soth
That he' is gentill, bicause he doth
As longith to a gentil man,
Of them none othir deme I can;
For certainly withoutin drede
A chorle is demid by his dede,
Of hie or lowe, as ye maie se,
Or of what kinrid that he be;
Ne saie nought for none evill will
Thing which that is to holdin still,

It is no worship to misseie,
Thou maiest ensample take of Keie,
That was somtime for missaying
Yhatid bothe of old and yong,
As ferre as Gawein the worthie
Was praisid for his curtise,
Kaie was hatid, for he was fell,
Of worde dispitous and cruell;
Wherefore be wise and aqueintable,
Godelie of worde, and resonable,
Bothè to lesse and eke to mare;
And whan thou comist there men are,
Loke that thou have in custome aie
First to salve 'hem if thou maie,
And if it fall that of 'hem somme
Salve The first, be thou not domme,
But quite him curtisly anon,
Without abiding, er thei gon.

For nothing eke thy tong applie
To spekin wordes of ribaudrie,
To vilaine speche, in no degre,
Late not thy lippe unboundin be,
For I nought holde him in gode faith
Curteis, that foule wordis saith.
And allè women serve and preise,
And to thy power ther honour reise;
And if that any missayere
Dispise women, that thou maist here,
Blame him, and bidde him holde him still,
And sette thy might, and al thy will,
Women and ladies for to plese,
And to do thing that may 'hem ese,
That thei evir speke gode of The,
For so thou maist best praisid be.

Loke that fro pride thou kepe The wele,
For thou maist both perceive and felle
That pride is both foly and sinne,
And he, that pride hath him within,
Ne may his herte in no wise
Mekin, ne souplin to service,
For pride is founde in every parte
Contrarie unto Lov's arte,
And he that lovith truily
Should him containe jolily
Withoutin pride in sondry wise,
And him disguisin in queintice,
For queinte aray, withoutin drede,
Is nothing proude, who takith hede,
For freshe aray, as men may se,
Withoutin pride may oftin be.

Maintaine thy selfe aftir thy rent
Of robe and eke of garment,
For many a fithe faire clothing
A man amendith in mucche thinge.
And loke alway that thei be shape,
(What garment that thou shalt The make)
Of him that can the best ydo,
With al that parteinith therto,
Pointis and lleses be wel sittande,
Ful right and streight upon the hande;
Of shone and botis, newe and faire,
Loke at the lest thou have a paire,
And that thei sitte so fetously,
That these rude men may uttirly
Mervaille, sith that thei sitte so plaine,
How thei come an or of againe.
Were streightè glovis with aumere
Of silke, and alway with gode chere
Thou yeve, if that thou have richesse,
And if thou have nought spende the lesse,
Alway be mery, if thou maie,
But wastè not thy gode alwaie.
Have hatte of flouris freshe as May,
Chapelet of Rosis of' Whitsondaie,

For

For soche araie costnith but lite.
 Thine hondis washe, thy terhe make white, 2280
 And let no filthe upon The be,
 Thy nailis blacke if thou maiest se,
 Voide it awaie delivirly,
 And kembe thine hedde right jolily;
 Farce not thy visage in no wise,
 For that of love is nat th' emprise,
 For love doeth hatin, as I finde,
 A beautie, that cometh nat of kinde;
 Alwaie in herte I redè The
 Full glad and mery for to be, 2290
 And be as joifull as thou can,
 Love hath no joie of so'rowfull man,
 That ill is full of curtisie,
 That knowith in his maladie,
 For evir of love the sickenesse
 Is meint with swete and bittirnesse;
 The fore of love is mervailous,
 For now the lovir is joious,
 Now can he plain, now can he grone,
 Now can he singe, now makin-mone, 2300
 To daie he plaineth for hevinesse,
 To morue' he plaineth for jolinesse;
 The life of love is full contrarie
 Whiche stounde mele can oftin varie;
 But if thou canist mirthis make,
 That men in gre woll gladly take,
 Doe it godely, I commaunde The;
 For men shoud, where so'er thei be,
 Doe thing that 'hem besitting is,
 For therof cometh gode loos and pris; 2310
 Wherof that thou be vertuous
 Ne be nat straunge ne daungerous,
 For if that thou gode ridir be,
 Pricke gladly that men maie The se;
 In armis also if thou conne,
 Pursue till thou a name hast wonne;
 And if thy voice be faire and clere,
 Thou shalt makin no grete daungere,
 Whan The to sing thei godely praie,
 It is thy worship for to' obaie; 2320
 Also to you it longith aie
 To Harpe and Giterne, daunce and plaie,
 For if he can well fote and daunce,
 It maie him gretely doe avaunce,
 Emong eke for thy Ladie sake
 Songis and complaints that thou make,
 For that woll mevin in her herte,
 Whan that thei redin of thy smerte;
 Loke that no man for scarce The holde,
 For that maie greve The manifolde; 2330
 Refon woll that a lovir be
 In his yestis more large and fre
 Than chorles that ben not of loving;
 For who therof can any thing,
 He shall be lese aie for to yeve,
 In londis lore who so would leve,
 For he that through a sodain sight,
 Or for a kissing anon right
 Yave whole his herte, in will and thought,
 And to himself kepith right nought, 2340
 Afir this swift gift 'tis but reason
 He give his gode too in a bandon.

NOW woll I shortly here reherce
 Of that I have ysaied in verce,
 Alle the sentence by and by,
 In wordis fewe compendiously,
 That thou the bet maiest on 'hem thinke,
 Wher so it be thou wake or winke,
 For the wordis do little greve
 A man to kepe, whan thei be breve. 2350
 Who so with Love woll gon or ride

He mote be curteis, voide of pride,
 Merie, and full of jolite,
 And of Largeffe a losid be.

First I joigne The here in penaunce
 That evir without repentaunce
 Thou set thy thought in thy loving
 To last withoutin repenting,
 And think upon thy mirthis swete,
 That shall solue' afir whan ye mete. 2360

And for thou true to Love shalt be
 I will, and eke commaunde The
 That in one place thou set all whole
 Thine herte, withoutin halfin dole,
 For trecherie and sikirnesse,
 For I loved nevir doublenesse;
 To many' his herte that woll depart,
 Everiche shall have but little part,
 But of him drede I me right nought
 That in one place settith his thought; 2370
 Therefore in o place thou it set,
 And let it nevir thennis flet,
 For if thou yevest it in lening,
 I holde it but a wretchid thing.
 Therfore yevith it whole and quite,
 And thou shalt have the more merite,
 If it be lent than afir soen
 The bounte and the thanke is doen,
 But in Love a fre yevin thing
 Requirith a grete guerdoning. 2380

Yeve it in yest all quite fully,
 And make thy gift debonairly,
 For men that yest holdin more dere,
 That yevin is with gladsome chere.
 That giftè nought to praisin is
 That a man gevith mal gre his;
 Whan thou hast yeven thine hert (as I
 Have said The here all opiny)
 Than aventuris shull The fall,
 Whiche hard and hevy ben with all, 2390
 For ofte whan thou bethinkist The
 Of thy loving, where so thou be,
 Fro folke thou must depart in hie,
 That none perceive thy maladie,
 But hide thine harme thou must alone,
 And go forth sole, and make thy mone.
 Thou shalt no while be in o state,
 But whilom colde, and whilom hate,
 Now red as Rose, now yelowè and fade,
 Such sorow I trow thou ner had, 2400

Cotidien, ne the quarteine
 It is not half so full of peine,
 For oftin timis it shal fal
 In love, among thy painis al,
 That thou thy selfin all wholly
 Foryettin shalt so uttirly,
 That many timis thou shalt be
 Still as an image made of tre,
 Domme as a stone, without stering
 Of fote or bonde, without speking. 2410

And than sone afir al thy paine
 To memo'rie shalt thou come againe,
 A man abashid wondir fore,
 And afir sighin more and more,
 For wit thou wele withoutin wene,
 In suche astate ful ofte have bene,
 That have the' evill of love assaide,
 Where thorough thou art so dismaide.

A Ffir a thought shal take The so,
 That thy love is to ferre The fro, 2420
 Thou shalt sa (God) what may this be
 That I ne may my lady se?

Mine

Mine hert alone is to her go,
And I abide al sole in wo,
Departid fro mine ownè thought,
And with mine eyin se right nought.

Alas! mine eien sene I ne may
My carefull hertè to convey,
Mine hert's guide but thei be,
I praise nothing what er thei se;
Shul thei abidin than? why nay,
But gone and se without delay
That whiche mine hert desirith so,
For certainly, but if thei go,

A sole my selfe I may well holde,
Whan I ne se what mine hert wolde,
Wherefore I wol gone her to sene,
Or esid shall I nevir bene,
But that I have some tokining.

Than goest thou forth without dwelling,
But ofte thou failest of thy desire,
Er thou maist come her any nere,
And waitist in vaine thy passage,
Than falist thou in a newe rage,
For want of sight thou ginnist murne,
And homwarde pensife doft returne;
In grete mischefe than shalt thou be,
For than againe shal come to The
Sighis and plaintis with newe wo
That no itching prickith The so;
Who wote it nought, he maie go lere
Of them that buyin love so dere.

No thing thine hert appesin maie,
That oft thou wolt gone and assaie,
If thou maist sene by aventure
Thy liv'is joye, thine hert's cure,
So that by grace, if that thou might
Attaine of her to have a sight,
Than shalt thou done non othir dede
But with that sight thine cyin fede,
That fairè freshe whan thou maist se,
Thine hert shal so ravishid be,
That ner thou woldest thy thankis lete
Ne remove, for to se that swete;
The more thou seest, in sothfastnesse,
The more thou covitest that swetenesse,
The more thine herte brennith in fire,
The more thine herte is in desire,
For who confidrih every dele,
It may be likened wondir wele
The paine of love unto a fere,
For evirmore thou neighist nere,
In thought, or how so that it be,
(For very sothe I tel it The)
The hotter evir shal thou brenne,
As experience shall The kenne,
Where so comist in any coste,
Who is next fire he brennith moste;
And yet forsothe for al thine here,
Though thou for love swelte and swete,
Ne for no thing thou selin may
Thou shalt not wille to passe away,
And though thou go, yet must The nede,
Thinkin al day on her faire hede,
Whom thou behelde with so gode will,
And holde thy selfe begilid ill
That thou ne haddest none hardiment
To shewe her aught of thine entent,
Thine hert ful sore thou wolt dispise,
And eke repreve of cowardise,
That thou so dull in every thing
Were domme for drede, without speking.

Thou shalt eke thinke thou diddest foly,
That thou were her so faste bie,
And durst not venture The to say
Some thing, er that thou came away,

For thou haddist no more wonne
To speke of her whan thou begonne;
But yet if she would for thy sake
In armis godely The have take,
It should have be more worthe to The
Than of tresour a grete plente.

Thus shalt thou morne and eke complaine,
And get encheson to' gon againe
Unto thy walke, or to thy place,
Where thou behelde her fleshy face,
And n'ere for false suspection
Thou woldist finde occasion

For to gone in unto her house,
Thou arne than so desirous
A sight of her but for to have,
If thou thine honour mightist save,
Or any erande mightist make
Thi'ir, for thy lov'is sake,
Ful faine thou woldist, but for drede
Thou goest not, lest that men take hede;
Wherefore I rede, in thy going,
And also in thine againe comming,
Thou be wel ware that men ne wit,
Feine The othir cause than it
To go that waie, or faste bie,
To helin wel is no folie;
And if so be it happè The

That thou thy love there maiste yse,
In sikir wise thou her salewe,
Wherwith thy coloure wold transmewe,
And eke thy bloud shal al to quake,
Thy hewe eke chaungin for her sake,
But worde and wit with chere ful pale,
Shul want for to tellin thy tale,
And if thou maist so ferforth winne
That thou to reson durst beginne,
And woldist faine thre thinges or mo,
Thou shalt ful scarsly faine the two,
Though thou bethinke the ner so wele,
Thou shalt foryetin yet iomdele.

BUT if thou dele with trechery,
For false lovirs mowe all fully
Sain what 'hem lust withoutin dred,
Thei be so double in ther falschid,
For thei in hert can thinke o thing,
And faine an othre' in ther speking;
And whan thy speche is endid all,
Right thus to The it shal befall;
If any worde than come to minde,
That thou to say hast left behinde,
Than thou shalt brenne in grete martire,
For thou shalt brenne as any fire,
This is the strife and eke the' affraie,
And the batill that lastith aie,
This bargaine ende may nevir take,
But if that she thy pece wil make.

And whan the night is come anon,
A thousand angres shal come on,
To bed as fast thou wolte The dight,
Where thou shalt have but smal delight,
For whan thou wenist for to slepe,
So ful of paine shalt thou crepe,
Sterte in thy bed about ful wide,
And turne ful ofte on every side,
Now downward grouse, and now upright,
And walow in wo the long night,
Thine armis shalt thou sprede a brede,
As man in warre were forwerede,
Than shal The come a remembraunce
Of her shape, and of her semblaunce,
Wherto none othir may be pere;
And wete thou wel withoutin were

2500

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That

That The shal se somtime that night
 That thou hast her, that is so bright,
 Nakid bitwene thine armis there,
 Al sothfastnesse as though it were,
 Thou shalt make castels than in Spaine,
 And dreme of joy, al but in vaine,
 And The delitin of right nought,
 While thou so slombriest in that thought,
 That is so swete and delitable,
 The whiche in sothe n'is but a fable,
 For it ne shal no while last;
 Than shalt thou fighe and wepe fast,
 And say dere God! what thing is this?
 My dreme is turnid al amis,
 Whiche was ful swete and apparent.
 But now I wake it is al shent,
 Now yede this mery thought away,
 Twenty timis upon a day
 I would this thought would come againe,
 For it alegith wel my paine,
 It maketh me ful of joyfull thought,
 It sleeth me that it lastith nought:
 Ah lorde! whi n'il ye me socoure?
 The joye I trowe that I langoure,
 The deth I would me shoulde slo
 While I lie in her armis two;
 Mine harme is harde withoutin wene
 My gret unese ful ofte I mene.

BUT wouldè Love do so I might
 Have fully joye of her so bright,
 My paine were quitte me richily,
 Alas! to gret a thing aske I,
 It is but foly, and wrong wening
 To aske so outrageous a thing,
 And who so askith folisly
 He mote be warnid hastily,
 And I ne wote what I may say,
 I am so ferre out of the way,
 For I would have ful grete liking
 And ful grete joy of lase thing;
 For would she of her gentilnesse,
 Withoutin more, me onis kesse,
 It were to me a grete guerdon,
 Relese of all my passion;
 But it is harde to come therto,
 Al is but foly that I do,
 So highe I have mine herte sette
 Where that I may no comfort gette,
 I n'ote wher I say well or nought,
 But this I wote well in my thought,
 That it were bette of her alone
 For to stintin my wo and mone,
 A loke on her I cast godely,
 Than for to have al utirly
 Of an othir al whole the play,
 Ah lord! where I shal bide the day
 That ere she shal my lady be!
 He is ful cured, that may her se.
 Ah God! whan shal the dauning springe,
 To liggin thus is angry thing,
 I have no joy thus here to lie,
 Whan that my love is not me bie;
 A man to lien hath grete disele,
 Which maie not slepe, ne rest in cse,
 I would it dawed, and were now day,
 And that the night were went away;
 For were it daye, I would up rise.
 Ah slowè sonne! shewe thine enprise;
 Spede The to spredé thy bemis bright,
 And chace the derknesse of the night,
 To put away the stoundis strong,
 Whiche in me lastin al to long.
 The night shalt thou continue so

Withoutin rest, in paine and wo,
 If er thou knew of love distresse,
 Thou mowe lerne it in that sikenesse,
 And thus enduring shalt thou lie,
 And rise on morow up erly
 Out of thy bed, and harneis The
 Er evir dawning thou maist se,
 Al privily than shalt thou gone,
 What wethre' it be, thy selfe alone,
 For reine, or haile, for snowe, for slete,
 Thiðir she dwelleth, that is so swete,
 The whiche maie fal a slepè be,
 And thinkith but lite upon The.
 Than shalt thou go, ful foule asferde,
 Loke if the gatè be unsperde,
 And waite without in woe and paine,
 Ful ill a colde in winde and raine,
 Than shalt thou go the dore before,
 If thou maiste findin any shore,
 Or hole, or reſte, what ere it were,
 Than shalt thou stoupe, and lay to ere,
 If thei within a slepè be,
 I mene al save thy lady fre,
 Whom waking if thou maist asprie,
 Go put thy selfe in jupardie,
 To askin grace, and The bimene,
 That she maie were withoutin wene,
 That thou all night no rest hast had,
 So fore for her thou were bestad.
 Women wel ought pite to take
 Of them that sorowen for ther sake;
 And loke, for love of that relike,
 That thou thinkè none othir like,
 For whan thou hast so gret anney,
 Shall kisse The er thou go away,
 And hold that in ful grete deinte;
 And for that no man shal The se
 Before the house, ne in the way,
 Loke thou be gon againe er day;
 Suche comming, and suche going,
 Suche hevinesse, and suche walking,
 Makith lovirs withoutin wene
 Undir ther clothis pale and lene;
 Love ne leveth coloure, ne clerenesse,
 Who lovith trewe hath no farnesse,
 Thou shalt wel by thy selfin se,
 That thou must nedes assayid be,
 For men that shape 'hem othir way
 Falsely ther ladies to betray,
 No wondir is though thei be fatte,
 With false othis ther loves thei gatte;
 For ofte I se suche losungeours
 Fattir than Abottes or Priours.
 Yet with o thing I wolde The charge,
 That is to say, that thou be large
 Unto the maide, that her doth serve,
 So best her thanke thou shalte deserve.
 Yeve her gettis, and get her grace,
 For so thou may thanke purchase,
 That she The worthy holde and fre,
 Thy lady, and al that may The se,
 Also her servauntes worship aie,
 And plesin as muche as thou maie,
 Grete gode through them may come to The,
 Bicause with her thei ben prive,
 Thei shal her tel how thei The fande
 Curteis and wise, and wel doande,
 And she shal preise The wel the more.
 Loke out of londe thou be not fore,
 And if suche cause thou have, that The
 Behoveth to gone out of countre,
 Leave wholly thine hert in hostage,
 Til thou againe make thy passage,
 O o o

Thinke

Thinke long to se the swete thing,
That hath thine hert in het keping:
Now have I tolde The, in what wise
A lovir shal do me service;
Do it than, if that thou wolt have
The mede, that thou dost after crave.

WHan Love al this had bodin me,
I said him; fir, how may it be,
That lovirs may in such manere
Endure the paine ye have said here?
I marvailin me wondir faste
How any man may live or laste
In such paine, and in such brenning,
In sorue' and thought, and such sighing,
Aie unreliefid wo to make,
Wher so it be thei slepe or wake,
In such anoy continually,
As helpe me God this mervaile I,
How man, but he were made of stele,
Might live a month, such paines to fele.

THE God of Love than said to me,
Frende, by the faith I owe to The,
May no man have gode, but he' it bre,
A man lovith more tendirlye
The thing, that he hath bought most dere;
For were thou well withoutin were,
In thanke that thing is takin more,
For which a man hath suffrid sore;
Certis no wo ne may attaine
Unto the fore of lov's paine,
None evil therto may amounte
No more than a man may counte
The droppes that of the watir be,
For drie as wel the grete se
Thou mightist, as the harmis tell
Of all them, that with love ydwell,
In service, for peine them fleeth,
And that eche woulde fle the deeth,
And trowe thei should never escape,
Ne were that hope ycouth hem make
Glad, as a man in prison sete,
And maie not gettin for to ete
But Barlie bred, and watir pure,
And lieth in vermin and ordure,
With alle this yet can he live,
Gode hope such comfort hath him yve,
Whiche makith wene that he shal be
Reliefed and come to liberte;
In fortune is fully his trust,
Although he lie in strawe or dust,
In hope is al his sustaining,
So fare Lovirs in ther wening,
Whiche Love hath sette in his prison,
Gode hope is ther salvacoun,
Gode hope (how sore that thei smerte)
Yevith hem bothe will and herte
To offre ther bodie to martyre,
For Hope so fore dorth hem desire
To suffre eche harme that men devise,
For joye that afterwarde shal rise.

Hope in desire catche victory,
In hope of Love is al the glory,
For hope is all that Love maie yve,
Nere hope, there shoulde no lengir live;
Blessid be hope, whiche with desire
Avanceth lovirs in such manere.
Gode hope is curese for to plete,
To kepe Lovirs from all difete,
Hope kepeth his londe, and wolt abide
For any peril maie betide,
For hope to lovirs, as most chere,

Doth hem endurin all mischefe,
Hope is ther helpe whan mistir is;
And I shal yve The eke i-wis
Thre othir thinges, that grete solace
Doth to them that be in my lace.

2720 The first gode that maie be yfounde
To them that in my lace be bounde,
Is Swete thought, for to recorde
Thing wherwith thou canst accorde
Best in thine herte, whethir she be
Thinking in absence gode to The.
Whan any lovir doth complaine,
And livith in distresse, and paine,
Than Swete thought shal come as blive,
Awaie his angre for to drive;
2730 It maketh lovirs have remembraunce
Of comforte, and of highe plesaunce,
That hope hath hight him for to winne;
For thought anone than shal beginne,
As ferre God wot, as he can finde,
To make a mirroure of his minde,
For to beholde he wol not let,
Her person he shal fore him set,
Her laughing eyen persaunt and clere,
Her shape, her forme, her godely chere;
2740 Her mouthe, that is so gracious,
So swete, and eke so savirous,
Of al her fetirs shal take hede,
His eyen with al her limmis fede.

Thus Swete thinking shal aswage
The paine of lovirs, and ther rage;
Thy joye shal double without gesse,
Whan thou thinkest on her semelinese,
Or of her laughing, or her chere,
That to The made thy lady dere.
2750 This comforte wol I that thou take,
And if the nexte thou wolte forsake,
Which is not lesse savirous,
Thou shouldest not ben to daungirous.

THE second shal be swete speche,
That hath to many one be leche,
To bring hem out of wo and were,
And helpe many a bachilere,
And many a lady sent socour,
That hath ylovid Paramoure,
Thorough speking (whan thei might here)
Of ther lovirs to them so dere;
To me it voidith al ther smerte,
The whiche is closid in ther herte,
In hert it maketh hem glad and light,
Speche, whan thei mowe not havin sight.
And therefore nowe it cometh to minde,
In olden dawis, as I finde

That Clerkis writtin that her knewe,
There was a lady freshe of hewe,
Whiche of her love madin a song,
On him for to remembre among,
In which she said, whan that I here
Spekin of him, that is so dere
To me, it voidith alle smerte,
Iwis he sitteth so nere mine herte,
To speke of him at eve or morowe,
It curith me of al my sorowe,
To me is none so high plesaunce
As of his person daliaunce;
2780 She wist ful wel that Swete speking
Comfortith in ful moche thing,
Her love she had full well assaide,
Of him she was ful wel apaide,
To speke of him her joye was set.
Therefore I rede The that thou get
A felowe that can wel concele,
And kepe thy counsaile, and wel hele,

To whom go shewe wholly thine herte,
Both wele and woe, and joye and smerte,
To get comforte to him thou go,
And privily bitwene you two
Ye shal speke of that godely thing,
That hath thine hert in her keping,
Of her beaute and her semblance,
And of her godely countinaunce,
Of al thy state thou shalt him saie,
And aske him counsaile how thou maie
Do any thing that maie her please,
For it to The shal do gret ese,
That he maie wete thou trust him so
Both of thy wele and of thy wo,
And if his herte to love be sette,
His companie is moche the bette,
For Reson wol he shewe to The
Al uttirly his privitye,
And what she is he lovith so
To The plainly he shal undo,
Withoutin drede of any shame,
Both tel her renome and her name,
Than shall he forthir ferre and nere,
And namely to thy lady dete
In sikir wise, ye every other
Shal helpin as his owne brother,
In trouthe withoutin doublenesse,
And kepin close in sikinesse.
For it is noble thing in fay
To have a man thou darste say
Thy privy counsaile every dele,
For that woll comforte The right wele,
And thou shalt holde The wel apaid
Whan suche a frende thou hast assaid.

THE thirde gode of grette comfort,
That yevith lovirs most disport,
Comith of sight and beholding,
That is yclepid Swete-looking,
The whichè may none ese ydo
Whan thou art ferre thy lady fro,
Wherefore thou prese alway to be,
In place, where thou maist her se,
For it is thing most amorous,
Moste delitable and favours,
For to assuage a man's sorow,
To sene his lady by the morow;
For it is a ful noble thing,
Whan that thine eyin have meting
With that relike so precions,
Whereof thei be so desirous;
But al daie aftir forth it is
Thei have no drede to faren amis,
Thei dredin neithir winde ne raine
Ne non othir manir of paine;
For whan thine eyen were thus in blisse,
Yet of ther curtisie inwisse
Alone thei can not have othir joye,
But to the herte thei souvoye
Parte of ther blisse, to him thou sende
Of al this harme to make amende.

The eye is a gode messenger,
Which can to the hert in such manere,
Tidings sende, that he hath sene,
To voide him of his painis clene;
Wherof the hert rejoyseth so
That a grette partie of his wo
Is voided, and put away to flight,
Right as the derkenesse of the night
Is chased with clerenesse of the mone,
Right so is al his wo fulfild
Devoidid clene, whan that the sight
Beholdin may that freshe sight,
Whiche that the hert desirith so,

2860 That al his derkenesse is ago,
For than the herte is all at ese,
When thei sene that that maie hem please.
Now have I declared The al out
Of that thou were in drede and doute,
For I have tolde The faithfully
What The may curin uttirly,
And al Lovirs that wolle be
Faithful, and of stabilite;
2870 Gode hope alway kepe by thy side,
And swete thought make eke abide,
Swete Loking, and swete Speche,
Of al thine harmes thei shal be leche,
Of bale thou shalt have grette pleaseunce,
Yf thou canst bide in sustenance,
And servin wele without feintise,
Thou shalt be quite of thine emprise
With more guerdoun, if that thou live,
But al this time this I The yeve.

2880 **T**HE God of Love, whan al the day
He had taught me, as ye have herd say,
And enformid compendouly,
He vanisid al sodainly,
And I alone ylefte al sole,
So full of complaint and of drole,
For I sawe no man there me by;
My woundes me grevid wondirly,
Me for to cure nothing I knewe,
2890 Save the bothum so bright of hewe,
Wheron was sette wholly my thought,
Of othir comforte knewe I nought,
But it were through the God of Love,
I knew nat else to my behove,
That might me ese or comfort gette,
But if he would him entremette.

The Rosir was withoutin dout
Yclosid with an hedge without,
As ye to forne have herde me saie,
And fast I besied, and would saie
Have passid the hay, if I might
Have gettin in by any sleight
2900 To the bothum so faire to se,
But evir I dradde blamed to be,
Yf men would have suspicion,
That I would of entencion
Have stole the Rosir that there were,
Therefore to entre I was in fere;
But at the laste, as I bethought
Whethir I shulde passe or nought,

2910 I sawe come, with a gladdè chere,
To me a lusty Bachilere
Of gode stature and of gode height,
And Bialacoil forsoth he height,
Sonnè he was to Curtisie,
And he me grauntid ful gladlie
The passage of the artir hay,
And saide sir: how that ye may,
Passe, if that it your wille ybe
The freshe Rosir for to se,
2920 And ye the swete savour se
Your warrant I may be right wele,
So thou The kepin fro folie,
Shal no man do The yllanie,
Yf I maie helpin you in ought
I shall not faine, dredith right nought,
For I am bounde to your service
Fully devoide of all feintise
2930 Than unto Bialacoil saide I,
I thanke you for ful hartily,
And your behest I call at grete,
That ye so godely profir me,
To you it cometh of grette franchise
That ye me profir your service,

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Than aftir ful delivirly
Through the breris anonie went I,
Wherof encombrid was the haie,
I was well plesed, the sothe to saie,
To se the bothum, faire and sore,
So freshe ysprong out of the rote.

AND Bialacoil me servid wele,
Whan I so nigh me mightin fele
Of the bothum the swete odoure,
And so lusty hewed of coloure:
But than a chorle, foule him betide,
Beside the Rosis gan him hide,
To kepe the Rosis of that Rosefe,
Of whom the name was Daungere.
This chorle was hid there in the greves,
Ycovirid with grasse and leves,
To spie, and take whom that he fonde
Unto that Rosir put an honde.

He was not sole, for there was mo,
For with him werin othir two,
Of wickid manirs, and ill fame,
That one was clepid by his name
Wickid tonge, God yeve him sorowe,
For neithir at eve ne at morowe
He can of no man gode yspeke,
On many' a juste man doth he wreke.

There was a woman that eke hight
Shame, that who can rekin right,
Trespas ywas her fathir's name,
Her mothir Refon; thus was shame
Ybrought forth of these ilke two,
And yet had trespas nere adoe
With Refon, ne nere leie her by,
He was hidous and so ugly;
I mene this, that Trespas hight,
But Refon conceveth of a sight
That shame, of which I spake aforne,
And whan that Shame was thus yborne,
It was ordained, that Chastite
Should of the Rosir Lady be,
Whiche of the bothums more and las
With sondrie folke assailid was,
That she ne wiste what to doe,
For Venus her assailith so,
That night and daie fro her she stail
Bothoms and Rosis ovir all;
To Refon than praieth Chastite,
Whom Venus hath flemed ore the fe,
That she her doughtrir would her lene,
To kepe the Rosir freshe and grene.

Anon Refon to Chastite
Is fully assentid that it be,
And grauntid her, at her request;
That Shame, bicause she is honest,
Shall kepir of the Rosir be,
And thus to kepe it there were thre,
That none should hardie be ne bolde,
(Were he yongè, or were he olde)
Again her will awaie to bere
Bothoms ne Rosis, that there were.
I had well sped, had I nat ben
Awaitid with these thre and sene;
For Bialacoil, that was so faire,
So gracious and debonaire,
Quitte him to me ful curtilly,
And me to plesin baddie that I
Should drawe to the bothom nere,
Prese in to touchin the Rosefe,
Whiche bare the Rose, he yase me leve,
This graunt ne might but still greve;
And for he sawe it likid me
Right nigh the bothom pullid he
A lefe all grene, and yave me that,

The whiche full nigh the bothom sat;
I madin of that lefe full queint,
And whan I felt I was aquente
With Bialacoil and so prive,
I wende all my will had ybe,
Than wext I hardie for to tell
To Bialacoil how me befell
Of Love, that toke and woundid me,
And sayid sir, so mote I The,
I maie no joie have in no wise
Upon no side, but it arise
For sithè (if I shall not faine)
In herte I have had so grete paine,
So grete anoie, and soche affraie;
That I ne wotte what I shall saie,
I drede your wrothe to deserve,
Levir me were that knivis kerve
My bodie should in pecis small,
Than in any wise it should fall
That ye wrothid should ben with me.

Saie boldily thy will (quod he)
I n'll be wrothe, if that I maie,
For nought that thou shalt to me saie.

THAN saied I sir, not you displese
To knowin of my grete unese,
In whiche only Love hath me brought,
For painis grete, disese and thought
Fro daie to daie it doeth me drie,
Supposith not, sir, that I lie;
In me five woundis did he make,
The sore of whiche shall never flake,
But ye the bothom graunte me,
Whiche is most passaunt of beaute,
My life, my deth, and my martyre,
And tresour that I moste desire.

Than Bialacoil affrayid all
Sayid sir, it maie not befall,
That ye desire, it maie not rise,
What would ye shende me in this wise?
A mokill solè than I were,
If I suffrid you' awaie to bere
The freshe bothom, so faire of sight,
For it were neithir skill ne right
Of the Rosir ye broke the rinde,
Or take the Rose aforne his kinde,
Ye are not curteis to aske it,
Let it still on the Rosir sit,
Let it growe till it' amendid be,
And perfily come to beaute,
I n'olde not that it pullid were,
Fro the Rosir that doth it bere,
To me it is so lefe and dere.
With that anon stert out Daungere
Out of the place where he was hidde,
His malice in his chere was kidde;
Full grete he was and blacke of hewe,
Sturdie and hidous, who so' him knewe,
Like sharpe urchons his heere was growe,
His eyes red-sparking as fire glowe,
His nose frouncid full kirkid stode,
He come criande as he were wode,
And saied, Bialacoil tel me why
Thou bringist hi' so boldely
Him that so nigh to the Rosefe,
Thou worchist in a wrong manere,
He thinkith to dishonour The,
Thou art well worthy to have malgre,
To let him of the Rosefe Witte,
Who servith Fellone is ill quitte.

Thou wouldist have doon grete bounte,
And he with shame would quite The.
Flic hens felowe, I rede The go,
It wantith lite he wol The slo

For

For Bialacoil ne knewe The nought,
Whan The to serve he set his thought,
For thou wolt shame him if thou might,
Bothe again refon and 'gainst right,
I woll no more in The affie,
That comest so slightly for t' espie,
For it provith wondirly wele
Thy sleight and trefon every dele.

I durst no more make there abode,
For the chorle, he was so wode,
So gan he thretin and manace,
And through the haie he did me chace,
For fere of him I trembled and quoke,
So chorlishely his hedde he shoke,
And saied, if eft he might me take,
I shoud nat from his hondis scape.
Than Bialacoil is fled and mate,
And I all sole disconsolate
Was left alone in pain and thought,
Fro shame to deth I was nigh brought;
Than thought I on my high folie,
How that my bodie uttirlic
Was yeve to pain and to martire,
And therto had I so grete ire,
That I ne durst the hayis passe,
There was no hope, there was no grace,
I trowe nevir man wiste of pain
But he were laced in Lov's chain,
Ne no man wist (and soth it is)
But if he love, what angir is.

Love holdeth his heste to me right wele,
Whan pain (he sayid) I shoud fele,
No herte maie thinke, no tonge sain
A quartir of my wo and pain,
I might not with the angir last,
Mine herte in point was for to brast,
Whan I thought on the Rose, that so
Was thorough Daungir cast me fro;
A long while stode I in that state,
Till that me sawe so madde and mate
The Ladie of the high ward,
Whiche from her toure loked thi'ward.

Refon men clepin that Lady,
Whiche from her toure delivirly
Came doune to me withoutin more;
But she was neither yong ne hore,
Ne high, ne lowe, ne fatte, ne lene,
But best, as it were in a mene;
Her eyin two were clere and light
As a candill, that brennith bright,
And on her hedde she had a croune,
Her semid well and high persoune,
For round environ her crounet
Was full of riche stonis afret,
Her godely semblaunt by devise
I trowe was made in Paradise,
For nature had nevir soche grace
To forge a worke of soche compace,
For certain, but if the' lettir lie,
Grete God himself, that is so hie,
Formid her aftir his image,
And yafe her sithe soche avauntage,
That she hath might and seignorie
To kepe men from all folie,
Who so woll trowe wele her lore,
Ne maie offendin nevirmore.

And while I stode thus derke and pale
Refon began to me her tale,
She saied, al haile my swete frende,
Folie and childhod woll The shende,
Whiche The have put in grete affraie,
Thou hast bought dere the time of Maie,

That made thine herte merie to be,
In evill time thou wentest to se
The gardin, whereof Idilnesse
Ybare the keie and was maistresse,
Whan that thou yedist in the daunce
With her, and haddin acquaintaunce;
Her acquaintaunce is perillous,
First soft, and aftir full noious,
She hath The trashid without wene,
The God of Love had The nat sene,
Ne had Idilnesse The conveide
Within the verge, where Mirthe him pleide;
If Folie have surprisid The,
Doe so that it recovered be,
And be well ware to take no more
Counsaile, that grevith aftir sore,
He' is wise that woll himself chastise.

Though a yong man in any wise
Trespasse emong, and doe folie,
Let him nat dwelle, but hastilie
Let him amende what so be mis;
And eke I counsaile The i-wis
The God of Love wholly foryete,
That hath The in soche pain yfete,
And The in herte tourmentid so,
I can not sene how thou maiest go
Othir waies The to garisoun,
For daungere, that is so feloun,
Fellie purposeth The to werreie,
Whiche is full cruill, sothe to seie.

AND yet of Daungere cometh no blame,
In reward of my doughtir shame,
Whiche hath the Rosis in her warde,
As she that maie be no musarde,
And wickid tong is with these two,
That suffrith no man thi'ir go,
For er a thing be doe, he shall,
Where that he comith ovir all,
In fourtie placis, if' it be sought,
Saie thing that nere was don ne wrought,
So moche traifon is in his male,
Of falsenesse for to faine a tale.
Thou delest with angrie folke iwis,
Wherefore to The the bettir is
From these folkis awaie to fare,
For thei woll make The live in care;
This is the ill that love thei call,
Wherein there is but folie all,
For love is folie every dell,
Who loveth, in no wise maie doe well,
Ne set his thought on no gode werke,
His schole he leseth, if he be clerke,
Or othir craft, if that he be,
He shall not thrive therein, for he
In love shal have more passioun
Than Monke, or Hermite, or Chanoun.
This pain is herd out of mesure,
The joie maie no while endure,
And eke in the possession

Is mochil tribulacion,
The joie it is so short lasting,
And but in hape is the getting,
I se there many in travaile,
That at the last shall foully faile,
I was nothing thy counsailler,
Whan thou were made the homager
Of God of Love to hastily,
Where was no Wisedome, but Folie,
Thine harte was jolie, but not sage,
Whan thou were brought in soche a rage,
To yelde The up so redily
To Love of his grete maistiry.

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I rede

I Rede The Love awaie to drive
That maketh The reche not of thy live,
The Folie more fro daie to daie
Shall growe, but thou it put awaie,
Take with thy tethe the bridill faste
To daunt thy herte, and eke The caste,
If that thou maiest, to get defence
For to redresse thy first offence.
Who so his herte alwaie woll leve
Shall finde emong that shall him greve.

Whan I her herd thus me chastise,
I answerde in full angrie wise,
I prayid her cesse of her speche,
Eithir to chastise me or teche,
To biddè me my thought refrein,
Whiche Love hath caught in his demein:
What wenin ye Love woll consent
(That me assayith with bowe bent)
To drawe mine herte out of his honde,
Whiche is so quickly in his bonde?
That ye counsaile maie nevir be,
For whan he first arestid me,
He toke mine herte so sore him till,
That it is nothing at my will,
He taught it so him for to obeie,
That he it sparrid with a keie.
I praie you let me be all still,
For ye maie well, if that ye will,
Your wordis waste in idilnesse,
For uttirly, withoutin gesse,
All that ye saine is but in vain,
Me were levir die in the pain,
Than Love to meward should arette,
Falshe de or treson on me sette,
I woll me gettin pris or blame,
And Love true for to save my name,
Who me chastisith, I him hate.
With that worde Reson went her gate
Whan she sawe for no sermoning
She might me fro my folie bring.
Than dismayid I left all sole,
For werie, for-wandred as a sole,
For I ne knewe no cherifaunce.
Than fell into my remembraunce
How Love ybadde me to purveie
A felawe, to whom I might seie,
My counsaile and my privite,
For that should moche availin me.

With that bethought I me, that I
Yhad a felaw faste by,
True and sikir, curteis, and hende,
And he called was by name a frende,
A truer felawe was no where none.
In hast to him I went anothre,
And to him all my wo I told,
Fro him right nought I would withhold,
I tolde him all withoutin were,
And made my compleint on Daungere,
How for to seie he was hidous,
And to meward contrarious,
The whichè through his cruilte
Was in point to have meimid me,
With Bialacoil whan he me seie
Within the gardin walke and pleie,
Fro me he made him for to go,
And I be left alone in wo:
I durst no lengir with him speke,
For Daungir saied he would be wreke,
Whan that he sawe how that I went
The freshe bothom for to hent,
If I were hardie to come nere
Bitwene the haie and the Rosere.

This frende, whan he wist of my thought,
He discomfortid me right nought,

But saied felawe, be nat so madde,
Ne so abashid nor bestadde,
My selfe I knowe full well Daungere,
And how that he is fiers of chere,
At primè temps, Love to manace,
Full oft I have ben in his case,
A felon first though that he be,
Aftir thou shalt him souple se;
Of long passid I knewe him wele;
Ungodelie first though men him seie,
He woll meke aftre' in his bering
Ben, for service and obeiffing;
I shall The tell what thou shalt doe;
Mekely I rede thou go him to,
Of herte praie him specially
Of thy trespase to have mercie,
And hotin him well here to plesse,
That thou shalt ner more him displese;
Who can best serve of flatiry
Shall plesse Daungir most uttirly.

My frende hath saied to me so wele,
That he me esid hath somede le,
And eke allegged of my tourment,
For through him had I hardiment
Again to daungir for to go,
To preve if I might make him so.

TO Daungir cam I all ashamed,
The whichè asorne me had yblamed,
Desiring for t' apese my wo,
But ovir hedge durst I nat go,
For he forbode me the passage,
I founde him cruill in his rage,
And in his honde a grete bourdoun;
To him I knelid lowe adoun,
Full meke of port, and simple' of chere;
And saied sir, I am comin here
Onely to ask of you mercie,
It grevith me full gretily,
That evir I have wrathid you,
But for to' amende I am come now,
With all my might, bothe loude and still,
To doin right at your owne will,
For Love madin me for to do,
That I have trespassed hi' derto,
Fro whome I ne maie drawe mine herte,
Yet shall I nere for joie ne smerte
(What so befall me, gode or ill)
Offendin more again your will,
Levir I have endure disese
Than doe that whichè should you displese.

I You require, and praie that ye
Of me have mercie and pite,
To stint your ire that grevith so,
That I woll swere for evir mo
To be redressed at your liking,
If I trespase in any thing,
Save that (I praie The) grauntè me
A thing, that maie nat warnid be,
That I maie love all onily,
None othir thing of you aske I,
I shall doin all wele i-wis,
If of your grace you graunt me this,
And that ye maie nat lettin me,
For well wote ye that love is fre,
And I shall loven soche that I will,
Who evir like it well or ill,
And yet ne would I for all Fraunce
Doe thing to doe you displesaunce.

Than Daungir fill in his entent
For to foryeve his male talent,

But

But all his wrathe yet at the last
He hath relefed, I praied so fast,
Shortly (he sayid) thy request
Is nat to mokill dishonest,
Ne I woll nat wernin it The,
For yet nothing engrevith me;
For though thou love thus evirmore,
To me is neithir softe ne fore,
Love where The list, what rechith me?
So ferre thou fro my Rosis be,
Trust not on me for none assaie
In any time to passe the haie.

Thus hath he grauntid my praier.
Than went I forthe withoutin were
Unto my frende, and told him all,
Whiche was right joifull of my tale;
(He saied) now goeth well thine affaire,
He shall to The be debonaire,
Though he aforne was dispitous,
He shall hereaftir be gracious,
If he were touched on some gode vein,
He should yet rewin on thy pein,
Suffir, I rede, and no bofte make,
Till thou at gode mes maieft him take.

By suffraunce, and by wordis soft
A man maie ovircomin oft
Him, that aforne he had in drede,
In bokis sothly as I rede.
Thus hath my frende with grete comfort
Avauncid me with high disport,
Whiche would me gode as moche as I;
And than anon full sodainly
I toke my leve, and streight I went
Unto the haie, for grete talent
I had to sene the freshe bothom,
Wherin laie my salvacion,
And Daungir toke kepe, if that I,
Kepe him covinaunt truely,
So sore I drede his manasing,
I durst not brekin his bidding,
For lest that I were of him shent,
I brake not his commaundiment,
For to purchasin his gode will,
It was for to comin there till,
His mercie was to ferre behinde
Ykept, for I ne might it finde,
I complainid and fighid sore,
And languishid evir the more,
For I ne durst nat ovir go
Unto the Rose I lovid so,
Throughout my deming uttirly
That he had knowlege certainly:
Than Love me ladde in sochẽ wife,
That in me there was no feintise,
Ne falsshedde, ne no trecherie,
And yet he full of villanie,
And of disdaine, and cruilte,
On me ne would have no pite,
His cruill will for to refrain,
Tho I wept aie, and me complain.

AND while I was in this turment
Were come of grace, by God ysent
Dame Fraunchise, and with her Pite
Fulfilde the bothom of bounte;
Thei go to Daungir anon right
To ferthir me with all ther might,
And helpe me, in worde and in dede,
For well thei sawe that it was nede.
First of her gracẽ dame Fraunchise
Ytaken hath of this emprise,
She saied, Daungir, grete wrong ye doe
To worche this man so mochil woe,
Or pinin him so angirlic,

3440 It is to you grete villanie,
I can not se, ne why ne how
That he hath trespassed again you,
Save that he loveth, wherefore ye shold
The more in charite' of him hold,
The force of love maketh him doe this,
Who would him blame he did amis,
He levith more than he maie doe,

3450 His pain is harde, ye maie se, lo!
And Love in no wife would consent
That he have powir to repent,
For though that quicke ye would him slo,
Fro Love his herte ne maie nat go.

Now swete sir, it is your ese
Him for to angir or disese,
Alas! what maie it you avaunce
To doen to him so grete grevaunce?
What worship is' it again him take,
Or on your man a werre make,

3460 Sithe he so lowlie every wife
Is redy, as ye luste devise?
If Love have caught him in his lace
You for t' obaie in every cace,
And ben your subject at your will,
Should ye therfore willin him ill?
Ye should him sparin more all out
Than him that is bothe proude and stout,
Curtisie would that ye succoure
Them, that ben meke undir your cure,

3470 *His herte is hard, that woll not meke,
Whan men of mekenesse him beseke.*

THIS is certain, sayid Pite,
We se oft that Humilite,
Bothe ire, and also felonie
Venquish'eth, and also' melancolie,
To stondin forthe in soche dureffe
This cruilte and wickidnelie;
Wherefore I praie you, sir Daungere,

3480 For to maintein no lengir here
Soche cruill werre again your man,
As wholly your's, as er he can,
Nor that ye worchin no more wo
On this caitife languishing so,
Whiche woll no more to you trespase,
But put him wholly in your grace;
And his offence ne was but lite,
The God of love it was to wite,
That he your thrall so gretely is,

3490 If ye him harme, ye doen amis,
For he hath had full hard penaunce,
Sith that ye reft him th' aquaintaunce
Of Bialacoil, his moste joie,
Whiche all his painis might acioie,
He was before anoyid sore,
But than ye doublid him well more,
For he of blisse hath ben full bare,
Sith Bialacoil was fro him fare;
Love hath to him done grete distresse,

3500 He hath no nede of more dureffe,
Voidith from him your ire, I rede,
Ye maie not winnin in this dede,

3510 Maketh Bialacoil repaire again,
And havith pite on his pain,
For Fraunchise woll, and I Pite,
That mercifull to him ye be,
And sithe that she and I accorde;
Have upon him misericorde,
For I you praie, and eke moneste,
Nought to refusin our requeste,

3520 For he is hard, and fell of thought,
That for us two woll doe right nought.
Daungir ne might no more endure,
He mekid him unto mesure.

I woll

I woll in no wife, saieth Daungere,
Denie that ye have askid here,
It wete to grete uncurtisie,
I woll ye have the companie
Of Bialacoil, as ye devise,
I woll him lett n in no wife.
To Bialacoil than went in hie,
Fraunchise, and saied full curtisie,
Ye have to long yben deignous
Unto this lovir, and daunge'rous,
Fro him to withdrawe your presence,
Whiche hath doe to him grete offence,
That ye not would upon him se,
Wherefore a so'rowfull man is he,
Shape ye to paie him, and to plesse,
Of my love if ye woll have ese,
Fulfill his will, sith that ye knowe
Daungir is dauntid and brought lowe,
Through helpe of me and of Pite,
You dare no more aferde to be.

I shall doin right as ye will,
Saieth Bialacoil, for it is skill,
Sith daungir woll that it so be;
Than Fraunchise hath him sent to me.

Bialacoil at the beginning
Saluid me in his comming,
No straungenessse was in him sene,
No more than he ne' had wrathid ben,
As faire semblaunt than shewed he me,
And godely, as aforne did he,
And by the honde withoutin doubt
Within the haie right all about
He lad me with a right gode chere,
All environ on the vergere
That daungere had me chasid fro.
Now have I leve ovre' all to go,
Now am I raised at my devise
Fro hell up unto Paradise.
Thus Bialacoil of gentilnesse
With all his pain and businesse
Hath shewid me onely of grace
The eftirs of the sote place.

I sawe the Rose, whan I was nigh,
Was gretir woxin, and more high,
Freshe, and roddy, and faire of hewe,
Of colour evir iliche newe.
And whan I had it longe sene,
I sawe that through the levis grene
The Rose spred to spannishing,
To sene it was a godely thing,
But it ne was so sprede on brede
That men within might knowe the sede,
For it covert ywas and close
Bothe with the leves and with the Rose,
The stalke was even' and grene upright,
It was thereon a godely sight,
And well the bettir without wene
For that the sede was not ysene,
Full faire it sprad the God of blesse,
For soche an othir, as I gesse,
Aforne ne was, ne more vermaile;
I was abawid for marveile,
For er the fairir that it was,
The more I am boundin in love's laas.
Long I abode there, sothe to saie,
Till Bialacoil I gan to praie,
Whan that I sawe him in no wife
To me to warnin his service,
That he to me would graunt a thing,
Whiche to remembre' is well siting,
This is to saine, that of his grace
He would me yewe leisar and space,

To me that was so desirous
To have a kissing precious
Of the so godely freshe Rose
That so swetely smelleth in my nose,
For if it you displeid nought,
I woll gladly, as I have sought,
Havin a kisse thereof frely
Of your yeste, for certainly
I woll none have, but by your leve,
So lothe me were you for to greve.

HE sayid, frende so God me spede,
Of Chastite I have soche drede,
Thou shouldest not warnid be for me,
But I dare not for Chastite,
Again her dare I not misdooe,
For alwaie biddith she me so,
To yeve no lovir leve to kisse,
For who thereto may winnen i-wisse,
He of the surplus of the praie
May live in hope to get some daie,
For who so kissing maie attain,
Of Lov's pain hath (soth to sain)
The best and the mooste avinaunt,
And ernest of the reminaunt.

Of his answer I sighid fore,
I durst assaie him tho no more,
I had suche drede to greve him aie;
A man should not to mucche assaie,
To chafe his frende out of mesure,
Nor put his life in avinture;
For no man at the firste stroke
Ne may not fel adoune an oke,
Nor of the reifins have the wine,
Till grapes be ripe and wel a-fine,
Be fore empresse, I you ensure,
And drawin out of the presure:
But I forpeinid wondir strong,
Thoughte that I abode right long
Aftir the kisse, in paine and wo,
Sith I to kisse desirid so;
Till that rewing on my distresse
There comin Venus the goddesse,
(Whiche aie werryith Chastite)
Came of her grace to socour me,
Whose might is knowin ferre and wide,
For she is mothir of Cupide
The God of Love, as blinde as stone,
That helpith lovirs many one.
This lady brought in her right honde
Of brenning fire a blasing bronde,
Whereof the flame and hotte fire
Hath many' a Lady in desire
Of Love ybrought, and sore yhette,
And in her service her herte sette.
This Lady was of gode entaile,
Right wondirful of appaile,
By her atire so bright and shene
Men might percevin well and sene
She was not of Religioun,
Nor I n'il makin mencioune,
Nor of her robe, nor of tresour,
Of broche, ne of her riche attour,
Ne of her girdle' about her side,
For that I n'il not long abide,
But knowith well, that certainly
She was arrayid richily,
Devoide of pride certaine she was.
To Bialacoil she went a paas,
And to him shortely in a clause
She sayid, sir: what is the cause
Ye ben of porte so daungirous
Unto this lovir, and dainous,

To

To graunt him nothing but a kisse,
To warne it him ye done amisse,
Sithe well ye wotin how that he
Is Love's servaunt, as ye may se,
And hath beaute, wher through he is
Worthy of Love to have the blis,
How he' is semely, beholde and se,
How he is faire, how he is fre,
How he is sote, and debonaire,
Of age yonge, lusty, and faire,
There is no Lady so hauteine,
Duchesse, Countesse, ne Chastelaine;
That I n'olde holde her ungodely
For to refuse him uttirly.

His brethe is also gode and swete,
And his lippes roddy, are thei mete
Only to plaine, and not to kisse?
Graunt him a kisse of gentilnesse.

His teth arne also white and clene,
Me thinkith wrong withoutin wene
If ye now warne him, trustith me,
To graunte that a kisse have he,
The lasse ye helpe him that ye haste,
And the more tyme shul ye waste.

Whan the flame of the very bronde,
That Venus brought in her right honde,
Had Bialacoil with his hete smete,
Anone he bade me without lete,
And grauntid me the Rose to kisse,
Than of my paine I ganne to lisse,
And to the Rose anon went I,
And kistid it ful faithfully;
Nede no man aske, if I was blith,
Whan the savour so softe and lich
Stroke to mine hert withoutin more,
And me alleggid of my fore,
So was I ful of joye and blisse,
It is faire suche a floure to kisse,
It was so sote and savourous
I might not be so anguissous,
That I mote glad and joly be,
Whan that I do remembre me,
Yet evre' among (sothly to faine)
I suffre noie and mochil paine.

THE se may never be so still,
But with a litill winde at will
May overhelme and tourne also,
As it were wode in wawis go,
Aftir the calme the trouble lone
Mote folow, and chaunge as the mone.

Right so fareth Love, that selde in one
Holdeth his ancre, for right anone,
Whan thei in ese wene best to live,
They ben with tempest all fordrive.
Who servith Love, can tel of wo,
The stoundmele joye mote ovirgo,
Now he hurtith, and now he cureth,
For selde in o pointe Love endureth.

Now is it right me to procede,
How Shame gan medle and take hede,
Through whom fel angirs I have hade,
And how the stronge wall was made,
And the Castill of brede and length,
That God of Love wan with his strength,
Al this in Romance will I set,
And for no thing ne will I let,
So that it liking to her be,
That is the floure of all beaute,
For she may best my labour quite,
That I for her Love shal endite.

Wickid tonge, whiche that the covine
Of every Lovir can devine

3730 Worste, and aie addith more somdele,
(For wickid tonge faith never wele)
To mewarde bare he right gret hate,
Espying me erly and late,
Til he hath sene the grette chere
Of Bialacoil and me ifere,
He ne might not his tonge withstonde
Worse to reportin than he fonde,
He was so ful of curfid rage;
3810 It sat him wele of his linage,

3740 For him an Irishe woman bare,
His tonge was filid sharpe and square;
And right poignaut, and right kerving,
And wondir bittir in speking;
For whan that he me gan espie,
He swore (affirming sikirly)
Bitwene Bialacoil and me
Was ill aquaintaunce and prive.
He spake therof so folilie,
3820 That he awakid Jelousie,

3750 Whiche all affraied in his rising,
Whan that he herdè the jangling;
He ran anon as he were wode
To Bialacoil there that he stode,
Whiche had levir in this caas
Have ben at Reines or Amias,
For fote-hote in his felonie
To him thus saidè Jelousie:

3760 "Why hast thou ben so negligent
"To kepin, whan I was absent,
3830 "This vergir here leste in thy warde!
"To me thou haddist no regarde,
"To trust (to thy confusion)
"Him thus, to whom suspicion
"I have right grete, for it is nede,
"It is well shewid by the dede;
"Grete faute in The now have I founde;
"By God anon thou shalt be bounde,
"And faste lockin in a Toure,
3840 "Withoutin refuite or socoure.

3770 "**F**OR shame to long hath be The fro,
"Ovir sonè she was ago,
"Whan thou hast lost both drede and fere,
"It semid well she was not here;
"For she was besy in no wise
"To kepin The and to chastice,
"And for to helpin Chastite,
"To kepe the Rosir, as thinketh me;
"For than this boie knave so boldly
3850 "Ne shouldè nat have be hardy,
"Ne in this vergir had suche game,
3780 "Which now me tournith to grete shame.

Bialacoil n'is what to saie,
Ful faine he would have fled awaie,
For fere have hyid, n'ere that he
All sodainly toke him with me;
And whan I sawe that he had so,
This Jelousie, takin us two,
I was astoned, and knewe no rede;
But fledde away for very drede.
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3790 Than Shame came forth ful simply,
She wende have trespaced ful gretely,
Humble' of her porte, and made it simple,
Wering a vaile in stede of wimple,
As Nonnis done in ther Abbey,
Bicause her hert was in affray,
She gan to speke within a throwe
To Jelousie, right wondir lowe.

3800 First of his grace she him besought,
And sayid, sir, ne levith nought
Q q q 3870 Wickid

Wickid tongè, that false espie,
Which is so glad to faine and lie,
He hath you made through flatering,
On Bialacoil a false lesing,
His falsnesse is not now a newe,
It is to longe that he him knewe,
This ne is not the frste daie,
For wickid tonge hath custome aie
The yongè folkis to bewrie,
And false lesingis on 'hem lie.

Yet nere-thelesse I se among
That the soigné it is so long
Of Bialacoil, hertis to lute
In Lov's servise for to endure,
Ydrawing suchè folke him to
That he hath nothing with to do,
But in sothnesse I trowe nought
That Bialacoil had er in thought
To do trespase or vilanie,
But for his mothir Curtisie
Hath taught him evir for to be
Gode of aqueintaunce and prive,
For he lovith none hevinesse,
But mirth and play, and all gladnesse,
He hatith eke allè trechours,
And soleine folke and envious,
For ye wele wetin how that he
Wol evir glad and joyful be
Honestly with folke to pley;
I have be negligent in fey
To chastise him, therefore now I
Of herte ycrie you here mercy,
That I have ben so rechiles
To tamin him, withoutin lees,
Of my foly I me repent,
Now wol I whole set mine entent
To kepin bothè low and still
Bialacoil, to do your will.

O Shame, O Shame, faide Jelousie,
To be bitrashed grete drede have I,
Lecherie hath yclombe so hie;
That almost blerid is mine eie;
No wondir is, if drede have I,
Ovir al reignith Lechery,
Whose might ygrowith night and dey,
Both in Cloistre and in Abbey,
Chastite' is werried ovir all;
Therefore I woll with sikir wall
Close both the Rosis and Rosere,
I have to long in this manere
Leste 'hem unclofid wilfully,
Wherfore I am right inwardly
Sorrowfull, and repentè me,
But now thei shall no lengir be
Unclofid, and yet I drede fore
I shall repentè ferthirmore,
For the game goith all amis
Counsaile I mustè newe i-wis,
I have to long ytrustid The,
But now it shal no lengir be,
For he may best in every coste
Decevin, that men trustin moste;
I se well that I am nigh shent,
But if I set my full entent
Some remedie for to purveie,
Wherfore closin I shall the wey
From them that woll the Rose espie,
And come to waite me vilonie,
For now in gode faith and in trouth,
I wol not lettin for no flouth
To live the more in sikirnesse;
Do make anon a fortirese,
Than close the Rosis of gode favour,

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In middis shal I make a tour,
To put Bialacoil in prison,
For evir I drede me of trefon,
I trow I shal him kepe so,
That he shal have no might to go
About to makin compaignie
To them that thinke of vilanie,
Ne to no suche as hath ben here
Aforne, and founde in him gode chere,
Whiche han assailid him to shende,
And with ther trowandise to blende;
A fole is eith to begile,
But may I live a litil while,
He shal forthinke his faire semblaunt.

And with that worde came Drede avaunt,
Whiche was abashed, and in grete fere,
Whan he wist Jelousie was there,
He was for drede in fache affray,
That not a wordè darste he say,
But quaking stode ful still alone,
(Til Jelousie his way was gone)
Save Shame, that him not forsoke,
Both Drede and she ful sore quoke,
That at the lastè Drede abraide
And to his Cosin Shame saide.

Shame (he said) in forthfastnesse
To me it is gret hevinesse.

That the noise is so fette ygo,
And eke the sclaudir of us two,
But sithin that it is besall,
We maie it not againe call,
Whan onis sprongin is a fame;
For many' a yere withoutin blame
We have ben, and many a day,
For many' an Aprill, many a May
We han ypassid nothing shamed,
Til Jelousie hath us yblamed,
Of mistrust and suspicion
Causèlesse, without encheson;
Go we to Daungir hastily,
And let us shewe him opinly
That he hath not aright ywrought,
Whan that he settè not his thought
To kepin bettir the purprise,
In his doing he is not wise,
He hath to us do grete wrong,
That hath suffrid now so long
Bialacoil to have his will,
Allè his lustis to fulfill,
He must amende it uttirly,
Or els shal he villainously
Exilid be out of this londe,
For he the werre maie not withstonde
Of Jelousie, nor bere the grese,
Sithè Bialacoil is at mischese.

TO Daungir Shame and Drede anon
The rightè way ben both ygon,
The chorle thei foundin 'hem aforne
Ligging undir an hawethorne,
Undir his hed no pilowe was,
But in the stede a trusse of gras,
He slombrid, and a knappe he toke,
Til Shame pitoufly him shoke,
And grete manace on him gan make.

Why slepiest thou, whan thou should wake?
(Qd Shame) thou doest us vilanie,
Who trustith The, he doth folie,
To kepe rosis or bothoms,
Whan thei ben faire in ther scions;
Thou arte woxe to familiere,
Wher thou should be strannge of chere,

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Stoute

Stoute of thy porte, redy to greve,
Thou doest gret folie for to leve
Bialacoil here inne to call
The yongir man, to shenden us all,
Though that thou slepe, we mowin here
Of Jelousie grete noise here;
Art thou now late, rise up at hie,
And stoppe sone and delivirly
Alle the gappis of the hay,
Do no favour, I do The pray,
It fallith nothing to thy hame
To make fayre semblant where thou mayste blame.

IF Bialacoil be swete and fre,
Doggid and fel thou shouldest be,
Froward and outrageous i-wis,
A chorle chaungith that curteis is,
This have I herde oft in saying
That man ne maie for no daunting
Make a sperhauke of a bolarde,
Al men wol hold The for musarde,
That debonaire have foundin The,
It sitteth The notight curteis to be,
To do men plesaunce or servise
In The it is recreaundise,
Let thy werkis ferre and nere
Be like thy name, whiche is Daungere.

Than al abashid in shewing
Anon spake Drede, right thus saying,
And sayid, Daungir I drede me
That thou ne wolte bely be
To kepin that thou hast to kepe,
Whan thou shouldest wake, thou art a-slepe,
Thou shalt be grevid certainly,
If The aspyin Jelousie,
Or if he finde The in blame;
He hath to day assailid Shame,
And chased away, with grete manace
Bialacoil out of this place,
And swerith shortly that he shall
Enclose him in a sturdy wall,
And al is for thy wickidnesse,
For that The failith straungenesse,
Thine hert I trowe be failid all,
Thou shalt repent in speciall,
If Jelousie the sothe knewe,
Thou shalt forthinke, and fore rewe,

With that the chorle his chubbe gan shake,
Frowning his eyin gan to make,
And hidous chere, as man in rage,
For yre he brent in his visage,
Whan that he herde him blamid so,
He said, out of my witte I go,
To be discomfite I have grete wrong,
Certis I have now lived to long,
Sith I may not this clofir kepe,
Al quicke I would be dolvin depe,
Yf any man shal more repayre
To this gardin for foule or fayre,
Mine hert for ire goith a-fore
That I let any entre here,
I have do foly now I se,
But now it shal amendid be,
Who settith fote here any more
Truly he shall repent it fore,
For no man more into this place
Of me to entre shall have grace,
Levir I had with swerdis twaine
Throughout mine hert, in every vaine,
Percid to be, with many a wounde,
Than slouth should in me be founde
From hennisforth by night or day,
I shall defende it if I may,

Withoutin any exception
Of eche manir condicion,
And if I it any man graunte,
There holdith me for recreaunte.

THan Daungir on his fete gan stonde,
And hent a burdon in his honde,
Wrothe in his ire ne left he nought,
But through the vergir he hath sought
If he might findin hole or trace,
Where through that he mote forth by pace,
Or any gappe, he did it close,
That no man might touchin a Rose
Of the Rosir alle about,
He shittith every man without.

Thus day by day Daungir is wers,
More wondirfull and more divers,
And fellir eke, than evre he was,
For him ful oft I singe alas,
For I ne may nought, through his ire,
Recovir that I moste desire,
Miht hert alas! wol brete a-two
For Bialacoil I wrathid so;
For certainly in every membre

I quake, whan that I me remembre
Of the bothom, whiche that I wolde
Ful oft a day sene and beholde;
And whan I thinke upon the kisse,
And how much jole, and how much blisse
I haddè through the savour swete,
For want of it I grieve and grete,
Me thinketh I fele yet in my nose
The sote savour of the Rose,
And now I wote that I mote go
So ferre the freshe flouris fro,

To me ful welcome were the deth,
Absence therof (alas!) me slethe,
For whilom with this Rose, alas!
I touchid nose, and mouthe, and face,
But now the deth I must abide,
But Love consent an othir tide,
That onis I touche maie and kisse,
I trow my paine shal never lisse
Theron is all my covetise,

Whiche brent my hert in many wise:
Now shal repaire againe sighing,
Long wathe on nightes, and no sleeping,
Thought in wishing, turment, and wo,
With many a tourning to and fro,
That halfe my paine I cannot tell,
For I am fallin into hell
From paradise and welthe, the more
My turment grevith more, and more,
Anoyith now the bittirnesse,
That I to forne have felte swetnesse,
And wickid tonge, throughe his falsheede,
Ycausith all my wo and drede,
On me he lieth a pitous charge,
Bicause his tonge was to large.

Now is it time shortly that I
Tel you somthing of Jelousy,
That was in grete suspeccion;
About him leste he no mason,
That stonè could laie, ne no quertour,
He hirid hem to make a tour;
And first the Rosir for to kepe
About hem made he a dicke depe,
Right wondir large, and also brode,
Upon the whiche also stode,
Of squarid stonè, a sturdy wall,
Whiche on a cragge was foundid all,
And right grete thicknesse, eke it bare,
About it was yfoundid square

An

An hundrid fa'ome' on every side,
It was alliche both long and wide,
Lest any time it were assailed,
Ful wel about it was batailed,
And rounde environ eke were set
Ful many' a riche and faire tournet,
At every cornir of this wall
Was set a tour ful principall,
And everiche had without fable
A portcolise defensible,
To kepe of en'emies, and to greve
That there ther force would ypreve.

And eke amidde this purprise
Was made a tour of grete maistrise,
A fairir saugh no man with sight,
Large and wide, and of grete might,
Thei draddè nought none assaut,
Of ginn, or gonn, nor of skaffaut,
The tempereure of the mortere
Was made of lycoure wondir dere,
Of quicklime persaut and egre,
Which temprid was with vinegre.

The stone was harde of Adamaunt,
Wherof thei made the foundemaunt,
The tour was rounde made in compas,
In al this world no richir was,
Ne bettir ordained therewithall;
About the tour was made a wall,
So that betwixt that and the toure
Rosis were set of swete savoure,
With many Rosis that thei bere;
And eke within the castil were
Springoldis, Gones, Bowes, and Archers,
And eke about at the corners
Men seinin ovir the wall stonde
Gret engins, which ywere nere honde,
And in the kernils here and there
Of arblastirs grete plentie were,
None armour mighte ther stroke withstonde,
It were foly to prese to honde;
Without the diche were listis made
With wal batailid large and drade,
For men and horse should not attaine
To nigh the diche ovir the plaine;
Thus Jelosie hath environ
Yfette about his garnison
With wallis rounde, and dichè depe,
Onely the Rosir for to kepe,
And Daungir bothe erly and late
The keyes kept of the uttir gate,
The whiche opened towarde the est,
And he had with him at the lest
Thurty servautes echone by name.

That othir gate was kept by Shame,
Whiche opinid, as it was couthe,
Towardis the parte of the Southe,
Sergeautes assignid were her to
Full many, her will for to do.
Than dredè had in her baillie
The keping of the constable'rie
Towarde the North I understonde,
That opened upon the leste honde,
The whiche for nothing may be sure
But if she do her besy cure
Erly on mor'we', and also late
Strongly to shette and barre the gate;
Of every thing that she may se
Drede is aferde, where so she be,
For with a pufte of litill winde
Drede is astonied in her minde,
Therefore for steling of the Rose
I rede her nat the yate unclofe,
A foul'is flight would make her fle,
And eke a shadowe, if she' it se.

4160 **T**Han wickid tonge full of Envy,
With soudiers of Normandy,
As he that causith all debate,
Was kepir of the fourthè gate,
And also to the tothir thre
He went ful oftè, for to se,
Whan his lotte was to walke a night,
His instrumentis would be dight,
2240 For to blowin and makin soun
Oftir than he hath enchesoun,
4170 And walkin oft upon the wall,
Cornirs and wickittes ovir all
Ful narowe serchin and espie,
Though he nought fonde, yet would he lie,
Discordaunt er fro armonie,
And dissonid fro melodie,
Controve he would, and foulè faile,
2250 With hornpipis of Cornèwaile
In floitis made he discordaunce,
And in his musike with mischaunce
4180 He wouldè seine with notis newe,
That he ne fonde no woman trewe,
Ne that he sawe nere in his life
Unto her husbonde a trewe wife,
Ne none so ful of honeste,
That she n'il laugh and mery be,
Whan that she hereth or may espie
4260 A man spekin of Lecherie,
Everiche of 'hem hath some vice,
One is dishonest, tothir nice,
4190 Yf one be ful of vilanie,
An othir hath a lico'rous eie,
If one be ful of wantonesse,
An othir is a chidireffe.

Thus wickid tonge, God yeve him shame,
Can put 'hem everichone in blame,
Without desert and causileffe,
4270 He lieth, though thei ben gultileffe,
I have pity to sene the sorowe
4200 That wakith bothe evin and morowe,
To innocentes doth suche grevaunce,
I pray God yeve him evil chaunce,
That he evir so besy is
Of any woman to' seine amis.
Eke Jelousie may God confounde,
That hath makid a toure so rounde,
And made about a garison,
4380 To sette Bialacoil in prison,
The whiche is shette there in the tour,
4210 Ful long to holdè ther sojour,
There for to livin in penaunce,
And for to do him more grevaunce,
Whiche hath ordainid Jelousie,
An oldè vecke for to espie
The manir of his governaunce,
The whiche Devil in her insaunce
Had lernid all of lov'is arte,
4290 And of his pleyis toke her parte,
She was expert in his servise,
4220 She knewe eche wrenche and every gife
Of Love, and every secreet wile,
It was right harde her to begile.

Of Bialacoil she toke aie hede,
That er he liveth in wo and drede,
He kepte him coye and eke prive,
Lest that in him she haddè se
Any lite foly countinaunce,
4300 For she knew all the oldè daunce.
And after this, whan Jelousie
4230 Had Bialacoil in his Baillie,
And shette him up, that was so fre,
For sure of him he would ybe,

He trustith fore in his castell,
The stronge werke him likith well,
He draddè nat that no glotons
Should stele his Rosis or bethoms;
The Rosis weren assurid all,
Defencid with the stronge wall,
Now Jelousie full well may be
Of drede devoide in liberte,
Whether that he or slepe or wake
Of his Rosis may none be take.

BUT I (alas) now mornè shall
Bicause I was without the wall,
Ful mochil dole and mone I made,
Who so had wist what wo I had,
I trowe he would have had pite,
Love all to dere had foldè me,
The gode that of his love had I,
I went about it al queintly,
But nowe through dubling of my paine
I fe he woll it sell again,
And me a newè bargain lere,
The whiche all out the more is dere,
For the solace that I have lorne,
Than I had it nevèr aforne;
Certain I am full like in dede
To him that caste in yerth his fede,
And hath joie of the newe springing,
Whan it grenith in the ginning,
And is so faire and freshe of floure,
Lustie to sene, sote of odoure,
But er he it in shevis shere,
Maie fall wethir that shall it dere,
And makin it to fade and fall
The stalke, the greine, and flouris all
That to the tiller is fordoen
The hope he had conceved to sone,
I drede certaine that so fare I,
For hope and travaile sikirly
Ben me birafte all with a storme,
The floure n'ill sedin of my corne,
For Love hath so avauncid me,
Whan I began my privite
To Bialacoil all for to tell,
Whom I ne founde froward ne fell,
But toke agre all whole my plaie,
But Love is of so harde affaie,
That all at ones he revid me,
Whan I wened best above to have be;
It is of Love, as of fortune,
That chaungith oft, and n'ill contune,
Whiche whilom will on folke smile,
And glombe on 'hem an othir while,
Now frende, now foe, thou shalt her fele,
For a twincing tournith her whele.
She can writhin her hedde awaie,
This is the concourse of her plaie,
She can areise that doith mourne,
And whirle adoune and ovirtourne
Who sittith hiest, but as her lust,
A sole is he that woll her trust,
For it is I that am come doune
Through charge and revolucioun,
Sithe Bialacoil mote fro me twin,
Shette in her prison yonde within,
His absence at mine herte I fele,
For all my joie and all mine hele
Ywas in him, and in the Rose,
That but you woll, whiche him doeth close,
Opin, that so I maie him fe,
Love woll not that I curid be
Of the painis that I endure,
Nor of my cruill avinture.

AH! Bialacoil mine own dère,
Though thou be now a prisonere,
Kepith at lest thine herte to mè,
Suffir not that it dauntid be,
Ne let not jelousie in his rage
Puttin thine herte in no servage,
Although he chastice The without;
And make thy bodie to him lout,
Have herte as harde as Diamoant,
Stedfast, and stout, and naught pliaunt,
In prison though thy bodie be,
At large kepe thine herte fre,
A trewe hert ne will not plie,
For no manace that it maie drie.
If Jelousie doith The pain,
Quite him his will thus again,
To venge The at lest in thought,
If othir waie thou mayist nought,
And in this wise full subtilie,
Worchin, and winne the maistiry.
But yet I am in grete affraie
Lest thou sholdest nat doe as I saie,
I drede thou canst me grete maugre,
That thou enprisoned art for me,
But yet right nought for my trespas,
For through me nere discovered was
Yet thing, that ought to be secre,
Well more annoie is in me
Than is in The of this mischaunce,
For I endure more hard penaunce
Than any man can saie or thinke,
That for the sorowe almoste I sinke,
Whan I remembir me of my wo,
Full nigh out of my witte I go.
Inward mine herte I felè blede,
For comfortlesse the deth I drede;
Owe I nat well to have distresse,
Whan false, through ther wickidnesse,
And traitours, that arne envious
To noien me, be so coragious.
Ah! Bialacoil full well I fe,
That thei 'hem shape to deceve The,
To make The buxum to ther lawe,
And with ther cordè The to drawe,
Where so 'hem lust, right at ther will;
I drede thei have The brought there till,
Withoutin comfort, thought me slaeth,
This game would bring me to my deth,
For if that I your gode will lese,
I mote be dedde, I maie not chese,
And if that thou foryetè me,
Mine herte shall nere in liking be,
Nor elliswhere findin solace,
If I be put out of your grace,
As it shall nevèr ben I hope,
Than shuldin I fall in wanhope.
Alas, in wanhope! naie parde,
For I woll nere dispeirid be,
If hope me faile, than alle am I
Ungracious and unworthy,
In hope I woll comfortid be,
For Love, whan he betaught her me,
Sayid, that Hope where so I go,
Should aie be relese to my wo.
But what and she my balis bete,
And be to me curteis and swete,
She is in nothing full certain,
Lovirs she put in full grete pain,
And makith 'hem with wo to dele,
Her faire behestè decevith fele,
For she woll behote sikirly,
And failin astir uttirly.
Ah! that is a full noious thing,
For many a lovir in loving
R r r

Hangeth upon her, and trustith fast,
Whiche lese ther travaile at the last.

Of thing to comme she wote right nought,
Therefore if it be wisely sought,
Her counsaile Folie is to take,
For many times, whan she woll make
A full gode syllogisme, I drede
That aftirwarde there shall in dede
Folowe an ill conclusion,
This put me in confusion,
For many times I have it sene
That many have begilid bene
For trust that thei have set in hope,
Whiche fell hem aftirward a-slope.

BUT nath'les yet gladly she wold,
That he that woll him with her hold
Had all timis her purpose clere,
Withoutin deceipt any where,
That she desirith sikirly,
Whan I her blamed I did folly.
But what availith her gode will,
Whan she ne maie staunche my ffound ill?
That helpith lite that she maie doe,
Out take beheste unto my wo,
And heste certain in no wise
Without ifete is not to preise.

Whan heste and dede a sondir vary,
The doin a grete contrary;
Thus am I possid up and doune
With dole, thought, and confusioun,
Of my disese there is no nomber,
Daungir and Shame me encomber,
Drede also, and Jelosie,
And wickid Tong full of envie,
Of whiche the sharpe and cruill ire
Full oft me put in grete martire,
Thei have my joie fully let,
Sith Bialacoil thei have beset
Fro me in prison wickidly,
Whom I love so entierly,
That it wolle my banè be,
But I the sonir maie him se.

And yet moreovir worst of all
There' is set to kepe, soule her befall,
A rimplid vecke ferre ronne in age,
Frowning and yel'we' in her visage,
Whiche in awaite lieth daie and night,
That none of him maie have a sight.

NOW mote my sorowe enforced be,
Full sothe it is that Love yafe me
Thre wondir yestis of his grace,
Whiche I have lorne now in this place,
Sith thei ne maie withoutin drede
Helpin but lite who takith hede,
For here availith no Swete thought,
And swete Speche helpith right nought,
The thirde was callid swete Loking,
That now is lorne without lesing.

Yestis were faire, but nat for thy
Thei helpin me but simplilly,
But Bialacoil losid be
To gone at large and to be fre,
For him my life lieth all in dout,
But if he come the rathir out.

Alas! I trowe it woll nat ben,
For how should I ere more him sene?
He maie nat out, and that is wrong,
Bicause the tourè is so strong,
How should he' out, or by whose prouesse,
Out of so strong a fortirese?

By me certain it n'll be doe,
God wotte, I have no witte therto,
But well I wote I was in rage
Whan I to Love did my homage,
Who was the cause (in sothfastnesse)
But her self dame Idilnesse?
Whiche me conveide through faire praier
To' entir into that faire vergere;
She was to blame me to leve,
4460 The whiche now doeth me fore greve; 4530
A fol's worde is nought to trowe,
Ne worthe an apple for to lowe,
Men should him snibbe bittirlic
At primè temps of his folie;
I was a fol, and she me leved,
Through whom I am right nought releved,
She accomplishid all my will,
That now me grevith wondir ill.

Reson me sayid what should fall,
4470 A sole my self I maie well call, 4540
That Love aside I had not laied,
And trowid that dame Reson saied,
Reson had bothè skill and right,
Whan she me blamed, with all her might,
To medle' of Love that hath me shent,
But certain now I woll repent.

AND should I repent? Naie parde,
4480 A false traitour than should I be, 4550
The devil's engins would me take,
If evir I love would forsake,
Or Bialacoil falsly betraie,
Should I at mischief hate him? naie,
Sith he now for his curtisie
Is in prison of Jalousie,
Curtisie certain did he me
So moche, it maie not yoldin be,
Whan he the haie passin me lete
To kisse the Rosè, faire and swete,
Should I therefore conne him maugre?
4490 Naie certainly, it shall nat be, 4560
For Love shall nevir save gode will,
Here of me, ne through worde or will,
Offence or complaint, more or lesse,
Neithir of Hope nor Idilnesse;
For certis it were wrong that I
Hatid hem for ther curtisie,
There is not els, but suffre' and thinke,
And wakin whan I shouldè winke,
Abide in hope, till love through chaunce,
Sende me soccour or allegaunce,
4500 Expectaunt aie till I maie mete 4570
To gettin mercie of that swete.

Whilom I thinke how Love to me
Sayid that he would take at gre
My service, if unpacience
Ycausid me to doen offence,
He saied, in thanke I shall it take,
And high maistir eke The ymake,
If wickidnesse ne reve it The,
But sone I trowe that shall nat be;
4510 These were his wordis by and by, 4580
It semed he lovid me truely.

Now is there not but serve him wele,
If that I thinke his thanke to sele,
My gode, mine harme, lithe whole in me
In Love maie no defaute ybe,
For true Love ne failed nevir man,
Sothly the faute mote nedis than,
As God forbide, be founde in me,
And how it cometh, I can not se.

4520 Now

Now let it gone as it maie go,
 Wher Love woll foccour me or flo,
 He maie do whole on me his will,
 I am so fore ybounde him till,
 From his service I maie not fene,
 For life and deth withoutin wene
 Is in his hande, I maie nat chese,
 He maie me doe bothe winne and lese;
 And sithe so fore he doeth me greve,
 Yet if my lust he would achieve,
 To Bialacoil godely to be,
 I yeve no force what fell on me,
 For though I die, as I mote nede,
 I praie Love of his godelihede
 To Bialacoil doe gentilnesse,
 For whom I live in soche distresse,
 That I mote dyin for penaunce.
 But first, withoutin repentance
 I will me confesse in gode entent,
 And make in haste my Testament,
 As lovirs doen that felin smerte,
 To Bialacoil leve I mine herte
 All whole, withoutin departing,
 Or doublenesse or repenting.

Coment Raïson vient a L'amaunt.

THUS as I madin my passage
 In compleint, and in cruill rage,
 And I n'ot where to finde a leche,
 That couthe unto mine helping eche,
 Sodainly again comin doun
 Out of her toure I sawe Refoun,
 Discrete and wise, and full plesant,
 And of her porte full avenant,
 The right waie she toke unto me,
 Whiche stode in grete perplexite,
 That was possid in every side,
 That I n'ist where I might abide,
 Till she demurely sadde of chere
 Sayid to me as she came nere.
 Mine ownè frende, art thou agreved,
 How is this quarell yet acheved
 Of lov'is side? Anon me tell
 Hast thou not yet of Love thy fill?
 Art thou nat werie' of thy service?
 That The hath grevid in soche wise?
 What joie haste thou in thy loving?
 Is it a swete or bittir thing?
 Canst thou yet chesin, let me se,
 What best thy succour mightin be?

Thou servist a full noble Lorde,
 That maketh The thrall for thy rewarde,
 Whiche aie renewith thy tourment,
 With folie so he hath The blent,
 Thou fell in mischief thilkè daie,
 Whan thou diddist, the sothe to saie,
 To him obeisaunce and homage,
 Thou wroughtist nothing as the sage
 Whan thou became his liegè man,
 Thou diddist a grete folie than,
 Thou wistist nat what fell therto,
 With what Lorde thou haddist to doe,
 If that thou haddist him well knowe,
 Thou haddist nought be brought so lowe,
 For if that thou wiste what it were
 Thou n'oldist serve him halfe a yere,
 No, nat a weke, nor halfe a daie,
 Ne yet an houre without delaie.
 Ne nevir I loyed paramours,
 His Lordship is so full of shours,
 Knowist him ought?
 L'amaunt. Ye, dame, parde.

Raïfoun. Naie naie. L'amaunt. Yes I. 4660
 Raïfoun. Wherefore let se.
 Lamaunt. Of that he sayid I should be
 Glad to have soche a Lorde as he,
 And maistrir of soche feignorie.
 Raïfoun. Knowest him no more?
 Lamaunt. Naie certis I,
 Save that he yafe me rulis there,
 And went his waie, I ne wist where,
 And I abode bounde in balaunce,
 Lo, there a noble cognisaunce!

Raïfoun.

BUT I woll that thou knowe him now
 Ginning and ende, sithin that thou 4670
 Art so anguishous and so mate,
 Disfigurid out of astate,
 There maie no wreche have more of wo,
 Ne catife non endurin so,
 It were to every man fitting
 Of his Lorde to have knowleging,
 For if thou knewe him our of dout
 Lightly thou shouldist scapin out
 Of thy prison that marrith The.

L'amaunt.

YE A dame, sithin my Lorde is he, 4680
 And I his man made with mine hande,
 I wouldè right faine undirstonde
 To knowin of what kinde he be,
 If any would enformè me.

Raïfoun.

I Would (sayid Refon) The lere,
 Sithe thou to lerne hast soche desire,
 And shewin The withoutin fable
 A thing that is not demonstrable,
 Thou shalt knowe withoutin science,
 And withoutin experience 4690
 The thing that maie not knowin be,
 Ne wist ne shewed in no degre,
 Thou maiest the sothe of it not witten,
 Although in The it were ywritten,
 Thou shalt not knowin thereof more
 While thou art rulid by his lore,
 But unto him that love will flie,
 The knottè maie unclofid be,
 Whiche hath to The, as it is founde,
 So longe to knitte and not unbounde;
 Now set well thine entencion,
 To here of Love the discipcion. 4700

LOvè it is an hateful pese,
 A fre' acquitaunce without relese,
 And through the fret full of falshede
 A sikirnesse all set in drede,
 In herte is a dispering hope,
 And full of hope it is wanhope,
 A wise Wodenesse, and voide Reson,
 A swetè perill in to droun, 4710
 An hevie burthin light to bere,
 A wickid wawe awaie to were,
 It is Charybdis perilous,
 Disagreable and gracious,
 It' is discordaunce that can acorde,
 And accordaunce unto discorde,
 It is conning without science,
 And wisdom without sapience,
 Witte withoutin discrecion,
 Havoire without possession, 4720
 It

It is like hele and whole sicknesse,
 A trust drounid and dronkinesse,
 And helth all full of maladie,
 And Charite full of envie,
 And angre full of aboundaunce,
 And a full gredie suffisaunce,
 Delite right full of hevinesse,
 And drerines full of gladnesse,
 Bittir swetenesse, and swete errour,
 Right evill favoured gode favour,
 A sin that pardone hath withinne,
 And pardone spottid without sinne,
 A paine also it is joious,
 And felonie right piteous,
 Also a plaie that selde is stable,
 And stedfastnes right mevable,
 A strength weikid to stonde upright,
 And a feblenesse full of might,
 Witte unavisid, sage folie,
 And joie full of tourmentrie,
 A laughtir it is weping aie,
 Rest that travailith night and daie,
 Also a swete hell it is,
 And a sorowfull Paradis,
 A plesaunt gaile and esie prisoun,
 And full of Frostis Somir sesoun,
 Prime temps full of Frostis white,
 And Maie devoide of all delite,
 With fere braunchis blossoms ungrene,
 And newe fruit filled with Wintir tene,
 It is a slowe maie not forbere,
 Ragges ribanid with gold to were,
 For all so well woll love be sette.
 Undir raggis as riche rotchete,
 And eke as well by amorettes
 In mourning blacke, as bright burnettes,
 For none is of so mokill prise,
 Ne no man foundin is so wise,
 Ne no man so high of parage,
 Ne no man founde of witte so sage,
 No man so hardie ne so wight,
 Ne no man of so mokill might,
 None so fulfillid of bounte,
 That he with Love maie dauntid be,
 All the worldè holdith this waie,
 Love makith all to gone miswaie,
 But it be thei of evill life,
 Whom Genius cursid, man and wife,
 That wrongly werke again nature,
 None soche I love, ne have no cure
 Of soche as lov'is servautes ben,
 And woll nat by my counsaile fleen,
 For I ne preisn that loving,
 Where through man at the last ending
 Shall call 'hem wretchis full of wo,
 Love grevith 'hem and shendith so;
 But if thou wolt well love eschewe
 For to escape out of his mewe,
 And make all whole the sorowe flake,
 No bettir counsaile maieest thou take
 Than thinke to flein well i-wis,
 Maie nought helpe els, for wit thou this,
 If thou fle it, it shall fle The,
 Folowe' it, and folowen shall it The.

L'amaunt.

WHan I had herid Refon fain,
 Whiche had yspilt her speche in vain,
 Dame (sayid I) I dare well saie,
 Of this avaunt me well I maie,
 That from your schole so deviaunt
 I am, that nere the more avaunt
 Right nought am I through your doctrine,

I dulle undir your discipline,
 I wot no more than I wiste ever,
 To' me so contrarie and so fer
 Is every thing that ye me lere,
 And yet I can it all by partivere,
 Mine herte foryeteth thereof right nought,
 It is so writtin in my thought,
 And depe gravin it is so tender,
 That all mine herte I can it render,
 And rede it ovir comunely,
 But to my self lewdist am I.

BUT sithe ye Love discrivin so,
 And lacke and preise it bothè two,
 Definith it into this letter,
 That I maie thinke on it the better,
 For I herd nevir defined here,
 And wilfully I would it lere.
 Raifoun. If love be serchid well and sought,
 It is a sicknesse of the thought,
 Annexid and knedde betwixt tweine,
 Which male and female with o cheine
 So frelie bindeth, that thei n'ill twinne,
 Whe'ir thereof thei lese or winne.
 The rote springith through hote brenning
 In to disordinate desiring
 For to kissin and to enbrace,
 And at ther lust them to solace,
 Of othir thing love retchith nought,
 But setteth ther herte and all ther thought
 More for ther delectacioun

Than any procreacioun
 Of other fruit by engendrure,
 Whiche love to God is nat plesure,
 For of ther bodie fruit to get
 Thei yeve no force, thei are so set
 Upon delite to plaie in fere;
 And some have also this manere
 To fainin 'hem for Love seke,
 Soche love I preise not at a leke,
 For paramours thei doe but faine,
 To lovin truely thei disdaine,
 Thei falsin ladies traitourfly,
 And swerne 'hem othis uttirly,
 With many' a lesing, many' a fable,
 And all thei findin disceivable.

And whan thei han ther lust ygetten,
 The hote ernes thei all foryetten,
 Women the harme byin full sore,
 But men this thinkin evirmore
 The lasse harme is, so mote I The,
 Disceive them, than disceivid be,
 And namily where thei ne maie
 Findin none othir mene ne waie,
 For I wote well in sothfastnesse,
 That who doeth now his businesse
 With any woman for to dele,
 For any lust that he maie fele,
 But if it be for engendrure,
 He doeth trespassse I you ensure,
 For he should settin all his will
 To gotten a likely thing him till,
 And to sustain, if that he might,
 And kepin forth by kind'is right
 His owne likenesse and semblable,
 For bicause all' is corruptable,
 And failin should successioun,
 Ne were there generacioun,
 Our sect'is strenè for to save,
 Whan fa're' or mothir arne in grave,
 Ther childrin shulde, whan then ben dede,
 Full diligent ben in ther stede
 To use that worke on soche a wife,
 That one maie through an othir rise.

Therefore

Therefore set kinde therein delite,
 For men therein should 'hem delite,
 And of that dede be not erke,
 But ofte fithis haunt that werke,
 For none would drawe thereof a draught,
 Ne were delite, whiche hath him caught,
 This had subtill dame Nature,
 For none goeth right I The ensure,
 Ne hath entent whole ne parfite,
 For ther desire is for delite,
 The whiche fortенid crese, and eke
 The plaie of Love, for oft thei seke
 And thrall 'hem self, thei be so nice,
 Unto the Prince of every vice,
 For of eche sinne it is the rote
 Unlesfull lust, though it be sote,
 And of all evill the racine,
 As Tullius can determine,
 Whiche in his timè was full sage,
 In a boke whiche he made of age,
 Where that more he ypraisith elde,
 Though he be crokid and unwelde,
 And more of commendacioun
 Than youth in his discripcioun,
 For youth set bothe man and wife
 In all perill of soule and life,
 And perill is, but men have grace,
 The perill of youth for to pace
 Without any deth or distresse,
 It is so full of wildenesse,
 So oft it doeth shame and damage
 To him or unto his linage,
 It ledith man, now up now down,
 In mokill dissolucioun,
 And maketh him love ill companie,
 And lede his life disfulilie,
 And halte him paied with none estate,
 Within himself is soche debate,
 He chaungith purpose and entent,
 And yalte into some covent,
 To livin astir ther emprise,
 And lesith fredome and fraunchise,
 That nature in him had yset,
 The whiche again he maie not get,
 If there he make his mansion,
 For to abide profession,
 Though for a time his herte absent
 It maie not faile, he shall repent,
 And eke abidin thilkè daie
 To leve' his abite, and gon his waie,
 And leseth his worship and his name,
 And dare not come again for shame,
 But all his life he doeth so mourne,
 Bicause he dare not home retourne,
 Fredome of kinde so lost hath he
 That nevir maie recurid be,
 But that if God him grauntin grace,
 That he maie, er he hennis pace,
 Contein undir obedience,
 Through the vertue of pacience;
 For youth set man in all folie,
 In unthrift and in ribaudrie,
 In lecherie, and in outrage,
 So oft it chaungith of corage;
 Youth ginnith oft soche a bargain
 That maie not ende withoutin pain;
 In grete perill is set youth-hede,
 Delite so doeth his bridill lede,
 Delite this hangith, drede The nought,
 Bothe mann'is bodie and his thought,
 Onily through youth'is chambere,
 That to doen ill is customere,
 And of naught ellis takith hede
 But onely folkis for to lede

Into disport and wildenesse,
 So froward is it from sadnesse,
 But elde ydrawith 'hem therfro;
 Who wote it not, he maie well go;
 And mo of 'hem, that now arne old,
 That whilom youth yhad in hold,
 Whiche yet remembre' of tendir age,
 How it 'hem brought in many' a rage,
 And many' a folie therin wrought,
 But now that elde hath 'hem through sought,
 Thei repent 'hem of ther folie,
 That youth 'hem put in jeopardie,
 In perill, and in mokill woe,
 And made 'hem oft amisse to doe,
 And sewin evill companie,
 And riot and advouterie.

BUT elde gan againe restraine
 From suchè folie, and refraine
 And set men by her ordinaunce
 In gode rule and in governaunce,
 But ill she spendith her servise,
 For no man wol her love, ne preise,
 She is hatid, this wote I wele,
 Her acquentaunce would no man fele,
 Ne han of elde companie,
 Men hate to be of her alie,
 For no man wold becomin olde,
 Ne die, whan he is yonge and bolde,
 And elde mervailith right gretely
 Whan thei remembre 'hem inwardly
 Of many' a perillous emprise,
 Whiche that thei wrought in sondry wise,
 How evir thei might without blame
 Escape awaie withoutin shame,
 In youth without any damage,
 Without represe of ther linage,
 Losse of membre, sheding of blode,
 Perill of deth, or losse of gode.
 Wotist thou nat where youth abit,
 That men so preisin in ther wit?
 With delite she yhalte sojour,
 For both thei dwellin in o tour,
 As long as youthe is in selson
 Thei dwellin in one mansion,
 Delite of youth woll have service,
 To do what so he woll devise,
 And youth is redy evirmore
 For to obey for smerte or fore
 Unto Delite, and him to yeve
 Her service, while that she maie live.

Where elde abitte, I wol The tell
 Shortily, and no while ydwelle,
 For thi'bir behoveth The to go,
 Yf deth in youthè The not slo,
 Of this journey thou maiste not faile;
 With her labour and eke travaille
 Lodgid ben with sorow and wo,
 That nevir out of her court go,
 Paine and distresse, sickenesse, and ire,
 And melan'coly that angry fire
 Ben of her paleis senatours,
 Groning and grutching her herbegeours,
 The day and night her to tourment
 With cruill deth thei her present,
 And tellin her erliche and late,
 That death stondeth armid at her gate,
 Than bring thei to her remembraunce
 The folie dedes of her enfaunce,
 Whiche causin her to mourne in wo,
 That youth hath her begilid so,
 Whiche sodainly awaie is hasted,
 She weped the time that she hath wasted,
 S f f
 Complaining

Complaining of the preteritte,
 And the present, that nat abitte,
 And of her oldè vanite,
 That but aforne her she maie se
 In the future some smale focoure
 To leggin her of her doloure,
 To graunt her time of repentaunce,
 For her sinnis to do penaunce,
 And at the last so her governe,
 To winne the joye that is eterne,
 Fro whiche go backwarde youth her made,
 In vanite to drowne and wade;
 For present time abidith nought,
 It is more swifte than any thought,
 So litill while it doth endure,
 That there ne is compte ne mesure.

But how that evir the game go,
 Who list love joye and mirth also
 Of love, be it or he or she,
 Or hie, or lowe, who so it be,
 In frute thei shouldin 'hem delite,
 Ther parte thei maie not ellis quite,
 To save 'hem self in honeste.
 And yet full many one I se
 Of women, forthly for to faine,
 That desirin, and wouldin faine
 The plaie of Love, thei be so wilde,
 And not coveite to go with childe;
 And if with childe thei be perchaunce,
 Thei wol it holde a grete mischaunce;
 But whar so evir wo thei fele,
 Thei wol not plainin, but concele,
 But it be any fole or nice,
 In whome that shame hath no justice;
 For to Delite echone thei drawe
 That haunt this worke, both hie and lawe,
 Save fuche that arnè worth right nought,
 That for money wol be ybought
 Suche love I preisin in no wise,
 Whan it is given for covetise
 I preise no woman, though she 'is wode
 That yeveth her selfe for any gode,
 For kithill should a man ytelle
 Of her, that wil her body selle,
 Be she a maide, or be she wife,
 That quicke wol selle her by her life,
 How faire chere that evir she make,
 He is a wretche I undirtake
 That love fuche one, for swete or soure,
 Though she him called her paramoure,
 And laugheth on him, and maketh him fest,
 For certainly no fuchè best
 To be lovid is nat worthy,
 Or berin the name of Drury;
 None should her plese, but he wer wode,
 That wol dispoile him of his gode.
 Yet nathèlesse I wol not saie
 That she for solace and for plaie
 Maie a Jewil or othir thing
 Take of her lov'is fre yeving,
 But that she aske it in no wise
 For drede of shame, or covetise,
 And she of hers maie him certaine
 Without sclaundir yevin againe,
 And joyne ther hertes togidir so
 In love, and take and yeve also;
 Trowe nat that I wollin 'hem twime,
 Whan in ther love there is no sinne,
 I wol that thei togidir go,
 And done al that thei han ado,
 As curtis should and debonaire,
 And in ther love berin 'hem faire
 Withoutin vice, both he and she,
 So that alwaie in honeste

Fro folly love to kepe 'hem clere,
 That brennith hertis with his fere,
 And that ther love in any wise
 Be devoide of all covetise.
 Gode lovè should engendrid be
 Of trewe hert, juste, and secrete,
 And not of fuche as set ther thought
 To have ther lust, and ellis nought,
 So are thei caught in lov'is lace,
 Trewly for bodily solace,
 Flefhely delite is so present
 With The, that set al thine entent
 Withoutin more, what should I glose?
 For to gettin and have the Rose,
 Whiche makith The so mare and wode,
 That thou desirest none other gode,
 But thou art not an inche the netre,
 But evre' abidest in forrue' and werre,
 As in thy face it is ysene,
 It makith The bothe pale and lene,
 Thy might, thy vertue gothe awaie,
 A sory gest in gode faie
 Thou herborist than in thine inne,
 The God of Love whan thou let inne,
 Wherefore I rede thou shette him oute,
 Or he shal greve The out of doute,
 For to thy profite it wol turne,
 If he no more with The sojournen,
 In grete mischefe and sorow sonken
 Ben hertis, that of Love arne dronken,
 As thou peraventure knowen shall,
 Whan thou hast lost thy timè all,
 And spent thy thought in idilnesse,
 In waste, and woful lustinesse,
 Yf thou maist live the time to se
 Of love for to delivered be,
 Thy time thou shalt bewepè fore,
 The whiche nevir thou maist restore,
 For time ylost, as men may se,
 For nothing may recovered be,
 And if thou scape yet at the laste
 Fro lovè that hath The so faste
 Yknitte and boundin in his lace,
 Certaine I holde it but a grace,
 For many one, as it is seine,
 Have losse, and spent also in veine
 In his service without focour,
 Body and soule, gode, and tresour,
 And witte, and strength, and eke richesse,
 Of whiche thei had nevir redressè.

L'amant.

Thus taught and prechid hath Reson,
 But Love yspilte hath her sermon,
 That was so impid in my thought,
 That her doctrine I set at nought,
 And yet ne saide she nevre' a dele,
 That I ne understode it wele
 Wordè by worde the matir all,
 But unto Love I was so thrall,
 Whiche callith ovir all his praie,
 He chasith so my thoughtis aie,
 And holdeth mine herte undir his sele
 As trusty' and trewe as any stele,
 So that I no devocion
 Ne haddè in the wise sermon
 Of dame Reson, ne of her rede
 I toke no sojour in mine hede,
 For allè yede out at one ere
 That in that othir she did lere,
 Fully on me she lost her lore,
 Her speche me grevid wondir fore.

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That

THat unto her for ire I saide,
 For angir, as I did abraide,
 Dame, and is it your will algate
 That I not Love, but that I hate
 All men, as ye me now do teche?
 For if I do aftir your speche,
 Sith that you seine Love is not gode,
 Than must I nedis say with mode,
 Yf I it leve, in hatrid aie
 Livin, and voidin Love awaie
 Ferrè from me a sinful wretche,
 Yhatid of allè that tette,
 I may not go none othir gate,
 For eithir must I love or hate,
 And if I hatin men of newe,
 More than Love it wol me rewe,
 As by your preching semith me,
 For Love nothing ne praisith The,
 Ye yeye gode counsaile sikirly,
 That prechith me al day, that I
 Ne should not lov'is lore alowe,
 He were a sole woulde you not trowe,
 In speche also ye han me taught
 Anothir love, that knowen is naught,
 Whiche I have herde you not repreve;
 To love eche othir, by your leve,
 If ye would definin it me,
 I wouldin gladly here to se
 At the left if I mowin lere
 Of sondry lovis the manere.

Raïson.

Certis frende, a grete sole art thou,
 Whan that thou nothing wolt alow
 Whiche that I for thy profite saie,
 Yet wol I saie The more in faie,
 For I am redy at the left
 To accomplishin thy request,
 But I n'ot where it wol aveile,
 In vaine perav'enture I travaille;
 Love there is in sondrie wise,
 Right as I shall The here devise.
 For some love lesul is and gode,
 I mene not that whiche maketh The wode,
 And bringith The in many' a fitte,
 And ravisheth fro The al thy witte,
 It is so marveilous and queint,
 With suche love be no more aqueint.

Comment Raïson diffinist Aunfete.

Love of frendshippe also there is,
 Whiche makith no man don amis,
 Of wille yknitte betwixtin two,
 That wol not breke for wele ne wo,
 Whiche long is likely to contune,
 Whan wil and godes ben in commune,
 Groundid by Godd'is ordinaunce,
 All whole withoutin discordaunce,
 With them yholding commauncè,
 Of al ther gode in charite,
 That there be none exceptioun
 Through chaunging of ententioun,
 That eche helpe othir at ther nede,
 And wisely hele both worde and dede,
 Trewe of mening, devoide of flouthe,
 For wit is nought withoutin trouthe,
 So that the t'one dare all his thought
 Saine to his frende, and sparin nought,
 As to him selfe, without dreding
 To be discovered by wreying,
 For glad is that conjunctioun

Whan there is none suspectioun
 Betwixtin 'hem, whome thei wold prove,
 That trewe and perfite weren in Love;
 For no man may be amiable,
 But if he be so ferme and stable,
 That fortune chaunge him not ne blinde,
 But that his frende alway him finde
 Bothe pore and riche in one estate;
 For if his frende through any gate
 Wol complaine of his poverte,
 He should not bide so long, til he
 Of his helping doth him require,
 For gode dede done thorough prayire
 Is solde and bought to dere i-wis
 To hert that of grete valure is,
 For hert fulfilled of gentilnesse
 Can evill demene his distresse.

And man that worthy is of name
 To askin oftin hath grete shame.

A gode man brennith in his thought
 For shame whan that he askith ought,
 He hath grete thought, and dredith aie;
 For his disese whan he shal praie
 His frende, lest that he warnid be,
 Till he preve his stabilite,
 But whan that he hath foundin one,
 That trusty is and trewe as stone,
 And hath assayid him at all,
 And founde him stedfast as a wall,
 And of his frendshippe be certaine,
 He shal him shewe bothe joie and paine,
 And all that he dare thinke or saie,
 Withoutin shame, as he well maie,
 For how should he ashamid be
 Of suche an one as I tolde The?
 For whan he wot his secret thought,
 The third shall know therof right nought,
 For twey in nombre 'is bet than thre
 In every counsaile and secre,
 Repreve he dredith nevre' a dele,
 Who that beset his wordis wele,
 For every wise man out of drede
 Can kepe his tong till he se nede.

And folis can not holde ther tonge;
 A fol'is belle is sone yronge,
 Yet shall a trewe frende doin more,
 To helpe his felowe of his fore,
 And socour him whan he hath nede,
 In all that he may done in dede,
 And gladdir that he him plesith
 Than his felowe that he esith,
 And if he do nat his request,
 He shal as mochil him molest
 As his felowe, bicause that he
 Maie not fulfill his volunte
 All fully, as he hath required,
 If both the hertis love hath fired,
 Bothe joye and wo thei shall departe,
 And take evinly eche his parte,
 Halfe his anoye he shal have aie,
 And comforte him what that he maie,
 And of his blisse parte shal he,
 If Love wollin departid be.

AND whilom of this unite
 Spake Tullius in a dite,
 A man should makin his request
 Unto his frende, that is honest,
 And he godely should it fulfill,
 But it the more were out of skill,
 And othirwise not graunt therto,
 Except only in causis two.

If men his frende to dethe would drive,
 Let him be besy to' save his live.

Also

Alfo if men wollen him affaile
Of his worship to make him faile,
And hindrin him of his renoun,
Let him with ful entencioun
His devir done in eche degre,
That his frende ne shamid be.

In thefe two casis with his might,
Taking no kepe to skill nor right,
As ferre as Love may him excufe,
This ought no man for to refufe.

This Love, that I have tolde to The,
Is nothing contrarie to me,
This wol I that thou folowe wele,
And leve the t'othir every dele,
This Love to vertue al entendeth,
The t'othir folis blent and shendeth.

An othir Love alfo there is,
That is contrary unto this,
Which defire is fo constrainid,
That it ne is but will fainid,
Away fro trouth it doth fo varie,
That to gode Love it is contrarie,
For it maymith, in many wife,
Sike hertis with covetife,
All in winning and in profite
Suche love yfettith his delite;
This love fo hangith in balaunce,
That if it lese his hope parchaunce
Of lucre, that he' is fet upon,
It wol failin, and quenche anon,
For no man maie be amorous,
Ne in his living vertuouus,
But if he lovin more in mode,
Men for 'hem felfe, than for ther gode,
For love that profite doth abide
Is false, and bidith not no tide,
Soche Love comith of dame Fortune,
That litil while woll contune,
For it fhall chaungin wondir sone,
And take Eclips as doth the Mone,
Whan that she is from us ylet
Through erth, that betwixtin is fet
The Sonne and her, as it may fall,
Be it in partie, or in all,
The shadowe makith her bemes merke,
And her hornis to shewin derke
That part, where she hath lost her light
Of Phebus fully, and the fight,
Till whan the shadowe' is ovirpafte
She' is enlumined agein as fafte
Through the brightnes of the Sonne bemes,
That yevith to' her againe her lemes;
That Love is right of fuche nature,
Now is it faire, and now obscure,
Now bright, now Clipfy of manere,
And whilom dimme, and whilom clere,
As sone as poverte ginnith take,
With mantil and with wedis blake
Hidith of Love the light away,
That into night it tournith day,
It may not fein richeffe shine,
Till that the blacke shadowis fine,
For whan that richeffe shinith bright
Love recovereth ayen his light,
And whan it failith, he wol flit,
And as she greveth, fo grevith it.

Of this Love herith what I faie,
The riche men are ylovid aie,
And namely tho that sparande bene,
That wol not washe ther hertis clene
Of the filthe, nor of the vice
Of gredy brenning Avarice.

The riche man ful fonde is i-wis

That wenith that he lovid is,
If that his hert it understode,
It is not he, it is his gode,
He may wel wetin in his thought
His gode is loved, and he right nought,

5300 For if he be a nigarde eke,
Men wol not fet by him a leke,
But hatin him, this is the sothe,
Lo what profite his catil dothe!
Of every man that may him fe
It getteth him nought but enmite,
But he amende him of that vice,
And know himfelfe, he is not wife.

5310 Certis he should aie frendly be,
To get him love, also ben fre,
Or els he is not wife ne sage,
No more than is a gote ramage,
That he not lovith his dede proveth,
Whan he his richeffe so well loveth,
That he wol hide it aie and spare,
His pore frendis sene forfare,
To kepin aie his ill purpose,

5320 Till that for drede his eyin close,
And til a wickid deth him take,
Him had levir a sondre shake,
And let al' his limmes a sondre rive,
Than leve his richeffe in his live,
He thinketh to part it with no man,
Certain no love is in him than,
For how should love within him be
Whan in his hert is no pite?
That he trespasith well I wate,
For eche man knowith his eftate,
For wel him ought to be reproved,
That lovith nought, ne is not loved.

5330 But fith we arne to fortune comen,
And hath our fermon of her nomen,
A wondir will I tell The now,
Thou herdift nere fuche one I trow,
I n'ot where thou me levin fhall,
Although sothfastnesse it be all,
As it is writtin, and is sothe,
That unto men more profite dothe
The frowarde fortune and contraire,
Than doth the fote and debonaire,
And if The thinke it is doutable,
5340 It is through argument provable,
For fortune debonaire and softe
Yfalsith and begilith ofte,
For liche a mothir she can cherifhe,
And milkin as dothe a norice,
And of her gode to him ydeles,
And yeveth 'hem parte of her joweles,

5350 With grete richis and dignite,
And 'hem she hoteth stabilite
In a state that is nothing stable,
But chaunging aie and variable,
And fedith 'hem with glory veine,
And worldely blisse nothing certeine,
Whan she 'hem fettith on her whele,
Than wenin thei to be right wele,
And in fo stable state withall,
That nevir thei wene for to fall,
And whan thei sette so high to be,
Thei wene to have in certainte
Of hertly frendis to grete nombre,
5360 That nothing might ther state encombre,
Thei trust 'hem so on every side,
Wening with 'hem thei would abide
In every perill and mischaunce,
Withoutin chaunce or variaunce,
Bothe of catil and of gode,
And also for to spende ther blode,

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And

And al ther membris for to spill,
 Only to fulfill ther will,
 Thei maken it whole in many wise,
 And hotin 'hem ther ful service,
 How fore so that it do 'hem smerte
 Into ther very nakid sherte,
 Herte and hande also whole thei give,
 For all the time that thei may live,
 So that with this ther flatiry,
 Thei makin folis glorifie
 Onely of ther wordis speking,
 And han chere of a rejoying,
 And trow 'hem as the Evangile,
 And it is al falshe and gile,
 As thei shal afterwardis se,
 Whan thei arne fal in poverté,
 And ben of gode and catil bare,
 Than should thei sene who frendis ware;
 For of an hundrid certainly,
 Nor of a thousande ful scarfly,
 Ne shall thei finde unethis one,
 Whan poverté is comen upon.

For thus Fortune that I of tell,
 With men whan that her lust to dwell,
 Maketh 'hem to lese ther conisaunce,
 And noriseth 'hem in ignoraunce.

But frowarde Fortune and perverse,
 Whan high estates she doth reverse,
 And makith 'hem to tumble doune
 Of her whele with a sodaine tourne,
 And from ther richesse dothe 'hem fle,
 And plongith 'hem in poverté;
 As a stepmothir envious,
 And laieth a plaistir dolorous
 Unto ther hertis woundid egre,
 Whiche is not tempered with vinegre,
 But with poverté and indigence,
 For to shewe by experience
 That she is Fortune veritie,
 In whom no man ne should affie,
 Nor in her yeftis have fiaunce,
 She is so ful of variaunce.

Thus can she makin hie and lowe,
 Whan thei from richesse arne throwe,
 Fully to knowin without were
 Frende of affecte, and frende of chere,
 And whiche in love weren trew and stable,
 And whiche also weren variable,
 Aftir Fortune ther goddesse,
 In poverté, eithir in richesse,
 For all that yeveth here out of drede
 Unhappe yberith it in dede,
 For Infortune lette not one
 Of frendis, whan fortune is gone,
 I mene tho frendis that woll fle
 Anone, as entrich poverté;
 And yet thei wol not leve 'hem so,
 But in eche place where that thei go,
 Thei callin 'hem wretche, scorne, and blame,
 And of ther mishappe 'hem diffame,
 And namely suche as in richesse
 Pretendith moste of stablenesse,
 Whan that they sawe 'hem set on losse,
 And werin of 'hem sucoured ofte,
 And moste iholpe in all ther nede,
 But now thei take no manir hede,
 But seine in voice of flatirie
 That now apperith ther folie,
 Ovir al wher so that thei fare,
 And singe, go farewell Feldefare.

Allé suche frendis I beshrewe,
 For of trewe frendes there be to fewe,
 But sothfast frendes, what so betide,

In every fortune wollen abide,
 Thei han ther hertes in suche noblesse,
 That thei n'il love for no richesse,
 Nor for that fortune may 'hem sende,
 Thei wollen 'hem socour and defende,
 And chaungin for softe ne for fore,
 For who his frende loveth evirmore,
 Though men drawe swerdis him to flo,
 Thei may not hewe ther love a two,
 But if in case that I shall fay
 For pride and ire lese it he may,
 And for reprove by nitere,
 And discovering of privite
 With tonge wounding, as felon,
 Through venemous detraccioun.

Frende in this case wol gon his way,
 For nothing greve him more ne may,
 And for nought ellis wol he fle,
 If he love in stablite,
 And certaine he is well begone
 Among a thousande that findeth one,
 For there ne may be no richesse
 Ayenst frendship of worthinesse,
 For it ne may so high attaine
 As may the valoure, sothe to faine,
 Of him that lovith trewe and well,
 Frendship is more than is catell,
 For frende in courte aie bettir is
 Than peny is in purse certis,
 And than is fortune mishaping,
 Whan upon men she is fabling,
 Thorough misturning of her chaunce,
 And castith 'hem out of balaunce.

She maketh through her adversite
 Men ful and clerly for to se
 Him that is frende in existence
 From him that is by apparence,
 For infortune makith anone
 To know thy frendis fro thy sone,
 By experience right as it is,
 The whiche is more to praise i-wis,
 Than in muche richesse and trefour,
 For more depe profite and valour
 Poverté, and suche adversite
 Before, than doeth prosperite,
 For that one yevith conisaunce,
 And t'othir grevith ignoraunce.

And thus in poverté is in dede
 Trouthe declarid fro falshe,
 For faint frendis it wol declare,
 And trewe also, what way they fare,
 For whan he was in his richesse,
 These frendis ful of doublenesse
 Offrid him in many wise
 Ther herte and body, and service,
 What would he then have you to have bought
 To knowin opinly ther thought,
 That he now hath so clerly sene?
 The lasse begiled he should have bene,
 And he had than percevid it,
 But Richesse n'olde not let him wit;
 Wel more avauntage doeth him than,
 Sithe that it maketh him a wise man,
 The great mischefe, that he perceveth,
 Than doeth Richesse, that him deceveth;
 Richesse riche ne ymakith nought
 Him, that on trefour sette his thought,
 For richesse stonte in suffisaunce,
 And nothing stonte in haboundaunce,
 For suffisaunce all onily.
 Makith menne to live richily.

FOR he that hath but mitchis tweine,
 Ne value in his whole demcine,
 T t t

Liveth

Liveth more at ese, and more is riche,
 Than doith he whiche that is chiche,
 And in his barne hath, soth to faine,
 An hundrid mavis of whete graine,
 Though he be chapman or marchaunt,
 And have of Golde many befaunt,
 For in the getting he' hath suche wo,
 And in the keping drede also,
 And sette ere more his besinesse
 For to encrese, and nat to lesse,
 For to augment and multiply,
 And though on hepes that lie him by,
 Yet nevir shall make his richesse
 Asseth unto his gredinesse,
 But the pore man that retchith nought,
 Save of his livelode, in his thought,
 Whiche that he getteth with his travaile,
 He dredith nought that it shall faile,
 Though he have little world's gode,
 Metè and drinke, and esie fode,
 Upon his travaile and living,
 And also suffisaunt clothing,
 Or if in sickenesse that he fall,
 And lothè mete and drinke withall,
 Though he have not his mete to buie,
 He shall bethinke him hastily
 To put him out of all daungere,
 That he of mete hath no mistere,
 Or that he maie with little eke
 Be foundin, while that he is seke,
 Or that men shall him berne in haste,
 To live till his sickenesse be paste,
 Unto some Maisondewe beside,
 He caste nought what shall him betide,
 He thinkith nought that evre' he shall
 Into any sickenesse yfall.

AND though it fall, as it maie be,
 That all betime sparin shall he
 As mokill as shall to' him suffice,
 While he is sicke in any wise,
 He doith for that he woll be,
 Contentid with his poverté,
 Withoutin nede of any man,
 So moche in little have he can,
 He is apaide with his fortune,
 And for he n'll be importune
 Unto no wight, ne onerous,
 Nor of ther godeffe covetous,
 Therefore he spareth, it maie well ben,
 His pore estate for to sustene.

OR if him luste not for to spare,
 But suffrith forthe, as nat yet ware,
 At laste it happeneth, as it maie,
 All right unto his laste daie,
 And take the worlde as it would be,
 For evir in herte thinkith he,
 The sonir that deth him yflo
 To Paradise the sonir go
 He shall, there for to live in blisse,
 Where that he shall no godis misse,
 Thi'sir he hopeth God shall him sende,
 Afir this wretchid liv'is ende.
 Pythagoras himself reherces
 In a boke that the goldin verses
 Is cleped, for the nobilite
 Of the honorable dite,
 Than whan thou goest thy body fro,
 Fre in the ayre thou shalt up go,
 And levin all humanite,
 And purely live in diete.
 He is a sole withoutin were
 That trowith have his countrey here,

In yerth is not our countere,
 That maie these clerkis seine and se 5660
 In Boece of consolacion,
 Where it is makid mencion
 Of our contre plaine at the eye
 By teching of Philosophie,
 Where leude men mightin lerin wit,
 Who so that would translatin it;
 If he be suche that can well live
 Afir his rentè maie him yeve,
 And not desirith more to have,
 Than maie fro poverté him save, 5670
 A wiseman saied, as we maie sene,
 Is no man wretched, but he it wene,
 Be he a king, knight, or ribaude;
 Many' a ribaude is merie' and baude,
 That swinketh, and berith daie and night.
 Many a burthin of grete might,
 The whiche doith him lasse offence,
 For that he suffrith in pacience;
 Thei laugh and daunce, thei trippe and sing, 5680
 And laie nought up for ther living,
 But in the Taverne' all dispendeth,
 The winning whiche that God 'hem sendeth,
 Than goeth he fardils for to bere
 With as gode chere as he did ere,
 To swinke and travaile' he not fainith,
 For to robbin he disdainith,
 But right anon, after his swinke,
 He goeth to Taverne for to drinke;
 All these are riche in haboundaunce,
 That can thus havin suffisaunce, 5690
 Well more than can an usere,
 As God well knowith, without were,
 For 'an usurer, so God me se,
 Shall nevir for richesse riche be,
 But er more pore and indigent,
 Scarce and gredy in his entent.

For sothe it is, whom it displese,
 There maie no marchaunt live at ese,
 His herte in soche a where is set,
 That it quicke brennith for to get, 5700
 Ne nevir shall, though he hath gotten,
 5630 Though he have golde in garnirs yeten,
 For to be nedy he dredeth fore,
 Wherefore to gettin more and more
 He set his herte and his desire,
 So hote he brennith in the fire
 Of covetise, that maketh him wode
 To purchase othir mennis gode;
 He undirfongith a grete pain,
 That undertaketh to drinke up Sain, 5710
 For the more that he drinkith aie,
 The more he levith, sothe to saie:
 5640 Thus is the thrust of false getting,
 That laste evir in coviting,
 And the anguishe and the distresse,
 With the fire of gredinesse,
 She fightith with him aie, and striveth,
 So that his herte a sondir riveth,
 Soche gredinesse him assailith,
 That whan' he moste hath, moste he failith. 5720
 Phisiciens, and Advocates
 Goin right by the same yates,
 5650 Thei sell ther science for winning,
 And haunte ther crafte for grete getting,
 Ther winning is of soche swetenesse,
 That if a man fall in sickenesse,
 Thei are full glad, for ther encrece,
 For by ther will, withoutin lese,
 Ev'iche man shouldin be seke,
 Though thei die, thei set not a Leke, 5730
 Affis

Aftir whan thei the golde have take,
Full little care for 'hem thei make,
Thei would fowertie were sicke at ones,
Ye two hundrid, in fleshe and bones,
And yet two thousande, as I gesse,
For to encrefin ther richesse.

Thei woll not worchin in no wise,
But for lucre and covetise,
For Phisicke ginnith first by (Phi)
The Phisicien also sothly,
And sithen it goeth fro sie to sie,
To trust on 'hem it is folie,
For thei n'ill in no manir gre
Doin right nought for charite.
Eke in the same secte are set,
All tho, that prechin for to get
Worships, and honour, and richesse,
Ther hertis arne in grete distresse
That folke livin not holily,
But abovin all specially,
Soche as yprechin veinglorie,
And towarde God have no mem'orie;
But forthe as Ipocritis trace,
And to ther soulis deth purchase,
And outward shewing holinesse,
Though thei be full of curfidnesse;
Nat liche to the Apostlis twelve,
Thei deceve othir and 'hem selve,
Begilid is the gilir than,
For preching of a curfid man
Though it to othir maie profite,
Himself it availeth not a mite;
For oft gode predicacioun
Cometh of evill entencioun,
To him nat availith his preching,
All helpe he othir with his teching,
For where thei gode example take,
There is he with veinglorie shake.

But let us levin these prechours,
And speke of 'hem that in ther tours
Hepe up ther golde, and fast yshet;
And fore thereon ther hertis set,
Thei neithir lovin God ne drede,
Thei kepin more than it is nede,
And in ther baggis fore it binde,
Out of the Sunne, and of the winde,
Thei puttin up more than nede ware;
Whan thei sene povir folk forfare,
For hungre die, and for cold quake,
God can well vengeance thereof take,
The grete mischivis 'hem assaileth,
And thus in ga'dring aie travailleth,
With mochil pain thei winne richesse,
And drede 'hem holdith in distresse
To kepin that thei gathir fast,
With sorowe thei leve it at last,
With sorowe thei bothe die and live,
That unto richesse ther hertes yeve,
And in defeaute of love it is,
As it shewith full well iwis,
For if these gredy, sothe to faine;
Lovidin, and were loved againe,
And gode love reignid ovir all,
Soche wickidnesse ne should yfall,
But he should yeve, that moeste gode had,
To 'hem that weren in nede bestad,
And live withoutin false usure,
For charite, full clene and pure,
If thei 'hem yeve unto godenesse,
Defending 'hem from idilnesse,
In all this worlde than povir none
We shouldin finde I trowe not one;
But chaungid is this worlde unstable,
For love is ovir all vendable,

We se that no man lovith now;
But for his winning and for prowce,
And love is thrallid in servage,
Whan it is solde for avauntage,
Yet women woll ther bodies sell,
Soche soules goeth to the devill of hell. 5810

Whan Love had tolde 'hem his entent,
The baronage to counsaile went,
In many sentencis thei fill,
And diversly thei saied ther will,
But aftir discorde thei accorded,
And ther accorde to Love recorded;
Sir, saidin thei, we ben at one,
By even accorde of everichone,
Out take richesse all onily,
That swornè hath full hauteinly 5820
That she the castill n'ill assaile,
Ne smite a stroke in this bataile,
With darte ne mace, ne spere, ne knife,
For man that speket, or berith life,
And blamith your emprise iwis;
And from our hoste departid is,
At leste waie, as in this plite;
So hath she this man in dispite;
For she saieth he ne loved her never,
And therefore she woll hate him ever, 5830
For he woll gathir no trefore,
He hath her wrathe for evirmore,
He' agilte her nere in othir case;
Lo here all wholly his trespase!
She saieth well, that this othir daie
He asked her leve to gone the waie
That is clepid to moche yeving;
And spake full faire in his praying,
But whan he praied her, poore was he,
Therefore she warned him the entre, 5840
Ne yet is he not thrivin so
That he hath gotten a penie or two,
That quietly' is his owne in holde;
Thus hath Richesse us all ytolde,
And whan Richesse us this recorded;
Withoutin her we ben acorded.

And we finde in our accordaunce
That false Semblant and Abstinaunce;
With all the folke of ther bataile,
Shall at the hindir gate assaile; 5850
That wickid tong hath in keping;
With his Normans full of jangling;
And with 'hem Curtesie and Largesse,
That shullin shewe ther hardinesse
To the old wife that kept so hard
Faire welcoming within her ward;
Than shall Delite and Well-heling
Yfondin Shame adoun to bring
With all her hoste erly and late;
Thei shull assailin that ilke gatè; 5860
Ayenist Drede shall Hardinesse
Assaile, and also Sikirnesse,
With all the folke of ther leding,
That nevir wiste what was slaying;

5770
5780
5790
5800
F Raunchise shall fight and eke Pite
With Daungir full of cruilte.
This is your hoste ordainid wele;
Dounne shall the Castill every dele
If everiche doe his entent,
So that Venus ybe present, 5870
Your mothir full of vesselage;
That can inough of soche usage,
Withoutin her maie no wight spede
This werke, neithir for worde ne dede,

Therefore

Therefore is gode ye for her sende,
For through her maie this worke amende.

L Ordinges, my mothir the Goddes,
That is my Ladie, and maistres,
Ne is nat all at my willing,
Ne doeth nat all my desiring.
Yet can she sometime doen labour,
Whan that her luste in my socour
As my nede is for to atcheve,
But now I thinke her nat to greve;
My mothir is she, and of childhede
I both worship her, and eke drede,
For who that dredith sire ne dame
Shall it abie in bodie or name;
And nathelasse, yet conne we
Sende aftir her if nede ybe,
And were she nigh, she commin wold,
I trowe that nothing might her hold.

My mothir is of grete prowesse,
She hath tane many a fortresse,
That cost hath many a pound er this,
There I n'as not present iwis,
And yet men saied it was my dede,
But I come nevir in that stede,
Ne me ne liketh, so mote I The,
That soche tours ben ytake with me,
For why? Me thinketh that in no wise
It maie be cleped but marchaundise.

Go buie a courfir blacke or white,
And paie therefore, than art thou quite,
The Marchaunt owith The right nought,
Ne thou him whan thou hast it bought.
I woll not selling clepe yeving,
For selling asketh no guerdoning,
Here lithe no thanke, ne no merite,
That one goth from that othre all quite,
But this selling is not semblable;

For whan his horse is in the stable,
He maie it sell again, parde,
And winnen on it, soche happe maie be,
All maie the manne nat lese iwis,
For at the lest the skinne is his;

Or ellis, if it so betide
That he woll kepe his horse to ride,
Yet is he Lorde aie of his horse;
But thilke chafare is well worse,
There Venus entremetith ought,
For who so soche chaffare hath bought,
He shall not worchin so wisely,
That he ne shall lese uttirly
Bothe his money, and his chaffare;
But the sellir of thilke ware
The prife and profite havin shall,
Certaine the buier shall lese all,
For he ne can so dere it buie,
To have Lordship, and full maistrie,
Ne havin power to make letting,
Neither for yeste ne for preching,
That of his chaffare maugre his
An other shall have as moche iwis,
If he woll yeve as moche as he,
Of what cuntry so that he be,
Or for right nought, so happe ymaie,
If he can flattir her to her paie.

And ben than soche marchauntis wife?
No, but folis in every wise,
Whan thei buie soche thing wilfully,
There thei lese ther gode folily;
But nathelasse, this dare I saie,
My mothir is not wont to paie,
For she is neither so sole ne nice

To entremete her of soche vice,
But trustith well, he shall paie all,
That repente of his bargaine shall,
Whan poverté put him in distresse,
All were he scholir to Richesse,
That is for me in grete yerning
Whan she assenteth to my willing. 5950

BUT by my mothir saint Venus,
And by her fathir Saturnus,
That her engendrid by his life,
But nat upon his weddid wife,
Yet woll I more unto you swere,
To makin this thing the surere.
Now by that faithe, and that beaute,
That I owe to all my brethrin fre, 5960
Of whiche there n'is wight undir heven,
That can ther fa'ir's namis neven,
So divers and many there be
That with my mothre have be prive,
Yet woll I swere for sikirnesse
The Pole of helle to my witnesse,
Now drinke I not this yere clarre,
If that I lie, or forsworne be,
For of the Goddes the usage is,
That who so him forswereth amis, 5970
Shall that yere drinkin no clarre.

Now have I sworne inough parde,
If I forwere, than am I lorne;
But I woll nevir be forsworne,
Sithe Richesse hath me failid here,
She shall abie that trespass dere
At lest waie but I her harme
With swerde, or sparth, or with gisarme.

For certis sihe she loveth not me,
Fro thilke time that she maie se 5980
The castill and the toure to shake,
In forie time she shall awake,
If I maie gripe a riche man,
I shall so pulle him, if I can,
That he shall in a few stoundis
Lese all his markes, and his poundis.

I shall him make his pens out fling,
But that thei in his garnir spring,
Our maidins shall eke plucke him so,
That him shall nedin fethirs mo, 5990
And make him sell his londe to spende,
But he the bet conne him defende.

POre men han made ther Lorde of me,
Although thei nat so mightie be,
That thei maie fede me in delire,
I woll not have hem in dispite;
No gode man hateth hem, as I gesse,
For chinche and feloun is Richesse,
That so can chafe hem, and dispise,
And hem defoule in sondrie wise; 6000
Thei loven full bette, so God me spede,
Than doith the riche chinchy grede,
And ben (in gode faith) more stable,
And truir, and more serviable;
And therefore it suffisith me
Ther gode hertis, and ther beaute,
Thei han on me set all ther thought,
And therefore I foryete hem nought.
I woll hem bring in grete noblesse,
If that I were God of Richesse, 6010
As I am God of Love sothely,
Soche ruthe upon ther plaint have I,
Therefore I must his succour be,
That painith him to servin me,
For if he deied for love of this,
Than semeth in me no love there is.

Sir,

Sir, saied thei, sothe is every dele
That ye reherce, and we wote wele
Thilke othe to holde is resonable,
For it is gode and covenable,
That ye on riche men han ysworne;
For sir, this wote we well before,
If riche men doin you homage,
That is as folis doen outrage;
But ye shull not forsworne ybe,
Ne let therefore to drinke clarrie,
Or piment makid fr~~om~~ and newe,
Ladies shull hem soche pepir brewen,
If that thei fall into ther laas,
That thei for wo mowe saine alas!
Ladies shullen ere so curteis be
That thei shall quite your othe all fre;
Ne seketh nevir othir vicaire,
For thei shall speke with hem so faire
That ye shall holde you paied full wele,
Though ye you medle nere a dele;
Let Ladies worchin with ther thinges,
Thei shall hem tell so fele tidinges,
And move so many requestis,
By flatterie, that not honest is,
And thereto yeve hem soche thankinges,
What with kissing, and with talkinges,
That certis if thei trowid be
Shall nevir leve hem londe ne fe,
That it n'ill as the moeble fare,
Of whiche thei first delivered are.
Now maie you tell us all your will,
And we your hestis shall fulfill.

BUT false Semblant dare not for drede
Of you sir, medle' him of this dede,
For he saith that ye ben his so
He n'ot, if ye woll worche him wo;
Wherefore we praie you all, beau sire,
That ye foryeve him now your ire,
And that he maie dwell, as your man,
With Abstinence his dere lemman,
This our accorde and our will now.

Parfei saied Love, I graunt it you,
I woll well holde him for my man,
Now let him come; and he forthe ran.

False Semblant (q^d Love) in this wise
I take The here to my service,
That thou our frendis helpe alwaie,
And hindre' hem neithir night ne daie,
But doe thy might hem to releve,
And eke our en'emies that thou greve;
Thine be this might, I graunt it The,
My king of harlotes shalt thou be;
We woll that thou have soche honour,
Certain thou art a false traitour,
And eke a thief, sithe thou were borne,
A thousande times thou art forsworne,
But nathelless in our hering,
To put our folke out of doubting,
I bidde The teche hem, wost thou how?
By some generall signe now,
In what place thou shalt foundin be,
If that men had mistir of The,
And how men shall The best espie,
For The to knowe is grete maistrerie,
Tell in what place is thine haunting.

Sir, I have fully divers wonning,
That I kepe not reherfid be,
So that ye would respitin me,
For if that I tell you the sothe,
I maie have harme and shame bothe,
If that my felowes wistin it,
My talis shouldin me be quit,

For certaine thei would hate me,
If er I knewe ther cruelte,
For thei would ore all hold hem still
Of trothe, that is again ther will,
Soche talis kepyn thei not here,
I might eftsone buie it full dere,
If I saied of hem any thing,
That displeith to ther hering,
For what worde that hem pricketh or biteth,
In that worde none of hem deliteth,
All were it Gospell the' Evangile,
That would reprove hem of ther gile,
For thei are cruill and hautain,
And this thing wote I well certain,
If I speke ought to paire or loos,
Your courte shall not so well be cloos,
That thei ne shall wite it at last;
Of gode men am I nought agast,
For thei woll taken on hem nothing,
Whan that thei knowe all my mening,
But he that woll it on him take,
He woll himself suspicious make,
That he his life let covirtly
In gile and in Ypocrisie,
That me' engendrid and yave foltring.
Thei made a full gode engendring
(Q^d Love) for who so othly tell,
Thei engendrid the divell of hell.

But nedely, howsoere it be,
(Q^d Love) I will and charge The
To tell anon thy wonning placis,
Hering eche wight that in this place is,
And what life thou livist also,
Hide it no lengir now, whereto?
Thou must discovre' all thy worching,
How thou servist, and of what thing,
Though that thou shouldest for thy soth-saw
Ben all to-betin and to-drawe,
And yet art thou not wont, parde,
But nathelless, though thou betin be,
Thou shalt not be the first, that so
Hath for soth-sawe yfuffrid wo.

Sir, sithe that it maie likin you,
Though that I should be slain right now,
I shall doen your commaundement,
For thereto have I grete talent.

Withoutin wordis mo, right than
False Semblant his sermon began,
And saied hem thus in audience.
Barons, take hede of my sentence,
That wight that list to have knowing
Of false Semblant, full of flatt'ring,
He must in worldly folke him seke,
And certis in the Cloistirs eke,
I won no where, but in hem twaie,
But not like evin, sothe to saie,
Shortly I woll herberowe me
There I hope best to hulstrid be
And certainly, sikereft hiding
Is undimeth humblist clothing.
Religious folke ben full covert,
Seculer folke ben more appert,
But nathelless, I woll not blame
Religious folke, ne hem diffame,
In what habite that er thei go,
Religion humble, and true also
Woll I not blamin, ne dispise,
But I n'ill love it in no wise,
I mene of false religious,
That stout ben, and malicions,

U u u That

That wollin in an habite go,
And settin not ther herte therto.

Religious folke ben all pitous,
Thou shalt not sene one dispitous,
Thei lovin no pride, ne no strife,
But humbly thei woll lede ther life,
With whiche folke woll I nevir be,
And if I dwell, I fainè me,
I maie well in ther habite go,
But me were lever my necke a two,
Than let a purpose that I take,
What covenant that er I make.

I dwell with 'hem that proude ybe,
And full of wiles and subtilte,
That worship of this worlde coveiten,
And gretè nede connin expleiten,
And gon and gaðrin grete pitaunces,
And purchase 'hem the acquaintaunces
Of men that mightie life maie leden,
And faine 'hem pore, and 'hem self feden
With gode morcils delicious,
And drinkin gode wine precious,
And preche us povert and distresse,
And fishin 'hem self grete richesse
With wily nettis, that thei cast,
It woll come foule out at the last.

Thei ben fro clene religion went,
Thei make the worlde an argument,
That hath a foule conclusion,
I have a robe of religion,
Than am I all religious,
This argument is all roignous,
It is not worth a crokid Brere,
Habite ne makith Monke, ne Frere,
But clene life, and devocion,
Makith gode men of religion.

Nathelesse, there can none answere,
How high that er his hedde he there,
With rasour whettid nere so kene,
That gile in braunchis cutte thurtene,
There can no wight distinct it so,
That he dare saie a worde thereto.

But what herb'row that ere I take,
Or what semblaunt that er I make,
I mene but gile, and folowe that,
For right no more than Gibbe our cat,
(That awaiteth Mice and Rattes to killen)
Ne entende I, but to begilen,
Ne no wight maie, by my clothing,
Wete with what folke is my dwelling,
Ne by my wordis yet parde,
So soft and so plefant thei be.

Beholde the dedis that I doe,
But thou be blinde thou oughtist so,
For varie ther wordes fro ther dede,
Thei thinke on gile withoutin drede,
What manir clothing that thei were,
Or what estate that er thei bere,
Lerid or leude, Lorde, or Ladie,
Knight, Squier, Burgeis, or Bailie,

Right thus while false Semblant sermoneth,
Eft sonis Love him aresoneth,
And brake his tale in his speking,
As though he had him tolde lesing,
And saied, what devill is that I here?
What folke hast thou us nempnid here?
Maie men findin religioun
In worldly habitacioun?
Ye sir, it foloweth nat that thei
Should lede a wickid life parfei,
Ne not therefore ther soulis lese,
That 'hem to worldly clothis chese,

6160 For certis it were grete pite,
Men maie in seculer clothes se
Florishin holy religioun,
Full many' a saint in felde and toun,
With many' a virgine glorious,
Devoute, and full religious,
Han died, that commin clothe aie beren,
Yet saintis nerthelesse thei weren,
I could reckin you many a ten,
Ye welnigh all these holy women,
6170 That men in churchis herry' and seke,
Bothe maidins, and these wivs eke,
That bare ful many' a faire childe here,
Wered alway clothis seculere,
And in the same clothes didin they,
That saintis weren, and ben alway.

The ix. thousande maidinis dere;
That beren in heven ther ciergis clere,
Of whiche men rede in church and sing,
Were take in seculer clothing,
Whan thei recevid martirdome,
And wonnin heven unto ther home;
6180 Gode hert ymakith the gode thought,
The clothing yeveth ne revith nought,
The gode thought and the gode worching,
That maketh the religion flouring,
There lieth the gode religioun,
Aftir the righte entencioun.

Who so ytoke a wethir's skinne,
And wrapped a gredy woulfe therinne,
6190 For he should go with lambis white,
Wenist thou not he would 'hem bite?
Yes: Nerthelesse, as he were wode,
He would 'hem wirry', and drinke the blode,
And wel the rathir 'hem disceve,
For sithin thei coude nat perceve
His tregette, and his cruilte,
Thei would him folow, tho he fle.

If there be wolvis of fuche hewe
Amongis these Apostlis newe,
6200 Thou, holy church, thou maiste be wailed,
Sith that thy cite is assailed
Through knightis of thine ownè table,
God wot thy lordship is doutable,
If thei enforcin it to win,
That should defend it fro within,
Who might defence ayenst 'hem make,
Withoutin stroke it mote be take
Of trepeget or mangonell,
6210 Without displaying of pensell,
And if God n'il done it focour,
But let rennin in this colour,
Thou must thy heftis lettin be,
Than is there nought, but yeldè The,
Or yeve 'hem tribute doutilefs,
And holde it of 'hem to have pees,
But gretir harme betidith The,
That thei all maistir of it be,
Wel con thei scornin The withall,
By day ystuffin thei the wall,
And al the night thei minin there,
6220 Nay, thou plantin must ellis where
Thine impis, if thou wolt frute have,
Abide not there thy selfe to save.

BUT now pece, here I turne againe,
I wol no more of this thing saine,
Yf I may passin me hereby,
For I might makin you wery,
But I wol hetin you alway
To helpe your frendis what I may,

So thei wollin my company,
For thei be shent all uttirly,
But if so fallin, that I be,
Oftin with 'hem, and thei with me,
And eke my lemman mote thei serve,
Or thei shul not my love deserve,
Forsoth I am a false traitour,
God judged me for a thefe trechour,
Forsworne I am, but wel nigh none
Wote of my gile, til it be done.

6310

Through me hath many' one deth receved,
That my treget ner aperceved,
And yet receveth, and shal receive,
That my falsnesse shal nere perceive,
But who so doth, if he wise be,
Him is right gode beware of me,
But so flighe is the perceving,
That al to late comith knowing,
For Proteus that coude him chaunge
In every shappe, homely and straunge,
Coude nevir tuche gile ne trefoune
As I, for I come nere in toun
There as I might yknowin be,
Though men me both might here and see,
Ful wel I can my clothis chaunge,
Take one, and make an othir straunge,
Now am I Knight, now Chastelaine,
Now Prelate, and now Chapelaine,
Now Priest, now Clerke, and now Fostere,
Now am I Maistir, now Scholere,
Now Monke, now Chanon, now Bailly,
Whatever mistir manne am I.

6320

Now am I Prince, now am I Page,
And can by hert ev'ry langage,
Somtimis am I hore and olde,
Now am I yong, and stout, and bolde,
Now am I Robert, now Robin,
Now Frere Minor, now Jacobin,
And with me foloweth my loteby,
To done me solace and comp'any,
That hight dame Abstinence, and raigned
In many a queint arraie fained,
Right as it commeth to her liking,
I fulfill all her desiring.

6330

Somtime a woman's clothe take I,
Now am I a Maide, now Lady,
Sometime I am religious,
Now like an Ankir in an hous,
Somtime am I a Priorese,
And now a Nonne, and now Abbess,
And go thorough all regiounes,
Yfeking all religiounes.

But to what ordir that I am sworne,
I take the strawe and bete the corne,
To jolie folke I enhabite,
I aske no more but ther habite.

What wol ye more? in every wise
Right as me list I me disgise?

Wel can I bere me undir wede,
Unlike is my worde to my dede;
Thus make I into my trappes fall
The folke, through my priv'ilegis all.
That ben in cristendome a live.

6360

I may assoile, and I may thrive,
That no Prelate may lettin me,
All folke, where evir thei founde be;
I n'ot no Prelate maie done so,
But it the Pope be, and no mo,
That madin thilke establisshing;
Now is not this a propre thing?
But were my sleightis aperceved

6370

As I was wont, and wost thou why?

For I did 'hem a tregetry;
But therof yeve I' a litil tale,
I have the silvir and the male,
So have I prechid, and eke shriven,
So have I take, so have I yeven
Through ther foly, husbonde and wife,
That I lede right a joly life,
Through simplese of the Prelacie,
Thei know not all my tregettrie.

6380

BUT for as moche as man and wife
Shuld shew ther Parish Priest ther life
Onis a yere, as saith the Boke,
Er any wight his housil toke,
Than have I privilegis large,
That maie of mochil thing discharge,
For he may say right thus, parde;

6390

Sir priest, in shrifte I tel it The,
That he, to whom that I am shriven,
Hath me assoilid, and me yeven
Penance sothly for alle my sin,
Whiche that I founde me gilty in,
Ne I ne' have nevir entencion
To make double confession,
Ne reherce este my shrift to The,
O shrifte is right inough to me,
This ought The to suffisin wele,
Ne be not rebell nere a dele,
For certis, though thou haddest it sworne,
I wote no Priest ne Prelate borne,
That maie to shrift est me constraine,
And if thei done, I wol me plaine,
For I wote where to plaining wele,
Thou shalt not streinin me a dele,
Ne enforce me, ne not me trouble,
To makin my confession double,
Ne I have none affection

6400

To' have double absolucion,
The first is right inough to me,
This latre' assoiling quite I The,
I am unbounde, what maist thou finde
More of my sinnes me to unbinde?
For he that might hath in his honde
Of all my finnis me unbonde,
And if thou wolt me thus constraine,
That me mote nedis on The plaine,
There shall no juge imperiall,
Ne bishop, ne officiall,

6410

Done jugement on me, for I
Shal gone and plaine me opiny
Anon to my shriffathir newe,
Whiche that hight Frere wolfe untrewed,
And he shal chusin him for me,
For I trowe he can hampir The,
But lord! he would be wrothe withall,
Yf men would him Frere wolfe ycall,
For he would have no pacience,
But done all cruill vengience

6420

He would his might done at the lest,
Than nothing spare for Godd's hest,
And God so wise be my focour,
But thou yeve me my saviour
At Estir, whan it likith me,
Withoutin presing more on The
I wol forth, and to him ygone,
And he shal housil me anone,
For I am out of thy grutching,
I kepe not dele with The nothing.

Thus may he shrive him, that forsaketh
His parish priest, and to me taketh,
And if the priest wol him refuse,
I am full redy him to' accuse,
And him punish and hampir so,
That he his churchè shal forgo.

6440

But

But who so hath in his feling
The consequence of suche shrivin,
Shal sene, that priest maie nere have might
To know the conscience aright
Of him, that is undir his cure,
And this is ayenst holy' scripture,
That biddith every herde honest
Have very knowing of his best;
But povir folke that gon by strete,
That have no golde, ne summis grete,
Them would I let to ther Prelates,
Or let ther Priestis know ther states,
For to me right nought yevin thei,
And why it is, for thei ne may,

Thei ben so bare, I take no kepe,
But I woll havin the fat shepe,
Let Parish Priestis have the lene,
I yeve not of ther harme a bene,
And if that Prelatis grutche it,
That oughtin wroth be in ther wit
To lesin ther fat bestis so,
I shal yeve 'hem a stroke or two,
So that thei shal lesin with force,
Ye, both ther Mitre and ther Croce.

Thus jape I 'hem, and have do longe,
My privilegis ben so strong.

Falſe Semblant would have stintid here;
But Love ne made him no suche chere
That he was wery of his sawe,
But for to make him glad and fawe
He said, tell on more specially,
How that thou servist untruly;

Tel forth, and shame The nere a dele,
For as thine habit shewith wele
Thou servest an holy Heremite:

Sothe is, but I am but an ipocrite:
Thou goest and prechist poverté;

Ye sir, but richesse hath poste:
Thou prechist abstinence also:

Sir, I woll fillen, so mote I go,
My paunche, of gode mete and gode wine,
As should a maistr of divine,
For how that I me povir faine
Yet al povir folke I disdaine.

I Love bettir the acquaintaunce
Ten timis of the king of Fraunce,
Than of a pore man of milde mode,
Though that his soule be all so gode.
For whan I se beggirs quaking,
Nakid on mixins all stinking,
For hungre crie, and eke for care,
I entremet not of ther fare,
Thei ben so pore, and ful of pine,
Thei might not ones yeve me a dine,
For thei have nothing but ther life,
What should he yeve that licketh his knife?
It is but foly to' entremete
To seke in hound's nest fat mete,
Let bere him to the spittle' anone,
But for me comfort get thei none,
But a full riche sicke usurere
Would I visitin and drawe nere,
Him would I comforte and rehetre,
For I hope of his golde to gete,
And if that wickid deth him have,
I woll go with him in his grave;
And if there any reprove me,
Why that I let the povir be,
Wost thou how I know how to' ascape?
I say and fwerin him full rape,
That richè men han more tetchis

Of sinne, than han these pore wretchis,
And han of counsaile more mistere,
And therefore I would drawe 'nem nere;
But as gret hurt, it maie so be,
Hath soule in right grete poverté,
As soule in grete richesse forsothe,
Al be it that thei hurtin bothe,
For richesse and mendicitees
Bene clepid two extremitees,
The mene is clepid Suffisaunce,
There lieth of vertue the' aboundaunce.

For Salomon full wel I wote
In his wise Parablis us wrote,
As it is knowen of many' a wight,
In his thirtieth chapitir right,
God thou me kepe for thy poste,
Fro richesse and mendicite,
For if a riche man him dresse
To thinkin to moche on richesse,
His hert on that so ferre is sette,
That he' his creatour doth foryette,
And him that beggith woll aie greve,
How should I by his worde him leve,
Unneth that he n'is a micher
Forfworne, or els Godd'is lier,
Thus sayith Salomon'is sawes.

Ne we find writtin in no lawes,
And namely in our christin laie,
Who so saith ye, I dare say naie,
That Christ, ne his Apostils dere,
While that thei walkid in erth here,
Were nevir sene herbrid begging,
For they n'olde beggin for nothing.

And right thus were men wont to teche,
And in this wise wouldin it preche
The maistris of divinite
Somtime in Paris the cite.

AND if men would there gaine appose
The nakid texte, and let the glole,
It mightin sone assoilid be,

For men may wel the sorhe yse,
That pardie thei might aske a thing
Plainly forth withoutin begging,
For they weren Godd'is herdis dere,
And cure of soulis haddin here,
Thei ne wolde nothing begge ther fode,
For astir Christ was done on rode,
With ther propir hondis thei wrought,
And with traveile, and ellis nought,
Thei wonnin al ther sustinaunce,
And livedin forth in ther penaunce,
And the remenaunt yaf awaie
To othir pore folkis alwaie.

Thei neithir bildin toure ne hall,
But thei in housis smal with alle.

A mighty man, that can and maie,
Should with his honde and body' alwaie
Winne him his fode in labouring,
Yf he ne' have rent or suche a thing,
Although he be religious,
And God to servin curious,
Thus mote he done, or do trespas,
But if it be in certaine caas,
That I can telle, if mistir be,
Right wel, whan that the time I se.

Seke the boke of sainte Augustine,
Be it in papir or perchemene,
There as he writte of these worchinges,
Thou shalt sene that none excusinges

A perfite man ne should yseke
By wordis, ne by dedis eke,

Although

Although he be religious,
And God to servin curious,
That he ne shal, so mote I go,
With propir hondes, and body' also,
Yget his fode in laboring,
Yf he ne' have properte of thing,
Yet should he sel all his substaunce,
And with his swinke have sustinaunce,
If he be parfite in bounte;
Thus han the bokis tolde me.
For he that wol gone idilly,
And usith it aie besily
To hauntin othir menn's table,
He is a trechour full of fable,
Ne he ne maie by gode reson
Excuse him by his orison,
For men behovith in some gife
Ben somtime out of God's servise,
To gon and purchasin ther nede.

Men mote etin, that is no drede,
And slepe, and eke do othir thing,
And so long may thei leve praying.

So may they eke ther praier blinne,
While that thei werke ther mete to winne,
Seint Austyn wol therto accorde
In thilk boke that I recorde.

Justinian eke, that made lawes,
Hath thus forbodin by olde sawes,

No man, up paine for to be ded,
Mighty' of body, to begge his bred.
Yf he may swinke it for to gete,
Men should him rathir maim or bete,
Or done of him aperte justice,
Than suffrin him in suche malice.

Thei done not wel, so mote I go,
Whiche that takin suche almesse so,
But if thei have some privilege,
That of the paine 'hem woll alege.

But how that is, can I not se,
But if the prince discevid be,
Ne I ne wene not sikirly,
That thei maie have it rightfully.

But yet I wol not determine
Of princis powir, ne define,
Ne by my worde compre'hende iwis,
Yf it so ferre may stretche in this,
I wol not entremete a dele,
But I trowe that the boke saith wele,
Who that taketh almessis, that be
Dewe to folke that men may yse
Lame, and feble, wery, and bare,
Povir, or in suche manir care,
That con winnin hem nevir mo,
For thei havin no power therto,
He etith his owne dampning,
But if he lie, that made al thing;
And if ye suche a truaunt finde,
Chastise him wel, if ye be kinde,
But thei would hatin you parcaas,
If that ye fillin in ther laas.

Thei would estonis do you scathe,
If that thei mightin, late or rathe,
For thei be not ful pacient,
That han the worlde thus foule yblent,
And wetith wel, that God ybad
The gode man fell al that he had,
And folowe' him, and to pore it yeve;
He would not therfore that he live
To servin him in mendience,
For it was nevir his sentence,
But he bad werke, whan that nede is,
And folowe him in gode dedis.

Saint Poule, that loved al holy church,
He bade the' Apostils for to wurch,

6590

And winne ther livelode in that wife,
And 'hem defendid truandise,
And sayid, werkith with your honden,
Thus should the thing be understonden;
He n'olde iwis have bid 'hem begging;

Ne sellin gospels, ne preching,
Lest thei berafe, with ther asking
Folke of ther cattle' or of ther thing.

6600

For in this world is many' a man,
That yeveth his gode, for he ne can
Werne it for shame, or ellis he
Would of the' askir delivered be,
And for he him encombrith so
He yeveth him gode to let him go,
But it can him nothing profite,
Thei lese the yeste and the merite.

6610

The gode folke that St. Poule to preched,
Profrid him ofte, whan he 'hem teched,
Some of ther gode in charite,
But therof right nothing toke he,
But of his hondis would he gette
Clothis to wrine him, and his mete.

6670

6680

TEL me than how a man may liven,
That al his gode to pore hath yeven,
And wol but onely bidde his bedes,
And ner with hondes labour his nedes,
May he do so? Ye sir: And howe?

6690

6620

Sir: I woll gladly tellin you;
Saint Austyn saith, a man may be
In housis that han properte,
As templers, and hospitellers,
And as these Chanons regulers,
Or these white Monkis, or these blake,
I wol no mo ensamplis make,
And take thereof his susteining,
For therin lyith no begging,
But othirwayis not iwis;
Yet Austyn gabbith not of this,
And yet ful many' a Monke laboreth,
That God in holy Churche honoureth,
For whan ther swinking is agon,
Thei rede and sing in Church anone.

6700

6630

And for there hath ben grete discorde,
As many' a wight may bere recorde,
Upon the' estate of mendience,
I wol shortely in your presence
Tel how a man maie begge at nede,
That hath not wherwith him to fede,
Maugre his felowis janglinges,
For sothfastnes wol none hidinges,
And yet percase I may obey,
That I to you sothly thus sey.

6640

6710

LO here the case especial;
If a man be so bestiall,
That he of no craste hath science,
And nought desirith ignorence,
Than may he go a begging yerne,
Till he some othir cratte can lerne,
Through whiche withoutin truand
He may in trouthe have his living.

6720

6650

Or if he may done no labour
For elde, or sickenesse, or langour,
Or for his tendir age also,
Than may he yet a begging go.

6660

Or if he have peravinture
Through usage of his noriture
Livid ovir deliciously,
Than oughtin gode folke cominly,
Han of his mischefe some pite,
And suffrin him also, that he

6730

X x x

May

May gon about and begge his bred,
That he be not for hongir ded ;
Or if he have of crafte conning,
And strength also, and desiring
For to worchin, as he had what,
But he finde neithir this ne that,
Than may he beggin till that he
Have gettin his necessite.

Or if his winning be so lite,
That his labour will not aquite
Sufficiantly al his living,
Yet may he go his brede begging,
Fro dore to dore he may go trace,
Till he the remnaunt may purchase.

Or if a man would undirtake
Any emprise for to ymake
In the rescous of our lay,
And it defendin as he may,
Be it with armis, or lettrure,
Or othir convenable cure,
If it be so that he pore be,
Than may he beggin, til that he
Maie findin in trouth for to swinke,
And get him clothis, mete, and drinke,
Swinke he with his hondes corporel,
And not with hondes espirituel.

IN all this case, and in semblables,
If that there ben mo resonables,
He maie begge, as I tell you here,
And ellis not, in no manere,
As William saint Amour would preche,
And oftin would dispute and teche
Of this matir all opinly,
At Paris fully' and solemply ;
And all so God my soule blesse,
As he had in this stedfastnesse
The' acorde of the' universite,
And of the peple', as semith me.

No gode man ought it to refuse,
Ne ought him thereof to excuse,
Be wrothe or blithe, who so thou be,
For I wol speke, and tell it The,
Al should I die, and be put down,
As was saint Poule, in derke prifoun,
Or be exilid in this caas,
With wrong, as maistir William was,
That my mothir *Hypocrisie*
Banishid for her gret envie.

My mothir flemed him saint Amour,
This noble man did suche labour
To susteine er the loialte,
That he to multe agilté me,
He made a boke, and let it write,
Wherin his life he did all dite,
And would that eche renied begging,
And livin by my travailing,
If I ne' had rent ne othir gode ;
What? wenith he that I were wode ?
For labour might me nevir plese,
I have more will to ben at ese,
And have well levir, sothe to saie,
Before the peple patre' and praie,
And wrie me in my foxerie
Undir a cope of papelardie.

(Q^x Love) what divel is this I here ?
What wordis tellist thou me here ?
What sir? Why Fallnesse that apert is.
Than dredist thou not God? No certis ;
For selde in grete thing shal he spede,
In this world, that God wol ydrede ;
For folke that 'hem to vertue yeven,

And truily on ther owne liven,
And 'hem in godnesse aie contente,
On 'hem is litil thriste isente,
Suche folke ydrinkin grete misele,
That life ne may me nevir plese.

But se what golde han uferers,
And silvir eke in ther garners,
6740 Tailagiers, and these moniours,
Bailiffes, Bedils, Provostes, Countours,
These livin well nigh by ravine,
The smale peple 'hem mote encline,
And thei as wolvis wol 'hem eten,
Upon the povir folke thei geten
Ful multe of that thei spende or kepe,
N'is none of 'hem that thei n'il strepe,
And wrine 'hem selvin well at full,
Withoutin scalding thei 'hem pull.

6750 The strong the feble ovirgothe,
But I that were my simple clothe
Robbe bothe the robbid and robbours,
And gile the gilid and gilours
By my treget, I gathre' and threste
The grete tresour into my cheste,
That lieth with me so faste ybounde,
Thus myn high paleis do I founde,
And my delitis I fulfill

With wine at festis, at my will,
And tablis ful of entremees,
6760 I wol no life, but ese and pees,
And winnin golde to spende also,
For whan the grete bagge is ago,
It comith full right with my japes,
Make I not wel tomble mine apes ?
To winnen is alwaie mine entent,
My purchace' is bettir than my rent;
For though that I should betin be,
Ovir al I entremet me,

6770 Withoutin me maie no wight dure,
I walkin soulis for to cure,
Of all the world the cure-have I,
In brede and eke in length boldly,
I wol bothe preche, and eke counsaillen,
With hondis wol I not travailen,
For of the Pope I have the bull,
I ne holde not my wittis dull,
I wol not stintin in my live
These Emperouris for to thrive
Of Kingis, Dukes, and Lordis grete,
6780 But povir folke al quite I lete,
I love no suche thriving, parde,
But it for othir cause ybe,
I recke not of these povir men,
Ther estate is not worthe an hen.

Wher findest thou 'a swinkir of labour
Have me to be his confessoure ?
But Empressis, and Duchessis,
6860 These Quenis, and eke Countessis,
These Abbessis, and eke Bigins,
And these grete Ladies palasins,
These joly Knightis, and Bailives,
6790 These Nonnis, and these Burgeis wives,
That riche yben, and eke plesing,
And these Maidinis welfaring,
Where so thei clad or nakid be,
Uncounsailed goeth there none fro me,
And for ther soulis savite
At Lorde and Lady', and ther meine
6870 I aske, whan thei 'hem to me thrive,
The properte of al ther live,
And make 'hem trowe, both moste and lest,
6800 Ther Parish Priest is but a best
Ayens me and my company,
That shrewis ben as gret as I,

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Fro

Fro whiche I wol not hide in holde
No privity, that me is tolde,
That I by worde or signe iwis
Ne wol make 'hem know what it is,
And thei wollen also tellin me,
Thei hele fro me no privity;
And for to make you them perceiven,
That usin folke thus to deceiven,
I wol you saine withoutin drede
What men maie in the Gospell rede
Of saint Mathewe the Gospellere,
That saith, as I shall you saie here.

UPon the chaire of Moses,
Thus it is glosid doutlefs,
(That is the olde Testament,
For thereby is the chaire ment)
Sittin Scribis and Pharisen,
That is to saine, the cursid men,
Whiche that we Ipocritis call,
Doeth that thei preche I rede you all,
But doeth not as thei doen a dele,
That ben not werie to saie wele,
But to doe well no will have thei,
And thei would binde on folke alwaie,
That ben to be begilid able,
Burdonis, that ben importable,
On folkis shouldirs thinges thei couchen,
That thei nill with ther fingirs touchen,
And why woll thei not touch it? why?
For them ne liste nat sikirly,
For the sadde burdonis, that men taken,
Ymakin folkis shouldirs aken.

And if thei doe ought that gode be,
That is for folke it shouldin se,
Ther burdonis largir makin thei,
And makin ther hemmes wide alwaie,
And lovin setis at the table
The first, and the moste honourable,
And for to han the first chairis
In Sinagogges, to 'hem full dere is,
And willen that folke 'hem loude and grete,
Whan that thei passin through the strete,
And wollen be cleped maistris also,
But thei ne should not willin so,
The Gospell' is there ayenst I gesse,
That shewith well ther wickidnesse.

AN othir custome usin we,
Of 'hem that woll ayenst us be,
We hate him dedly everychone,
And we woll werrey him, as one,
Him that one hatith, hate we all,
And coniecte how to doen him fall,
And if we sene him winne honour,
Richesse or preise, through his valour,
Provende, or rent, or dignite,
Full faste iwis compassin we
By what laddre' he is clombin so,
And for to make him doune to go
With traizon we woll him defame,
And doen him lesin his gode name.

Thus from his laddir we him take,
And thus his frendis foes we make,
But worde ne wetin shall he none,
Till al his frendis ben his fone,
For if we did it opiny
We mightin have blame redily,
For had he wiste of our malice,
He had him kept, but he were nice.

An othir' is this, that if so fall
That there be one emong us all
That doeth a gode tourne, out of drede

6880 We saine it is our aldir dede,
Ye sikirly, though he it fained,
Or that him liste, or that him dained,
A man through him avauncid be,
Thereof all partineres be we,
And tellin folke, where so we go,
That man through us is sprongin so.

And for to have of men praising,
We purchace, through our flattering,
Of richè men of grete poste
Lettirs, to witnesse our bounte,
So that man weneth, that maie us se,
That alle vertue in us be.

6890 And alwaie povir we us sain,
But how so that we begge, or plain,
We ben the folke, without lesing,
That all thing have without having.

Thus be dradde of the peple' iwis,
And gladly my purpose is this.

I delin with no wight, but he
Have golde and trefour grete plente,
Ther acquaintaunce well lovin I
This moche is my desire shortly;

6900 I entremete me of brocages,
I makin pece, and mariages,
I am gladly executour,
And many times a procuratour,
I am sometime a messagere,
That fallith not to my mistere.

And many timis I make enquest,
For me that office is nat honest,
To dele with othir mennis thing
That is to me a grete liking,

6910 And if that ye have ought to doe
In place that I repairin to,
I shall it spedin through my witte
As sone as ye have tolde me it,
So that ye servin me to paie;
My service shall be yours alwaie.

6920 But who so woll chastise me,
Anone my love-yloste hath he,
For I love no man in no gise
That woll me reprove or chastise,
But I woll all folke undirtake,
And of no wight no teching take,
For I that othir folke chastie
Woll not be taught fro my folie.

6930 **I** Ne love none Hermitage more;
Al desertis, and holtis hore;
And grete wodis everichone
I let 'hem to the Baptist John;
I queth him quite and him relesse
Of Egypt all the wildirnesse,
To ferre were all my mansiouns
Fro alle citees and gode touns.

My paleis and mine house make I
There men maie renne in opiny,
And saie that I the worlde forsake,
But all amidde I builde, and make
My house, and swimme and plaie therein;
Bette than a fishe doth with his finne.

6940 **O**F Antichrist's men am I,
Of whiche that Christ saith opiny
Thei have habite of holinesse,
And livin in soche wickidnesse,
To' the copie, if him talent toke
Of the Evangelist's boke,
There might he se by grete traifoun
Full many' a false comparifoun.

As moche as thorough his grete might,
Be it of hete, be it of light,

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The

The Sunne yfurmounth the Mone,
That troublir is, and chaungith sone,
And the nutte kerneill dothe the shell,
I skorne nat that I you it tell,

Right so withoutin any gile
Surmountith this noble' Evangile
The worde of any' Evangelist,
And to ther tite thei toke Christ,
And many soche comparisoun,
Of whiche I make no mencion,
Mightin men in that boke finde,
Who so could of 'hem havin minde.

The' uni'ersite, that was a slepe,
Gan for to braied, and takin kepe,
And at the noise the hedde up cast,
Ne nevir sithin slept it fast,
But up it stert, and armis toke,
Ayncst this false horrible boke
All redy battaile for to make,
And to the Judge the boke thei take.

But thei, that broughtin the boke there,
Hent it anone awaie for fere,
Thei n'old shewe it no more a dele,
But than it kept, and kepin wele
Till soche a time that thei maie se,
That thei so strong ywoxin be,
That no wight maie 'nem well withstonde,
For by that boke thei durst not stonde,
Awaie thei gonne it for to bere,
For thei ne durstin not answere
By expocicion ne glose,
To that that clerkis woll appose,
Ayncst the cursidnesse iwis,
That in that boke ywrittin is.

Now wotte I nat, ne can nat se
What manir ende that there shall be
Of all this whiche that thei yhide,
But yet algate thei shall abide,
Till that thei maie it bette defende,
This trowe I best woll be ther ende.

Thus Antichrist abidin we,
For we ben all of his meine,
And what man that woll not be so,
Right sone he shall his life forgo.

All outward Lambin semin we,
Full of godenesse and of pite,
And inwarde we withoutin fable
Ben gredy Wolvis ravifable.

We enviroun bothe londe and se,
With all the worlde werryin we,
We woll ordain of allè thing,
Of folkis gode, and ther living.

If there be castill or cite
Within that any bougerons be,
Although that thei of Millaine were,
For thereof ben thei blamid there,
Or of a wight out of mesure
Would lene there gold, and take usure,
For that he is so coveitous,
Or if he be to Lechirous,
Or these that hauntin Simonie,
Or Provost full of trechirie,
Or Prelate living jolilie,
Or Priest that halt his quein him by,
Or oldè whoris hostilers,
Or othir baudes or bordillers,
Or ellis blamed of any vice,
Of whiche men shouldin doen justice,
By all the saintis that we preie,
But thei defende them with lampreie,
With luce, with elis, with samons,

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With tendir gees, and with capons, 7090
With tartis, or with cheffis fat,
With deinte flaunis, brode and flat,
With caleweis, or with pullaile,
With coninges, or with fine vitaile,
That we undir our clothis wide
Ymakin through our golet glide,
Or but he woll doe come in haste
Rae venison ybake in paste,
Whethir so that he toure or groine,
He shall have of a corde a loigne, 7100
With whiche men shall him binde and lede
To brenne him for his sinfull dede,
That men shall here him crié and rore,
A mil'is waie about and more;
Or els he shall in prison die,
But if he woll his frendship buie,
Or smertin that, that he hath doe,
More than his gilt amounnith to:

But and he couthe, thorough his sleight,
Doe makin up a toure of height, 7110
Nought rought I, wher of stone or tre,
Or yerth, or turvis though it be,
Though it were of no voundè stone
Ywrought with square and scantilone,
So that the toure were stuffid well
With allè richis temporell.

And than that he would him up dresse
Enginis, bothè more and lessé,
To caste at us by every side,
To berin his gode namè wide, 7120

Soche sleightis I shullin you yeven,
Barelles of wine, by sixe or seven,
Or golde in sackis grete plente,
He should tho sone delivered be;
And if he have no suche pitences,
Let him studie' in equipolences,
And lerin lies and fallaces,
If that he would deserve our graces,
Or we shall bere him soche witnesse. 7130
Of sinne, and of his wretchidnesse,
And doen his lose so wide renne,
That all quicke we shouldin him brenne,
Or ellis yeve him soche penaunce,
That is well worse than the pitaunce.

For thou shalt nevir for nothing
Con knowen aright by ther clothing
The traitours full of trechèrie,
But thou ther werkis can espie.

And ne had the gode keeping be
Whilom of the' uni'ersite, 7140
That kepeth the kei of christendome,
We' had ben tourmentid all and some.

Soche ben the flinking Prophetis,
Nis none of 'hem, that gode Prophete is,
For thei through wickid entencion
The yere of the' incarnacion
A thousande, and two hundrid yere,
Five and fiste, ferthir ne nere,
Broughtin a boke with sorie grace,
To yeven ensample in common place, 7150
That sayid thus, though it were fable,
This is the Gospell pardurable,
That fro the holie Ghost is sent,
Well were it worthe to be ybrent,
Entitlid was in soche manere
This boke, of whiche I tell here,
There n'as no wight in all Paris
Before our Ladie at parvis,
That thei ne might the boke by,
The sentence plesed 'hem well truely. 7160

But I woll stint of this matere,
For it is wondir long to here,

But

But had that ilke boke endured,
Of better' estate I were ensured,
And frendis have I yet parde,
That han me set in grete degre.

OF all this worlde is Emperour
Gile my fathir, the false trechour,
And Emperesse my mothir is,
Maugre the Holie Ghoste iwis;
Our mightie linage, and our rout
Reignith in every reigne about,
And well' is worthy we mini'sters be,
For all this worlde governe we,
And can the folke so well deceve
That none our gilis can perceive,
And though thei doen, thei dare not saie,
The sothe dare no wight bewraie.

But he in Christ'is wrathe him ledeth,
That more than Christ my brethrin dredeth,
He n'is no full gode champion,
That dredeth soche similacion,
Nor that for pain woll refusin
Us to correcte and accusin.

He woll not entremete by right;
Ne havin God in his eyen sit,
And therefore God shall him punice;
But me ne reckith of no vice,
Sithen men us loven communable;
And holdin us for so worthie,
That we maie folke repreve echone,
And we n'ill have represe of none;
Whom shouldin folke worshipin so
But us that stintin nevir mo
To patrin, while that folke maie' us se,
Though it not so behinde 'hem be?

AND where is there more wode folie
Than to enhauncin chivalrie,
And lovin noble men and gaie;
That jolie clothis weren alwaie?
If thei be soche folke as thei semen,
So clene, as men ther clothis demen,
And that ther wordes folowe ther dede,
It is grete pite out of drede,
For thei woll be none Hypocritis,
Of 'hem me thinkith gretè spite is,
I can not love 'hem on no side.

But beggirs with these hodie wide,
With sleigh and palè facis lene,
And with graie clothis nat full clene,
But frettid full of tatar waggis,
And high shewis knoppid with dagges,
That frouncin like a qualè pipe,
Or botis riving as a gipe,

To soche folke, as I you devise,
Should princis and these lordis wise
Take all ther landis and ther thinges,
Bothe warre and pece in govringes,
To soche folke should a prince him yeve,
That would his life in honour live.

And if thei be nat as thei seme,
That servin thus the worlde to queme,
There would I dwellin to deceve
The folke, for thei shall nat perceive.
But I ne speke in no soche wise
That men should humble' habite dispise,
So that no pride there undir be,
No man should hate, as thinkith me,
The povir man in soche clothing,
But God ne presith him nothing,
That saieth he hath the worlde forsake,
And hath to worldly glory' him take,
And woll of soche delicis use,

Who maie that beggir well excuse?
That papelarde, that him yeldith so,
And woll to worldly ese ygo,
And saieth that he the worlde hath left,
And greedily it gripith eft,
He is the hounde, shame is to fain,
That to his casting goeth again.

7170 **B**UT unto you dare I not lie,
But might I felin or espie,
That ye percevid it nothing,
Ye shouldin have a starke lesing
Right in your honde thus to beginne,
I ne wolde it let for no sinne.
The God lough at the wondir tho,
And every wight gan laugh also,
And sayid: lo here a man right
For to be trustie to' every wight!

7180 **F**alse Semblant (qð Love) saie to me,
Sith I thus have avauncid The,
That in my court is thy dwelling,
And of ribaudes shalt be my king,
Wolt thou well holdin my forwardes?
Ye sir, qð he, from hens forwardes,
We woll a peple' on him arise,
And through our gile doin him cease;
And him on sharpe speris rive,
7190 Or othir waies bring him fro live,
But if that he woll folowe' iwis
That in our boke ywrittin is.

THus mōche woll our boke signifie,
That while Peter had maistrie
Maie nevir John shewe well his might.
Now have I you declarid right
The mening of the barke and rinde,
That makith the entencions blinde.
But now at erst I woll begin
7200 To expounne you the pithe within,
And the seculers comprehende,
That Christ'is lawe wollin defende,
And should it kepin and maintainen,
Ayenist them that all sustenen,
And falsly to the peple techen,
That John betokeneth 'hem to prechen,
That there n'is lawe covenable,
But thilke Gospell pardurable,
7210 That fro the Holy Ghost was sent,
To tournin folke that ben miswent.

The strength of John thei undirstonde,
The grace, in whiche thei saie thei stonde,
That doeth the sinfull folke convert,
And 'hem to Jesu Christ revert,
Full many' an othre' horriblete
Mowin men in that bokè se,
That ben commaundid doutilefs
Ayenst the lawe of Rome expresse,
And all with Antichrist thei holden,
7220 As men maie in the boke beholden.

And than commaundin thei to sleen
All tho that with Peter yben,
But thei shall nevir have that might,
And God to forne, for strief to fight,
That thei ne shall ynough yfinde,
That Peter's lawe shall have in minde,
And evir holde, and so maintene,
That at the last it shall be sene
That thei shall all comin thereto,
7230 For aught that thei can speke or do.

And thilke lawe ne shall not stonde,
That thei by John have undirstonde,
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But

But maugre them, it shall adoun,
And ben brought to confusioun,
Had ner your fathir here before
Servaunt so true, siþe he was borne,
That is ayenist all nature.

Sir, put you in that avinture,
For though ye borowes take of me,
The sikerer shall ye nevir be
For hostagis, ne sikirnesse,
Or chartris, for to bere witnesse;
I take your self to recorde here,
That men ne maie, in no manere,
Terin the wolfe out of his hide,
Till he be slain, bothe backe and side,
Though men him bete and all defile;
What wene ye that I woll begile?

For I am clothid mekily,
There undre' is all my trechiry,
Mine herte chaungith nevir the mo
For none habite, in which I go,
Though I have chere of simplenesse,
I am not werie of shreudnesse,
My lemman, strainid Abstenaunce,
Hath mistir of my purveiaunce,
She had full long ago be dedde,
N'ere for my counsaile and my redde;
Let her alone, and you, and me.

And Love answerid, I trust The
Without borowe, for I woll none.

And false Semblant the thefe anone
Right in that ilke same place,
That had of trefon all his face
Right blacke within, and white without,
Thanking him, gan on his knees lout.

Than was there nought, but every man,
Now to assaute, that sailin can
(Q^x Love) and that full hardily.
Than armid thei 'hem cominly
Of soche armour, as to 'hem fell.
Whan thei were armid, fiers and fell
Thei went 'hem forthie all in a rout,
And fet the castill all about,
Thei will not awaie for no drede,
Till it so be that thei ben dede,
Or till thei have the castill take.
And four battellis gan thei make,
And partid 'hem in foure anone,
And toke ther waie, and forthe thei gone,
The foure gatis for to assaile,
Of whiche the kepirs woll not faile,
For thei ben neithir sicke ne dede,
But hardie folke, and strong in dede.

Now woll I faine the countenaunce
Of false Semblant, and Abstinaunce,
That ben to wickid tong ywent.
But first thei helde ther parlyment,
Whethir it to be doin were,
To makin 'hem be knowin there,
Or ellis walkin forthe disgised;
But at the laste thei devised
That thei would gone in tapinage,
As it were in a pilgrimage,
Like gode and holie folke unfeined;
And anon dame Abstinence streined
Toke on a robe of Cameline,
And gan her gratche as a bigine.

A large coverchief of threde
She wrappid all about her hede;
But she forgate not her Psaltere;

A paire of bedis eke she bere
Upon a lace all of white threde,
On whiche that she her bedis bede;

But she ne bought 'hem nevre' a dele,
For thei were given her, I wote wele,
God wote of a full holie Frere,
That saied he was her fathir dere,
To whom she had oftiner went
Than any Frere of his covent,

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And he visitid her also,
7310 And many' a sermone saied her to,
He n'olde let for no man on live
That he ne would her oftin thrive,
And with so grete devocion
Thei madin her confession,
That thei had oftin for the nones
Two heddis in one hode at ones.

Of faire shape I devised her The,
But pale of face sometime was she,
7320 That false traitouress untrew
Was like that salowe horse of hewe,
That in the' Apocalyps is shewed,
That signifieth tho folke beshrewed,
That ben all full of trecherie,
And pale, thorough hypocrisie;
For on that horse no colour is,
But onely dedde and pale iwis,
Of soche a colour enlangoured
Was Abstinence iwis coloured,
Of her estate she her repented,
7330 Right as her visage reprented.

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She had a burdoun all of theft,
That Gile had yeve her of his yeft,
And a skrippe of faint distresse,
That full was of elengenesse;
And forthe she walkid sobirlye.

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And false Semblant faint, je vous die,
And as it were for soche mistere,
Doin on the cope of a Frere,
7410 With chere simple, and full pitous,
His loking was not disdeinous,
Ne proude, but meke and ful pefible.

About his necke he bare a bible,
And Squyrlly forthe gan he gon;
And for to rest his limmes upon
He had of trefon a potent,
As he were feble', his waie he went.

But in his sleve he gan to thring
A rasour sharpe, and well biting,
7420 That was yforgid in a forge,
Whiche that men clepin Coupe gorge.

So long forth ther waie thei nomin,
Till thei to wickid Tong comin,
That at his gate ywas sitting,
And sawe folke in the waie passing.

The pilgrimis sawe he fast by,
That berin 'hem full mekily,
And humbly thei with him ymette;
7430 Dame Abstinence first him ygrette,
And siþe him False Semblant salved,
And he 'hem, but he not-remeved,

For he ne drede him not a dele,
For whan he sawe ther facis wele,
Alwaie in herte him thought so
He should knowin 'hem bothe two;

For well he knewe dame Abstinaunce;
But he ne knewe not Constreinaunce,
He knewe nat that she was constrained,
7440 Ne of her thev'is life yfained;

But wende she come of will all fre;
But she come in othir degre,
And if of gode will she began,
That will ywas failid her than.

7370

AND False Semblant had he faine alse,
But he knewe nat that he was false;

Yet

Yet false was he, but his falsnesse
 Ne could he nat espie, nor gesse;
 For Semblant was so flie ywrought,
 That Falsnesse he ne espied nought;
 But haddest thou knowin him beforne,
 Thou woldist on a boke have sworne,
 Whan thou him sawe in thilke araie,
 That he, that whilom was so gaie,
 And of the daunce Jolie Robin,
 Was tho become a Jacobin;
 But sothly what so men 'hem call,
 Frere Prechouris ben gode men all,
 Ther ordir wickidly thei beren,
 Soche minstrellis if that thei weren.

So ben Augustins, and Cordileres,
 And Carmis, and eke sackid Freres,
 And all the Freris shode and bare,
 Though some of 'hem ben grete and square,
 Full holy men, as I 'hem deme,
 Everiche of 'hem would gode man seme,
*But shalt thou nevir of apparence
 Sein conclude gode consequence
 In any argument iuris,*
 If existens all failid is;
 For men maie finde alwaie sopheme,
 The consequence to enveneme,
 Who so hath had the subtilte
 The double sentence for to se.

Whan the pilgrimis comin were
 To wickid Tong, that dwellid there,
 Ther harnes nigh 'hem was algate,
 By wickid Tong adoune thei fate,
 That badde 'hem nere him for to come,
 And of tidings tell him some,
 And saied 'hem, what case makith you
 To comin into this place now?

SIR, sayid Strainid Abstinunce,
 We for to dryin our penaunce
 With hertis pitous and devout
 Are commen, as pilgrimes gon about,
 Well nigh on fote alwaie we go,
 Full doughtie ben our helis two,
 And thus bothe we ben ysent
 Throughout the worlde, that is miswent,
 To yeve ensample, and preche also,
 To fithin sinfull men we go,
 For othir fithing ne fiske we;
 And leve sir, for that charite,
 As we be wont, erbo'rowe we crave,
 Your life to amenne Christ it save,
 And so it should you not displese,
 We wouldin, if it were your ese,
 A short sermon unto you sain.
 And wickid Tong answered again,
 The house (qð he) soche as ye se,
 Shall nat be warnid you for me,
 Saie what you list, and I woll here.
 Graunt mercie tho swete sir dere,

Qð aldirfirst dame Abstinence,
 And thus began she her sentence.

Sir, the first vertue for certaine,
 The gretist, and moste soveraine,
 That maie be founde in any man,
 For having, or for wit he can,
 That is his tong for to refrain;
 Therto ought every wight him pain;
 For it is bettir still to be,
 Than for to spekin harme parde,
 And he that harkeneth it gladly,
 He is no gode man sikirly.

And sir, aboven all othir sinne,

In that art thou most giltie inne,
 Thou spake a jape, not long a go;
 And sir, that was right evill doe,
 7450 Of a yong man, that here repaired,
 And nevir yet this place apaired,
 Thou saidest he awaitid nothing,
 But to disceve Faire Welcoming,
 Ye saidin nothing sothe of that,
 But sir, ye lie, I tel you plat,
 He cometh no more, ne goeth parde,
 I trowe ye shal him nevir se,
 Faire Welcoming in prison is,
 That ofte hath plaid with you er this
 7460 The fairist gamis that He coude,
 Withoutin filth; or stil or loude
 Now dare he not himselfe solace;
 Ye han also the man do chace,
 That he dare neithir come ne go.
 What mevith you to hate him so,
 But propirly your wickid thought,
 That many' a false lesing hath thought,
 That mevith your foule eloquence,
 That janglith evre' in-audience,
 7470 And on the folke arisith blame,
 And doeth 'hem dishonour and shame,
 For thing that maie have no preving,
 But likeliness and contriving?

For I dare saine, that Reson demeth,
 It is not al soth thing that semeth,
 And it is sinne for to controve
 Any thing that is to reprove,
 This wote ye wele, and sir therfore
 Ye arne to blame mochil the more,
 7480 And nathelless, he reckith lite,
 He yeveth not now therof a mite,
 For if he thoughtin harme parfaie
 He would ycome and gone all daie,
 He ne coude not himselfe abstene,
 Now cometh he not, and that is sene,
 For he ne taketh of it no cure,
 But if it be through avinture,
 And lasse than othir folke algate,
 And thou here watchist at the gate,
 7490 With spere in thine arest alwaie,
 There muse mufarde all the longe daie,
 Thou wakist night and daie for thought,
 Iwis thy traveile is for nought,
 And Jelousie withoutin faile
 Shall nevir quite The thy traveile,
 And skathe is, that Faire Welcoming,
 Withoutin any trespassing,
 Shal wrongfully in prison be,
 There wepith and languishith he;
 7500 And though thou nevir yet iwis
 Agiltist man no more but this,
 Take not a grese, it were worthy
 To put The out of this Bailly,
 And astirwarde in Prison lie,
 And fettrid The till that thou die;
 For thou shalt for this sinne dwelle,
 Right in the Devil's arse of Helle,
 But if that thou repentè The.
 Maifaie, thou liest falsely (qð he)
 7510 What, welcome with mischaunce now,
 Have I therfore herberid you
 To laie me shame, and eke reprove,
 With forie happe to your behove?
 Am I to day your herbegere
 Go herbir you els where than here,
 That han a lier callid me?
 Two tregetours arte thou and he,
 That in mine hous do me this shame,
 And for my sothesawe ye me blame,

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Is

Is this the sermon that ye make?
 To all the divils I me take,
 Or ellis God thou me confounde,
 But er men didden this castill founde,
 It passith not ten daies or twelve
 But it was tolde right to my selve,
 And as thei saide, right so tolde I,
 He kiste the Rosè privily,
 Thus saide I now, and have said yore;
 I n'ot where he did any more,
 Why should men saie me suche a thing,
 If that it had yben gabbing?
 Right so saide I, and woll saie yet,
 I trowe I lyid not of it,
 And with my bemis I woll blowe
 To allè neighbouris arowe,
 How he hath bothe comin and gone.

Tho spake false Semblant right anone,
 All is nat gossell out of doute,
 That men saine in the tounè aboute:
 Lay no defe ere to my speking,
 I swere you sir, it is gabbing,
 I trow ye wote well certainly,
 That no man loveth him tendirly,
 That saith him harme, if he wote it,
 All be he ner so pore of wit,
 And sothe is also sikirly,
 This know ye sir, as well as I,
 That lovirs gladly wol visiten
 The placis there ther loves habiten,
 This man you loveth, and eke honoureth,
 This man to servin you laboureth,
 And clepith you his frende so dere,
 And this man makith you gode chere,
 And every where that he you meteth,
 He you saleweth, and he you greteth,
 He presith nat so ofte, that ye
 Oughte of his coming encombrid be,
 There presin othir folke on you
 Ful oftir than he doith now,
 And if his hert him strainid so
 Unto the Rosè for to go,
 Ye should him sene so oftin nede,
 That ye should take him with the dede;
 He coude his comming not forbere,
 Though ye him thrillid with a spere;
 I n'ere not than, as it is now;
 But trustith well, I swere it you,
 That it is clene out of his thought.

Sir, certis he ne thinketh it nought,
 No more ne doth Faire Welcoming,
 That sore abyith all this thing,
 And if thei were of one assent,
 Full sone ywere the Rose ybent,
 Tho the malgre your's would ybe.

And sir, of o thing herkeneth me,
 Sithe ye this man, that lovith you,
 Han saide such harme, and shamè now,
 Wittith well, if he gefsid it,
 Ye maie well demin in your wit,
 He ne wolde nothing love you so,
 Ne callin you his frende also,
 But night and daie he wollin wake,
 The castill to distroie and take,
 Yf it were sothe, as ye devise,
 Or some man in some manir wise
 Might it warnin him every dele,
 Or by himselfe percevin wele,
 For sithe he might not come and gone,
 As he was whilom wonte to done,
 He might it sonè wite and se,
 But now all othirwise wote he.

Than have we, sir, all uttirly
 Deservid Hell, and jolily
 The deth of Hellè doutileffe,
 That thrallin folke so giltileffe.

Falfe Semblant so provith this thing,
 That he ne can none answering,
 And seeth alwaie soche apparaunce,
 That nigh he fel in repentaunce,
 And said him, sir: it maie well be,
 Semblant, a gode man femin ye,
 And Abstinence, ful wise ye seme,
 Of o talent you bothe I deme,
 What counsaile wol ye to me yeven?

Right here anon thou shalt be shriven;
 And say thy sinne, withoutia more,
 Of this shalt thou repent The sore,
 For I am Priest, and have poste
 To shrive folke of most dignite,
 That ben as wide as world maie dure,
 Of al this world I have the cure,
 And that had nevir yet persoun
 Ne vicarie of no manir toun.

And God it wot I have of The
 A thousande timis more pite
 Than hath thy Priest parochiall,
 Though he thy frende be speciall.

I have avantage in o wise,
 That your Prelates ben not so wise,
 Ne halfe so lettrid as am I,
 I am licensid boldily
 In divinite for to rede,
 And to confessin out of drede.

Yf that ye wol you now confesse,
 And leve your sinnis more and lesse,
 Without abode knele doune anon,
 And you shal have absolucion.

Here endeth the Romaunt of the Rose.



Here

Here foloweth the Boke of TROILUS and CRESEIDE.

In this excellent Boke is shewed the fervent Love of TROILUS to CRESEIDE, whom he enjoyed for a time, and her grete untruth to him againe in giving her self to DIOMEDES, who in the end did so cast her off, that she came to grete misery. In whiche discourse CHAUCER liberally treteth of the Divine Purveiaunce.

THE double sorow of Troilus to telle,
That was the king Priamus sonne of
Troy,
In loving, how his aventuris felle
From wo to wele, and aftir out of joy,
My purpose is, er that I partè fro'y.
Thou Thesiphone, thou helpe me t'endite
This woful verse, that wepin as I write.

To The I clepe, thou goddesse of tourment
Thou cruil wight, sorowing ay in paine,
Helpe me, that am the wofull instrument,
That helpith lovirs, as I can, complaine;
For wel sit it, the sothè for to saine,
A woful wight to have a drery fere,
And to a so'rowfull tale a fory chere.

For I that God of Lov'is servauntes serve,
Ne dare to love, for mine unlikeliness,
Prayin for speede, al should I therfore sterve,
So ferre am I fro his helpe in derkenesse;
But nathèlesse, if this may done gladnesse
To any lovir, and his cause aveile,
Have he the thanke, and mine be the traveile.

But ye lovirs, that bathin in gladnesse,
Yf any drope of pite in you be,
Remembrith you of passid hevinesses,
That ye have felte, and on the' adversite
Of othir folke, and thinkith how that ye
Han felte, that love durst you to displese,
Or ye han won him with to gret an ese.

And prayith for 'hem that ben in the cace
Of Troilus, as ye may aftir here,
That love 'hem bring in hevin to solace.
And eke for me prayith to God so dere,
That I have might to shew in some manere
Suche paine and wo, as lov'is folke endure,
In Troilus unsefly avinture.

And biddith eke for them that ben dispeired
In love, that nevir will recovered be,
And eke for them that falsely ben apeired
Through wickid tongis, be it he or she;
And biddith God for his benigne
So graunt 'hem sone out of this world to pace,
That ben dispairid out of lov'is grace.

And biddith eke for them that ben at ese,
That God 'hem graunt in love perseveraunce,
And sende 'hem grace ther lov'is for to plese,
That it to love be worship and plesaunce;
For so hope I my selfe best to avaunce
To pray for them, that lov'is servauntes be,
And write ther wo, and live in charite.

And for to have of them compassioun,
As though I were ther owne brothir dere.
Now herkenith with a gode entencioun,

For now wol I go freight to my matere:
In whiche ye may the double sorowes here
Of Troilus, in loving of Creseide,
And how she forfoke him er that she deide.

IT is wel wist, how that the Grekis strong
In armis with a thousand shippis went
To Troie wardis, and the cite long
Besiegedir nigh ten yeres ere thei stent,
And how in divers wise, and one entent,
The ravishing to wreke of queine Heleine
By Paris don, thei wroughtin all their peine.

Now fell it so, that in the toun there was
Dwelling a Lord of gret authorite,
A gret divine, that clepid was Calcas,
That in that science so' experte was, that he
Knew wel, that Troie should distroyid be,
By anwere of his God, that hight was thus
Dan Phebus, or Apollo Delphicus.

So whan this Calcas knew by calculating,
And eke by the' anwere of this God Apollo,
That Grekis shouldin suche a peple bring,
Thorow the whiche that Troy must be fordo,
He caste anone out of the toun to go,
For wel he wist by sorte, that Troie sholde
Distroyid be, ye would who so or n'olde.

Wherefore for to departin softly
Toke purpose ful this wight forknowing, wise,
And to the Grekis host ful privily
He stalle anone, and thei in curteis wise,
Didin to him both worship and service,
In trust that he hath conning 'hem to rede
In every peril, which that was to drede.

Grete rumour rose, whan it was first espied,
In al the toun, and opinly was spoken,
That Calcas traitour fled was, and alied
To them of Grece, and caste was to be wroken
On him, that falsly hath his faith to broken,
And said: that he and al his kinne atones
Were worthy to be brent both fell and bones.

Now had this Calcas leste in this mischaunce,
Unknowing of this false and wickid dede,
A doughtir, whiche that was in grete penaunce,
And of her life she was ful sore in drede,
And ne wist nevir what best was to rede,
And as a widowe was she, and alone,
And n'ist to whom she might ymake her mone.

Creseide ywas this ladies name aright,
As to my dome, in al Troy's cite
Most fairist lady, passing every wight,
So angelike shone her natife beaute,
That like a thing immortal semid she,
And therwith was she so parfite a cature,
As she had be made in scorning of nature.

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This

This lady, whiche that al day herde at ere
 Her fathir's shame, his falshed, and traifoun,
 Ful nigh out of her wit, for sorow' and fere,
 In widowe's habite large of samite broun,
 Before Hector on knees she fill adoun,
 His mercy bad, her selfin excusing,
 With pitous voice, and tendirly weping.

Now was this Hector pitous of nature,
 And saw, that she was sorowful begone,
 And that she was so faire a creature,
 Of his godenesse he gladdid her anone,
 And saide: let your fathir's traifon gone
 Forth with mischance, and ye your self in joye
 Dwellith with us, whilis you list in Troye.

And al the honour men may do you have,
 As ferforth as though your fathir dwelt here
 Ye shul have, and your body shul men save,
 As fer as I may ought enquire and here.
 And she him thankid with ful humble chere,
 And oftir wolde, and it had been his will,
 And toke her leve, went home, and helde her still.

And in her house she' abode with such meine,
 As til her honour nede was for to holde,
 And while she was dwelling in that cite
 She keppe her estate, and of yong and olde
 Ful wel beloved, and wel men of her tolde:
 But whethir that she childrin had or none
 I rede it nat, therefore I let it gone.

The thingis fellin as thei done of werre
 Betwixin hem of Troie and Grekis ofte,
 For some day boughtin thei of Troie it derre,
 And eft the Grekis foundin nothing soft
 The folke of Troie: and thus fortune aloft
 And undir este gan hem to whelmin bothe,
 Aftir her course, aie while that thei wer wrothe.

But how this toun came to distruction
 Ne fallith not to purpose me to tel,
 For why? it were a long digression
 Fro my matir, and you to long to dwel;
 But the Troyan jestis, all as thei fel,
 In Omer, or in Dares, or in Dite,
 Who so that can, may rede hem, as thei write.

But though the Grekis them of Troie in shetten,
 And ther cite besegid al aboute,
 Ther olde usagis n'oldin thei not letten,
 As to honouren ther Goddis ful devoute,
 But aldirmost in honour out of doute,
 Thei had a relicke hight Palladion,
 That was ther trust abovin everichon.

And so besel, whan comin was the time
 Of Aprilis, whan clothid is the mede
 With newe grene, of lusty Ver the prime,
 And with swete smelling flouris white and rede
 In sondrie wise shewid, as I you rede,
 The folke of Troie, ther observauncis olde,
 Palladion's fest, went for to holde.

Unto the temple in all ther best wise
 In general went every manir wight,
 To herkin of Palladion's service,
 And namily many a lusty knight,
 And many a lady fresh, and maidin bright,
 Full well beseyn the most meynè and lest,
 Both for the seson, and for the hie fest.

Among these othir folke was Creseida,

In widdowe's habite blake: but natheles
 Right as our first lettir is now an A,
 In beaute first so stode she makeles,
 Her godely loking gladdid all the pres,
 N'as nevir sene thing to be praised so derre,
 Nor under cloude blake so bright a sterre,

As was Creseide, thei saidin everichone,
 That her beheldin in her blake wede;
 And yet she stode ful lowe and stil alone,
 Behinde all othir folke, in litil brede,
 And nie the dore aye undir sham's drede,
 Simple' of atire, and debonaire of chere,
 With full assurid loking and manere.

Dan Troilus, as he was wont to gide
 His yonge knightis, ladde hem up and dounc
 In thilke large temple on every side,
 Beholding aie the ladies of the toun,
 Now here now there, for no devocioun
 Had he to none, to revin him his rest,
 But gan to praise and lackin whom he lest.

And in his walke ful faste he gan to waiten,
 If knight or squyr of his company
 Gan for to sike, or let his eyin baiten
 On any woman, that he coude espie,
 Then he would smile, and holde it a folie,
 And say him thus: O Lorde she slepith softe
 For love of The, whan thou turnist ful ofte.

I have herde tel pardieux of your living,
 Ye lovirs, and of your leude observaunce,
 And whiche a labour folke have in winning
 Of love, and in the keping whiche doutaunce,
 And whan your pray is lost, wo and penaunce.
 O very folis! blinde and nice be ye,
 There is not one can ware by othir be.

And with that worde he gan cast up his browe
 Ascaunce, lo! is this not wisely isproken?
 At whiche the God of Love gan lokin rowe
 Right for dispite, and shope him to be wroken,
 He kidde anon his bowe was not to broken,
 For sodainly he hitte him at the full,
 And yet as proude a peccocke can he pul.

O blindè worlde! o blinde entencioun!
 How oftin fallith al th' effeete contraire
 Of surquedrie aud foule presumpcioun?
 For caught is proude, and caught is debonaire;
 This Troilus is clombin on the staire,
 And litil wenith that he mote discende,
 But al day failith thing that folis wende.

As proude bayard beginnith for to skippe
 Out of the way (so prickith him his corne)
 Till he a lashe have of the longe whippe,
 Than thinkith he, though I prauce al beforne
 First in the traife, full fatte and newe ishome,
 Yet am I but an horse, and hors'is lawe
 I must endure, and with my feris drawe:

So fared it by this fiers and proude knight,
 Though he a worthy king's sonne were,
 And wenid that nothing had had such might,
 Ayenst his wil that should his herte stere,
 Yet with a loke his hert ywoxe on fire,
 That he, that now was most in pride above,
 Woxe sodainly moste subject unto love.

Forthy ensample takith of this man,
 Ye wise, proude, and worthy folkis all,
 To skorning love, whiche that so sone can

The

The fredome of your hertis to him thral,
For evir was, and evir shall befall,
That love is he that al thingis may binde,
For no man maie fordo the law of kinde.

That this be sothe, hath previd. and doth yet,
For this (trowe I) ye knowin al and some, 240
Men redin nat that folke han gretir wit
Than thei, that han ben most with love inome,
And strengist folke ben therwith ovircome,
The worthyist and gretist of degre,
This was, and is, and yet man shal it se.*

And truiliche it fitte well to be so,
For aldirwist han therwith ben plesed,
And thei that han ben aldirmoste in wo
With love, han ben comfortid most and esed,
And ofte it hath the cruill herte apesed, 250
And worthy folke made worthyir of name,
And causith most to dredin vice and shame.

Now sith it may nat godely be withstonde,
And is a thing so vertuouus in kinde,
Ne grudgith nought to love for to ben bonde,
Sithe as him selvin list he may you binde,
The yerde is bette that bowin wol and winde,
Than that that brek; and therefore I you rede,
Folowith him, that so well can you lede.

But for to tellin forth in speciall 260
As of this king's sonne, of whiche I tolde,
And levin othir thing collaterall,
Of him thinke I my tale forth to holde,
Bothe of his joye, and of his caris colde,
And all his werke, as touching this matere,
For I it gan, I wol therto refere.

Within the temple wente him forth playing
This Troilus, with every wight about,
On this lady, and now on that loking,
Wherefo she were of toune, or of without; 270
And upon case befel, that through a rout
His eye ypercid, and so depe it went,
Til on Creseide it smote, and there it stent;

And sodainly for wondir wext astoned,
And gan her bet beholde in thrifty wise;
O mercy God! thought he, where hast thou wonned,
That arte so faire, and godely to devise?
Therwith his hert began to sprede and rife,
And softe he sighid, lest men might him here,
And caught ayen his formir playing chere. 280

She n'as nat with the leste of her stature,
But al her limmis so wel answering
Werin to womanhode, that creature
Was never lasse mannish in fering,
And eke the pure wise of her mening
She shewid wel, that men might in her gesse
Honour, estate, and womanly noblesse.

Tho Troilus right wondir wel withall
Gan for to like her mening and her chere,
Whiche somdele deignous was, for she let fal 290
Her loke alite a side, in suche manere
Ascauncis, what may I nat stonidin here?
And afir that her loking gan she light,
That never thought him sene so gode a sight.

And of her loke in him there gan to quicken
So grete desire, and suche affectioun,
That in his hert's bottom gan to sticken
Of her his fixe, and depe impressioun,
And though he erst had porid up and down,

Than was he glad his hornis in to shrink, 300
Unnethis wist he how to loke or winke.

Lo! he that lete him selvin so conning,
And scornid 'hem that lov'is painis drienyng,
Was ful-unware that love had his dwelling
Within the subtil streamis of her eyen,
That sodainly him thought that he selte dienyng
Right with her loke the spirite in his herte!
Blessid be love, that thus can folke convert.

She thus in blake loking to Troilus
Ovir al thing he stode for to beholde, 310
But his desire, ne wherefore he stode thus,
He neithir chere made, ne worde thereof tolde,
But from aserre, his manir for to holde,
On othir thing somtime his loke he cast,
And este on her, while that the service last.

And afir this, not fully all awaked,
Out of the temple esliche he wente,
Repenting him that evir he had japed
Of lov'is folke, lest fully the discente 320
Of some fil on him self; but what he mented
Leste it were wiste on any manir side,
His wo he gan dissimulin and hided.

Whan he was fro this temple thus departed,
He streight anone unto his palais turneth,
Right with her loke thorough shottin and darted,
Al frainith he in luste that he sojourneith,
And all his chere and speche also he abnonmeth,
And aie of lov'is servauntes every while
Himselfe to wrie, at 'hem he gan to smile. 330

And sayd, ah Lord! so ye live all in lust,
Ye lovirs, for the conningist of you,
That servith most ententifliche and best,
Him tite as oft in harme therof as prowel,
Your hire is quite ayen, ye God were howd,
Not wel for wel, but skorne for gode service,
In faithe your ordir is ruled in gode wise.

In no certaine ben your observances,
But it in a few sely pointis be,
Ne nothing asketh so gret attendaunces 340
As doeth your laie, and that knowin al ye,
But that is not the worst, as mote I The,
But tolde I which were the worst point, I leve,
Al faide I sothe, ye woldin at me greve.

But take this; that ye lovirs ofte eschewe,
Or ellis done of gode entencion,
Ful ofte thy lady wol it misseconstrewe,
And deme it harme in her opinion,
And yet if she for othir encheson
Be wroth, then shalt thou have a groin anone, 350
Lorde! wel is him that may bene of you one.

But for al this, whan that he seeth his time,
He held his pees, non othir bote him gained,
For love began his fethirs so to lime,
That wel unneth unto his folke he fained
That othir besy nedis him distrained,
So, wo was him, that what to done he n'ist,
But bad his folke to gone where as 'hem list.

And whan that he in chambre was alone,
He doune upon his bedd'is fete him sette, 360
And first he gan to like, and este to grone,
And thought aie on her so withoutin lette,
That as he satte and woke, his spirite mette
That he her laugh, and temple, and all the wise
Right of her loke, and gan it newe avise.

Thus

Thus gan he make a mirroure of his minde,
 In whiche he saugh all wholly her figure,
 And that he wel coude in his hert yfinde.
 It was to him a right gode avinture
 To love suche one, and if he did his cure, 370
 To servin her, yet might he fal in grace,
 Or els for one of her servauntis pace :

Imagining, that he travaille nor grame
 Ne might for so godely an one be lorne,
 As she, ne him for his desire no shame,
 Al were it wile, but in prife and upborne
 Of allè lovirs, wel more than beforne,
 Thus argumentid he, in his ginning,
 Ful unavisid of his wo comming.

Thus toke he purpose lov'is crafte to sewe, 380
 And thought that he would workin privily,
 First for to hide all his desire in mewes,
 From every wight iborne, all uttirly,
 But he might ought recovered ben therby,
 Remembring him, that love to wide iblowe
 Telt bittir frute, although swete fede be sowe.

And ore al this, ful mokil more he thought
 What for to speke, and what to holdin inne,
 And what to artin her to love he fought, 390
 And on a songe anone right to beginne,
 And gan loude on his sorowe for to winne,
 For with gode hope he gan fully assente
 Creseida for to love, and nought repente.

And of his songe not onely his sentence,
 (As write mine auctour callid Lolius)
 But plainely save our tong'is difference,
 I dare wel say, in al that Troilus
 Saied in his songe, lo! every word right thus,
 As I shal saine, and who so list it here,
 Lo! next this verse, he may it findin here. 400

The songe of Troilus out of Petrarche.

If no love is, o God what fele I so?
 And if love is, what thing and whiche is he?
 If love be gode, from whence comith my wo?
 If it be wicke, a wondir thinkith me,
 Whan every turment and adversite
 That cometh of him, may to me savery thinke;
 For aye more thurst I, the more that I drinke.

And if that at mine ownè lust I brenne,
 From whence comith my wailing and my pleinte?
 If harme agre me, wherto plaine I thenne? 410
 I n'ot nere why unwery that I feinte;
 O quickè deth, o swete harme so queinte,
 How may I se in me soche quantite,
 But if that I consente that it so be?

And if that I consente, I wrongfully
 Complaine iwis, thus possid to and fro,
 As sterile's wight is in a bote, am I,
 Amide the se, atwixin windis two,
 That in contrarie stondin evirmo?
 Alas! what is this wondir maladie? 420
 For hete of colde, for colde of hete I die.

And to the God of love thus sayid he
 With pitous voice, O Lorde now your'is is
 My spirite, whiche that oughtin your'is be,
 You thonke I, Lord, that han me brought to this,
 But whethir goddesse or woman iwis
 She be, I n'ot whiche, that ye do me serve,
 But as her man I wol aie live and sterve.

Ye stondin in her eyin mightily,
 As in a place unto your vertue digne, 430
 Wherfore O Lord, if my service or I
 May likin you, so bethe me to benigne,
 For minè estate royal here I resignè
 Into her honde, and with ful humble chere
 Become her man, as to my lady dere.
Endeth the Songe.

In him ne deigned to sparin blode royall
 The fire of love, wherfro may God me blesse,
 Ne him forbare in no degre, for all
 His vertue, or his excellent prowesse;
 But helde him as his thrall lowel in distresse, 440
 And brende him so in sondrie wise aie newe,
 That sixty times a day he loste his hewe.

So muchill daie fro daie his ownè thought
 For luste to her gan quickin and encrese,
 That everiche othir charge he sette at nought;
 Forthy ful oftin, his horte fire to cese,
 To sene her godely loke he gan to prese,
 For therby to ben esid wel he wende,
 And aie the nere he was, the more he brende.

For aie the nere the fire the hottir is, 450
 This (trowe I) knowith al this company;
 But were he ferre or nere, I dare saie this,
 By night or daie, for wisedome or folie,
 His herte, whiche that is his brest'is eye,
 Was aie on her, that fairir was to sene
 Than evir was Helein, or Polyxene.

Eke of the daie there passid nat an houre,
 But to himself a thousande times he saide,
 God godely, to whom I serve and laboure
 As best I can, now would to God, Creseide, 460
 Ye wouldin on me rue, er that I deide,
 My dere herte alas! mine hele and my hewe
 And life is loste, but ye woll on me rewe.

All othir dredis werin from him fledde,
 Bothe of th' assiege, and his salvacion,
 Ne' in his desire none othir fancy bredde,
 But argumentes to this conclusion,
 That she on him would han compassion,
 And he to ben her man, while he maie dure,
 Lo here his life, and from his death his cure! 470

The sharpè shouris fell of armis preve
 That Hector or his othir brethrin didden,
 Ne made him onely therefore onis meve,
 And yet was he, wher so men went or ridden,
 Found one the best, and lengist time abiden.
 There peril was, and eke did suche travail
 In armis, that to thinke it was mervaile.

But for none hate he to the Grekis had,
 Ne also for the rescous of the toun,
 Ne made him thus in armis for to mad, 480
 But onely lo; for this conclusioun,
 To likin her the bet for his renoun,
 Fro daie to daie in armis so he spedde,
 That all the Grekis as the deth him dredde.

And fro this forthe tho rest him love his slepe,
 And made his mete his foe, and eke his sorow
 Gan multiplie, that who so tokè kepe,
 It shewid in his hewe both even and morow,
 Therefore a title he gan him to borowe
 Of othir sickenesse, lest men of him wende, 490
 That the hote fire of cruill love him brende;

And

And faied he by a fevir, fared amis;
But how it was certain I cannot fay,
If that his Ladie understode nat this,
Or fainid her she n'ist, one of the tweie;
But well rede I, that by no manir weie
Ne semid it as if she on him rought,
Or of his paine, what so evir he thought.

But than yfelt this Troilus soche wo,
That he was wel nigh wode; for aie his drede 500
Was this, that she some wight had lovid so,
That ner of him she would han takin hede,
For whiche him thought he felte his herte blede,
Ne of his wo ne durst he nought begin
To tellin her, for all this worlde to win.

But whan he had a space left from his care,
Thus to himself full oft he gan to plain,
He faied, o sole, now art thou in the snare,
That whilom japedist at lov's pain,
Now art thou hent, now gnaw thin ownè chain, 510
Thou wert aie woned eche lovir reprehende
Of thing, fro which thou canst nat The defende.

What woll now every lovir saine of The
If this be wist? But er in thine absence
Laughin in scorne, and fain lo! there goth he;
That is the man of so grete sapience,
That helde us lovirs leste in reverence;
Now thanked be God, he maie gon on the daunce
Of hem, that love list feblly to avaunce.

But o thou wofull Troilus, God would, 520
(Sithe thou must lovin, through thy destine)
That thou beset wer of soche one, that should
Know all thy wo, all lackid her pite!
But all so colde in love towardis The
Thy ladie is, as frost in wintir Mone,
And thou fardon, as Snowe in fire is sone.

God would I were arivid in the port
Of deth, to whiche my sorowe woll me lede!
Ah Lorde! to me it were a grete comfort,
Than were I quite of languishing in drede, 530
For by my hidde sorowe iblowe in brede
I shall bejapid ben a thousande time,
More than that sole, of whose foly men rime.

But now helpe God, and ye my swete; for whom
I plaine, icought ye nevir wight so fast;
O mercie my dere herte, and helpe me from
The deth, for I, while that my life maie last,
More than my life woll love you to my last,
And with some frendly loke gladith me, swete,
Though nevir nothing more ye me behete. 540

These wordis, and full many' an othir mo
He spake, and callid evir in his pleinte
Her name, to tellin unto her his wo,
Till nigh that he in salte teris was dreinte;
All was for nought, she herd nat his compleinte;
And whan that he bethought on that folie,
A thousand folde his wo gan multiplie.

Bewailing in his chambir thus alone,
A frend of his, that callid was Pandare,
Came onis in unware, and herd him grone, 550
And sawe his frend in soche distresse and care,
Alas (qð he) who causith all this fare?
O mercie God! what unhap maie this mene?
Han now thus sone the Grekis made you lene?

Or hast thou some remorse of conscience?

And art now fall in some devocioun,
And waitist for thy sinne and thine offence,
And hast for ferde yought contricioun?
God save hem, that besiegid han our toun,
That so can laie our jolite on presse. 560
And bring our lustie tolke to holinesse.

These wordis faied he for the nonis all,
That with soche thing he might him angry maken,
And with his angre doen his sorowe fall
As for a time, and his corage awaken,
But well wist he, as ferre as tongis speken,
There n'as a man of gretir hardinesse
Than he, ne more desirid worthinesse.

What cas (qð Troilus) or what avinture
Hath gidid The to sene me languishing, 570
That am refuse of every cature?
But for the love of God, at my praying,
Go hence awaie, for certis my dying
Woll The difese, and I mote nedis deie,
Therefore go waite, there n'is no more to seie.

But if thou wene I be thus sicke for drede,
It is nat so, and therefore scorne me nought,
There is an othir thing I take of hede,
Wel more than ought the Grekis han yet wrought,
Which cause is of my deth for sorow and thought,
But though that I now tell it The ne leste,
Be thou nat wrothe, I hide it for the beste.

This Pandare, that nigh malt for wo and routh,
Full oftin faied alas! what maie this be?
Now frende (qð he) if evir love or trowth
Hath ben er this betwixin The and me,
Ne doe thou nevir soche a cruilte,
To hidin fro thy frende so grete a care,
Wost thou not well that it am I Pandare?

I woll partake with The of all thy paine, 590
If it so be I doe The no comfort,
As it is frend's right, sothe for to saine,
To enterpartin wo, as glad disport,
I have and shall, for true or false report,
In wrong and right iloved The all my live,
Hide not thy wo from me, but tell it blive.

Than gan this sorowfull Troilus to sike,
And faied him thus, God leve it be my best
To tellin The, for sithe it maie The like,
Yet woll I tell it The, though my herte brest, 600
And well wote I, thou maiest do me no rest,
But lest thou deme that I trust nat to The,
Now herkin frende, for thus it stant with me.

Love, ayenst the whiche who so defendith
Him selvin moste, him aldirlest availeth,
With dispeire so sorely me offendith,
That streight unto the deth mine hert yfaileth,
Thereto desire, so brenningly me' assaileth,
That to ben slain it were a gretir joie
To me, than king of Grece to be and Troie. 610

Suffisith this, my fully frende Pandare,
That I have faied, for now wotest thou my wo,
And for the love of God my coldè care
So hide it well, I tolde it ner to mo,
For harmis mightin folowen mo than two,
If it were wist, but be thou in gladnesse,
And let me sterve unknowe of my distresse.

How hast thou thus unkindely and long
Hid this fro me, thou sole? (qð Pandarus)
Paraventure thou maiest for soche one long, 620
A a a a That

That mine avise anone maie helpin us.
 This were a wondir thing (qð Troilus)
 Thou couldist ner in love thy selfin wisse,
 How devill maiest thou bringin me to blisse?

Ye Troilus, now herkin (qð Pandare)
 Though I ben nice, it happith oftin so,
 That one, that of axis doeth full ill fare,
 By gode counsaile can kepe his frend therfro;
 I have my self yseine a blinde man go
 Thereas he fell, which that could lokin wide; 630
A sole maie eke a wise man oftin gide.

A whetstone is no kerving instrument,
 But yet it makith sharpe kerving tolis,
 And if thou wost that I have aught miswent,
 Eschue thou that, for soche thing to schole is;
 Thus oftin wise men ben warm by folis?
 If thou so do, thy wit is well bewared;
By his contrary is every thing declared.

For how might evir swetnesse have be know
 To him, that nevir tastid bittirnesse? 640
 No man ne wot what gladnesse is I trowe,
 That nevir was in sorowe, or some distresse;
 Eke white by black, by shame eke worthines,
 Eche set by othir, more for othir semeth,
 As men maie sene, and so the wise it demeth.

Sithe thus of two contraries is o lore,
 I, that in love so oftin have assayed
 Grevaucis, ought to connin well the more
 Counsailein The, of that thou art dismaied,
 And eke The ne ought not ben ill apaied, 650
 Though I desirin with The for to bere
 Thine hevie charge, it shall the lasse The dere.

I wote well that it farid thus by me,
 As to thy brothir Paris an hierdesse,
 Whiche that yclepid was Oenone,
 Wrote in a complaint of her hevinesse,
 Ye sawe the lettir that she wrote, I gesse.
 Naie nevir yet iwis (qð Troilus)
 Now (qð Pandare) herkinith, it was thus.

Phœbus, that first found art of medicine, 660
 (Qð she) and coud in every wight's care
 Remedy and rede, by herbis he knewe fine,
 Yet to himself his conning was full bare,
 For love had him so boundin in a snare,
 All for the daughter of the king Admete,
 That all his craft ne coud his sorowe bete.

Right so fare I, unhappily for me,
 I love one best, and that me smertith sore,
 And yet paravinture I can rede The,
 And nat my self, repreve thou me no more, 670
 I have no cause I wote well for to sore,
 As doeth an hauke, that listith for to plaie,
 But to thine helpe yet somewhat can I saie.

And of o thing right sikir maiest thou be,
 That certain, for to dyin in the pain,
 That I shall nevir mo discovir The,
 Ne, by my trowth, I kepe nat to restrain
 The fro thy love, although it were Helein,
 That is thy brothir's wife, if I it wist,
 Be what she be, and love her as The list. 680

Therefore, as frendfulliche, in me assure,
 And tell me platte, what is thine encheson,
 And finall cause of wo, that ye endure,
 For doubtrith nothing, mine entencion
 N'as nat to you of reprehension

To speke as now, for no wight maie bireve
 A man to love, till that him list to leve.

And therefore wetith wel, that both ben viciis,
 Mistrustin all, or ellis all beleve,
 But well I wote, the mene of it no vice is, 690
 As for to trustin some wight is a preve
 Of trowth, and forthy would I fain remeve
 Thy wrong conceit, and do The some wight trust
 Thy wo to tell; and tell me if The lust.

The wise saith, wo is him that is alone,
 For and he fall, he hath none helpe to rise,
 And sithe thou hast a felowe, tell thy mone,
 For this ne is nought certain the next wife
 To winnin love, as techin us the wise,
 To waile and wepe, as Niobe the quene, 700
 Whose teris yet in marblen ben isene.

Let be thy weping, and thy drecinesse,
 And let us lessin wo, with othir speche,
 So maie thy wofull time semin the lesse,
 Delitith nought in wo, thy wo to seche,
 As doen these folis, that ther sorowes eche
 With sorowe, whan thei han misavinture,
 And lustin nought to sechin othir care.

Men saie, to wretche is consolacion,
 To have an othir felowe in his paine, 710
 That ought well to ben our opinion,
 For we bothe thou and I of love do plain,
 So full of sorowe am I, sothe to saie,
 That certainly, as now no more hard grace
 Maie sit on me, for why? there is no space.

If God wol, thou art nought agast of me,
 Lest I would of thy lady The begile;
 Thou wost thy self, whom that I love parde
 As I best can, gon sithin longè while,
 And sithe thou wost, I do it for no wile, 720
 And sithe I am he, that thou trustith most,
 Tel me somewhat, sens al my wo thou woste.

Yet Troilus, for al this, no worde saide,
 But long he laie as still, as he ded were,
 And aftir this, with siking he abraide,
 And to Pandarus voice he lent his ere,
 And up his eien cast he; and than in fere
 Was Pandarus, lesthe that in a frenseye
 He should yfal, or ellis sonè deye;

And said awake, full wondirliche and sharpe, 730
 What sloumbrist thou, as in a lethargy?
 Or art thou like an Assè unto the harpe,
 That herith soun, whan men the stringis ply,
 But in his mind of that no melodie
 Maie sinkin him to gladin, for that he
 So dull is, in his bestialite?

And with this Pandare of his wordis stent;
 But Troilus to him no thing answerde;
 For why, to tellin was nought his entent
 Ner to no man, for whom that he so ferde; 740
 For it is said, *men makin ofte a yerde,*
With which the makir is himselfe ibeten,
 In sondrie manir, as these wise men tretten.

And nameliche in his counsaile telling
 That touchith love, that ought to ben secre,
 For of himselfe it woll inough out spring,
 But if that it the bet governid be;
 Eke somtime it is crafte to seme to fle
 Fro thing, which in effecte men huntin faste.

Al this gan Troilus in his herte caste. 750

But nathèlesse, whan he had herde him crie
Awake, he gan to fike wondir fore,
And sayd, my frende, although that still I lie,
I nam not defe, now pece, and crie no more,
For I have herde thy wordis, and thy lore,
But suffir me my fortune to bewailen,
For thy proverbis may nought me availen;

Nor othir cure ne canst thou none for me,
Eke I nill not ben curid, I woll die;
What knowin I of the quene Niobe? 760
Let bethine olde enfamplis, I The prey.
No, frende, (qð Pandarus) therfore I sey
Suche is delite of folis to bewepe
Ther wo, but to fekin bote thei ne kepe.

Now know I that there refon in The faileth,
But tellith me, if I wiste what she were,
For whome that The al misavinture aileth,
Durste thou truff that I tolde it in her ere
Thy wo, sith thou darst not thy selfe for fere,
And her besought on The to han some routh? 770
Why nay (qð he) by God and by my trouthe.

What, not as befily (qð Pandarus)
As though mine owne life lay in this nede?
Why no, parde, sir (qð this Troilus)
And why? for that thou shouldist nevir spede:
Wost thou that wel? ye that is out of drede,
(Qð Troilus) for al that er ye come,
She wol to no suche wretche as I be womme.

(Qð Pandarus) alas! what may this be,
That thou dispairid art thus causilese? 780
What, liveth nat thy lady, *benedicite*!
How wost thou so, that thou art gracilese?
Suche evil is not alwaie botelesse,
Why put not thus impossible thy cure,
Sith thing to come is ofte in avinture.

I grauntin well that thou endurist wo,
As sharpe as doth he Tityus in hell,
Whose stomake foulis tirin evir mo,
That hightin vukuris, as bokis tell,
But I may not endurin that thou dwell 790
In so unskilful an opinioh,
That of thy wo n'is no curacion,

But onis n'it thou, for thy cowerde herte,
And for thine ire, and folish wilfulnesse,
For wantruff tellin of thy sorowe's smerte,
Ne to thine owne helpe do besmelle,
As moche as speke a word, ye more or lesse,
But liest as he that of life nothing retche,
What woman living coude love suche a wretche?

What may she demin othir of thy dethe, 800
Yf thou thus die, and she n'ot why it is,
But that for fere is yoldin up thy brethe,
For Grekis han besiegid us iwis?
Lord! which a thanke shalt thou have than of this?
Thus wol she saine, and al the toun atones,
"The wretch is ded, the divel have his bones.

Thou maiste alone here wepe, and crie, and knele,
And love a woman that she wote it nought,
And she wol quite it that thou shalt not fele,
Unknow unkift, and lost that is unfought; 810
What? many a man hath love ful dere abought,
Twenty wintir, that his lady ne wiste,
That never yet his ladie's mouthe he kiste.

What? should her therfore fallin in dispaire?
Or be recreaunte for his owne tene?
Or slain himself, all be his ladie faire?
Naie naie: but er in one be fresh and grene,
To serve and love ay his dere hert's quene,
And thinke it is a guerdone her to serve,
A thousande folde more, than he can deserve. 820

And of that wordè toke hede Troilus,
And thought anone, what folie he was in,
And how that sothe him sayid Pandarus,
That for to slaen himself might he not win,
But bothe to doen unmanhode and a sinne,
And of his deth his ladie nought to wite,
For of his wo, God wor, she knewe full lite.

And with that thought he gan ful fore to fike,
And saied, alas! what is me best to do?
To whom Pandare answerid, if The like, 830
The best is, that thou tell me all thy wo,
And have my trouthe, but if thou find it so
I be thy bote, or that it ben full long
To pecis doe me drawe, and sithin hong.

Ye, so saiest thou (qð Troilus) alas?
But God wor it is naught the rathir so,
Full harde it were to helpin in this caas,
For well finde I, that fortune is my fo,
Ne all the men that ridin con or go,
Maie of her cruill whele the harme withstond,
For as her list, she plaieth with fre and bond.

(Qð Pandarus) than blamist thou Fortune?
For thou art wroth ye now at erst I se;
Wost thou not wel that fortune is commune
To every manir wight, in some degre?
And yet thou hast this comfort, lo! parde,
That as her joyis motin ovirgone,
So mote her sorowes passin everichone.

For if her whele stint any thing to tourne,
Than cessith she fortune anone to be; 850
Now sith her whele by no waie maie sojourn,
What wost thou of her mutabilite
Right as thy self lust she woll done by The,
Or that she be nought ferre fro thine helping?
Paravinture thou hast cause for to sing.

And therfore wost thou what I The besече?
Let be thy wo, and touning to the grounde;
For who so liste have heling of his leche,
To him bihovith first unwrie his wounde;
To Cerberus in hell aie be I bound, 860
Were it eke for my sustir all thy sorowe,
By my gode will she should be thine to morowe.

Loke up I saie, and tell me what she is
Anone, that I maie gone about thy nede;
Know I her aught, for my love tell me this,
Than would I hope the rathir for to spede,
Tho gan the veine of Troilus to blede,
For he was hit, and woxe all redde for shame.
Aha (qð Pandare) here beginnith game.

And with that worde he gan him for to shake, 870
And saied him thus, thefe, thou shalt her name tell:
But tho gan sely Troilus for to quake,
As though men should han had him into hel,
And saied alas! of all my wo the well
Than is my swetè foe callid Creside;
And well nigh with that word for fere he deide.

And whan that Pandare herd her namè nevèn,
Lorde!

Lorde! he was glad, and sayid, frend so dere,
Now fare a right, for Jov's name in heven,
Love hath beset The well, be of gode chere, 880
For of gode name, and wisdom, and manere
She hath inough, and eke of gentillnesse;
If she be faire, thou wost thy self I gesse.

Ne nevir seie I a more bounteous
Of her estate, ne gladdir: ne of speche
A frendlier, ne none more gracious
For to doe well, ne lasse had nede to seche
What for to doen, and all this bet to eche
In honour, to as ferre as she may stretche,
A king's herte semith by her's a wretche. 890

And forthy loke of gode comforte thou be,
For certainly the firste pointe is this
Of noble corage, and wele ordaine The,
A man to have pece with himselfe iwis,
So oughtist thou, for nought but gode it is
To lovin wel, and in a worthy place,
The ought not to clepin it happe, but grace.

And also thinke, and therwith gladdin The,
That sith thy lady vertuous is all,
So foloweth it, that there is some pite 900
Amongis all these othir in generall,
And for thei se that thou in speciall,
Requirist nought, that is ayen her name;
For vertue stretchith not himselfe to shame.

But wel is me, that evir I was borne,
That thou beset art in so gode a place,
For by my trouth in love I durst have sworne
The should nevir have tidde so faire a grace;
And wost you why? for thou were wont to chace
At love in scorne, and for dispite him call 910
Saint Idiote, lorde of these folis all.

How oftin hast thou madin thy nice japes,
And saied, that lov's servauntes everichone
Of nicete ben very Godd's Apes,
And some of them would monche ther mete alone
Ligging a bedde, and make 'hem for to grone,
And some thou saidist had a blaunche fevere,
And praidist God, thei should nevir kevere.

And some of 'hem toke on 'hem for the cold,
More than inough, so saidist thou full oft, 920
And some han fainid oftin time and tolde,
How that thei wakin, whan thei slepin soft,
And thus thei would have set 'hem self aloft,
And nathelless were undir at the laste.
Thus saidist thou, and japidist full faste.

Yet saidist thou, that for the more part
These lovirs wouldin speke in generall,
And thoughtin that it was a sikir art
For failing, for to' assayin ovir all.
Now maie I jape of The, if that I shall, 930
But nathelless, although that I should deie,
Thou ne art none of tho, I dare well seie.

Now bete thy brest, and saie to God of love,
Thy grace, O Lord, for now I me repent
If I misspake, for now my self I love;
Thus saie with all thine hert in gode entent;
(Qð Troilus) ah Lorde! I me consent,
And prae to The, my japis thou foryeve,
And I no more will jape, while that I live.

Thou saiest well (Qð Pandare) and now I hope 940
That thou the Godd's wrath hast al apesed,
And sithin thou hast weptin many' a drope,

And said soch thing, wherwith thy God is plesed,
Now would God nevir, but that thou were esed,
And thinke well she, of whom rest all thy wo,
Hereaftir maie thy comfort ben also.

For thilke ground, that berith the wedis wicke,
Bereth eke these wholsome herbis, as full oft,
And nexte to the foule nettle, rough and thicke,
The Rose ywexith sore, and smothe, and soft, 950
And next the valsey is the hill aloft,
And next the derke night is the glad morowe,
And also joie is next the fine of sorowe.

Now loke that well attempre be thy bridell,
And for the best aie suffre to the tide,
Or ellis all our labour is on idell,
He hastith well, that wisely can abide;
Be diligent and true, and aie well hide,
Be lustie, fre, persever in servise,
And all is well, if thou werke in this wise. 960

But he that partid is in every place,
Is no where whole, as writin clerkis wise,
What wondir is, if soche one have no grace?
Eke wost thou how it fareth of some servise?
As plant a tre or herbe, in sondrie wise,
And on the morowe pull it up as blive,
No wondir is, though it maie nevir thrive.

And sith the God of love hath The bestowed
In place digne unto thy worthinesse,
Stonde fast, for to a gode port hast thou rowed, 970
And of thy self, for any hevinesse,
Hope alwaie well; for but if drerinesse,
Or ovirhast doe our bothe labour shende,
I hope of this to makin a gode ende.

And wost thou why? I am the lasse asered
Of this matter with my nece for to trete,
For this have I herd saie of wise and lered,
Was nevir man or woman yet beyete,
That was unapt to suffre lov's here
Celestiall, or ellis love of kinde; 980
Forthy some grace I hope in her to finde.

And for to speke of her in speciall,
Her beaute to bethinkin, and her youthe,
It fit her nought to ben Celestiall
As yet, though that her bothè list and kouthe,
And truely it fit her well right nouth
A worthie knight to lovin and cherice,
And but she doe, I holde it for a vice.

Wherefore I am, and woll be aie redy
To painin me to do you this servise, 990
For bothe of you to plesin, this hope I
Hereaftirwardis, for ye ben bothe wise,
And connin counsaile kepe in soche a wise,
That no man shall the wisir of it be,
And so we maie ben gladdid alle thre.

And by my trouth I have right now of The
A gode conceit, in my wit as I gesse,
And what it is, I woll now that thou se,
I think that sithin Love of his godenesse 1000
Hath The convertid out of wickidnesse,
That thou shalt ben the beste post I leve,
Of all his laie, and moste his foin greve.

Ensamble why, se now these gretè clerkes,
That errin aldirmoste ayen all lawe,
And ben convertid from ther wickid werkes
Through grace of God, that lest 'hem to him drawe,
Than arne thei folk that han most God in awe,
And

And strengist faithid ben I undirstonde,
And con an errour aldirbest withstonde.

Whan Troilus had herde Pandare assented 1010
To ben his helpe, in loving of Creseide,
He wext of wo, as who saith, unturmented,
But hottir wext his love, and than he saide
With sobre chere, as though his herte yplaide,
Now blisfull Venus helpe, er that I sterve,
Of The, Pandare, I now some thanke deserve.

But derè frende, how shal my wo be lesse
Till this be done? and gode now tell me this,
How wolt thou saine of me and my distresse,
Lest she be wroth? this drede I most iwis; 1020
Or wol not herin al, how that it is?
Al this drede I, and eke for the manere,
Of The her Eme she n'il no suche thing here.

(Qð Pandarus) thou hast a ful grete care
Lest that the chorde may fal out of the mone,
Why lord! I hate of The the nicè fare,
Why, entremete of that thou hast to done,
For Godd's love, I bidè The a bone,
So let me' alone, and it shal be thy best.
Why frende (qð he) than done right as The left:

But herke, Pandare, o worde, for I ne wolde
That thou in me wendist so grete folie,
That to my lady I desirin sholde
That touchith harme, or any vilanie,
For dredilese me were levir to die
Than she of me aught ellis understode
But that, that might yfownin into gode.

Tho lough this Pandare, and anon answerde,
And I thy borow', fie no wight doth but so,
I ne raught not although she stode and herde 1050
How that thou saiest, but farewell, I wol go,
Adieu, be glad, God spede us bothè two,
Yeve me this labour, and this businesse,
And of my spede be thine al the swetnes.

Tho Troilus on knees gan doune to fall,
(And Pandare in his armis hente him fast)
And saide, now fie upon the Grekis all,
Yet parde, God shal helpin at the last,
And dredilese, if that my life may last,
And God toforne, lo! some of 'hem shal smerte,
And yet me' athinketh that this avaunt m'afterte.

And now Pandare, I can no more say,
But thou wise, thou wost, thou maist, thou art al,
My life, my deth, hole in thine honde I lay,
Helpe me (qð he) yes by my trouth I shal;
God yelde The frende, and this in special,
(Qð Troilus) that thou me recommaunde
To her, that may me to the deth commaunde.

This Pandarus tho, desirous to serve
His ful frende, tho saide in this manere, 1060
Farwel, and thinke I wol thy thanke deserve,
Have here my trouth, and that thou shalt well here,
And went his way, thinking on this matere,
And how he best might her befeche of grace,
And find a lesure therto, and a place.

For every wight that hath a house to found,
He rennith nat the werke for to beginne
With rakel honde, but he wol bide a stound,
And sende his hert's line out fro within,
Thus aldirfirst his purpose for to winne, 1070
As this Pandarus in his hert's thought
Did cast his werke full wisely, er he wrought.

But Troilus lay tho no lengir down,
But up anon gat upon his stede baie,
And in the felde he playid the lioun,
Wo was that Greke, that with him met that daie,
And in the tounè his manir tho forthe aie
So godely was, and gat him so in grace,
That eche him loved, that lokid in his face.

For he becamin the most frendly wight, 1080
The gentilist, and eke the mostè fre,
The trustyist, and one the bestè knight,
That in his time was, or ellis might be,
Ded were his japis, and his cruilte,
Ded his high porte, and all his manir straunge,
And eche of 'hem gan for a vertue change.

Now let us stint of Troilus a stounde,
That farith like a man, that hurt is fore,
And is somdele of aking of his wounde
Ylessid wel, but helid no dele more,
And as an esy pacient the lore
Abite of him that goth about his cure,
And thus he drivith forth his avinture.

Explicit liber primus.

OUT of these blackè wawis let us saile,
O winde, O winde; the weðir ginnith clere;
For in the se the bote hath suche travaile,
Of my conning that unneth I it stere;
This se clepe I the tempestous matere
Of depe dispaire, that Troilus was in;
But now of hope the kalendis begim.

O lady mine that callid art Clio,
Thou be my spede fro this forthe, and my muse
To rimè wel this boke til I have do, 10
Me nedith here none othir art to use,
For why? to every lovir I me' excuse,
That of no sentiment I this endite,
But out of latin in my tonge it write.

Wherefore I n'il have neithir thanke ne blame
Of all this worke, but praie you mekily
Disblamith me if any worde be lame,
For as mine auctour sayid, so say I:
Eke though I speke of love unfeelingly
No wondir is, for it nothinge of newe is, 20
A blinde man can not judgin wel in hewis.

I know eke that in forme of speche is change,
Within a thousande yere, and wordis tho,
That haddin prife, now wondir nice and straunge
Us thinkith 'hem, and yet thei spake 'hem so,
And spedde as wel in love, as men now do;
Eke for to winnin love; in sondry ages,
In sondry londis, sondry ben usages.

And forthy, if it happe in any wise
That here be any lovir in this place, 30
That herkeneth, as the story wol devise
How Troilus came to his ladie's grace,
And thinkith, so n'olde I not love purchase,
Or wondrith on his speche or his doying,
I n'ot, but it is to me no wondring.

For every wight, whiche that to Rome ywent
Halt nat o pathe, ne alway o manere;
Eke in some londe were al the game yshent,
Yf that men farde in love, as men don here,
As thus, in opin doying, or in chere, 40
In visiting, in forme, or said our sawes,
For thus men saine, *eche countrè hath his lawes.*
B b b b Eke

Eke scarfely ben there in this place thre,
 That have in love said like, and done in al,
 For to this purpose this maie likin The,
 And The right nought, yet al is done or shal;
 Eke some men grave in tre, some in stone wal,
 As it betide, but sith I have begonne,
 Mine authour shall I folow, as I konne.

Explicit Proœmium.

IN May, that mothir is of monethis glade,
 That the freshe flouris all, blew, white, and rede,
 Ben quicke ayen, that wintir ded had made,
 And full of baume is fleting every mede,
 Whan that Phœbus doth his bright bemis spred
 Right in the white Bole, right so it betidde
 As I shal singe, on May's day the thriddle

That Pandarus, for all his wise speche,
 Felte eke his parte of lov's thottis kene,
 That coude he ner so well of loving preche,
 It made his hewe al daie ful oftin grene, 60
 So shope it that him fill that day a tene
 In love, for whiche in wo to bedde he went,
 And made er it were day full many' a went.

The swallow Progne with a so'rowfull lay,
 Whan morow come, gan make her waimenting,
 Why she forshapin was; and ever lay
 Pandare abed, halfe in a slombering,
 Til she so nigh him made her waimenting,
 How Tereus gan forth her sustir take,
 That with the noise of her he gan awake, 70

And to call, and dresin him up to rise,
 Remembring him his arande was to done
 From Troilus, and eke his grete emprise,
 And cast, and knew in gode plite was the mone
 To done voiage, and toke his way full sone
 Unto his nec's paleis, there beside;
 Now Janus, God of entre, thou him gide!

Whan he was come unto his nec's place,
 Where is my lady, to her folke (qð he)
 And thei him tolde, and he forthe in gan pace,
 And founde two othir ladies sit and she
 Within a pavid parlour, and thei thre
 Herdin a maidin 'hem redin the geste
 Of the siege of Thebis, whilis 'hem leste.

Madame, qð Pandare, God you save and se,
 With al your boke, and al the companie.
 Eighe uncle mine, welcome iwis (qð she)
 And up she rose, and by the honde in hie,
 She toke him fast, and sayid, this night thrye,
 To gode mote it yturne, of you I mette, 90
 And with that word she down on benche him set.

Ye nece, ye shullin farin wel the bet,
 If God wol, al this yere (qð Pandarus)
 But I am sory that I have you let
 To herkin of your boke ye praisin thus,
 For Godd's love what faith it? tel it us,
 Is it of love? some gode ye may me lere.
 Uncle (qð she) your maistresse is nat here.

With that thei gonnin laugh, and tho she seide
 This romaunce is of Thebis, that we rede, 100
 And we have herd how that king Laius deide,
 Through Oedipus his sonne, and all the dede;
 And here we stintin at these letters rede,
 How the bishop, as the boke can ytell,

Amphiorax fill through the grounde to hell.

(Qð Pandarus) all this know I my selve,
 And alth' assiege of Thebis, and the care,
 For herof ben there makid bokis twelve:
 But let be this, and tell me how ye fare,
 Do' way your barbe, and shew your face bare, 110
 Do' way your boke, rise up and let us daunce,
 And let us done to May some observaunce.

Eighe, God forbid (qð she) what be ye mad?
 Is that a Widowe's life, so God you save?
 Parde you makin me right sore adrad,
 Ye bene so wilde, it semith as ye rave;
 It fat me wel bettir aie in a cave
 To bide, and rede on holy saintis lives,
 Let maidins gon to daunce, and yonge wives.

As evir thrive I (qð this Pandarus) 120
 Yet coude I tel a thing, to don you play:
 Now uncle dere (qð she) tellith it us
 For Godd's love, is than th' assiege aweie?
 I am of Grekis ferde, so that I deie:
 Nay nay (qð he) as evir mote I thrive,
 It is a thing wel bettir than fuche five.

Ye holy God (qð she) what thing is that?
 What? bettir than fuche five? eighe, nay iwis,
 For al this world ne can I redin what
 It should yben, some jape I trowe it is, 130
 And but your selvin tel us what it is
 My wit is for to' arede it al to kene,
 As helpe me God, I n'ot what that ye mene.

And I your borow, ne ner shal (qð he)
 This thing be tolde to you, as mote I thrive:
 And why so? uncle mine, why so? (qð she)
 By God (qð he) that wol I tel as blive,
 For proudir woman is there none on live,
 And ye it wiste, in al the toune of Troie,
 I ne jape nat, so evir have I joie. 140

Tho gan she to wondrin more than before
 A thousande folde, and doune her eyin cast,
 For nevir sithe the time that she was bore
 To knowin thing desirid she so fast,
 And with a fike she said him at the last,
 Now uncle mine, I n'il you not displese,
 Nor askin that, that may do you disese.

So aftir this, with many wordis glade
 And frendly talis, and with mery chere,
 Of this and that thei speke, and gonnin wade 150
 In many an unkouth, glad, and depe matere,
 As frendis done, whan thei ben met ifere,
 Til she gan askin him how Hector ferde,
 That was the toun's wall, and Grekis yerde.

Ful wel I thanke it God, saide Pandarus,
 Save in his arme he hath a litle wounde,
 And eke his freshe brothir Troilus,
 To the wise worthy Hector the secounde,
 In whom that every vertue liste habounde,
 As allè trouthe, and allè gentilnesse 160
 Wifedome, honour, fredome, and worthinesse.

In gode faith eme (qð she) that likith me
 Thei farin wel, God save 'hem bothè two;
 For trewliche I holde it a grete deinte,
 A king's sonne in armis wel to do,
 And be of gode condicions therto,
 For grete powir and moral vertue here
 Is selde ifene in one persone ifere,

In gode faith that is sothe (qð Pandarus)
 But by my trouth the king hath sonnis twey, 170
 That is to mene, Hector and Troilus,
 That certainly though that I should ydey
 Thei ben as voide of vicis, dare I sey,
 As any men that livin undir sonne,
 Ther might is wide iknow, and what thei conne.

Of Hector nedith nothing for to tel,
 In all this worlde there n'is a bettir knight
 Than he, that is of worthinesse the wel,
 And he wel more of vertue hath than might,
 This knowith many a wise and worthy knight. 180
 And the same prife of Troilus I sey,
 God helpe me so, I know not fuche twey.

Parde (qð she) of Hector that is sothe,
 And of Troilus the same thing trowe I,
 For dredileffe, men tellith that he dothe
 In armis day by day so worthily,
 And berith him here at home so gently
 To every wight, that al prife hath he
 Of them that me were levist praisid be.

Ye say right sothe iwis (qð Pandarus) 190
 For yesterday who so had with him ben,
 Mightin have wondrid upon Troilus,
 For never yet so thicke a swarme of been
 Ne flewe, as Grekis from him gannin fleen,
 And through the felde in every wight's ere
 There was no crie, but Troilus is there.

Now here, now there, he huntid 'hem so fast,
 There n'as but Grekis blode, and Troilus,
 Nowe him he hurt, and him al down he cast,
 Aye where he went it was arrayid thus, 200
 He was ther deth, and shelde and life for us,
 That as that day ther durst him none withstonde,
 While that he helde his bloody swerde in honde:

Therto he is the frendlyist man
 Of gret estate, that er I sawe my live:
 And where him list the best felowship can
 To fuche as him thinkith able to thrive.
 And with that word tho Pandarus as blive
 He toke his leve, and said I wol gon hen.
 Nay, blame have I myne uncle (qð she) then 210

What cilith you to be thus wery sone,
 And namiliche of women, wol ye so?
 Naie sittith doune, parde I have to done
 With you, to speke of wifdome er ye go;
 And every wight that was about 'hem tho
 That herde that, gan ferre awaie to stonde,
 While thei two had al that 'hem list in honde.

Whan that her tale al brought was to an ende
 Of her estate, and of her governaunce,
 (Qð Pandarus) now time is that I wende, 220
 But yet I say, arisith, let us daunce,
 And caste your widowe's habite to mischaunce,
 What listeth you thus your selfe to disfigure,
 Sithe you is tidde so glad an avinture?

But wel bethought; for love of God (qð she)
 Shal I nat wetin what ye mene of this?
 No, this thing askith lefir tho (qð he)
 And eke it me would full muche greve iwis,
 If I it tolde, and yet it toke amis,
 Yet were it bette my tonge to holdin stil, 230
 Than say a sothe, that were ayenst your wil.

For nece myne, by the goddesse Minerve,

And Jupiter, that makith the thonde'ring,
 And by the blisful Venus, that I serve,
 Ye ben the woman in this world living
 Withoutin paramours, to my weting,
 That I best love, and lothist am to greve,
 And that ye wetin wel your selfe I leve.

Iwis mine uncle (qð she) graunt mercy,
 Your frendship have I foundin evir yet, 240
 I am to no man beholdin trewly
 So muche as you, and have so litil quit;
 And with the grace of God, emforth my wit,
 As in my gilte I shal you ner offende,
 And if I have er this, I wol amende.

But for the love of God, I you besече,
 As ye be he, that I love most and triste,
 Let be to me your fremid manir speche,
 And saie to me your nece, what so you list.
 And with that worde her uncle anon her kist, 250
 And sayid, gladly my leve nece so dere,
 Take it for gode, that I shal say you here.

With that she gan her eyin doune to caste,
 And Pandarus to coughe began alite,
 And sayid: Nece alway lo! to the laste,
 How so it be, that some men 'hem delite
 With subtil art ther talis for t'endite,
 Yet for al that in ther entencion
 Ther tale is all for some conclusion.

And sithe the end is every tal's strength, 260
 And this matir is so behovily,
 What should I paint or drawin it on length
 To you that ben my frende so faithfully?
 And with that worde he gan right inwardly
 Beholdin her, and lokin in her face,
 And saide, on fuche a mirrour muche gode grace:

Than thought he thus; if I my tale endite
 Ought harde, or make a processe any while,
 She shal no favour have therin but lite,
 And trowe I would her in my wil begile,
 For tendir wittis wenin al be wile
 Wher as thei con nat plainliche undirstond;
 Forthy her wit to sounin wol I fonde;

And lokid on her in a besy wise,
 And she was ware that he behelde her so,
 Ah lorde! (qð she) so faste ye me avise,
 Sawe ye me ner er now? what say ye, no?
 Yes yes (qð he) and bet wol er I go;
 But by my trouth I thoughtin nowe, if ye
 Be fortunate, for now men shal it se:

For every wight some godely avinture
 Somtime is shape, if he it can receive,
 But if that he n'il take of it no cure,
 When that it cometh, but wilfully it weive,
 Lo, neither case, nor fortune him deceive,
 But right his ownè slouth and wretchidnesse,
 And fuche a wight is for to blame I gesse.

Gode avinture, O bellè nece have ye
 Ful lightly foundin, and ye conne it take;
 And for the love of God, and eke of me, 290
 Catche it anone, lest avinture yflake;
 What should I lengir processe of it make?
 Yeve me your hond, for in this world is none,
 If that you list, a wight so wel begon.

And sithe I speke of gode entencion,
 As I to you have tolde wel here before,
 And love as wel your honour and renoun

As

As any cature in the worlde iborne,
By al the othis that I have you sworne,
And ye be wrothe therfore, or wene I lie, 300
Ne shal I never sene you este with eie,

Beth nat agaste, ne quakith nat, wherto?
Ne chaungith nat for fere so your hewe,
For hardily the worst of this is do;
And though my tale as now be to you newe,
Yet trust alwaie ye shal me findin trewe,
And were it thing that me thought unfitting,
To you ne would I no such talis bring.

Nowe my gode eme, for Godd's love I pray,
(Qð she) come of and tel me what it is, 310
For bothe I am agast what ye wol say,
And eke me longith it to wit iwis,
For whethir it be wel, or be amis,
Say on, let me not in this fere ydwel;
So wol I done, now herkenith, I shal tel.

Now nece mine, the king's owne dere sonne,
The gode, the wise, the worthy, fresh and fre,
Whiche alway for to done wel is his wonne,
The noble Troilus so lovith The,
That but ye helpe it wol his bane ybe. 320
Lo! here is al, what shouldin I more fey?
Doth what you list, to make him live or dey.

But if ye let him dye, I wol stervin,
Have here my trouthe, nece, I n'il not lien,
Al should I with this knife my throte kervin;
With that the teris burst out of his eyen,
And saide, if that ye done us both to dien
Thus giltlesse, than have ye fishid faire,
What mendeth it you, though that we both apaire?

Alas! he whiche that is my lorde so dere, 330
That trewe man, that noble, gentle knight,
That naught desirith, but your frendly chere,
I se him dyin, there he goth upright,
And hastith him, with al his fullè might
For to ben slaine, if his fortune assente,
Alas that God you suche a beaute sente!

If it be so that ye so cruil be,
That of his deth you listith nought to retch,
That is so trewe and worthy, as we se,
No more than of a japir or a wretch, 340
If ye be suche, your beaute may nat stretch
To make amendes of so cruill a dede,
Avis ment is gode before the nede.

Wo worthe the faire Gemme that is vertulesse,
Wo worthe that herbe also that doth no bote,
Wo worth the beaute that is routhèlesse,
Wo worth that wight that trede eche undir fote,
And ye that ben of beaute croppe and rote,
If therwithal in you ne be no route,
Than is it harme ye livin by my trouthe. 350

And also thinke wel, that this is no gaude,
For me were levir, thou, and I, and he
Were hongid, than that I should ben his baude,
As high as men might on us al ife;
I am thine Eme, the shame were unto me
As wel as The, if that I should assent
Through mine abet that he thine honour shent.

Now undirstonde, for I you nought require
To binde you to him thorough no behest, 360
Save one that ye makin him bettir chere
Than ye han don er this, and more feste,
So that his life be savid at the leste.

This al and some is plainly our entente,
God helpe me so, I nevir othir mente.

Lo! this request is nought but skil iwis,
Ne doute of reson parde is there none,
I set the worst that ye dredin this is,
Men would wondir to sene him come and gone;
Ther ayenist answere I thus anone,
That every wight, but he be sole of kinde, 370
Wol deme it love of frendship in his minde.

What? who wol demin, though he se a man
To temple gon, that he th' imagis eteth?
Thinke eke, howe wel and wisely that he can
Governe himselfe, that he nothing foryeteth,
That wher he cometh, he pris and thonk him geteth,
And eke therto he shal come here so selde,
What force were it, though all the roun behelde?

Suche love of frendes reignith in al this toun;
And wrie you in that mantil evirmo; 380
And God so wis be my salvacioun
As I have saide, your best is to do so;
But gode nece, alway for to stint his wo,
So let your daungir, fugrid ben alite,
That of his deth ye be not al to wite.

Creseide, which that herde him in this wise,
Thought, I shal fele what he menith iwis;
Now Eme (qð she) what wouldin ye devise?
What is your rede, that I should done of this?
That is wel said, qð he, certaine best is 390
That ye him love aien for his loving,
As love for love is skilful guerdoning.

Thinke eke how elde wastith evèry hour
In eche of you a part of your beaute,
And therfore, er that age doth The devour
Go love, for olde there woll no wight love The,
Let this proverbe a lore unto you be,
*To late iware, qð beaute, whan it paste,
And elde ydauntith daungir at the laste.*

The king's sole is wont to crie aloud, 400
Whan that he thinketh a woman bereth her hie,
So longè mote ye livin, and all proude,
Til Crow's fete growin undir your eie,
And sende you than a mirrour in to prie,
In which that ye may se your face a morrowe,
Nece, I bid him wishin you no more sorowe.

With this he stinte, and cast adoune the hed,
And she began to brest and wepe anone,
And saide, alas! for wo, why n'ere I ded?
For of this world, the faith is al agone; 410
Alas! what shuldin straunge unto me done,
When he, that for my beste frende I wende,
Redith me love, who shulde it me defende?

Alas! I would have trustid doutiles,
That if that I, through my disavinture,
Had lovid eithir him, or Achilles,
Hector, or any othir manir cature,
Ye n'old have had no mercy ne mesure
On me, but alwaie had me in repreve;
This false worde alas! who may it leve? 420

What? is this al the joy, and al the fest?
Is this your rede? is this my blisful caas?
Is this the very mede of your behest?
Is this al paintid procèsse said (alas!)
Right for this fine? O lady mine Pallas, 430
Thou in this dredful cale for me purvey,
For so astonied am I, that I dey;

With

With that she gan ful so'rowfully to fike,
 Ah! may it be no bet? (qð Pandarus)
 By God I shal no more come here this weke, 430
 And God to-forne that am mistrustid thus,
 I fe wel now, ye settin lite of us,
 Or of our deth alas! I woful wretche,
 Might he yet live, of me were nought to retche.

O cruil God of Deth dispitous Marte,
 O furies thre of hel, on you I crie,
 So let me ner out of this house departe,
 Yf that I ment or harme or vilanie,
 But sithe I fe my Lorde mote nedis die,
 And I with him, here I me shrive and sey, 440
 That wickidly ye done us bothe to dey.

But sithe it likith you, that I be ded,
 By Neptunus, that God is of the fe,
 Fro this forthe shal I never etin bred
 Til that I mine own hert'is blode maie fe,
 For certaine I wol die, as sone as he;
 And up he sterte, and on his way he raught,
 Til she againe him by the lappe ycaught.

Creseide, which that wel nigh starfe for fere,
 So as she was aye the most ferefull wight 450
 That mightin be, and herde eke with her ere,
 And sawe the so'rowful ernest of the knight,
 And in his prayir sawe eke non unright,
 And for the harme eke that might fallin more
 She gan to rewe, and dredde her wondir fore,

And thus she thought, unhappis fallin thicke
 Al day for Love, and in fuche manir caas
 As men ben cruill in 'hem selfe and wicke;
 And if this man fle here himselfe, alas!
 In my presence, it n'il be no solas; 460
 What men would of it deme, I can nat say,
 It nedith me full slightly for to play.

And with a sorowful sighe she saide thrie,
 Ah lorde! me is betidde a sory chaunce,
 For mine estate lieth in a jeopardie,
 And eke mine Em'is life lieth in balaunce,
 But nathelless, with Godd'is govirnaunce
 I shal so done, mine honour shal I kepe,
 And eke his life, and stintin for to wepe.

Of harmis two the lesse is for to chese, 470
 Yet had I levir makin him gode chere
 In honour, than mine Em'is life to lese,
 Ye faine, ye nothing ellis me requere.
 No wis (qð he) mine ownè nece so dere:
 Now wel (qð she) and I woldon my paine,
 I shal mine herte ayen my lust constrain.

But that I n'il nat holdin him in honde,
 Ne love a man that can I naught ne may
 Ayenst my wil, but ellis wol I fonde,
 Mine honour save, plese him fro day to day, 480
 Therto, n'olde I not onis have saide nay,
 But that I dredde, as in my fantasie;
 But *cesse cause, and aie cessith maladie.*

But here I make a protestacion,
 That in this processe, if ye depir go,
 That certainly, for no salvacion
 Of you, though that ye stervin bothè two,
 Though al the worlde on o day be my fo,
 Ne shal I ner on him have othir routhe.
 I graunt it wel (qð Pandare) by my trouthe. 490

But maie I trustin well to you (qð he)

That of this thing that ye han hight me here
 Ye woll it holdin truely unto me?
 Ye, doutilefs, qð she, myne uncle dere;
 Ne that I shal have cause in this matere
 (Qð he) to plain, or aftir you to preche?
 Why no parde, what nedith more speche?

Tho fellin thei in othir talis glade,
 Till at the last, o gode Eme (qð she tho)
 For love of God whiche that us bothe ymade, 500
 Telle me how first ye wistin of his wo,
 Wot non of it but ye? he sayid no:
 Can he well speke of love (qð she) I preie?
 Tell me, for I the bet shal me purveie.

Tho Pandarus a litil gan to smile,
 And sayid: By my trowth I shal now tell;
 This othir daie, nat gon full longè while,
 Within the paleis gardin by a well
 Gan he and I well halfe a daie to dwell,
 Right for to spekin of an ordinaunce, 510
 How we the Grekis mightin disavaunce:

Sone after that begone we for to lepe,
 And castin with our dartis to and fro,
 Till at the last, he sayid, he would slepe,
 And on the grasse adoune he laied him tho;
 And I aftir gan romin to and fro,
 Till that I herd, as I walkid alone,
 How he began full wofully to grone.

Tho gan I stalke him full softly behinde,
 And sikirly the sothè for to faine, 520
 As I can clepe ayen now to my minde,
 Right thus to love he gan him for to plain;
 He sayid: lorde, have routh upon my pain,
 All have I ben rebell in mine entent,
 Now, (*Mea culpa*) Lorde, I me repent.

O God, that at thy disposicion
 Ledist forth the fine, by just purveiaunce,
 Of every wight, my lowe confession
 Accept in gre, and sende me soche penaunce
 As likith The, put from me disperaunce, 530
 That maie my ghost departe alwaie fro The,
 Thou be my shilde, for thy benignite.

For certis, Lorde, so fore hath she me wounded,
 That stode in blacke, with loking of her eyen,
 That to mine hert'is botome it is founded,
 Through which I wot, that I must nedis dien;
 This is the worst, I dare me nought bewrien,
 And well the hotir ben the g'ledis rede,
 That men hem wrien with afflin pale and ded.

With that he smote his hedde adoune anone, 540
 And gan to muttre, I nat what truely,
 And I with that gan still awaie to gone,
 And lete thereof, as nothing wist had I,
 And come again anon, and stode him by,
 And saied awake, ye slepin all to long,
 It semith me nought that love doth you wrong,

That slepin so, that no man maie you wake;
 Who seie evir er this so dull a man?
 Ye frende (qð he) doe ye your hedd'is ake
 For love, and let me livin as I can; 550
 But though that he for wo was pale and wan,
 Yet made he tho as freshe a countenance,
 As though he should have led the newè daunce.

This passid forth till now this othir daie
 It fell that I come roming all alone
 Into his chambre, and founde how that he laie
 C c c c Upon

Upon his bedde: but man so fore grone
 Ne herd I nevir, and what was his mone
 Ne wist I nought, for as I was comming
 All sodainly he left his complaining. 560

Of whiche I toke somewhat suspection,
 And nere I come, and founde him wepe fore,
 And God so wise be my salvacion
 As I had nevir routhe of nothing more,
 For neithir with engine, ne with no lore
 Unnethis might I fro the deth him kepe,
 That yet fele I mine herte for him wepe.

And God wot nevir sith that I was borne
 Was I so busie no man for to preche,
 Ne nevir was to wight so depe ysworne, 570
 Er he me told who might yben his leche,
 But not to you reherfin al his speche,
 Or all his wofull wordis for to sowne,
 Ne bid me nought, but ye woll se me swone,

But for to save his life, and ellis nought,
 And to non harm of you, thus am I driven,
 And for the love of God that us hath wrought
 Soche chere him doth, that he and I maie liven.
 Now have I plat to you mine herte yshriven,
 And sith ye wote that mine entent is clene, 580
 Take hede thereof, for none evill I mene.

And right gode thrift I pray to God have ye,
 That han soche one icaught withoutin net,
 And be ye wise, as ye be faire to se,
 Well in the ring than is the Rubie set,
 There werin nevir two so well imet,
 Whan ye ben his all whole, as he is your;
 The mighty God us graunt to se that hour!

Naie thereof spake I nat: A ha (qð she)
 As helpe me God, ye shendin every dele. 590
 A mercie derè nece, anon (qð he)
 What so I spake, I ment it nought but wele,
 By Mars the God, that helmid is of stele,
 Now beth not wroth, my blode, my necè dere.
 Now well (qð she) foryevin be it here.

With this he toke his leve, and home he went,
 Ye Lorde how he was glad, and well bigon!
 Creseide arose, no lengir she ne stent,
 But streight into her closet went anon,
 And set her doune, as still as any stone, 600
 And every worde gan up and doune to winde,
 That he had saied, as it came her to minde.

And woxe somedeles astonied in her thought,
 Right for the newè case, but whan that she
 Was full avisid, tho found she right nought
 Of perill, why that she oughte aferde be,
 For man mai love of possibilite
 A woman so, that his herte maie to breft,
 And she nat love ayen, but if her left.

But as she sat alone, and thoughtè thus, 610
 In field arose a skirmish all without,
 And men cried in the strete, se Troilus
 Hath right now put to flight the Grekis rout,
 With that gonne all her meine for to shout,
 A, go we se, cast up the gatis wide,
 For through this strete he mote to paleis ride,

For othir waie is fro the yatis none
 Of Dardanus, there opin is the cheine,
 With that come he, and all his folke anone
 An esie pace riding, in routis tweine, 620
 Right as his happie daie was (sothe to seine)

For whiche men saith maie not distourbid be
 That shall betidin of necessite.

This Troilus sat on his baie stede
 All armid, save his hedde, full richily,
 And woundid was his horse, and gan to blede,
 On whiche he rode a pace full softly,
 But soche a knightly sight lo! truily
 As was on him, was nat withoutin faile
 To loke on Mars, that God is of battaille. 630

So like a man of armis, and a knight
 He was to sene, fulfilled of high prowesse,
 For bothe he had a bodie, and a might
 To doen that thing, as well as hardinesse,
 And eke to sene him in his gerè dresse,
 So freshe, so yong, so weldy femid he,
 It was an hevin on him for to se.

His helme to hewin was in twentie places,
 That by a tiffue hong, his backe behinde,
 His shelde to dased with swerdis and with maces, 640
 In whiche men might many an arowe finde,
 That thirid had both horne, and nerfe, and rinde;
 And aie the peple cried, here cometh our joie,
 And, next his brothir, holdir up of Troie.

For which he wext a little redde for shame,
 When he so herd the peple on him crien,
 That to beholde it was a noble game
 How sobirliche he cast adoune his eyen.
 Creseide anone gan all his chere espien,
 And let it in her herte so softly sinke, 650
 That to her self she sayed, ho! give me drinke.

For of her ownè thought she woxe al redde,
 Remembring her right thus, lo! this is he,
 Whiche that mine uncle swercth he mote be dedde
 But I on him have mercie and pite;
 And with that ilkè thought for pure shame she
 Gan in her hedde to pull, and that as fast,
 While he and all the peple forth by past:

And gan to cast, and rollin up and down
 Within her thought his excellent prowesse, 660
 And his estate, and also his renoun,
 His witte, his shape, and eke his gentillesse,
 But mooste her favour was, for his distresse
 Was all for her, and thought it were a routh
 To slaen soche one, if that he mentè trouth.

Now might some envious wight janglin thus,
 This was a sodain love, how might it be
 That she so lightly lovid Troilus?
 Right at the first sight of him: yea parde?
 Now whoso saied so, mote he nevir the, 670
 For every thing a ginning hath it nede
 Er all be wrought, withoutin any drede.

For I saie nat that she so sodainly
 Yafe him her love, but that she gan encline
 To liken' him tho, and I have told you why;
 And aftir that, his manhode and his pine
 Made love within her herte for to mine,
 For whiche by proceffe and by gode service
 He wanne her love, and in no sodain wife.

And also blisful Venus wele arayed 680
 Sate in her sevenith house of hevin tho
 Disposid wele, and with aspectis payed,
 To helpin sely Troilus of his wo;
 And sothe to sayne, she n'as nat all a foe
 To Troilus, in hys natyvyte,
 God wote, that wele the sonir sped in he.

Now

Now let us stinte of Troilus a throwe,
That ridith forth, and let us tournè fast
Unto Creseide, that heng her hedde full lowe,
There as she satte alone, and gan to cast 690
Wheron she would apoinct her at the last,
If it so were, her Eme ne would ycesse
For Troilus upon her for to presse.

And lorde! so she gan in her thought argue
In this matter, of whiche I have you told,
And what to doen best were, and what eschue,
That plitid she ful oft in many fold;
Now was her hertè warme, now was it cold;
And what she thought of, somewhat shal I write,
As mine aucthour listith to me t'endite. 700

She thought wele first, that Troilus person
She knewe by sight, and eke his gentilnesse,
And thus she said, all were it nought to doen
To graunt him love, yet for his worthinesse
It wer honor with plaie, and with gladnesse,
In honeste with suche a Lorde to dele,
For mine estate, and also for his hele.

Eke well wote I, my king's sonne is he,
And sith he hath to se me soche delite,
If I would uttirliche his sight yflie, 710
Par'aventure he might have me in dispite,
Thorough whiche I might stondin in worfe plite,
Now were I not wise, me hate to purchase
Withoutin nede, there I maie stand in grace.

In every thing, I wot, there lieth mesure;
For though a man forbiddith dronkinesse,
He nought forbiddith that every cature
Be drinkilesse, for alwaie, as I gesse:
Eke sith I wot for me is his distresse,
I ne ought not for that thing him dispise, 720
Sith it is so, he menith in gode wise.

And eke I knowe of longè time agone
His thewis gode, and that he n'is not nice,
No vantour saine men, certain he is none,
To wife is he to doen so grete a vice,
Ne als I n'ill him nevir so cherice
That he shall make avaunt by justè cause,
He shall me nevir binde in soche a clause.

Now set a case, the hardist is iwis
Men mightin demin that he lovith me, 730
What dishonour were it unto me this?
Maie I him let of that? why naie, parde;
I knowe also, and alwaie here and se,
Men lovin women al this toun about,
Be thei the wers? Why naie, withoutin doubt.

I thinke eke how he worthy is to have
Of all this noble toun the thriftyist
That woman is, if she her honour save,
For out and out he is the worthyist,
Save only Hector, whiche that is the best; 740
And yet his life lieth all now in my cure,
But soche is love, and eke mine avinture.

Ne me to love a wondir is it nought,
For well wote I my self, so God me spede,
All woll I that no man wist of this thought,
I am one of the fairist out of drede
And godelyist, who so that takith hede,
And so men saine, in all the toun of Troie,
What wondir is though he of me have joie?

I am mine ownè woman well at ese 750

I thanke it God, as aftir mine estate,
Right yong, and stond untied in lustie lese.
Withoutin jelousie, and soche debate
Shall no husbonde saine unto me checke mate,
For eithir thei ben full of jelousie,
Or maistirfull, or lovin novelrie.

What shall I doen? to what fine live I thus?
Shall I not love, in case if that me lest?
What? pardieux I am not religious;
And though that I mine hertè set at rest 760
Upon this knight, this is the worthiest,
And kepe alwaie mine honor, and my name,
By all right it maie doe to me no shame.

But right as whan the sunnè shinith bright
In March, that chaungith oftintime his face,
And that a cloud is put with winde to flight,
Whiche ovirsprat the Sunne, as for a space,
A cloudy thought gan through her soule pace,
That ovirspradde her brightè thoughtis all,
So that for fere almoste she gan to fall. 770

That thought was this: alas! sith I am fre,
Should I now love, and put in jeopardie
My sikirnesse, and thrallin liberte?
Alas: how durst I thinkin that folie?
Maie I not well in othir folke asprie
Ther dredfull joie, ther constreint, and ther pain,
Ther lovith non, that ne hath why to plain.

For love is yet the mostè stormie life
Right of himself, that evir was begonne;
For ever some mistrust, or some nice strife 780
There is in love, some cloud ovir the Sunne;
Thereto we wretchid women nothing conne,
Whan us is wo, but wepe, and sit, and thinke,
Our wretche is this, our ownè wo to drinke.

Also these wickid tonguis ben so prest
To speke us harme; eke men ben so untrue,
That right anon as cessid is ther lest,
So cessith love, and forth to love anewe;
But *harme idoe is doen, who so it rue;*
For though these men for love 'hem first torende;
Full sharp beginning brekith oft at ende.

How oft in time hath it yknowin ben,
The trefon, that to women hath be doe!
To what fine is soche love, I can not sene,
Or where becomith it, whan it is go,
There is no wight that wote, I trowè so,
Wher it becometh, lo, no wight on it sporneth;
That erst was nothing, into nothing turneth.

How busie (if I love) eke must I be
To plesin him, that jangle' of love, and deme, 800
And coyen 'hem, that thei saie no harm of me!
For though there be no cause, yet 'hem may seme
Al befor harme, that folke ther frendis queme;
And who maie stoppin every wickid tong?
Or sounne of bellis, while that thei ben rong?

And after that her thought gan for to clere,
And saied, *he whiche that nothing undirtaketh,*
Nothing achewith, be him loth or dere;
And with an othir thought her hert yquaketh,
Than slepith hope, and aftir drede awaketh, 810
Now hote now cold, but thus betwixin twey
She rist her up, and went her for to play.

Adoune the staire anon right tho she went
Into her gardine, with her necis thre,
And up and down thei madin many' a went,
Flexippe'

Flexippe' and she, Tarbe', and Antigone,
To playin, that it joie was to se;
And othir of her women a grete rout
Her folowed in the gardine all about.

This yerde was large, and railed al the aleyes, 820
And shadowed wel with bloumy bowis grene,
And benchid newe, and sondid all the weyes,
In whiche she walkith arme in arme betwene,
Till at the last Antigone the shene
Gan on a Trojan song to singin clere,
That it an hevin was her voice to here.

She saied: O love, to whom I have, and shal
Ben humble subject, true in mine entent,
As I best can, to you, Lorde, yeve I all
For evirmore mine hert'is love to rent; 830
For nevir yet thy grace to no wight sent
So blisfull cause as me, my life to lede
In alle joie and suretie, out of drede.

The blisfull God hath me so well beset
In love iwis, that all that berith life
Imagin in ne could how to be bet;
For, Lorde, withoutin jelousie or strife
I love one, whiche that moste is ententife
To servin well, unwerily' or unfained
That evir was, and lest with harme distained, 840

As he that is the well of worthinesse,
Of trouth the ground, mirroure of godelihedde,
Of wit Apollo, stone of sikirnesse,
Of virtue rote, of luste findir and hedde,
Thorough whiche is all sorowe fro me dedde,
Iwis I love him best, so doeth he me,
Now gode thrift have he, where so er he be.

Whom shoud I thankin but you, God of love
Of all this blisse, in whiche to bathe I ginne?
And thankid be ye, Lorde, for that I love, 850
This is the righte life that I am inne,
To flemin all manir of vice and sinne,
This doeth me so to vertue for to' entende,
That daie by daie I in my will amende.

And who that saith that for to love is vice
Or thraldome, though he fele in it distresse,
He either is envious, or right nice,
Or is unmightie for his shreudenesse
To lovin; for soche manir folke I gessie
Diffamin love, as nothing of him knowe, 860
They speke of love, but nevir bent his bowe.

What is the Sunne worfe of his kinde right,
Though that a man, for feblese of his eyen,
Maie not endure on it to se for bright?
Or love the worfe, that wretchis on it crien?
No wele is worth, that maie no sorowe drien;
And forthy, *who that hath an hedde of verre,*
Fro cast of stonis ware him in the werre.

But I with al mine herte, and al my might,
As I have saied, woll love unto my last 870
My owne dere herte, and all mine owne knight,
In whiche mine herte ygrowin is so fast,
And his in me, that it shall evir last:
All did I dred at first to love begin,
Now wote I well there is no pain therein.

And of her song right with that worde she stent,
And therewithall, now nece (qð Creseide)
Who made this song now with so gode entent?
Antigone answerde anon, and saide,
Madame iwis it was the godelyist maide 880

Of grete estate in all the toun of Troie,
Who led her life in moste honour and joie.

Forsothe so it ysemith by her song,
Quoð tho Creseide, and gan therwith to like,
And sayid: Lorde! is there soche blisse emong
These lovirs, as thei can so faire endite?
Ye wisse, qð freshe Antigone the white,
For all the folke that have or ben on live
Ne couldin well the blisse of love discrive.

But wenin ye that evèry wretche wote 890
The parfite blisse of love? why naie iwis,
Thei wenin all be love, if one be hote;
Do' waie do' waie, thei wote nothing of this;
Men mote askin of sainctis, if it is
Ought faire in heven; and why? for thei can tell;
And askin fendes, if it be foule in hell.

Creseide unto the purpose naught answerde,
But saied, iwis it woll be night as faste,
But every worde, whiche that she of her herde,
She gan to printin in her herte faste, 900
And aie gan love her lasse for to agaste
Than it did erst, and sinkin in her herte,
That she wax somwhat able to converte.

The day's honour, and the heven's eye
The night's foe, all this clepe I the Sonne,
Gan westrin fast, and downward for to wrie.
As he that had his day's course ironne,
And white thingis woxin all dimme and donne,
For lacke of light, and sterris for to' apere,
That she and all her folke in went isere. 910

So whan it likid her to gon to reste,
And voidid werin thei that voidin ought,
She sayid, that to slepin well her leste
Her women sone unto her bedde her brought,
Whan al was hush't, than laie she stil and thought,
Of all this thing the manir and the wise
Reherce it nedith not, for ye ben wise.

A Nightingale upon a Cedre grene
Undir the chambir wall, there as she laie,
Full loude ysong ayen the Monè shene, 920
Par'aventure in his bird's wife a laie
Of love, that made her herte freshe and gaie,
That herkenid she so long in gode entent,
Till at the last the dedde slepe her hent.

And as she slept, anon right tho her met,
How that an Egle, fethered white as bone,
Undir her brest his longè clawis set,
And out her herte he rent, and that anon,
And did his herte into her brest to gon,
Of which she nought agrose, ne nothing smert,
And forthe he flyith, with herte left for hert.

Now let her slepe, and we our talis holde
Of Troilus, that is to Paleis ridden,
Fro the scarmishe of the whiche I have tolde,
And in his chambir fate, and hath abidden,
Til two or thre of his messangirs yeden,
For Pandarus, and soughtin him full fast,
Til thei him found, and brought him at the last.

This Pandarus came leping in at ones,
And sayid thus, who hath ben well ibete 940
To daie with swardis, and with songè stones
But Troilus, that hath caught him an hete,
And gan to jape, and saied, Lorde, how ye swete!
But rise and let us soupe, and go to reste:
And he answerde him, doe we as The leste.

With

With all the hast godely as thei might
 Thei sped 'hem fro the soupir, and to bedde,
 And every wight out at the dore him dight,
 And wher' him list upon his waie he sped,
 But Troilus thought that his herte bledde 950
 For wo, til that he herde some tiding,
 And sayid frende, shall I now wepe or sing?

(Q^x Pandarus) be still and let me slepe,
 And doe' on thy hode, thine nedis spedde ybe,
 And chese if thou wolt sing, or daunce, or lepe,
 At short wordis thou shalt trowe all by me,
 For fir, my nece woll doin well by The,
 And love The best, by God and by my trothe,
 But lacke of pursute marre it in thy slothe.

For thus ferforth I have thy werke begon 960
 Fro daie to daie, till this daie by the morowe,
 Her love of frendship have I to The won,
 And therto hath she laid her faith to borow,
 Algate o fore is hameled of thy sorowe;
 What should I sengir sermon of it holde,
 As ye have herd before, all he him tolde.

But right as flouris through the cold of night
 Iclosid stoupin in ther stalkis lowe,
 Redressin 'hem ayen the Sunne bright
 And spredin in ther kindè course by rowe, 970
 Right so gan tho his eyin up to throwe
 This Troilus, and saied: O Venus dere,
 Thy might, thy grace, iheried be it here.

And to Pandare he held up both his hondes,
 And sayid, Lorde, all thine be that I have,
 For I am whole, and brostin ben my bondes,
 A thousande Troyis, who so that me yave
 Eche astir othir, God so wis me save,
 Ne might not me so gladin, lo! mine herte
 It spredith so for joie it woll to sterre. 980

But lorde! how shall I doen? how shall I liven?
 Whan shall I next my own dere herte yse?
 How shall this longe time awaie be driven,
 Till that thou be ayen at her fro me?
 Thou maiest answere, abide abide: but he
*That hangith by the necke, the sothe to saine,
 In grete disese abidith for the paine.*

All esily now, for the love of Marte,
 (Q^x Pandarus) for every thing hath time,
 So long abide, till that the night departe, 990
 For all so sikir as thou liest here by' me,
 And God toforne, I woll be there at prime,
 And for thy werke somwhat as I shall saie,
 Or on some othir wight this charge laie.

For parde God wot, I have evir yet
 Ben redy The to serve, and to this night
 Have I not fainid, but em'orthe my wit
 Doen all thy lust, and shal with al my might;
 Doe now as I shall saine, and fare aright;
 And if thou n'lte, write all thy selfe the care, 1000
 On me is nought along thine evill fare.

I wote well that thou wisir art than I
 A thousande folde; but if I were as thou,
 God helpe me so, as I would uttirly
 Right of mine owne honde write to her now
 A lettir, in whiche I would telle her how
 I farde amisse, and her beseche of routh;
 Now helpe thy self, and leve it for no slouth:

And I my self shall therewith to her gon,

And whan thou wolt that I am with her there, 1010
 Worthe thou up on a courfir right anon,
 Ye hardily, and that in thy best gere,
 And ride forth by the place, as naught ne were,
 And thou shalt finde us (if I maie) sitting
 At some windowe, into the strete looking.

And if The list, than maiest thou us salve,
 And upon me make thou thy countenance,
 But by thy life beware, and fast eschue
 To tarien ought, God shild us fro mischaunce,
 Ride forth thy waie, and hold thy govinaunce, 1020
 And we shall speke of The somwhat I trow,
 Whan thou art gon, to doe thine eris glow.

Touching thy lettir, thou are wise inough,
 I wot thou n'lte it deigneliche endite,
 As make it with these argumentis tough,
 Ne scriven-like, or craftily it write,
 Beblotte it with thy teris eke alite,
 And if thou write a godely worde all soft,
 Though it be gode, reherce it not to oft.

For though that the best Harpour upon live 1030
 Would on the beste sounid jolly Harpe,
 That evir was, with all his fingirs five
 Touche aie o string, or aie o warble Harpe,
 Were his nailis pointid nevir so sharpe
 It shulde makin every wight to dull,
 To here his gle, and of his strokis full.

Ne jombre no discordaunt thing ifere,
 As thus, to usin termis of Phisike,
 In lov'is termis holde of thy matere
 The forme alwaie, and doe that it be like; 1040
 For if a paintir would ypante a pike
 With Als'is fete, and heddid as an Ape,
 It cordith not, so were it but a jape.

This counsaile likid well to Troilus,
 But as a dredfull lovir, he saied this,
 Alas! my dere brothir Pandarus,
 I am ashamid for to write iwis,
 Lest of mine ignorance I saied amis,
 Or that the n'olde it for dispite receive,
 Than wer I ded, there might it nothing weve. 1050

To that Pandare answerid, if The left
 Doe that I saie, and let me therewith gon,
 For by that Lorde that formid Est and West,
 I hope of it to bring answere anon
 Right of her hond, and if that thou n'lte non,
 Let be, and sorie mote he ben his live,
 Ayenst thy lust that helpith The to thrive.

(Q^x Troilus) depardieux I assent,
 Sithe that The list, I woll arise and write,
 And blifull God praie I with gode entent 1060
 The viage and lettir I shall endite
 So spede it, and thou Minerva the white,
 Yeve thou me witte, my lettir to devise;
 And set him down, and wrote right in this wise.

First he gan her his right Ladie to call,
 His hert'is lie, his lust, his sorowe's leche,
 His blisse, and eche these othir termis all,
 That in soche case ye lovirs alle seche,
 And in full humble wise, as in his speche,
 He gan him recommaunde unto her grace, 1070
 To tell all how, it askith no kill space.

And astir this full lowly he her praied
 To be nought wrothe, though he of his folie
 So hardie was to her to write, and saied
 D d d d

That

That love it made, or ellis must he die,
And pitoufly gan mercie for to crie;
And aftir that he faied (and lied full loude)
Himself was litle worthe, and lasse he coud.

And that she would have his conning excused,
That lital was, and eke he dradde her so, 1080
And his unworthinesse aie he accused;
And aftir that than gan he tel his wo;
But that was endeleffe withoutin ho;
And faid, he would in trouth alway him holde,
And redde it ovre, and gan the lettir folde:

And with his faltè teris gan he bathe
The ruby in his signet, and it sette
Upon the wexe delivirliche and rathe,
Therwith a thousande timis, er he lette,
He kiste the lettir, whan he had it shette, 1090
And faide, lettir, a blisful destine
The shapin is, my lady shal The se.

This Pandare toke the lettir, and betime
A morowe to his nec'is paleis sterre,
And fast he swore, that it was passid prime,
And gan to jape, and faide iwis mine herte
So freshe it is (although it fore smerte)
I maie nat slepe nevir a May's morowe,
I have a joly wo, a lusty sorowe.

Creseide, whan that she her uncle herde, 1100
With dredeful herte, and desirous to here
The cause of his comming, right thus answerde,
Now by your faith mine uncle (qð she) dere,
What manir windis gidith you now here?
Tell us your joly wo, and your penaunce,
How ferforth be ye put in lov's daunce:

By God (qð he) I hop alwaie behinde,
And she to laugh as though her herte to breste,
(Qð Pandarus) loke alwaie that ye finde
Game in mine hode, but herkeneth if you lest, 1110
Ther is right now come to the toun a gelf,
A Greke espie, and tellith newe thinges,
For whiche I come to tell you newe tidinges:

Into the gardin go we', and ye shal here
Al privily of this a long sermoun.
With that thei wentin arme in arme ifere
Into the gardin fro the chambre down;
And whan that he so ferre was, that the soun
Of that which he spake no man herin might,
He faid her thus, and out the lettir plight: 1120

Lo! he that is al wholly your's is fre,
Him recommaundith lowly to your grace,
And sent to you this letter here by me,
Avifith you on it, whan ye han space,
And of some godely answe're you purchase,
Or helpe me God so, plainly for to faine,
He maie not longè livin for his paine.

Ful dredefully tho gan she stondin stil,
And toke it not, but all her humble chere
Gan for to chaungin, and faid scribe nor bil, 1130
For love of God, that touchith such matere,
Ne bring me none, and also, uncle dere,
To mine estate have more regarde I pray
Than to his lust, what shouldin I more say.

And lokith now if this be reso'nable,
And lettith not for favour ne for flouthe
To faine a sothe, now is it covenable
To mine estate, by God and by my tronthe,
To take it, or to havin of him routh

In harming of my selfe, or in repreve? 1140
Beare it ayen for him that ye on leve.

This Pandarus gan on her for to stare,
And sayid, now is this the gretist wonder,
That evir I sawe, let be this nice fare,
To dethè mote I smittin be with thonder,
Yf for the cite, whiche that stondith yonder,
Would I a lettir to you bring or take
To harme of you: what list you thus it make?

But thus ye farin well nigh all and some,
That he that most desirith you to serve, 1150
Of him ye retchin lest, where he become,
And whethir that he live, or ellis sterre,
But for al that, that er I maie deserve,
Refuse it not (qð he) and hente her fast,
And in her bosome doun the lettir thrust,

And faid her, now cast it awaie anon,
That folke maie sene, and gaurin on us twey:
(Qð she) I can abide till thei be gon,
And gan to smile, and faid him, Eme, I pray,
Suche answe're as you list your selfe purvey, 1160
For truily I wol no lettir write.
No, than wol I (qð he) so ye endite.

Therwith she lough, and sayid go we dine,
And he gan at himselfe to japin faste,
And sayid, Nece, I have so gret a pine
For love, that everiche othir daie I faste,
And gan his bestè japis forth to caste,
And made her so to laugh at his folie,
That she for laughtir wenid for to die.

And whan that she was comen' into the hall, 1170
Now Eme (qð she) we wol go dine anon,
And gan some of her women to her call,
And streight into her chambre gan she gone,
But of her befinessis this was one,
Amongis othir thingis, out of drede,
Ful privily this lettir for to rede.

Avifid word by word in every line,
And founde no lacke, she thought he coude his gode,
And put it up, and went her in to dine.
And Pandarus, that in a studie stode, 1180
Er he was ware, she toke him by the hode
And sayid, ye were caught er that ye wiste,
I vouchsafe (qð he) do whatere you list.

Tho within thei, and set 'hem doun and ete,
And aftir none ful slyghly Pandarus
Gan draw him to the windowe nie the strete,
And sayid, Nece, who hath arayid thus
The yondir house, that stante aforyene us?
Which house? (qð she) and gan for to beholde,
And knewe it wel, and whose it was him tolde;

And fellin forthe in speche of thingis smale,
And satin in the windowe bothè twey;
Whan Pandarus sawe time unto his tale,
And sawe well that her folke wer al away,
Now, Nece mine, tel on (qð he) I prey,
How likith you the lettir that ye wot,
Can he theron? for by my trouth I n'ot.

Therwith al rosy hewid tho woxe she,
And gan to hum, and sayid, so I trowe;
Aquite him wel for Godd's love (qð he) 1200
My selfe tomedis woll the lettir sowe,
And helde his hondis up, and fell on knowe,
Nowe gode Nece, be it nevir so lite,
Yeve me the labour it to sowe and plite.

Ye, for I can so writin (qð she) tho,
 And eke I n'or what I should to him say.
 Naie Nece, qð Pandarus, saie you not so,
 Yet at the lest ythonkith him, I pray,
 Of his gode will. O, doth him not to deye,
 Now for the love of me, my Nèce dere, 1210
 Refusith not at this time my praiere.

Depardieux (qð she) God leve al be wele,
 God helpe me so, this is the first lettre
 That er I wrote, ye al or any dele;
 And into' a closet for to' avise her better
 She went alone, and gan her herte unfettere
 Out of disdain's prison, but a lite,
 And set her down, and gan a lettre write.

Of whiche to tel in shorte is mine entent
 Th' effete, as ferre as I can undirstonde; 1220
 She thonkid him of al that he wel ment
 Towardis her, but holdin him in honde
 She n'olde not, ne makin her selvin bonde
 In love, but as his fustir him to plesse,
 She would aie faine to done his hert an ese.

She shette it, and to Pandare in gan gon
 There as he sat, and lokid into strete,
 And doune she set her by him on a stone
 Of jaspere, upon a quishen of golde ibete,
 And said, as wisely helpe me God the grete, 1230
 I nevir did a thing with more paine
 Than write this, to the which ye me constraine;

And toke it him; He thonkid her, and seide,
 God wot of thing ful oftin lothe begonne
 Comith ende gode: and Nèce mine Creseide,
 That ye to him of harde now ben iwonne
 Ought he be glad, by God and yondir sonne;
 For why, men faine *Impressionis light*
Full lightly ben aie redy to the flight.

But ye han plaid the tiraunt al to longe, 1240
 And harde was it your herte for to grave,
 Now stinte, that ye no lengir on it honge,
 Al woldin ye the forme of daungir save,
 But hastith you to done him joye to have,
 For trustith wel, to long idone hardnesse
Causith dispite ful oftin for distresse.

And right as thei declarid this matere
 Lo! Troilus right at the stret's ende
 Came riding with his tenthè somme ifere
 Al softly, and thiðirwarde gan bende 1250
 There as they fate, as was his waie to wende
 To paleis warde, and Pandare him aspidre,
 And said, nece ife who comith here ride,

O fie not in, he fethe us, I suppose,
 Lest he may thinkin that ye him eschue.
 Nay nay (qð she) and woxe as redde as rose;
 With that he gan her humbly to salue
 With dredful chere, and ofte his hewis mue,
 And up his loke debonairly he cast,
 And bekid on Pandare, and forth by past. 1260

God wot if he sat on his horse aright,
 Or godely was befene that ilkè day,
 God wot where he were like a manly knight,
 What should I dretche, or tel of his aray?
 Creseide, which that al these thingis fey,
 To tell in shorte, her likid al ifere,
 His person, his aray, his loke, his chere,

His godely manir, and his gentilnesse,

So well, that never sithe that she was borne
 Ne haddin she suche routhe of his distresse; 1270
 And howe so she hath hard ben here before,
 To God hope I, she hath now caught a thorne,
 She shal nat pul it out this nextè wike,
 God sende her mo such thornis on to pike!

Pandarus, whiche that stode her faste by,
 Felte iron hotte, and he began to smite,
 And seide, nece, I praye you hertilie,
 Tel me that I shal askin you alite,
 A woman that were of his deth to wite
 Withouten' his gilt, but for her lacke of routh,
 Were it wel done? (qð she) naie, by my trouth.

God helpe me so (qð he) ye say me sothe;
 Ye felin wel your selfe that I nought lie.
 Lo, yonde he rideth (qð she) ye so he dothe;
 Wel, qð Pandare, as I have tolde you thrie,
 Let be your nicete, and your folie,
 And speke with him, in cling of his herte,
 Let nicete nat do you bothe smerte.

But theron was to hevin and to done,
 Considiring al thing it maie nat be, 1290
 And why? for shame; and it were eke to sone
 To grauntin him so gret a liberte;
 For plainly her entent, as (said she)
 Was for to love him unwist, if she might,
 And guerdon him with nothing but with sight.

But Pandarus thought, it shal nat be so,
 If that I maie, this nice opinion
 Shal nat ben holdin fully yeris two;
 What should I make of this a longe sermon?
 He must assent on that conclusion 1300
 As for the time, and whan that it was eve,
 And al was wel, he rose and toke his leve.

And on his way full fast homewarde he spedde,
 And right for joy he felte his hert to daunce,
 And Troilus he founde alone abedde,
 That laie, as done these lovirs in a traunce,
 Betwixin hope and derke disesperaunce,
 But Pandarus, right at his in comming,
 He song, as who saith, lo! somwhat I bring;

And saide, who is in his bedde so sone 1310
 Yburied thus? it am I frende (qð he)
 Who Troilus? naie, helpe me so the mone,
 (Qð Pandarus) thou shalt up rise and fe
 A charme, that was ysent right now to The,
 The whiche can helin The of thine axesse,
 If thou do forthwith all thy besinesse.

Ye through the might of God (qð Troilus)
 And Pandarus gan him the lettir take,
 And saide, parde God hath yholpin us,
 Have here a light, and loke on all these blake, 1320
 But oftin gan the hert to glad and quake
 Of Troilus, while he it gan to rede,
 So as the wordis yave him hope or drede.

But finally he toke al for the beste
 That the him wrote, for somwhat he behelde,
 On which he thought he might his herte rest,
 Al covired the the wordis undir shelde;
 Thus to the more worthy part he him helde,
 That what for hope, and Pandarus beheste,
 His gretè wo foryede he at the leste. 1330

But as we maie al daie our selvin fe
 Through more wode or cole kindlith the more fire,
 Right so encrese of hope, of what it be,
 Therwith

Therwith ful oft encrefith eke desire;
Or as an oke cometh of a litil spire,
So through this lettir, which that she him sent,
Encrefin gan desire, of whiche he brent.

Wherefore I say alway, that day and night
This Troilus gan to desirin more
Then he did erst through hope, and did his might 1340
To presin on, as by Pandarus lore,
And writin to her of his sorowes fore
Fro day to day, he let it nought refreide,
That by Pandare he somwhat wrot or seide :

And did also his othir observaunces,
That till a lovir longith in this caas,
And aftir that his dice turnid on chaunces
So was he eithir glad, or saide alas!
And held aftir his gestis aie his paas,
And aftir suche answeris, as he hadde, 1350
So werin his daies sory othir gladd.

But to Pandare alway was his recours,
And pitously gan aie to him to plaine,
And him besought of rede, and some focours,
And Pandarus, that sawe his wode paine,
Wext wel nigh ded for routh, sothe for to faine,
And besely with al his hert gan caste
Some of his wo to fleen, and that as faste:

And saide, Lorde, and frende, and brothir dere,
God wot that thy disce ydothe me wo, 1360
But wolt thou stintin al this woful chere,
And by my trowth, er it be dayis two
And God toforme, yet shal I shape it so,
That thou shalt come into a certaine place,
There as thou maist thy selfe praien her of grace.

And certainly I n'ot if thou it wofte,
But thei that ben experte in love, it say,
It is one of these thingis fortherith most,
A man to have a leisir for to praie,
And siker place, his wo for to bewraie, 1370
For in gode hert it mote some routh impresle,
To here and se the gilleffe in distresse.

Par'aventure thinkist thou, though it be so,
That kinde would her ydone for to beginne
To have a manir routh upon my wo,
Saith daungir nay, thou shalt me never win
So rulith she her hert's goste within,
That though she bendin, yet she stonte on rote,
What in effect is this unto my bote?

Thinke here ayen, whan that the sturdy oke, 1380
On whiche men hackith oftin for the nones,
Recevid hath the happy falling stroke,
The grete sweight makith it fall all at ones,
As done these grete rockis, or these milnestones,
For swiftir course cometh thing that is of wight,
Whan it discendith, than done thingis light.

But rede, that bowith doune for every blast,
Ful lightly cessith winde, it wol arise;
But so n'il not an oke, whan it is cast,
It nedith me nought longe The for to' vife, 1390
Men shal rejoyfin of a grete emprise,
Atchevid wel, and stont withoutin dout,
Al have men ben the lengir there about.

But Troilus, now tel me if The lest
A thing, whiche that I shal askin of The,
Whiche is thy brothir, that thou lovist best,
As in thy very hert's privite?
Iwis my brothir Deiphobus (qð he)

Now (qð Pandare) er hour's twice twelve,
He shal The ese, unwist of it himselve. 1400

Now let me' alone, and workin as I may,
(Qð he) and to Deiphobus went he tho,
Which had his lord, and gretè frend ben aie,
Save Troilus no man he lovid so,
To tel in shorte withoutin wordis mo
(Qð Pandarus) I pray you that ye be
Frende to a cause, whiche that ytouchith me.

Yes parde (qð Deiphobus) wel thou wolt
Al that evir I may, and God tofore,
Al n'ere it but for the man I love most 1410
My brothir Troilus; but say wherefore
It is, for sithe the day that I was bore
I n'as, ne never more to ben I thinke
Ayenst a thing that mightin The forthinke.

Pandarus gan him thanke, and to him seide,
Lo! sir, I have a lady in this toun,
That is my Nece, and callid is Creseide,
To whiche some men would done oppressioun,
And wrongfully have her possessioun,
Wherefore I of your lordship you besече 1420
To ben our frende, withoutin more speche.

Deiphobus him answerde: O, is nat this,
That thou spekest of to me thus straungely,
Creseide my frende? Pandarus said him yes.
Than nedith (qð Deiphobus) hardily
No more of this, for trustith wel that I
Wol be her Champion with spere and yerde,
I ne rought nat, though all her foes it herde.

But telle me thou that wolt all this matere,
How might I best availin now, let se; 1430
(Qð Pandarus) if ye my lorde so dere
Woldin as now do this honour to me,
To prayin her to morowe, lo: that she
Came unto you, her plaintis to devise,
Her adversaries would of it agrife.

And if I more durst prayin you as now,
And chargin you to have so grete travaille,
To have some of your brethrin here with you,
That mightin to her cause bettir availle,
Than wote I wel she mightin never faile 1440
For to ben holpin, what at your instaunce,
What with her othir frendis govirnaunce.

Deiphobus, whiche that comin was of kinde
To al honour and bounte to consente,
Answerde, it shal be done: and I can finde,
Yet greater helpe to this in mine entente,
What woldest thou faine, if for Helen I sent,
To speke of this, I trowe it be the best,
For she may ledin Paris as her lest.

Of Hector, which that is my Lord my brother, 1450
It nedith nat to praien him frende to be,
For I have herde him, o time and eke other,
Spekin of Creseide suche honour, that he
Maie faine no bet, such hap to him hath she,
It nedith nat his helpis more to crave,
He shal be suche, right as we wol him have.

Speke thou thy selfe also to Troilus
On my behalfe, and praie him with us dine.
Sir, al this shal be done (qð Pandarus)
And toke his leve, and never gan to fine, 1460
But to his Nec's house as freight as line
He came, and founde her fro the mete arise,
And set him doun, and spake right in this wise:
He

He saide, O very God, so have I ronne
 Lo! necè mine, se ye nat how I swete?
 I n'ot whethir ye the more thanke me conne,
 Be ye not ware how that false Poliphete
 Is now about estsonis for to plete,
 And bringin on you advocacies newe?
 I? no (qð she) and chaungid al her hewe?

What is he more about me for to dretche,
 And done me wrong? what shal I don, alas!
 Yet of him selfin nothing would I retche,
 N'ere it for Antenor and Æneas,
 That ben his frendis in suche manir caas;
 But for the love of God, mine uncle dere,
 No force of that, let him have al ifere,

Withoutin that, I have inough for us.
 Nay (qð Pandare) it shal nothing be so,
 For I have ben right now at Deiphobus, 1480
 At Hector, and mine othir lordis mo,
 And shortly makid eche of 'hem his fo,
 That by my thrifte he shal it nevir winne
 For aught he can, whan so that he beginne.

And as thei castin what was best to done,
 Deiphobus, of his owne curtisie,
 Came her to praye, in his propir persone,
 To holde him on the morowe companie
 At dinir, whiche she ne wolde not denie,
 But godely gan to his prayere obeye, 1490
 He thonkid her, and went upon his wey.

Whan this was don, this Pandarus anone,
 (To tellin in shorte) forth he gan to wende
 To Troilus, as stil as any stone,
 And al this thing he tolde him orde and ende,
 And how that he Deiphobus gan to blende,
 And saide him, now is time of that ye conne
 To bere the belle to morow', and all is wonne.

Now speke, now pray, now pitously complaine,
 Let nat for nicè shame, for drede or slouth, 1500
 Somtime a man mote tel his ownè paine,
 Beleve it, and she wol have on The routh,
 Thou shalt ben favid by thy faith and trouth,
 But wel wot I thou now art in a drede,
 And what it is, I lay I can arede:

Thou thinkist now, how should I don al this,
 For by my cheris mostin folke espie,
 That for her love is, that I fare amis,
 Yet had I levre' unwist for sorow die;
 Nowe thinke nat so, for thou dost gret folie, 1510
 For I right now have foundin a manere
 Of sleight, for to coverin al thy chere.

Thou shalt gon ovirnight, and that as blive
 Unto Deiphobus house, as The to plaie,
 Thy malady awaie the bette to drive,
 For why? thou semist sike, the sothe to saie,
 Sone after that, doune in thy bedde The laie,
 And saie thou maist no lengir up endure,
 And lie right there, and bide thine avinture.

Say that the fevir is wont The to take, 1520
 The samè time, and lastin til a morowe,
 And let se now how well thou canst it make,
 For parde sike is he that is in sorowe;
 Go now farwel, and Venus here to borowe,
 I hope and thou this purpose holdè ferme.
 Thy grace she shal The fully there conferme.

(Qð Troilus) iwis thou alle nedeleffe

Counsaillist me, that sikeliche I me faine,
 For I am sike in earnest doutelesse,
 So that wel nigh I stervin for the paine. 1530
 (Qð Pandarus) thou shalt the bettir plaine,
 And hast the lesse nede for to counterfete,
 For him men demin hote, that men se swete.

Lo! holde The at thy tristè clofe, and I
 Shal wel the dcere unto thy bowe ydrive:
 Therwith he toke his leve all softly,
 And Troilus to his paleis went blive,
 So glad ne was he ner in al his live,
 And to Pandarus rede gan al assent,
 And to Deiphobus house at night he went. 1540

What nedith it to tellin al the chere,
 That Deiphobus unto his brothir made,
 Or his axis, or his sikeliche manere,
 How men gon him with clothis for to lade
 When he was laid, and how men would him glade?
 But all for nought, he helde forth aie the wife,
 That ye han herde Pandare er this devise.

But certaine is, er Troilus him leide,
 Deiphobus had praied him ovirnight
 To ben a frende, and helping to Creseide, 1550
 God wot that he that grauntid anon right,
 To ben her fullè frend with al his might,
 But such a nede was it to praien him thenne,
 As for to biddin a wode man to renne.

The morow came, and nighin gan the time
 Of mealtide, whan that the faire quene Helen
 Shope her to ben an hour aftir the prime
 With Deiphobus, to whom she n'oldè faine,
 But as his sustir homely, sothe to faine,
 She came to dinir, in her plaine entent, 1560
 But God and Pandare wist al what this ment.

Came eke Creseide all innocent of this,
 Antigone her nece, and Tarbe' also;
 But flie we now prolixite best is,
 For love of God, and let us fast ygo
 Right to the' effectè, withoutin talis mo,
 Why al this folke assemblid in this place,
 And let us of ther saluingis pace.

Gret honour did 'hem Deiphobus certaine,
 And fedde 'hem wel, with al that might 'hem like,
 But evirno alas! was his refraine,
 My godè brothir Troilus, the sike
 Lithe yet, and therwithal he gan to sike,
 And aftir that he painid him to glade
 'Hem as he might, and chere gode he made.

Complainid eke Helen of his sikenesse
 So faithfully, that pity was to here,
 And every wight gan wexin for axes
 A leche anon, and saide, in this manere 1580
 Men curin folke, this charme I wol Thelere,
 But there sate one, al list her nat to teche,
 That thought, yet best couldin I ben his leche.

Aftir complaint him gonnin thei to preise,
 As folke don yet whan some wight hath begon
 To preise a man, and up with preise him reise
 A thousande folde yet highir than the son,
 He is, he can, that fewe othir Lordes kon,
 And Pandarus of that thei would afferme
 He nought forgate ther praising to conferme.

Herde al this thing feire Creseide wel inough, 1590
 And every worde gan for to notifie,
 For whiche with sobre chere her hertè lough

E e e e

For

For who is that ne would her glorifie
To mowin suche a knight done live or die?
But al passe I, lest ye to longe ydwell,
But for o fine is al that er I tell.

The time came fro dinir for to rise,
And as 'hem ought arisin everichone,
And gone a while of this and that devise,
But Pandarus brake al this speche anon, 1600
And said to Deiphobus, wol ye gon,
If it your will be, as I erst you prayde,
To spekin of the nedis of Creseide?

Helen, which that by the hondè her helde,
Toke first the tale, and saide, go we blive,
And godely on Creseidè she behelde,
And sayid, Jovis let him nevir thrive,
That doth you harm, and reve him sone of live,
And yeve me sorowe, but he shal it rue
If that I may, and allè folke be true. 1610

Tel thou thy nec'is case (qð Deiphobus
To Pandarus) for thou canst best it tell.
My Lordis and my Ladies, it stant thus,
What should I lengir (qð he) do you dwell?
He ronge 'hem out a proces like a bell
Upon her foe, that hight was Polyphete,
So heinous, that men mightin on it spete.

Answerde of this eche worse of 'hem than other,
And Poliphete thei gonnin thus to warien,
An hongid be suche one, were he my brother, 1620
And so he shal, for it ne maie nought varien;
What should I lengir in this talè tarien?
Plainliche al at onis thei her highten
To ben her frende, in all that er thei mighten.

Spake than Helen, and said to Pandarus,
Wot aught my lord my brothir of this matere,
I mene Hector, or wote it Troilus?
He said her ye, but wol ye me now here?
Me thinketh thus, sith that Troilus is here,
It were gode, if that ye wouldin assent 1630
She tolde him her selfe al this er she went.

For he wol have the more her grefe at herte.
Bicause lo, she a worthie Lady is,
And by your wil, I wol but in right sterre,
And do you wete, and that anon iwis,
If that he slepe, or wol aught here of this,
And in he lept, and said him in his ere,
God have thy soule, for brought have I thy bere.

To smilin of this gan tho Troilus,
And Pandarus withoutin rekinning 1640
Out went to Helen and Deiphobus,
And said 'hem, so there be no tarying,
Ne more prese, he wol well that ye bring
Creseidè my Lady, that is now here,
And as he maie enduren, he wol her here.

But wel ye wote, the chambre is but lite,
And fewè folke may lightly make it warme,
Now lokith ye, for I wol have no wite
To bring in prese, that might ydon him harme,
Or him disefin, for my bettir arme, 1650
Wher' it be bet she abide till estfónis,
Now lokith ye, that knowin what to don is.

I say for me best is, as I can knowe,
That no wight in ne wendè, but ye twey,
But it were I, for I can in a throwe
Reherse her case, unlike that she can sey,
And aftir this she may onis him prey

To ben gode Lorde in short, and take her leve,
This may not mokill of his cse him reve.

And eke for she is straunge, he woll forbere 1660
His cse, whiche that him darin nat for you,
Eke othir thing, that touchith nat to her,
He wol it tel, I wote it wel right now,
That secrete is, and for the town's prow;
And thei that knew nothing of his entente,
Without more to Troilus in thei wente.

Heleine in all her godely softly wise
Gan him salve, and womanly to plaie,
And saied iwis ye more algate arise,
Now faire brothir be all whole I praie, 1670
And gan her arme right ovre' his shuldir laie,
And with him all her wit to recomfort,
As she best could, she gan him to disport.

So after this (qð she) we you beseke,
My dere brothir, Deiphobus and I,
For love of God, and so doeth Pandare eke,
To ben gode Lorde and frende right hertily
Unto Creseidè, whiche that certainly
Recevid wrong, as wot well here Pandare,
That can her case well bet than I declare. 1680

This Pandarus gan newe his tong affile,
And all her case reherce, and that anone,
Whan it was saied, sone aftir in a while
(Qð Troilus) as sone as I maie gone,
I woll right fain with all my might ben one,
Have God my trouth, her cause for to susteine;
Now good thrift have ye (qð Helen the quene).

(Qð Pandarus) and it your will ybe
That she maie take her leve, er that she go,
O, ellis God forbid it (tho qð he) 1690
If that she vouchsafin for to doe so;
And with that worde (qð Troilus) ye two,
Deiphobus, and my sustir lefe and dere,
To you have I to speke of a matere,

To ben avisid by your rede the better;
And found (as hap was) at his bedd'is hedde
The copie of a tretise, and a letter,
That Hector had him sent, to askin redde,
If soche a man was worthy to ben dedde,
Wote I naught who, but in a grisly wise 1700
He prayid 'hem anone, on it avise.

Deiphobus gan this letter for to' unfolde
In ernest grete, so did Helen the Quene,
And roming outwarde fast it gonne beholde,
Dounward a steire, into an herber grene;
This ilkè thing thei reddin 'hem betwene,
And largily the mountenance of an houre
Thei gonne on it to redin and to poure.

Now let 'hem rede, and tournè we anone
To Pandarus, that gan full fastè prie 1710
That all was well, and out he gan to gone,
Into the grete chambir, and that in hie,
And sayid, God save all this companie,
Come necè mine, my ladie Quene Helen,
Abidith you, and eke my Lordis twene.

Rise, take with you your nece Antigone,
Or whom you list, or no force hardily,
The lasse presse the bettir, come forth with me,
And lokith that ye thonkin humbily 1720
Them all thre, and whan ye maie godily
Your time isee, takith of 'hem your leve,
Lest we to long his restis him bireve.

All

All innocent of Pandarus entent

Qð tho Creseide go we uncle dere,
And arme in arme inward with him she went,
Avising well her wordis and her chere
And Pandarus in earnestfull manere
Sayid, all folke for Godd's love I praie
Stintith right here, and softly you plaie.

Avisith you what folke ben here within, 1730
And in what plite one is, God him amende,
And inward thus full softly begin;
Nece, I conjure, and highly you defende
On his behalfe, whiche that soule us all fende,
And in the vertue of coronis twaine,
Slea nat this man, that hath for you this paine:

Fie on the devill, thinke whiche one he is,
And in what plite he lieth, come of anone,
Thinke all soche taried tide but lost it n'is,
That woll ye bothe saine, whan ye ben one, 1740
And secondly, there yet devinith none
Upon you two, come of now if ye conne,
While folke is blent, lo! all the time is worne. 1750

In titiring and pursute, and delaies
The folke devine, at wegging of a stre,
And though ye would han aftir merie daies,
Than dare ye nat, and why? For she and she
Spake soche a worde, thus lokid he and he:
Lest time be losse, I dare nat with you dele,
Come of therfore, and bringith him to hele. 1750

But now to you, ye lovirs that ben here,
Was Troilus nat in a cankedort,
That laie, and might the whispring of 'hem here
And thought, o lorde, right now remnith my fort
Fully to die, or have anone comfort,
And was the first time that he should her praie
Of love, O mightie God, what shall he saie!

Explicit liber secundus.



Proœmium libri tertii.

O Blisfull light, of whiche the bemis clere
Adornith allè the third hevin faire,
O sonn's life, o Jov's doughtir dere,
Plesauce of love, O godely debonaire,
In gentle hertes aie redy to repaire,
O very cause of hele and of gladnesse,
Iheried be thy might and thy godenesse.

In heven and hell, in yerth, and the salt se
Is felt thy might, if that I well discerne,
As man, brid, beste, fishe, herbe, and grenè tre, 10
Thei fele in timis with vapour eterne,
God lovith, and to love he woll naught werne,
And in this worldè no liv'is cature
Withoutin love is wroucht, or maie endure.

Ye Jovis first to thilke affectis glade,
Through whiche that thingis livin all, and be,
Commendidin, and amorous him made
On mortall thing, and as ye list aie ye
Yeve him in love, ese, or adversite,
And in a thoufande formis doune him sent 20
For love in yerth, and whom you list he hent.

Ye fiers Mars apesin of his ire,

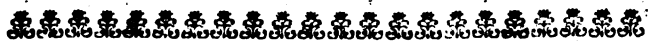
And as you list, ye makin hertis digne,
Algatis them that ye woll set a fire
Thei dredin shame, and vicis thei resigne,
Ye doen 'hem curteis be, freshe, and benigne,
And hie or lowe, aftir a wight entendeth
The joyis that he hath, your might it sendeth.

Ye holdin reigne and house in unite, 30
Ye sothfast cause of frendship ben also,
Ye knowin all thilke covered qualite
Of thingis, whiche that folke on wondrin so,
Whan thei can nat construe how it maie go,
She lovith him, or why he lovith here
As why this fishe, nat that, comith to were.

Ye folke a lawe have set in universe,
And this knowe I by them that lovirs be,
That who so strivith with you hath the werse.
Now Ladie bright, for thy benignite, 40
At reverence of them that servin The,
Whose clerke I am, so techith me devise
Some joie of that is felt in thy service.

Ye, in my nakid hert's sentiment
Inhilde, and doe me shewe of thy swetenesse,
Caliope, thy voice be now present,
For now is nede, seest thou nat my distresse,
How I mote tell anon right the gladnesse
Of Troilus, to Venus heryng?
To whiche gladnesse who nede hath, God him
bring.

Explicit Proœmium.



Incipit liber tertius.

L Aie all this mene while this sad Troilus
Recording his lesson in this manere,
Mafeie thought he, thus woll I saie and thus,
Thus woll I plain unto my Ladie dere,
That worde is gode, and this shall be my chere,
This n'll I nat foryetin in no wise,
God leve him werkin as he can devise.

And lorde so that his herte began to quappe
Hering her come, and short gan for to like,
And Pandarus, that ledde her by the lappe, 60
Came nere, and gan in at the curtain pike,
And saied, God doe bote on all that are like,
Se, who is here you comin to visite.
Lo! here is she that is your deth to wite.

Therwith it semid as he wept almoste,
A, a qð Troilus so routhfully,
Where me be wo, O mightie God, thou woste,
Who is all there I se nat truily:
Sir (qð Creseide) it is Pandare and I.
Ye swetè herte alas! I maie nat rise
To knele, and doe you honour in some wise. 70

And dressid him upward, and she right tho
Gan both her hondis soft upon him leie,
O for the love of God doe ye not so
To me (qð she) ey what is this to sei!
Sir, comen' am I to you for causis tweie,
First you to thonke, and of your Lordshipe eke
Continuaunce I wouldè you beseke.

This Troilus that herd his Ladie praie
Of lordship, him woxe neithir quick ne dedde, 80
Ne

Ne might o worde for shame unto it faie,
 Although men shouldin smitin of his hedde,
 But Lorde! so he woxe sodainliche alle redde;
 And sir, his lesson that he wende conne
 To prayin her, is through his wit ironne.

Creseide all this espyid well inough,
 For she was wife, and loved him ner the lasse,
 All n'ere he' in all aperte, or made it tough,
 Or was to bolde to sing a fol's Masse,
 But whan his shame began somewhat to passe,
 His refons, as I maie my rimis holde,
 I woll you tell, as techin bokis olde.

In chaungid voice, right for his very drede,
 Whiche voice eke quoke, and therto his manere
 Godelie abash't, and now his hewis rede,
 Now pale, unto Creseide his ladie dere,
 With loke doune cast, and humble yoldin chere,
 Lo, the aldirfirst worde that him afterte,
 Was twyis, mercie, mercie, my dere herte!

And stint a while, and whan he might out bring
 The nexte word was, God wote for I have
 As faithfully as I have had konning
 Ben your's all, God so my soule save,
 And shall, till that I wofull wight be grave,
 And though I dare ne can unto you plain,
 Iwis I suffir not the lase pain.

Thus moche as now, ah womanliche wife,
 I maie out bring, and if this you displese,
 That shall I wreke upon mine owne life.
 Right sone I trowe, and doe your herte an ese,
 If with my deth your hert I maie apese,
 But fens that ye han herd me somewhat sey,
 Now retche I nevir how sone that I deie.

Therwith his manly sorowe to beholde
 It might have made an herte of stone to rew,
 And Pandare wept as he to watir would,
 And pokid evir his nece newe and newe,
 And sayid, wo begon ben hertistruer,
 For love of God make of this thing an ende,
 Or slea us both at ones, er that ye wende.

I, what? (qð she) by God and by my trouth
 I n'ot nevir what ye wilne that I seie;
 Eie, what? (qð he) that ye have on him routh
 For Godd's love, and doeth him nat to deie.
 Now than thus (qð she) I wollin him preie
 To tellin me the fine of his entente,
 Yet wist I nevir well what that he mente.

What that I mene, O my swete herte dere
 (Qð Troilus) O godely freshe and fre,
 That with the stremis of your eyin clere
 Ye wouldin somtime frendly on me se,
 And than agrein that I maie ben he
 Withoutin braunche of vice, on any wise,
 In trouthe alwaie to do you my servise,

As to my ladie right, and chefe resort,
 With all my witte and all my diligence,
 And I to have right as you list comfort,
 Under your yerde egall to mine offence,
 As deth, if that I brekin your defence,
 And that ye digne me so mochil honour
 Me to commaundin aught in any hour,

And I to ben your very humble, true,
 Secrete, and in my painis pacient,
 And evir to desirin freshly newe
 To servin, and ben aie like diligent,

And with gode herte all wholly your talent
 Recevin in gre, how fore that me smerte;
 Lo! this mene I, O mine owne swete herte.

(Qð Pandarus) lo! here an hard request,
 And reso'nable a Ladie for to werne;
 Now necè mine, by Natall Jov's fest,
 Were I a God, ye shouldin sterve as yerne,
 That herin well this man wol nothing yerne
 But your honor, and sene him almoste sterve,
 And ben so lothe to suffre' him you to serve.

With that she gan her eyin on him cast
 Full esily, and full debonairly,
 Avising her, and hied her not to fast
 With ner a worde, but saied him softly,
 Mine honour safe, I woll well truily
 And in soche forme, as ye can now devise,
 Recevin him fully to my servise;

Beseching him for Godd's love, that he
 Would in honour of trouth and gentillnesse,
 As I well mene, eke menin well to me,
 And mine honour with wit and businesse
 Aie kepe, and if I maie doen him gladnesse
 From hennisforthe iwis I n'll not faine.
 Now bethe all whole, no lengir ye ne plain.

But nathèlesse, this warne I you (qð she)
 A king's sonne although ye be iwis,
 Yet ye shall no more have soverainte
 Of me in love, than right in that case is,
 Ne n'll I forbere if ye doen amis
 To wrathin you, and while that ye me serve,
 Cherishe you, right aftir that ye deserve.

And shortly dere herte, and all my knight,
 Beth glad, and drawith you to lustinesse,
 And I shall truely, with all my full might,
 Your bittir tourmin all to swetinesse,
 If I be she, that maie do you gladnesse,
 For every wo ye shall recovir blisse,
 And him in armis toke, and gan him kisse.

Fill Pandarus on knees, and up his eyen
 To hevin threwe, and helde his hondis hie;
 Immortall God (qð he) that maieft not dien,
 Cupide, of this thou maist The glorifie
 And Venus, thou maist makin melodie,
 Withoutin honde me semith that in toun
 For this miracle I here eche bell soun.

But ho, no more now of this ilke matere,
 For why? This folke woll comin up anone,
 That have the lettir redde, lo I hem here!
 But I conjure The, Creseide, anone,
 And thou to, Troilus, whan thou maist gone,
 That at mine house ye ben at my warning,
 For I full well shall shapin your comming.

And esith there your hertis right inough,
 And let se whiche of you shall bere the bell
 To speke of love, and right therwith he lough,
 For there have ye a leisir for to tell:
 (Qð Troilus) how long shall I here dwell
 Er this be doen? qð he, whan thou maieft rise,
 This thing shall be right as you list devise.

With that Helen, and also Deiphobus
 Tho comin upward, right at the staire's ende,
 And Lorde! so tho gan gronin Troilus,
 His brothir and his sustir for to blende.
 (Qð Pandarus) it time is that we wende,

Take

Take necè minè your leve at them all thre, 210
And let 'hem speke, and comith forth with me.

She toke her leve at 'hem full thriftily
As she well could, and thei her reverence
Unto the full ydiddin hertily
And wondir well spekin in her absence
Of her, in praifing of her excellence,
Her govinaunce, her wit, and her manere
Commendidin; that it joie was to here.

Now let her wende unto her ownè place,
And tournin we to Troilus againe, 220
That gan full lightly of the lettir pace,
That Deiphobus had in the gardine faine,
And of Helen and of him he would seine
Delivirid ben, and saied that him lest
To slepe, and astir talis have a rest.

Helen him kist, and toke her leve as blive,
Deiphobus eke, and home went every wight,
And Pandarus as faste as he maie drive
To Troilus tho came, as linè right, 230
And on a paillet all that gladè night
By Troilus he laie, with merie chere,
And well was them that thei werin yfere.

Whan every wight was voidid; but thei two;
And all the doris werin fast ishet,
To tell in short withoutin wordis mo;
This Pandarus, withoutin any let
Up rose, and on his bedd'is side him set;
And gan to spekin in a sobir wise
To Troilus, as I shall you devise.

Mine aldirlevist Lorde, and brothir dere, 240
God wot and thou, that it fate me so fore,
Whan I The sawe so languishing to yere
For love, of whiche thy wo woxe alwaie more,
That I with all my might, and all my lore
Have ever sithin doen my businesse
To bringin The to joie out of distresse;

And have it brought to soche plite as thou wost,
So that through me thou stondist now in waie
To farin well, I saie it for no boist,
And wost thou why? but shame it is to saie, 250
For The have I begon a game to plaie,
Whiche that I never doen shall est for other;
Altho he were a thousande fold my brother;

That is to saie, for The am I become
Betwixin game and ernest soche a mene,
As makin women unto men to come
All saie I nat, thou wost well what I mene,
For The have I my nece, of vicis clene,
So fully made thy gentillnesse to trift,
That all shall ben right as thy selfin list. 260

But God, that all wotteth take I to witnesse,
That never this for covetise I wrought,
But onely for to abredge that distresse,
For whiche well nie thou deydyst, as me thought,
But gode brothir, doith now as The ought,
For Godd'is love, and kepe her out of blame,
Sins thou art wise, and save alwaie her name.

For wel thou woste, the name as yet of her
Emonges the peple, as (who saith) halowed is,
For that man is unbore, I dare well swere, 270
That evir wist that she yet did amis,
But wo is me, that I that cause all this
Maie thinkin that she is my necè dere,
And I her Eme, and traitour eke isere.

And wer it wist, that I through mine engine
Had in my nece iput this fantasie,
To doen thy lust, and wholly to be thine,
Why? all the worlde wouldin upon it crie,
And sayin, that I the worst trecherie
Did in this case, that evir was begon, 280
And she fardon, and thou right nought iwon.

Wherefore er I woll ferthir gone or paas,
Yet'este I The beseche, and fully saie,
That privite go with us in this caas,
That is to faine, that thou us never wraie,
And be not wrothe, though I The oftin praie
To holdin secre soche an high matter,
For skilfull is (thou woste-well) my praier.

And thinke, what wo there hath betid er this
For making of avauntis, as men rede, 290
And what mischaunce in this worlde yet there is
Fro daie to daie, right for that wickid dede,
For whiche these wise clerkis that ben dede
Have evir this proverb to us young,
That the first vertue is to kepe the young.

And n'ere it that I wilne as now abredge
Diffusion of speche, I could almoſte
A thousande oldè stories The alledge
Of women losse through false and fol'is boſte, 300
Proverbis canst thy self inow, and woste
Ayenist that vice for to ben a blabbe
All saied men sothe; as oftin as thei gabbe.

O tongue alas! so oftin here before
Hast thou made many' a ladie bright of hewe
Saied, Welawaie the daie that I was bore!
And many' a maidins sorowe for to newe,
And for the more parte all is but untrue
That men of yelp, and it wer brought to preve,
Of kindè none avauntour is to leve.

Avauntour and a lier all is one, 310
As thus. I suppose a woman graunt me
Her love, and saith that othir woll she none,
And I am sworne to holdin it secre,
And astir I goe tell it two or thre,
Iwis I am a vauntour at the lest,
And lier eke; for I breke my behest.

Now lokith than, if thei be not to blame
Soche manir folk, what shal I clepe 'hem, what?
That 'hem avaunt of women, and by name,
That yet behight 'hem never this ne that; 320
Ne knowin 'hem no more than mine olde hat,
No wondir is, so God me fendin hele,
Though women dredin with us men to dele.

I saie nat this for no mistrust of you,
Ne for no wise men, but for folis nice,
And for the harme that in the worlde is now,
As well for folie oft, as for malice,
For well wote I, that in wise folke that vice
No woman drat, if she be well avised,
For wise men ben by folis harme chastised. 330

But now to purpose, levè brothir dere,
Have all this thing, that I have saied, in minde,
And kepe The close, and be now of gode chere,
For all thy daies thou shalt me true yfinde,
I shall thy processe set in soche a kinde,
And God toforne, that it shall The suffice,
For it shall be right as thou wolt devise.

For well I wote thou menist well parde,
F f f f Therefore

Therefore I dare this fully undirtake,
 Thou wost eke what thy ladie grauntid The, 340
 And daie is set the charteris to make,
 Have now gode night, I maie no lengir wake,
 And bid for me, sith thou art now in blisse,
 That God me sende deth, or sonè lisse.

Who might ytellin halfe the joie or feste,
 Whiche that the soule of Troilus tho felte !
 Hering the' effect of Pandarus behestes
 His oldè wo, that made his herte to swelt,
 Gan tho for joie to wastin, and to melt,
 And all the reheting of his sikes sore 350
 At onis fled, he felt of 'hem no more.

But right so as these holtes, and these hayis,
 That han in Wintir dedde yben and drie,
 Revestin 'hem in grene, whan that Maie is,
 Whan every lustie beste listith to pleie,
 Right in that selfin wise, sothe for to seie
 Woxe sodainly his hertè full of joie,
 That gladdir was there nevir man in Troie:

And gan his loke on Pandarus up cast
 Full sobirly, and frendly on to se, 360
 And sayid, frende, in Aprilis the last,
 As well thou wost, if it remembir The,
 How nigh the deth for wo thou founde me,
 And how thou diddist all thy businesse
 To knowe of me the cause of my distresse:

Thou wost how long I it forbare to saie
 To The, that art the man that I best trift,
 And perill none was to The to bewraie,
 That wist I well: but tell me if The list,
 Sith I so lothe was, that thy self it wist, 370
 How durst I mo tellin of this matere,
 That quake now, tho no wight maie us here?

But nathèlesse, by that God I The swere,
 That as him list maie all this world governe,
 And if I lie, Achilles with his spere
 Mine hertè cleve, all were my life eterne,
 As I am mortall, if I late or yerne
 Would it bewraie, or durst, or should, or conne,
 For all the gode that God made undir sonne:

That rathir die I would, and determine, 380
 As thinkith me now, stockid in prifoun,
 In wretchidnesse, in filthe, and in vermine,
 Captive to cruill king Agamemnoun,
 And this in all the templis of this toun,
 Upon the Goddis all, I woll The swere
 To morowe daie, if that The likith here.

And that thou hast so moche idoen for me,
 That I ne maie it nevirmore deserve,
 This knowe I well, all might I now for The
 A thousande timis on a morowe serve, 390
 I can no more, but that I woll The serve
 Right as thine own slave, whithir so thou wende,
 For evirmore, unto my liv'is ende.

But here with al mine herte I The besече,
 That nevir in me thou deme soche folie,
 As I shall saine, me thought by thy speche,
 That this whiche thou me doest for companie,
 I should wenin it were a bauderie;
 I am not wode, all if I leude ybe,
 It is nat so, that wote I well parde. 400

But he that goeth for gold, or for richeffe
 On soche messagis, call him what ye list,
 And this that thou doest, call it gentilnesse,

Compassion, and felowship, and trift,
 Departin it so, for widewhere is wist,
 How that there is diversite requered
 Betwixin thingis like, as I have lered.

And that thou knowe I ne thinke not ne went
 That this service a shame be or a jape,
 I have my faire sustir Polyxene 410
 Cassandra', Helen, or any of the frape,
 Be she nevir so faire, or well ishape,
 Tell me whiche thou wilt of everichone
 To have for thine, and let me than alone.

But sith that thou hast doen me this service
 My life to save, and for non hope of mede,
 So for the love of God this grete emprise
 Performe it out, for now is the moste nede;
 For high and lowe withoutin any drede
 I woll alwaie thine hestis allè kepe, 420
 Have now gode night, and let us bothè slepe.

Thus helde 'hem eche of othir well apaied,
 That all the worlde ne might it bet amende,
 And on the morowe, whan thei were araied,
 Eche to his owne nedis gan entende,
 But Troilus, though as the fire he brende
 For sharpe desire of hope, and of plesaunce,
 He not forgate his gode wise govirnaunce:

But in himself with manhode gan restrain
 Eche rakill dede, and eche unbridlid chere, 430
 That all tho that livin sothe for to saine
 Ne should have wiste by worde or by manere
 What that he ment, as touching this matere,
 From every wight, as ferre as is the cloud,
 He was so wise, and wel dissimu'len coud.

And all the while whiche that I now devise
 This was his life, with all his fullè might,
 By daie he was in Mart's high service,
 That is to sain in armis as a knight,
 And fore the more part all the longè night 440
 He lay and thought how that he might yserve
 His ladie beste, her thanke for to deserve.

N'ill I not swerin, although he laie soft,
 That in his thought he n'as somwhat difesed,
 Ne that he tournid on his pillowes oft,
 And would of that him misfid have ben esed,
 But in soche case men be nat alwaie plesed
 For aught I wotè, no more than was he,
 That can I deme of possibilite.

But certain is, to purpose for to go, 450
 That in this while, as writtin is in geste,
 He sawe his ladie somtime, and also
 She with him spake, whan that she durst and leste,
 And by ther both avise, as was the beste,
 Appointidin full warely in this nede,
 So as thei durst, how thei wouldin procede.

But it was spokin in so short a wise,
 In soche awaite alwaie, and in soche fere
 Lest any wight devinin or devise
 Would of 'hem two, or to it laie an ere, 460
 That all this worlde so lefe to 'hem ne were
 As that Cupido would 'hem his grace sende
 To makin of ther purpose right an ende.

But thilkè little that thei spake or wrought
 His wise ghošte toke aie of all soche hede,
 It semid her he wiste what she thought
 Withoutin worde, so that it was no nede
 To bid him aught to doen, or aught forbede,

For

For which she thought that love, al come it late,
Of alle joie, had openid her the yate. 470

And shortly to this proceffe for to pace,
So well his werke and wordis he beset,
That he so full stode in his ladie's grace,
That twentie thousande timis er she let
She thonkid God she evir with him met,
So could he him governe in soche service,
That all the worlde ne might it bet devise.

For why? she founde him so discrete in all,
So secrete, and eke of soche obeisaunce,
That well she felt he was to her a wall
Of steele, and shelde from every displeaunce,
That to yben in his gode govimaunce,
So wise he was, she was no more afered,
I mene as ferre as it ought ben requered.

And Pandarus to quicke alwaie the fire
Was evir ilike prest and diligent,
To ese his frende was set al his desire,
He shove aie on, he to and fro was sent,
He lettirs bare whan Troilus was absent,
That nevir man as in his frend's nede 490
Ne bare him bet than he withoutin drede.

But now para'venture some man waitin wold,
That every worde or sonde, or loke or chere
Of Troilus that I rehercin shold,
In al this while, unto his lady dere,
I trowe it were a long thing for to here,
Or of what wight that stonte in suche distointe,
His wordis al, or every loke to pointe.

Forsothe I have not herde it done er this
In storie none, ne no man here, I wene, 500
And though I would, yet I could not iwis,
For there was some epikel 'hem betwene,
That would (as faith min auctor) wel contene
Nie halfe this boke, of which him list not write,
How should I than a line of it endite?

But to the gret effecte than saie I thus,
That stondin in concorde and in quiete
This ilke two, Creseide and Troilus,
As I have tolde, and in this timè swete,
Save onely oftin mightin thei not mete, 510
Ne leisir have ther spechis to fulfell,
That it befil, right as I shal you tell:

That Pandarus, that evir did his might
Right for the fine that I shal speke of here,
As for to bringin to his house some night
His faire nece, and Troilus ifere,
Where as at leisir al this high matere
Touching her love were at the ful up bounde,
Had out of doute a time to it yfounde.

For he with grete deliberacion 520
Had every thing that therto might availe
Forne cast, and put in execution,
And neithir leste for coste ne for travaile,
Come if 'hem liste, 'hem shoulde nothing faile,
And for to ben in aught espyid there,
That wiste he wel an impossible were.

And dredèlesse it clere was in the winde
Of every pie, and every letgame,
Now al is wel, for al the world is blinde
In this matir, bothè fremid and tame, 530
This timbir is al redy up to frame,
Us lackith naught, but that we wetin wold
A certaine houre, in whiche she comin shold.

And Troilus, that al this purveiaunce
Knew at the ful, and waitid on it aie,
And hereupon eke made gret ordinaunce,
And founde his cause, and therwith his aray,
Yf that he were ymissid, night or day,
There while he was aboutin this service,
That he was gon to don his sacrifice, 540

And muste at suche a temple alone wake,
Answerid of Apollo for to be,
And first to sene the holy laurir quake,
Er that Apollo spake out of the tre,
To tellin him whan Grekis next should fle,
And forthy let him no man, God forbede!
But prairie Apollo helpin in this nede.

Now is there litill more for to be done,
But Pandare up, and shortly for to saine,
Right sone upon the chaunging of the Mone, 550
Whan lightlesse is the world a night or twaine,
And that the welkin shope him for to raine,
He streight amorowe unto his nece went,
Ye have wel herde the fine of his entente.

Whan he was comen', he gan anon to plaie,
As he was wont, and of himselfe to jape,
And finally he swore, and gan her saie
By this and that, she should him not escape,
No lengir done him aftir her to cape,
But certainly that she must by her leve 560
Come soupin in his house with him at eve.

At which she lough, and gan her first excuse,
And said: it rainith: lo! how should I gone!
Let be (qð he) ne stonde not thus to muse,
This mote be don, ye shal come there anone.
So at the last herof thei fel at one
Or ellis soft he swore her in her ere
He n'oldè nevir comin there she were.

Sone aftir this, she unto him gan rowne,
And askid him if Troilus were there; 570
He swore her nay, for he was out of towne,
And said what? nece: I pose that he were there,
You durst nevir thereof have the more fere,
For rathir than men might him there asprie
Me levir were a thousande folde to die,

Naught list mine Auctor fully to declare
What that she thought, whan that he said her so,
That Troilus was out of toune ifare,
And if he saidè therof soth or no,
But that without awaite with him to go 580
She grauntid him, sithe he her that besought,
And as his nece obeyid, as her ought.

But nathèlesse, yet gan she him beseche,
Although with him to gone it was no fere,
For to beware of gosishe peplis speche,
That dremin thingis, which that nevir were,
And well avisin him whom he brought there,
And said him Eme, sens I must on you trist,
Loke al be wel, I do now as you list.

He swore her this, by stockis and by stones, 590
And by the Goddis that in hevin dwell,
Or ellis were him levir soule and bones
With Pluto King as depè ben in Hell
As Tantalus; what shoulidin I more tell?
Whan al was wel, he rose and toke his leve,
And she to soupir came whan it was eve,

With a certaine numbere of her owne men,
And

And with her fayir nece Antigone,
And othir of her women nine or ten;
But who was glad nowe, who as trowyin ye? 600
But Troilus, that stode and might it se
Throughout a litil window in a stewe,
Ther he beset till midnight was in mewe;

Unwist of every wight, but of Pandare.
But to the point; now whan that she was come
With al joie, and al her frendis in fare,
Her Eme anone in armis hath her nome,
And aftir to the soupir al and some,
Whan as time was, ful softe thei 'hem yfet,
God wot there was no deinte ferre to fet. 610

And aftir soupir gonnin thei to rise,
At ese wel, with hertis full fresh and glade,
And wel was him that coude best devise
To likin her, or that her laughin made,
He songe, she plaide, he tolde a tale of Wade,
But at the last, as every thing hath ende,
She toke her leve, and nedis would thens wende.

But o fortune, executrice of wierdes,
O influencis of these hevins hie,
Soth is, that undir God ye ben our hierdes, 620
Though to us bestis ben the causis wrie;
This mene I now, for she gan homward hie,
But execute was al beside her leve
The Goddis wil, for whiche she must bileve.

The bentè Mone with her hornis all pale,
Saturn and Jove, in Cancro joynid were,
That fuche a raine from hevin gan availe,
That every manir woman that was there
Had of that smoky raine a very fere:
At the which Pandare tho lough, and said thenne,
Now were it time a Lady to gone henne,

But gode nece, if that I might evir plese
You any thing, than pray I you (qð he)
To don mine hert as now so gret an ese
As for to dwell here al this night with me,
For why? this is your owne house parde,
For by my trouthe, I say it nat in game,
To wende as nowe, it were to me a shame.

Creseide, which that could as mokil gode
As halfe a world, toke hede of his prayere, 640
And sens it rained, and al was in a fode,
She thought, as gode chepe may I dwellin here,
And graunt it gladly with a frend's chere,
And have a thonke, as grutche, and than abide,
For home to gon it may nat well betide.

I wol (qð she) mine uncle lese and dere,
Sens that you list, it skil is to be so,
I am right glad with you to dwellin here,
I seide but in game, that I wolde goe;
Iwis graunt mercy nece (qð he) tho 650
Were it agame or no the sothe to tell,
Now am I glad, sens that you list to dwell.

Thus al is wel, but tho began aright
The newè joy, and al the fest againe,
But Pandarus, if godely had he might,
He would have hyid her to bedde full faine,
And said, O lorde this is an huge raine,
This were a wethir for to slepin in,
And that I rede us sonè to begin,

And nece, wote ye where I wol you laie? 660
For that we shul nat liggin ferre asonder,
And for ye neithir shullin, dare I saie,

Herin the noise of rainis, ne of thonder;
By God right in my litil clofet yonder,
And I wol in that uttir house alone
Ben wardain of your women everichone;

And in this middle chambre that ye se,
Shal all your women slepin, wel and softe,
And there I sayid, shal your selvin be, 670
And if ye liggin wel to night, come ofte,
And carith not what wethir is alofte.
Goth in anone, and whan so that ye left,
Go we to slepe, I trowe it be the best.

There n'is no more, but here aftir sone
Thei drank, voidid, and curtins drew anone,
Gan every wight that hadde nought to done
More in the place, out of the chambre gone,
And evir more so sterneliche it rone,
And blewe therwith so wonderliche loude,
That wel nigh no man herin othir coude. 680

Tho Pandarus her Eme, right as him ought,
With women, fuche as were her most aboute,
Ful glad unto her bedd'is side her brought,
And toke his leve, and gan ful lowe to loute,
And said, here at this clofet dore withoute
Right ovirthwart your women liggin all,
That whom ye list of 'hem ye maie sone call.

So whan that she was in the clofet laide,
And al her women forth by ordinaunce 690
A bedde werin, there as I have ysaide,
There n'as no more to skippin nor to prounce
But bodin go to bedde with mischaunce,
If any wight stering were any where,
And let 'hem slepin that abedde ywere.

But Pandarus, that wel couthe eche adele
The olde daunce, and every point therin,
Whan that he wiste that all thing was wele,
He thought he wolde upon his werke begin,
And gan the stewè dore all soft unpin
As stil as stone, withoutin lengir lette, 700
By Troilus adoun right he him sette.

And shortly to the pointe right for to gone,
Of al this werke he told him orde and ende,
And sayid, make The redy right anone,
For thou shalt into hevin blisse ywende.
Now blisful Venus, thou me grace ysende,
(Qð Troilus) for nevir yet no nede
Had I er now, ne halfindele the drede.

(Qð Pandarus) ne drede The ner a dele,
For it shal be right as thou wolt desire, 710
So thrive I, this night shal I make it wele,
Or castin all the gruil in the fire,
Yet blisful Venus this night thou me' enspire,
(Qð Troilus), as wis as I The serve,
And evir bet and bet shal til I sterre,

And if I had, O Venus ful of mirthe,
Aspectis badde of Mars, or of Saturne,
Or thou combuste, or let were in my birth,
Thy father pray I al thilke harme disturne 720
Of grace, and that I glad aien maie turne,
For love of him thou lovidest in the shawe,
I mene Adon, that with the bore was slawe;

O Jove eke, for the love of faire Europe.
The which in form of bulle awaie thou fet;
Now helpe, o Mars, that with thy bloody cope,
For love of Cypria, thou me naught ne let;
O Phœbus, think when Daphne her selve stert

Undir

Undir the barke, and Laurit woxe for drede,
Yet for her love, o helpe me at this nede:

O Mercurie, for the love of her eke, 730
For which Pallas was with Aglauros wrothe,
Now helpe; and eke Diane I The beseke,
That this viage ne be nat to The lothe;
O fatall fustrin, whiche or any clothe
Me shapin was my destine me sponne,
So helpith to this werke that is begonne.

(Qð Pandarus) thou wretchid mowc'is hert,
Art thou agast so that she wol The bite,
Why, do on this furred cloke upon thy sherte;
And folowe me, for I wol have the wite, 740
But bide, and let me gon before alite;
And with that worde he gan undone a trappe,
And Troilus he brought in by the lappe.

The sternè winde so loude began to route,
That no wight other'is noise might yhere,
And thei that layin at the dore without
Full sikirly thei sleptin all ifere;
And Pandarus, with a ful sobre chere
Goth to the dore anon withoutin lette
There as thei lay, and softily it shette: 750

And as he came ayenwarde privily
His nece awoke, and askith, who goeth there?
Mine ownè dere nece (qð he) it am I,
Ne wondrith not, ne have of it no fere,
And nere he came, and said her in her ere,
No worde for love of God I you besече,
Let no wight rise, and herin of our speche.

What, whiche waie be ye comen? *benedicite*,
(Qð she) and how thus unwiste of hem all?
Here at this secret trappè dore (qð he) 760
(Qð tho Cresèide) let me some wight call,
Eigh, God forbid that it should so befall
(Qð Pandarus) that ye suche foly wrought!
Thei might demin thing that thei nevir thought,

It is nat gode a sleping hounde to wake,
Ne yeve a wight a cause for to devine,
Your women slepin al, I undirtake
So that for them the house men mightin mine,
And slepin wollin till the sunnè shine,
And when my tale ybrought is to an ende, 770
Unwist right as I came, so wol I wende.

Now necè mine, ye shul well undirstonde
(Qð he) so as ye women demin all,
That for to holde in love a man in honde,
And him her lefe and her dere hert to call,
And makin him an how above a call;
I mene, as love an othir in mene while,
She doth her selfe a shame, and him a gile.

Now wherby that I tellin you al this,
Ye wote your selfe, as wel as any wight, 780
How that your love al fully grauntid is
To Troilus, that is the worthiest wight
One of the world, and therto trouth iplight,
That, but it were on him alonge, ye n'olde
Him nevir fallin, while ye livin sholde.

Now stonte it thus, that sith I fro you went,
This Troilus, right platly for to feine,
Is through a guttir by a privy went
Into my chambre come in al this reine,
Unwist of every manir wight certaine, 790
Save of my selfe, as wisely have I joie,
And by the faith I owe Priam of Troie,

And he is come in suche paine and distresse,
That but he be all fully wode by this,
He sodainly mote fall into wodenesse,
But if God helpe: and the cause why is this,
He saith him told is of a frende of his,
How that he should love one, that hight Horast,
For sorow of which this night shal be his last.

Cresèide, whiche that al this wondir herde 800
Gan sodainly aboute her hert to colde,
And with a sigh she sorowfully answerd,
Alas! I wende whofoere talis tolde,
My dere hert certis, Eme, would me nat holde
So lightly faulse, alas! conceitis wrong
What harme thei done, for now live I to long;

Horaste alas! and falsin Troilus!
I knowe him not, God helpe me so (qð she)
Alas, what wickid spirite tolde him thus! 810
Now certis Eme, to morow' and I him se,
I shal therof as full excusin me
As evir did woman, if that him like,
And with that worde she gan full fore to fike.

O God (qð she) so worldly selinesse,
Whiche clerkis callin false Felicite,
Ymedlid is with many' a bittirnesse
Ful anguishous, than is God wote (qð she)
Condicion of veine prosperite, 820
For eithir joyis comin nat ifere,
Or ellis no wight hath hem alwaie here.

O brotil wele of mann'is joie unstable,
With what wight so thou be, or how thou playe,
Eithir he wote, that thou joie art mutable,
Or wote it nate, it mote ben one of twaie,
Now if he wote it nat, how maie he saie
That he hath very joie and filinesse,
That is of ignoraunce aie in derkenesse?

Now if he wote that joy is transitory,
(As every joie of worldly thing mote fle) 830
Than every time he that hath in memory,
The drede of lesing makith him, that he
May in no parfite sikirnesse ybe,
And if to lese his joie he set a mite,
Than semith it, that joy is worth ful lite.

Wherefore I wol define in this matere,
That truily for augh I can espie
There is no very wele in this world here;
But o thou wickid serpent Jelousie, 840
Thou misbeleid, envious folie,
Why hast thou Troilus made me to untrist,
That nevir yet agilte him, that I wiste.

(Qð Pandarus) thus fallin is this caas.
Why uncle mine (qð she) who tolde him this?
And why doth my dere hertè thus, alas!
Ye wote, ye nece min (qð he) what it is,
I hope al shal be wel, that is amis,
For ye maie quenche al this, if that you lest,
And doeth right so, I holde it for the best.

So shal I do to morow', iwis (qð she) 850
And God toforne, so that it shal suffice.
To morow alas! that were faire (qð he)
Nay nay, it maie nat stondin in this wise,
For necè mine, thus writin clerkis wise
That *peril is with wretching in ydrawe*,
Nay, suche abodis ben nat worthe an hawe:

Nece, allè thing hath time I dare avowe,
For whan a chambre' a fire is, or an hall,
G g g g Wel

Wel more nede is it sodainly rescowe,
 Than to dispute and aske amongis all
 How is this candil in the strawe yfall?
 Ah *bened cite!* for al among that fare
 The harne is done, and farwel feldfare.

And necè mine, ne take it nat agrese,
 If that ye suffre' him al night in this wo,
 God helpe me so, ye had him nevir lese,
 What dare I sain, now there is but we two,
 But wel I wote that ye wol nat so do,
 Ye ben to wise to don so gret folie,
 To put his life al night in jeopardie.

Had I him nevir lese? By God I wene
 Ye ne had nevir thing so lese, (qð she)
 Now by my thrifte (qð he) that shall be sene,
 For sithe ye make this ensample of me,
 If I al night would in him sorowe se
 For al the tresour in the toun of Troie,
 I bidde God that I nevir mote have joie.

Now lokè than, if ye that ben his love
 Should put his life all night in jeopardy
 For thing of nought, now by that God above,
 Nat onely this delaie cometh of folie,
 But of malice, if that I should nat lie,
 What? platly and ye suffre' him in distresse,
 Ye neithir bounte done ne gentilnesse.

(Qð tho Creseide) wol ye done o thing,
 And ye therwith shal stinte al his disese
 Have here and berith him this blewè ring,
 For there is nothing might him bettir plesse,
 Save I my selfe, ne more his hert apese,
 And saie my derè herte, that his sorowe
 Is causelesse, that shal he sene to morowe.

A ringe (qð he) ye hafilwodis shaken!
 Ye necè mine, that ring must have a stone,
 A stone which that might ded men alive maken,
 And suche a ring trowe I that ye have none,
 Discrecion out of your hed is gone,
 That fele I now (qð he) and that is routhe,
 O time ilost, wel maist thou cursin slouthe!

Wote ye not wel that noble' and hie corage
 Ne soroweth nat, ne stintith eke for lite,
 But if a sole were in a jelous rage,
 I n'olde settin at his sorowe a mite,
 But feste him with a fewè wordis white
 An othir daie, whan that I might him finde,
 But this thing stant al in anothir kinde,

This is so gentle' and so tendir of herte,
 That with his deth he wol his sorowes wreke,
 For trust it wel, how fore so that him smerte,
 He wol to you no jelous wordis speke,
 And forthy nece, er that his hert to breke,
 So speke your selfe to him of this matere,
 For with a worde ye maie his hertè stere.

Now have I tolde what peril he is in,
 And his coming unwist to every wight,
 Ne parde harne maie there be none, ne sin,
 I wol my self be with you al this night,
 Ye know eke how it is your ownè knight,
 And by that right ye must upon him triste,
 And I al prest to fetch him when you list.

This accident so pitous was to here,
 And eke so like a sothe, at primè face,
 And Troilus her knight, to her so-dere,
 His prive comming, and the sikir place,

That though, she thought, she did him than a grace,
 Confidrid al thingis as thei stode,
 No wondir is, sens he did al for gode.

Creseide answerde, as wisely God at rest
 My soulè bring, as me is for him wo,
 And Eme iwis, faine would I don the best,
 If that I a grace had for to do so,
 But whethir that ye dwel, or for him go,
 I am, til God me bettir mindè sende,
 At Dulcarnon, right at my witt's ende.

(Qð Pandarus) ye necè wol ye here,
 Dulcarnon clepid is fleming of wretches,
 It semith hard, for wretchis wol nought lere
 For very slouthe, or othir wilfull tetches,
 This said is by them that ben't worth two fetches,
 But ye ben wise, and that ye han on honde
 N'is neithir harde, ne skilful to withstonde.

Than Eme (qð she) doeth hereof as you list,
 But er he come, I wol up first arise,
 And for the love of God, sens al my trift
 Is on you two, and ye beth bothè wise,
 So werkith now, in so discrete a wise,
 That I honour maie have, and he plessaunce,
 For I am here al in your govinaunce.

That is wel said (qð he) my necè dere
 There gode thrifte on that wise gentill herte,
 But liggith still, and takith him right here,
 It nedith nat no ferthir for him sterre,
 And eche of you ese othir sorowes smert,
 For love of God, and Venus I The herie,
 For sone hope I, that we shullin ben merie.

This Troilus full sone on knees him sette
 Ful sobrelly, right by her bedd'is hed,
 And in his bestè wife his Lady grette,
 But lord! so she woxe sodainliche all red,
 And thought anone how that she shulde be dedde,
 She couldè nat o worde aright out bringe,
 So sodainly for his sodaine cominge.

But Pandarus, that so wel couldè fele
 In every thing, to plaie anon began,
 And sayid, Nece, se how this Lord gan knele,
 Now for your trouthe se this gentil man;
 And with that worde, he for a quishin ran,
 And said knelith now whilis that thou leste,
 There God your hertis bring sonè to reste.

Can I naught sain, for she bad him nat rise,
 If sorowe' it put out of her remembraunce,
 Or ellis that she toke it in the wise
 Of duetie, as for his observaunce,
 But well finde I, she did him this plessaunce,
 That she him kist, although she sikid sore,
 And bad him sit adoun withoutin more.

(Qð Pandarus) now wol ye well begin,
 Now doth him sittin doune gode necè dere
 Upon your bedd'is side, al there within,
 That eche of you the bet maie othir here,
 And with that worde he drew him to the fere,
 And toke a light, and found his countinaunce,
 As for to loke upon an old romaunce.

Creseide, that was Troilus lady right,
 And clere stode in a grounde of sikirnesse,
 All thought she that her servaunt and her knight
 Ne shulde of trouthe none unright of her gesse,
 Yet nathèlesse, confidrid his distresse,

And

And that love is in cause of suche folie,
Thus to him spake she of his jelousie.

Lo hertè mine, as would the excellence 990
Of love, aienst the whiche that no man maie,
Ne ought eke godely makin resistence,
And eke bicause I felte wel and saie
Your grete trouth, and service every daie,
And that your hert al mine was, soth to saine,
This drove me for to rewe upon your paine;

And your godenes have I founden' alway yet,
Of whiche my derè hert, and al my knight,
I thanke it you, as ferre as I have wit,
Al can I nat as much as it were right, 1000
And I emforth my conning and my might
Have, and aie shal, how fore so that me smert,
Ben to you trewe and whole with all mine hert;

And dredileffe that shal be founde at preve;
But hertè mine, what al this is to saine,
Shal well be told, so that ye nought you greve,
Though I to you right on your self complaine,
For therewith mene I finally the paine,
That halt your hert and mine in hevinessse,
Fully to saine, and every wrong redressse. 1010

My gode hert mine, n'ot I, for why, ne how,
That jelously alas! that wicked wivere,
Thus causèlesse is cropin into you,
The harme of whiche I would fain deliverè,
Alas! that he all whole or of him slivere
Should have his refute in so digne a place!
Than Jove him sone out of your herte erace.

But o thou Jove, o Auctour of nature,
Is this an honour to thy dignite,
That folke ungilty suffrin here injure, 1020
And who that gilty is, al quite goeth he?
O were it lefull for to plaine of The,
That undeservid suffrist jelousie,
Of that I would upon The plaine and crie.

Eke al my wo is this, that folke now usen
To saine right thus: ye, jelousie is love,
And would a bushil of venim excusen,
For that a grane of love is on it shove,
But that wote high Jove that sittin above,
If it be likir love, or hate, or grame, 1030
And astir that it ought to bere his name.

But certaine is, some manir jelousie
Is excusable, more than some iwis,
As whan cause is, and some suche fantasie,
With pite that so wel expressid is,
That it unnethis doeth or saith amis,
But godely drinkith up al his distresse,
And that excuse I for the gentilnesse.

And some so ful of fury'is, and dispite,
That it surmountith his represson, 1040
But hertè mine, ye be nat in that plite,
That thonke I God, for whiche your passion
I wol nat cal it but illusion
Of haboundaunce of love, and besy cure,
That doth your hertè this disese endure:

Of which I am right sory, but nat wrothe,
But for my devoir and your hert'is restè,
Where so you list, by ordal or by othe,
By sorte, or in what wise so that you lestè,
For love of God, let preve it for the beste, 1050
And if that I be gilty, do me die;
Alas, what might I more or done or seie!

And tho with that a fewe bright teris newe
Out of her eyin fel, and thus she seide,
Now God thou wost, in thought ne dede untrewè
To Troilus was nevir yet Creseide;
With that her hed down in the bed she leide,
And with the shete it wrie, and sighid fore,
And held her pece, nat a word spake she more.

But now helpe God, to quench al this sorow; 1060
So hope I that he shal, for he beste may,
For I have sene of a ful misty morow
Folowen ful oft a mery somir's day,
And astir wintir foloweth grene May,
Men sene all day, and redin eke in stories,
That astir sharpe flouris ben victories.

This Troilus, when he her wordis herde,
Have ye no care, him listè nat to slepe,
For it thought him no strokis of a yerde
To here or se Creseide his lady wepe, 1070
But wel he felte about his hertè crepe,
For every tere whiche that Creseide afterte,
The crampe of deth, to straine him by the herte.

And in his minde he gan the time accurse
That he came there, and that he was yborne,
For now is wicke ytournid into worse, 1080
And all that labour he hath doen beforne,
He wende it lost, he thought it n'as but lorne;
O Pandarus thought he, alas thy wile
Servith of nought, so welawaie the while!

And therewithall he hing adoune his hedde,
And fell on knees, and sorowfully fight,
What might he saine? he felt he n'as but dedde,
For wroth was she that should his sorowes light;
But nathèlesse, whan that he spekin might,
Than said he thus, God wote that of this game
Whan all is wist, than am I nat to blame.

Therewith the sorowe in his hert so shet,
That from his eyin fell there nat a tere,
And every spirite his vigour in knet
So thei astonied and oppressid were,
The feling of his sorowe, or his fere,
Or of aught ellis, fledde were out of tounè,
Adoune he fell all sodainly in swoone.

This was no little sorowe for to se,
But all was hush't, and Pandare up as fast, 1100
O Necè pece, or we be lost (qð he)
Bethe nat agast, but certain at the last
For this or that, he into bedde him cast,
And saied, O thefe, is this a mann'is herte?
And of he rent all to his bare sherte,

And sayid nece, but and ye helpe us now,
Alas! your owne Troilus is lorne;
Iwis so would I, and I wistè how
Full fain (qð she) alas that I was borne! 1110
Ye Necè, woll ye pullin out the thorne,
That stickith in his hertè (qð Pandare)
Saie all foryeve, and stint is all this fare.

Ye that to me (qð she) full levir were
Than all the gode the Sunne about ygoeth,
And therewithall she swore him in his ere,
Iwis my derè herte I am not wrothe,
Have here my trouth, and many' an othir othe,
Now speke to me, for it am I Creseide;
But all for naught, yet might he not abreide.

Therewith his poulce, and paumis of his hondes, 1120
Thei gan to frote, and wete his templis twain,
And

And to delivir him fro bittir bondes
 She oft him kist, and shortly for to fain
 Him to rewakin she did all her pain;
 And at the last he gan his breth to drawe,
 And of his swough sone aftir that adawe,

And gan bet minde, and refon to him take,
 But wondir fore he was abashed iwis,
 And with a sigh whan he gan bet awake
 Hesaied, O mercie God, what thing is this? 1130
 Why doe ye with your selvin thus amis?
 (Qð tho Creseide) is this a mann's game?
 What Troilus, woll ye doe thus for shame?

And therewithall her arme ovre' him she laied,
 And all foryave, and oftin time him keft.
 He thonkid her, and to her spake and saied
 As fill to purpose, for his hert'is rest;
 And she to that answerde him as her left,
 And with her godelic wordis him disport
 She gan, and oft his sorowes to comfort. 1140

(Qð Pandarus) for aught I can asprien
 This light nor I ne servin here of naught,
 Light is nat gode for sikè folkis eyen,
 But for the love of God, sens ye ben brought
 In this gode plite, let now non hevy thought
 Ben hangid in the hertis of you twey;
 And bare the candle towards the chimney.

Sone after this, though it no nede ywere,
 Whan she soche othis as her list devise
 Had of him takin, her thought tho no fere 1150
 Ne cause eke none, to bid him thennis rise,
 Yet lessè thing than othis maie suffice
 In many' a case, for every wight I gesse,
 That lovith well, menith but gentilnesse.

But in effect she would ywete anon
 Of what man, and eke where, and also why
 He jelous was, sens there was causè non,
 And eke the signe whiche that he toke it by,
 She bade him that to tell her busily,
 Or ellis certain she bare him on honde 1160
 That this was doen of malice her to fonde.

Withoutin more, shortly for to fain,
 He must obeie unto his ladie's heft
 And for the lassè harme he must somewhat fain,
 He saied her, whan she was at soche a fest
 She might on him have lokid at the left,
 N'or I nat what (all dere inough a rishe)
 As he that nedis must a cause out fishe.

And she answerde, swete hert, all were it so,
 What harme was that, since I non evill mene? 1170
 For by that God that wrought us bothè two,
 In all manir thing is mine entent clene,
 Soche argumentes ne be nat worthe a bene,
 Woll ye the childish jelous counterfete?
 Now were it worthy that ye were ibete.

Tho Troilus gan sorowfully sike,
 Left she be wrothe, him thought his hertè deide,
 And saied, alas! upon my sorowe's sike
 Have mercie o swete hertè mine Creseide,
 And if that in tho wordis that I seide, 1180
 Be any wrong, I woll no more trespæce,
 Doeth what you list, I am all in your grace.

And she answerde, of gilt misericorde,
 That is to saine, that I foryeve all this,
 And evirmore on this night you recorde,
 And bethe well ware ye doe no more amis;

Naie dere hert mine no more (qð he) iwis.
 And now (qð she) that I have you doe smerte
 Foryeve it to me, mine owne swetè herte.

This Troilus with blisse of that supprised 1190
 Put all in Godd'is hande, as he that ment
 Nothing but well, and sodainly avised
 He her in his armis fast to him hent,
 And Pandarus, with a full gode entent
 Laied him to slepe, and saied, if ye be wise,
 Sownith not now, lest more folke arise.

What might or maie the fely Larkè saie
 Whan that the sparhauke hath him in his fote?
 I can no more, but of these ilkè twaie, 1200
 (To whom this talè sugre be or fote)
 Though I tary a yere, somtime I mote
 After mine Auðhour tellin ther gladnesse,
 As well as I have tolde ther hevinesse.

Creseidè, whiche that felt her thus itake,
 (As writin clerkis in ther bokis old)
 Right as an aspin lese she gan to quake,
 Whan she him felt her in his armis fold,
 But Troilus all whole of caris cold
 Gan thankin tho the blisfull Goddis seven;
 Thus sondry painis bringin folk to heven. 1210

This Troilus in armis gan her straine,
 And sayid swete, as evir mote I gone,
 Now be ye caught, now here is but we twaine,
 Now yeldith you, for othir bote is none.
 To that Creseide answerid thus anone,
 Ne had I er now, my swete hertè dere
 Ben yoldin iwis, I were now not here.

O soth is saied, that helid for to be
 Of a fevir, or othir grete siknesse,
 Men must drinkin, as we may oftin se, 1220
 Full bittir drinke; and for to have gladnesse
 Men drinkin oft in pain, and in distresse:
 I mene it here, as for this avinture,
 That through a pain hath foundin al his cure.

And now swetnesse ysemith ferre more swete,
 That bittirnesse aslayid was biforne,
 For out of wo in blisse now thei flete,
 Non soche thei feltin fithins thei were borne,
 Now is this bettir than bothe two be lorne;
 For love of God, take every woman hede 1230
 To werkin thus, if it come to the nede.

Creseide all quite from every drede and tene,
 As she that justè cause had him to trist,
 Made him soche fest, it joie was for to fene,
 Whan she his trouth and clene entent ywist;
 And as about a tre with many' a twist
 Bitrent and writhin is the swete Wodbinde,
 Gan eche of 'hem in armis othir winde.

And as the newe abashid Nightingale,
 That stintith first, whan she beginnith sing, 1240
 Whan that she herith any herd'is tale,
 Or in the hedgis any wight stering,
 And aftir sikir doeth her voice out ring,
 Right so Creseidè, whan that her drede stent,
 Opened her hert, and told him her entent.

And right as he that seeth his deth ishapen,
 And dyin mote, in aught that he maie gesse,
 And sodainly rescous doeth him escapen,
 And from his deth is brought in sikirnesse,
 For al this worlde in soche present gladnesse 1250
 Was

Was Troilus, and hath his lady swete.
With no worse hap God let us nevir mete!

Her armis small, her back both streight and soft,
Her sidis long, and fleshy, smothe, and white,
He gan to stroke, and gode thrift bad full oft,
Her snow-white throte, her brestis round and lite;
Thus in this heven' he gan him to delite,
And therewithall a thousande times her kist,
That what to doen for joie unneth he wist.

Than saied he thus, O Love, O Charite, 1260
Thy mothir eke, Citherea the swete,
Aftir thy self, next heryid be she,
Venus I mene, the wellwilly planete;
And next that Hymenaus I The grete,
For nevir man was to you Goddis hold
As I, whiche ye have brought fro caris cold.

Benigne Love, thou holy bond of thinges,
Who so woll grace, and list The not honoure,
Lo! his desire woll fle withoutin winges,
For n'oldist thou of bounte 'hem socoure 1270
That servin best, and moſte alwaie laboure,
Yet were all lost, that dare I well fain certes,
But if thy grace ypassid our desertes.

And for thou me, that lest thonke coud deserve
Of them that nombrid ben unto thy grace,
Hast holpin, there I likely was to sterve,
And me bestowid in so high a place,
That thilke boundis maie no blisse surpace,
I can no more, but laude and reverence
Be to thy bounte and thine excellence. 1280

And therewithall Creseide anon he kist,
Of whiche certain she ne felt no disese,
And thus saied he, now would to God I wist,
Mine hertè swete, how I you best might plesse,
What man (qð he) was evir thus at ese
As I, on whiche the fairist, and the best
That er I seie, deinith her hert to rest!

Here maie ye fene that mercie passith right,
The' experience of that is felt in me,
That am unworthy to so swete a wight, 1290
But harte mine, of your benignite
So thinkith, that though I unworthy be,
Yet mote I nede amendin in some wise,
Right through the vertue of your hie service;

And for the love of God, my lady dere,
Sith he hath wrought me for I shal you serve,
As thus I mene: that ye woll be my fere
To doe me live, if that you list, or sterve,
So techith me, how that I maie deserve
Your thonke, so that I through min ignoraunce
Ne doe nothing that you be displeaunce.

For certis, freshe and womanliche wife,
This dare I saie, that trowth and diligence,
That shall ye findin in me all my life,
Ne I woll not certain breke your defence,
And if I doe, present, or in absence,
For love of God, let slea me with the dede,
If that it like unto your womanhede.

Iwis (qð she) mine ownè hert'is lust,
My ground of ese, and al mine hertè dere, 1310
Graunt mercie, for on that is all my trust;
But let us fall awaie fro this mattere,
For it suffisith, this that saied is here,
And at o worde, withoutin repentaunce,
Welcome my knight, my pece, my suffisaunce.

Of ther delite or joies one of the lest
Were impossible to my wit to saie,
But judgith ye, that have ben at the fest
Of soche gladnesse, if that him list to plaie;
I can no more, but thus these ilke twaie 1320
That night, betwixin drede and sikirnesse,
Feltin in love the gretist worthinesse.

O blisfull night, of them so long isought,
How blithe unto 'hem bothe two thou were!
Why ne' had I soche fest with my soule ibought,
Ye, or but the lest joie which that was there?
Awaie thou soule daungir and thou fere,
And let 'hem in this hevin blisse ydwell,
That is so high, that all ne can I tell.

But sothe is, though I can not tellin all, 1330
As can mine Authour of his excellence,
Yet have I saied, and God tofornè shall
In every thing all wholly his sentence,
And if that I, at lov'is reverence,
Have any worde in echid for the best,
Doeth therewithall right as your selvin lest.

For all my wordis here, and every part,
I speke 'hem all undir correction
Of you that feling have in lov'is art
And put it all in your discrecion, 1340
To encrese or make diminicion
Of my langage, and that I you beseeche;
But now to purpose of my rathir speche.

These ilke two, that ben in armis last,
So lothe to 'hem asondir gon it were,
That eche from othir wendin ben biraft,
Or ellis lo! this was ther moſte fere,
That all this thing but nice dremis were,
For whiche full oft eche of 'hem saied, o swete,
Clippe I you thus, or els doe I it mete! 1350

And Lorde! so he gan godelie on her se,
That nevir his loke ne blent from her face,
And saied, O my dese hertè maie it be
That it be sothe, that ye ben in this place?
Ye hertè mine, God thanke I of his grace,
(Qð tho Creseide) and therewithall him kist,
That where here spirite was, for joie she n'ist.

This Troilus full oft her eyin two
Gan for to kisse, and saied: O eyin clere,
It werin ye that wrought me soche wo, 1360
Ye humble nettis of my lady dere,
Though there be mercie writtin in your chere,
God wote the text full harde is for to finde,
How couldin ye withoutin bonde me binde?

Therwith he gan her fast in armis take,
And well an hundrid timis gan he fike,
Not soche sorowfull sighis as men make
For wo, or ellis whan that folke be fike,
But ese sighis, soche as ben to like, 1370
That shewid his affection within,
Of soche manir sighis could he not blin.

Sone aftir this thei spake of fondrie thinges,
As fill to purpose of this avinture,
And playing enterchaungidin ther ringes,
Of whiche I can not tellin no scripture,
But well wot, a broche of gold and azure,
In whiche a Rubie set was like an hert,
Creseide him yave, and stacke it on his sherte.

Lorde! trowè ye that a coveitous wretche,
That blamith love, and halte of it dispite, 1380
H h h h That

That of tho pens that he can muckre' and ketch
Was evir yet yeve to him soche delite,
As is in love in o point in some plite?
Naie doubtilese, for all so God me save,
So parfite joie ne maie no nigard have.

Thei woll saie yes, but Lorde that so thei lie!
Tho busie wretchis full of wo and drede,
That callin love a wodenesse or folie;
But it shall fall 'hem, as I shall you rede,
Thei shall forgon the white and eke the rede, 1390
And live in wo, there God yeve 'hem mischaunce,
And every lovir in his trouthe avaunce!

As would to God tho wretchis, that dispise
Service of love, had eris all so long
As had Midas, all full of covetise,
And therto dronkin had as hotte and strong
As Cyrus did, for his affectis wrong,
To techin 'hem that thei ben in the vice,
And lovirs not, although thei hold 'hem nice.

These ilke two, of whom that I you saie 1400
Whan that ther hertis well assurid were,
Tho gonnin thei to spekin and to plaie,
And eke rehercin how, and whan, and where
Thei knewin first, and every wo or fere,
That passid was, but all soche hevinessse,
Ithonkid God, was tournid to gladnessse.

And evirmore, whan that 'hem fell to speke
Of any thing of soche a time agone,
With kissing all that talè should ybreke,
And fallin into a newe joie anone, 1410
And biddin all ther might, sens thei were one,
For to recoveren blisse, and ben at ese,
And' passid wo with joyis counterpaife.

Reson woll not that I spekin of slepe,
For it accordith not to my mattere,
God wote thei toke of it full little kepe,
But lest this night, that was to 'hem so dere,
Ne should in vaine escape in no manere,
It was bifet in joie and businesse
Of all that sounith into gentilnessse. 1420

But whan the cocke, commune Astrologer,
Gan on his brest to bete, and astir crowe,
And Lucifer, the day's messanger,
Gan for to rise, and out his bemis throwe,
And Estward rose, to him that could it know;
Fortuna major, that anone Creseide,
With herte fore, to Troilus thus seide.

Mine hert's life, my trust, al my plefaunce,
That I was borne alas! that me is wo,
That daie of us mote make disceveraunce, 1430
For time it is to rise, and hennis go,
Or ellis I am lost for evirmo,
O night alas! why n'ilt thou ore us hove,
As long as whan Alcmena laie by Jove?

O blackè night; as folke in bokis rede,
That shapin art by God this worlde to hide,
At certain timis, with thy derkè wede,
That undir that men might in rest abide,
Wel oughtin bestes to plain, and folke to chide,
That thereas daie with labor would us brest, 1440
That thou thus fliest, and deinist us not rest.

Thou doest alas! so shortly thine office,
Thou racle night, that God makir of kinde
The for thine hast, and thine unkindè vice
So fast aie to our Hemisphere binde,

That nevirmore undir the ground thou winde,
For through thy racle hying out of Troie!
Have I forgone thus hastily my joie.

This Troilus, that with tho wordis felt,
As thought him tho, for piteous distresse, 1450
The blodie teris from his herte melt,
As he that yet nevir soche hevinessse
Assayid had, out of so grete gladnessse,
Gan therewithall Creseide his lady dere
In armis strain, and said in this manere.

O cruill daie, accuser of the joie,
That night and love hath stole, and fast iwrie,
Accursid be thy comming into Troie,
For every bowre hath one of thy bright eyen,
Envious daie, what list The so to spien, 1460
What hast thou lost, why sekist thou this place?
There God thy light so quenche for his graee.

Alas! what have these lovirs The agilt?
Dispitous daie! thine be the paine of hell,
For many' a lovir hast thou slain, and wilt,
Thy poring in woll no where let 'hem dwell,
What proffist thou thy light here for to sel?
Go sell it them that smale felis grave,
We woll The not, us nedith no daie have.

And eke the sonnè Titan gan he chide, 1470
And said, O sole, well maie men The dispise,
That hast all night the Dauning by thy side,
And suffrist her so sone up fro The rise,
For to disese us lovirs in this wise,
What? hold your bed, there thou and thy morow;
I bidde God so yeve you both forowe.

Therwith full fore he sighed, and thus he seide,
My lady bright, and of my wele or wo
The well and rote, O godely mine Creseide,
And shall I rise alas! and shall I goe? 1480
Now fele I that mine herte mote a two,
And how should I my life an houre save,
Sens that with you is all the life I have?

What shall I doen? For certis I n'ot how
Ne whan alas! I shall the timè se,
That in this plite I maie ben eft with you,
And of my life God wote how shall that be,
Sens that desire right now so birith me,
That I am dede anon, but I retourne,
How should I long alas! fro you sojourne? 1490

But nathèlessse, mine ownè ladie bright,
Yet were it so that I wist uttirly,
That I your humble servaunt, and your knight
Were in your herte iset so fermily
As ye in mine, the whiche thing truely
Me levir were than have these worldis twain,
Yet should I bet endurin all my pain.

To that Creseide answerid right anon,
And with a sigh she saied, O herte dere, 1500
The game iwis so ferforth now is gon,
That first shall Phœbus fallin from the sphere,
And everiche Egle ben the Dov's fere,
And every rocke out of his place asterte,
Er Troilus go out of Creseide's herte.

Ye ben so depe within mine herte ygrave,
That tho I would it turne out of my thought,
As wisely very God my soulè save,
To dyin in the pain, I couldè nought;
And for the love of God, that us hath wrought
Let

Let in your brain none othir fantasie
So crepin, that it cause me to die.

And that ye me would have as fast in minde,
As I have you, that would I you beseche,
And if I wist forthily that to finde,
God might not o point of my joyis eche;
But hertè mine, withoutin more speche,
Bethe to me true, or ellis were it routhe,
For I am thine, by God and by my trouthe.

Bethe glad forthy, and live in sikirnesse,,
Thus saied I ner er this, ne shall to mo, 1520
And if to you it were a grete gladnesse
To tourne ayen sone aftir that ye go,
As faine would I as ye that it were so,
As wisely God mine hertè bring to reſte,
And him in armis toke, and oftè keſte.

Ayenſt his will, ſithe it mote nedis be,
This Troilus up roſe, and faſt him cled,
And in his armis toke his lady fre
An hundrid times, and on his waie him ſped,
And with ſoche wordis as his herte ybled 1530
He ſeidè, ſarith wel, my dere herte ſwete,
That God us grauntè ſound and ſone to mete.

To whiche no worde for ſorowe ſhe anſwerd,
So ſore gan his parting her to diſtrain,
And Troilus unto his Paleis ſerd,
As wo bigon as ſhe was, ſothe to ſaine,
So harde him wrong of ſharpe deſire the pain,
For to ben eſte there he was in pleaſaunce,
That it may nere out of his remembraunce.

Retournid to his roiall paleis ſone 1540
He ſoft unto his bedde gan for to ſhrinke,
To ſlepe long, as he was wont to doen,
But all for naught, he maie wel ligge and winke,
But ſlepe maie there none in his hertè ſinke,
Thinking how ſhe, for whom deſire him brende,
A M. folde was worth more than he wende.

And in his thought gan up and doune to wende
Her wordis all, and every countinaunce,
And fermly impreſſin in his minde
The leſte poincte, that to him was pleaſaunce, 1550
And verily of thilke remembraunce
Deſire al newe him brende, and luſt to brede
Gan more than erſt, and yet toke he non hede.

Creſeide alſo right in the ſamè wiſe
Of Troilus gan in her hertè ſhet
His worthineſſe, his luſt, his dedis wiſe,
His gentilneſſe, and how ſhe with him met,
Thonking love, that he ſo well her beſet,
Deſiring oft to have her hertè dere
In ſoche a place as ſhe durſt make him chere. 1560

Pandare, a morowe which that commin was
Unto his Nece, gan her faire to grete,
And ſaied, all this night ſo rained it alas!
That all my drede is, that ye, Nece ſwete,
Have little leiſir had to ſlepe and mete,
All night (qð he) hath rain ſo do me wake,
That ſome of us I trowe ther heddis ake.

And nere he came and ſaied, how ſtant it now,
This merie morowe, nece how can ye fare?
Creſeide anſwerde, nevir the bet for you, 1570
Foxe that ye ben, God yeve your hertè care,
God helpe me ſo, ye cauſid all this fare,
Trowe I (qð ſhe) for all your wordis white,
O who ſo ſeeth you, knowith you full lite!

1510 With that ſhe began her face for to wrie
With the ſhetè, and woxe for ſhame all redde,
And Pandarus gan undir for to prie,
And ſayid nece, if that I ſhall ben dedde,
Have here a ſwerde, and ſmitith of my hedde;
With that his arme all ſodainly he thruſte 1580
Undir her necke, and at the laſt her kiſte.

I paſſe al that, which chargith naught to ſay,
What? God foryave his deth, and ſhe alſo
Foryave: and with her uncle gan to plaie,
For othir cauſe ne was there none than ſo;
But of this thing right to th' effect to go,
Whan time ywas, home to her houle ſhe went,
And Pandarus hath fully his entent.

Now tournè we ayen to Troi'us,
That reſtèleſſe full long a bedde ylaie, 1590
And privily ſent aftir Pandarus,
To him to come in all the haſt he maie;
He come anon, not onis ſaied he naie,
And Troilus full ſobirly he grete,
And doune upon the bedd'is ſide him ſete.

This Troilus with all th' affection
Of frendly love, that hertè maie deviſe,
To Pandarus on kneis fill adoune,
And er that he would of the place ariſe
He gan him thankin on his beſtè wiſe, 1600
An hundrid time he gan the timè bleſſe
That he was borne, to bring him fro diſtreſſe.

He ſaied, O frend of frendes, the aldirbeſt
That evir was, the ſothe for to tell,
Thou haſt in heven ibrought my ſoule at reſt,
Fro Phlegethon the ſirie flode of hell,
That though I might a thouſande timis ſel
Upon a daie my life in thy ſervice,
It ne might not a mote in that ſuffice.

The ſonnè, whiche that al the worlde maie ſe, 1610
Sawe nevir yet (my life that dare I leiſe)
So joily, faire, and godely, as is ſhe,
Whoſe I am all, and ſhall till that I deie,
And that I thus am her's, dare I wel ſeie,
That thankid be the highe worthineſſe
Of love, and eke thy kindè buſineſſe.

Thus haſt thou me no little thing iyeve,
For why? to The obligid be for aie
My life, and why? for through thine helpe I live,
Or els dedde had I ben many a daie, 1620
And with that worde doune in his bed he laie,
And Pandarus full ſobirly him herde
Till all was ſaied, and than he him anſwerde.

My derè frende, if I have doen for The
In any caſe, God wote it is me leſe,
And am as glad as man maie of it be,
God helpe me ſo, but take now not agreſe
That I ſhall ſaine, beware of this miſcheſe,
That there as now thou brought art to thy bliſſe,
That thou thy ſelf ne cauſe it not to miſſe. 1630

For of fortun'is ſharpe adverſite
The worſtè kinde of infortune is this,
A man to have ben in prosperite,
And it remembir, whan it paſſid is;
Thou' art wiſe inough, forthy doe nat amis,
Be not to rakill, though thou ſittè warme,
For if thou be, certain it woll The harme.

Thou art at eſe, and hold The well therin,
For all ſo ſure as redde is every fire,

As

*As grete a crafte is to kepe well as winne,
Bridle alwaie thy spech and thy desire,
For worldly joie holdeth not but by a wive,
That previth well, it brest aldaie so ofte,
Forthy nede is to werkin with it softe.*

(Q^x Troilus) I hope, and God toforne,
My derè frende, that I shal so me bere,
That in my gilt ther shal nothing ben lome,
Ne In'ill racle, for to grevin her,
It nedith not this mattir ofte to tere,
For wistift thou mine hertè wel, Pandare, 1650
God wote of this thou wouldist litil care.

Tho gan he tell him of his gladè night,
And whereof first his hert ydradde, and how,
And sayid frende, as I am a true knight,
And by that faithe I owe to God and you,
I had it nevir halfe so hote as now,
And evir the more that desire me biteth,
To love her best, the more it me deliteth.

I n'ot my self not wisely what it is
But now I felin a newe qualite, 1660
Ye all anothir than I did er this.
Pandare answerid and saied thus, that he,
That onis maie in hevin blisse ybe,
He felith othir wayis dare I laie,
Than thilke time he first herd of it saie.

This is a worde for al, that Troilus
Was nevir ful to speke of this matere,
And for to praisin unto Pandarus
The bounte of his bright lady so dere,
And Pandarus to thanke, and makin chere, 1670
This tale was aie span newe to beginne,
Til that the night departid 'hem atwinne.

Sone after this, for that fortune it would,
Icomin was the blisful timè swete,
That Troilus was warnid, that he should,
There he was erst, Creseide his lady mete,
For whiche he felte his herte in joie flete,
And faithfully gan all the Goddis hery,
And let se now, if that he can be mery.

And holdin was the forme, and al the gife 1680
Of her comming, and eke of his also,
As it was erst, whiche nedith nought devise,
But plainly to th' effecte right for to go,
In joie and surete Pandarus 'hem two
A bedde ybrought, whan that 'hem bothè lest,
And thus thei ben in quiete and in rest.

Naught nedith it to you, si thei ben met,
To aske at me, if that thei blithe ywere,
For if it erst was well, tho was it bet,
A thousande folde, this nedith not enquere, 1690
Ago was every sorow' and every fere,
And bothe iwis thei had, and so thei wende,
As mochil joie as herte maie comprehende.

This n'is no litil thing of for to sey,
This passith every wit for to devise,
For eche of 'hem gan othir's lust obey,
Felicite, whiche that these clerkis wife
Commendin so, ne may not here suffise,
This joye ne maie not writtin be with inke,
This passith al that any hert maie thinke. 1700

But cruil day, so welaway the stounde,
Gan for to aproche, as thei by signis knewe,
For whiche 'hem thought thei felin deth's wounde,
So wo was 'hem, that chaungin gan ther hewe,

1640 And day thei gonin to dispise al newe,
Calling it traitour, envious, and worfe,
And bittirly the day's light thei corfe.

(Q^x Troilus) alas! now am I ware
That Pyrois, and tho swifte stedis thre, 1710
Whiche that ydrawin forth the funn'is chare,
Han gon some bypathe in dispite of me,
And makith it so sonè day to be,
And for the sunne him hastith thus to rise,
Ne shal I nevir don him sacrificse.

But nedis daie departin 'hem must sone,
And whan ther spechè don was, and ther chere,
Thei twin anon, as thei were wont to done,
And settin time of meting este ifere,
And many' a night thei wrought in this manere,
And thus fortune a time yladde in joie 1720
Creseide, and eke this king's son of Troie.

In suffisaunce, in blisse, and in singinges
This Troilus gan al his life to lede,
He spendith, justith, and makith festinges,
He gevith frely ofte, and chaungith wede,
He helde about him alwaie out of drede
A world of folke, as come him well of kinde,
The freshest, and the best that he could finde.

That suche a voice was of him, and a steven
Throughout the world, of honour and largesse, 1730
That it up ronge unto the yate of Heven,
And as in love he was in suche gladnesse,
That in his hert he demid, as I gesse,
That there n'is lovir in this world at ese
So wel as he, and thus gan love him plesse.

The godelihede or beaute, whiche that kinde
In any othir lady had isette,
Can not the mountenaunce of a gnat unbinde
About his hert of al Creseid's nette, 1740
He was so narowe' imaskid, and iknette,
That is undon in any manir fide,
That n'il nat ben, for aught that maie betide.

And by the honde ful oftin he would take
This Pandarus, and into gardin lede,
And suche a fest, and suche a processe make
Him of Creseide, and of her womanhede,
And of her beaute, that withoutin drede
It was an heven his wordis for to here,
And than he wouldè sing in this manere;

Love, that of Erthe and Se hath govirnaunce, 1750
Love, that his hestis hath in hevin hie,
Love, that with a right wholfome aliaunce
Halte peple joynid, as him liste 'hem gie;
Love, that yknittith lawe and companie,
And couplis doth in vertue for to dwel,
Binde this accorde, that I have tolde and tel.

That, that the world with faith, whiche that is stable,
Diversith so his stoundis according,
That elementis, that bethe discordable,
Holdin a bonde perpetually during, 1760
That Phoebus mote his rosy day forth bring,
And that the mone hath lordship ore the nightes,
Al this doeth love, aie heried be his mightes.

That, that the Se, that gredy is to flowen,
Constrainith to a certaine ende so
His flodis, that so fierfly thei ne growen
To drenchin erthe and al for evirmo,
And if that love aught let his bridil go,

Al that now lovith afondir shoud lepe,
And lost were al, that love halt nowe to hepe. 1770

So would to God, that anthur is of kinde,
That with his bonde love of his vertue list
To ferchin hertis al, and fast to binde,
That from his bonde no wight the wey out wist,
And hertis colde them wold I that he twist
To make 'hem love, and that list him aie rewe
On hertis fore, and kepe 'hem that ben trewe.

In allè nedis for the toun'is werre
He was, and aie the first in armis dight,
And certainly, but if that bokis erre, 1780
Save Hector, most idradde of any wight,
And this encrese of hardinesse and might
Come him of love, his ladies thanke to win,
That altirid his spirite so within.

In time of truce on hauking would he ride,
Or ellis hunt the Bore, Beare, or Lioun,
The smale bestis let he gon beside,
And whan that he come riding into' the toun,
Ful oft his lady from her window down,
As fresh as faucon, comin out of mae, 1790
Ful redy was him godely to salue.

And most of love and vertue was his speche,
And in dispire had he al wretchidnesse,
And doutlesse no nede was him to beseche
To honourin them, that had worthinesse,
And esin 'hem, that werin in distresse,
And glad was he, if any wight wel ferde,
That lovir was, whan he it wist or herde.

For sothe to saine, he lost helde every wight,
But if he were in lov'is high service, 1800
I menè folke that aught it ben of right,
And ore al this, so wel coude he devise
Of sentiment, and in so uncouthen wise
Al his array, that every lovir thought,
That al was well, what so he said or wtought.

And though that he be come of blode royal,
Him list of pride at no wight for to chace,
Benigne he was to eche in general,
For which he gate him thanke in every place,
Thus woude love, iheried be his grace, 1810
That Pride and Ire, Envie, and Avarice
He gan to flie, and every othir vice.

Thou lady bright, the doughtir of Dione,
Thy blinde and wingid sonne eke Dan Cupide,
Ye fustrin nine eke, that by Helicone
In hil Parnasso listin for to' abide,
That ye thus ferre han deivid me to gide
I can no more, but fens that ye wol wende,
Ye heried ben for aie withoutin ende:

Through you have I said fully in my song 1820
Th' effeete and joie of Troilus service,
Al be that there was some difese among,
As mine auctor to listith to devise,
My thirde boke now ende I in this wise,
And Troilus in luste and in quiete
Is with Creseide, his owne ladie swete.

Explicit liber tertius.



Proœmium libri quarti.

BUT all to litill, welaway the while!
Lastith suche joie, ithonkid be fortune,
That semith trewist, whan she wol begile,
And can to folis so her songe entune
That she 'hem hent, and blent, traitour commune,
And whan a wight is from her whele ithrowe
Than laughith she, and makith him the mowe.

From Troilus she gan her brighte face
Away to writhe, and toke of him non hede,
And caste him clene out of his ladie's grace, 10
And on her whele she set up Diomede,
For which min hert right now ginnith to blede.
And now my pen alas! with which I write,
Quakith for drede, of that I must endite.

For how Creseide Troilus forsoke
Or at the lest, how that she was unkinde,
Mote hennisforthe ben matir of my boke,
As writin folke, through which it is in minde,
Alas! that thei shoud evir cause finde 20
To speke her harme, and if thei on her lie
Iwis them selfe shoud have the vilanie.

O ye Erinnyes, night'is doughtirs thre,
That endeleffe complaine evir in paine,
Megara, Aleto, and Tysiphone,
Thou cruil Mars eke, fathir of Quirine,
This ilke fourth boke helpith me for to fine,
So that the loos of love, and life ifere
Of Troilus be fully shewid here.



Incipit liber quartus.

LYgging in host, as I have saide er this,
The Grekis strong, aboutin Troie toun, 30
Bitell, that whan that Phœbus shining is
Upon the breste of Hercules Lioun,
That Hector, with many a bold Baroun
Cast on a daie with Grekis for to fight,
As he was wont, to greve 'hem what he might.

Not I how long or short it was bitwene
This purpose, and that day thei fightin mente,
But on a daie wel armid bright and shene
Hector and many' a worthy knight out wente
With spere in honde, and with bigge bowis bente,
And in the berde withoutin lengir lette
Ther fomen in the felde anon 'hem mette.

The longè day with speris sharpe igrounde,
With arowes, dartis, swerdes, and macis fel
Thei fight, and bringin horse, and man to grounde,
And with ther axis out the brainis quel,
But in the last shoure, the sothe for to tel,
The folke of Troie 'hem selvin so misleden,
That with the worse at night homeward thei
fleden.

At whichè day was takin Antenor, 50
Polydamas, and also Menestes,
Xantippe, Sarpedon, Polystenor,
Polite, or the Trojan, Dan Ruphes,
I i i And

And othir lesse folk, as Phebus,
So that for harme that daie the folke of Troie
Dredin to lese a grete parte of their joie.

Of Priamus was yeve, at Grekes request,
A time of truce, and tho thei gonnin trete
Ther prisioners to chaungin most and lest,
And for the surplus yevin sommis grete, 60
This thing anon was couthe in every strete,
Bothe in th' assege, in toun, and every where,
And with the first it came to Calchas ere.

When Calchas knew this tretise should yholde,
In consistorie' amonge the Grekis sone
He gan in thringe forth with the lordis olde,
And set him there as he was wont to done,
And with a chaungid face, 'hem bade a bone,
For love of God, to done that reverence
To stintin noise, and yeve him audience. 70

Than said he thus, lo! lordis, mine I was
Troyan, as it is knowin out of drede,
And if that you remembre', I am Calchas,
That aldirfirst yave comfort to your nede,
And tolde wel howe that you shouldin spede,
For dredelasse through you shal in a ffounde
Ben Troie ibrent, and betin down to grounde.

And in what forme, or in what manir wise
This toun to shende, and al your lust atcheve,
Ye have er this wel herde me you devise, 80
This knowin ye my lordis, as I leve,
And for the Grekis werin me so leve,
I came my selfe in my propir persone
To teche in this how you was best to done.

Having unto my tresour, ne my rent
Right no regarde in respecte of your ese,
Thus al my gode I lefte, and to you went,
Wening in this you, lordis, for to plesse,
But al that losse ne doth me no disese,
I vouchsafe do, as wisely have I joie, 90
For you to lese, al that I have in Troie;

Save of a doughtir that I lefte, alas!
Sleping at home, when out of Troie I stert;
O sterne! O cruil fathir that I was!
Howe might I have in that so hard an hert!
Alas that I ne' had brought her in my shert!
For sorow' of which I wol nat live to morow,
But if ye, lordis, rewe upon my sorow.

For bicause that I sawe no time er now
Her to delivre', I holdin have my pees, 100
But now or nevir, if that it like you,
I may her have right sone nowe doutlees,
O helpe and grace, amongis al this prees,
Rewe on this oldè carise in distresse,
Sith I through you have all this heviness.

Ye have now caught, and fettrid in prison
Troyans inowe, and if your willis be,
My childe with one may have redemption,
Now for the love of God, and of bounte,
One of so fele alas! so yefe him me, 110
What nede were it this prayir for to weme,
Sith ye shul have both folke and toun as yern?

On peril of my life I shal nat lie,
Apollo hath me tolde ful faithfully,
I have eke foundin by astronomy.
By sort, and eke by augury trewely,
And dare wel saie the time is faste by,
That fire and flambe on all the toun shal sprede,

And thus shal Troie yturne to ashin dede.

For certaine Phœbus and Neptunus bothe, 120
That makidin the wallis of the toun,
Ben with the folke of Troie alwaie so wroth,
That thei wol bring it to confusioun,
Right in dispite of king Laomedoun,
Bicause he n'oldè payin 'hem ther hire,
The toun of Troie shal ben set on fire.

Telling his tale alway this oldè grey
Humble in speche and in his loking eke,
The saltè teris from his eyin twey
Ful fast yronnin down by eithir cheke, 130
So long he gan of socour 'hem beseke,
That for to hele him of his sorowes fore
Thei gave him Antenor, withoutin more.

But who was glad inough but Calchas tho,
And of this thing ful sone his nedis leide
On them that shouldin for the tretise go,
And them for Antenor ful oftè preide
To bringin home king Thoas, and Creseide,
And whan Priam his safe conduct sent,
Th' embassadours to Troie streight thei went. 140

The cause i-tolde of ther comming, the olde
Priam the king, ful sone in generall
Gan hereupon his Parliment to holde,
Of whiche th' effecte rehercin you I shal;
Th' embassadours ben answerde for finall,
The eschaunge of prisioners, and al this nede
'Hem likith wel, and forth in thei procede.

This Troilus was present in the place,
Whan askid was for Antenor Creseide, 150
For whiche ful sone to chaungin gan his face,
As he that with tho wordis wel nigh deide,
But nathelasse he no worde to it seide,
Lest men should his affection espie,
With mann'is hert he gan his sorowes drie.

And ful of anguish and of gresly drede,
Abode, what othir lordes would to it sey,
And if that thei would graunt, as God forbede!
Th' eschaunge of her, then thought he thingis twey,
First, how to save her honor, and what wey
He mightè best th' eschaunge of her withstonde,
Ful fast he cast how allè this might stonde.

Love him made allè prest to done her bide,
And rathir dyin, than that she should go,
But Reason said him on that othir side,
Withoutin assent of her, do nat so,
Lest for thy werkè she would be thy foe,
And sain, that through thy medling is iblowe
Your bothè love, ther it was erst not knowe.

For whiche he gan deliberen for the beste,
And though the lordis wouldin that she went, 170
He wouldè suffir them graunt what 'hem lest,
And tel his lady first what that thei ment,
And when that she had said him her entent,
Theraftir would he werkin all so blive,
Tho al the world ayen it would ystrive.

Hector with that full wel the Grekis herde,
For Antenor, how thei would have Creseide,
Gan it withstonde, and sobirly answerde.
Sirs, she ne is no prisoner (he seide)
I n'ot on you who that this chargè leide,
But on my parte, ye maie estsones 'hem tell
We usin here no women for to sell.

The

The noise of peple upstert then atones,
As brimme as blafe of strawe islet on fire,
For infortune it woulde for the nones
Thei shoudin ther confusion desire;
Hector (qð thei) what gost may you enspire
This woman thus to shilde, and done us lese
Dan Antenor? a wrong waie now ye chese;

That is so wise, and eke so bolde baroun, 190
And we have nede of folke, as men may se,
He is one of the gretist of this toun;
O Hector lette suche thy fantasies be,
O king Priam (qð thei) thus segge we,
That all our voice is to forgone Creseide,
And to delivir Antenor thei preide.

O Juvenal, lorde! trewe is thy sentence,
That litil wenin folke what is to yerne,
That thei ne findin' in ther desire offence,
For cloude of errour ne lette 'hem discerne 200
What best is, and lo, here ensample' as yerne!
These folke desirin now deliviraunce
Of Antenor, that brought 'hem to mischaunce.

For he was aftir traitour to the toun
Of Troy, alas! thei quitte him out to rathe;
O nice world, lo thy discrecion!
Creseide, which that nevir did 'hem scathe,
Shal nowe no lengir in her blisse bathe,
But Antenor, he shal come home to toun,
And she shal out, thus said both heere and houn.

For which delibered was by parliment,
For Antenor to yeldin out Creseide,
And it pronouncid by the President,
Although that Hector nay ful oftè praide,
And finally, what wight that it withsaide,
It was for naught, it must yben, and should,
For substaunce of the Parliment it would.

Departid out o'th' Parliment echone,
This Troilus, withoutin wordis mo, 220
Unto his chambre spedde him fast alone,
But if it were a man of his or two,
The whiche he bad out faste for to go,
Bicause that he would slepin, as he saide,
And hastily upon his bedde him laide.

And as in wintir levis ben birafte
Eche aftir othir til the trees be bare,
So that there n'is but barke and braunche ilafte,
Lithe Troilus, biraft of eche welfare,
Iboundin in the blacke barke of care,
Disposid wode out of his witte to breide, 230
So fore him fate the chaunging of Creseide.

He rist him up, and every dore he fette,
And window eke, and tho this wofull man
Upon his bedd'is side adoune him sette,
Ful like a ded image, both pale and wan,
And in his brest the hepid wo began
Out brust, and he to workin in this wise,
In his wodeness, as I shal you devise.

Right as the wildè Bulle beginnith spring
Now here now there, idartid to the herte, 240
And of his deth rorith, in complaining,
Right so gan he about the chambre sterte,
Smiting his brest, aie with his fistis smerte
His hed to the wall, his body to the grounde
Ful oftè he swapte, him selvin to confounde.

His eyin two for pite of his herte
Out stremidin as swifte as wellis twey,

The highè fobbis of his sorowes smerte
His speche him reft, unnethis might he sey
O deth alas! why n'ilt thou do me dey? 250
Acurfid be that day which that nature
Yshope me to beti a liv'is cature.

But aftir whan the fury, and al the rage,
Whiche that his herte twist, and faste threst,
By length of time somewhat gan aswage,
Upon his bedde he laide him down to rest,
But tho begon his teres more out to brest,
That wondir is the body maie suffise
To halfe this wo, whiche that I you devise.

Than saide he thus: Fortune, alas the while! 260
What have I done? what have I The agilt?
How mightist thou for routhe thus me begile?
Is there no grace? and shal I thus be spilt?
Shal thus Creseide away for that thou wilt?
Alas! how mightist thou in thine hert finde
To ben to me thus cruil and unkinde?

Have I The nat honourid al my live,
As thou well wotest, above the Goddis all?
Why wilt thou then of this joie me deprive?
O Troilus, what may men now The call, 270
But wretche of wretchis, out of honour fal
Into mise'ry, in whiche I wol bewaile
Creseide alas! til that the brethe me faile.

Alas! Fortune, if that my life in joie
Displefid had unto thy foule Envie,
Why ne' haddist thou my fathir king of Troy
Biraft the life? or done my brethrin die?
Or slaine my selfe, that thus complaine and crie?
I combre world, that maie of nothing serve,
But evir die, and nevir fully sterve. 280

If that Creseide alone werin me laste,
Naught raught I whiðir thou woldist me stere,
And her alas! than hast thou me biraft;
But evirmore lo! this is thy manere,
To reve a wight that moſte is to him dere,
To preve in that thy gierfull violence,
Thus am I lost, there helpith no defence.

O very Lorde, O Love, O God, alas!
That knowist best min hert, and al my thought,
What shal my so'roufull life done in this caas 290
If I forgo that I so dere have bought?
Sens ye Creseide and me have fully brought
Into your grace, and both our hertis seled,
How maie ye suffre' alas it be repeled!

What I may done I shal, while I may dure
On live, in turment and in cruill paine,
This infortune, and this disavinture,
Alone as I was borne I wol complaine,
Ne nevir wol I fene it shine or raine,
But ende I wol as Edippe in derknesse 300
My wofull life, and dyin in distresse.

O very gost, that errist to and fro,
Why n'ilt thou fien out of the wofullest
Body, that evir might on grounde ygo,
O soule, lurking in this woful neste,
Flee forth anon, and do mine herte to breste,
And folowe Creseide thy lady dere,
Thy right place is no lengir to ben here.

O woful eyin two, sens your disporte
Was al to sene Creseid'is eyin bright, 310
What shal ye done, but for my discomfort
Stondin for naught, and wepin out your sight,
Sens

Sens she is queint, that wont was you to light?
In veine from this forth have I eyin tway
Iformid, sens your vertue is away.

O my Creseide, O lady soveraine
Of this sorowfull soule that thus crieth,
Who shal now yevin comfort to thy paine?
Alas! no wight, but whan mine hert ydieth,
My spirite, whiche that so unto you hieth, 320
Receve in gre, for that shall aie you serve,
Forthy no force is, though the body sterve.

O ye lovirs, that high upon the whele
Ben sette of Fortune, in gode avinture
God lene that ye aie findin love of stele,
And longe mote your life in joy endure,
But when ye comin by my sepulture
Remembrith that your felowe restith there,
For I loved eke, though I unworthy were.

O olde unwholsome and mislivid man, 330
Calchas I mene, alas! what eilid The
To ben a Greke, sent thou art borne Trojan?
O Calchas, whiche that wolt my banè be,
In cursid time was thou borne for me,
As woulde blisfull Jove for his joye
That I The had where that I would in Troie!

A thousande sighis hottir than the glede
Out of his brest eche astir othir wente,
Medlid with plaintis newe, his wo to fede,
For whiche his woful teris nevir stente, 340
And shortly so his sorowes him to rente,
He woxe so mate, that ne joy nor penaunce
He felith none, but lyith in a traunce.

Pandarus, whiche that in the Parliment
Had herde what every lord and burgeis seid,
And how ful grauntid was by one assent
For Antenor to yeldin out Creseide,
Gan wel nigh wode out of his wit to breide,
So that for wo he ne wist what he mente,
But in a rage to Troilus he wente. 350

A certaine knight, that for the time kepte
The chambre dore, undid it him anone,
And Pandarus that ful tendirly wepte,
Into the derke chambre as stil as stone
Towarde the bedde gan softly for to gone,
So confuse, that he ne wist what to say,
For very wo his witte was nigh away.

And with his chere and loking al to torne
For wo of this, and with his armis folden,
He stode this woful Troilus before, 360
And on his pitous face he gan beholden,
But Lord! so oft gan his hert to colden,
Seyng his frende in wo, whose hevynesse
His herte slough, as thought him for distresse.

This woful wight, this Troilus, that felte
His frende Pandare icomin him to se,
Gan as the snow ayenst the sunne to melte,
For whiche this woful Pandare, of pite
Gan for to wepe, as tendirly as he,
And spechelesse thus ben these ilke tway, 370
That neithir might for sorow o worde sey.

But at the last, this wofull Troilus,
Nigh ded for smert, gan brestin out to rore,
And with a sorowful noise he said thus
Amonges his sobbis, and his sighis fore,
Lo! Pandare, I am ded, withoutin more,
Hast thou nat herde at parliment, he seide,

For Antenor how losse is my Creseide?

This Pandarus ful ded and pale of hewe,
Ful pitously answerid, and saide yes, 380
As wisely were it false, as it is trewe,
That I have herde, and wote al how it is!
O mercy God! who would have trowid this?
Who would have wende that in so lite a throw
Fortune our joye would havin ovirthrow?

For O! in this world there is no cature,
As to my dome, that evir sawe ruine
Straungir then this, through case or avinture;
But who may al eschue or al devine?
Suche is this world. Forthy I thus define, 390
Ne trustith no wight to finde in Fortune
Aie propertie, her yeftis ben commune.

But tel me this, why thou art now so mad,
To sorowen thus why listest thou in this wise,
Sens thy desire al wholly hast thou had,
So that by right it ought inough suffice,
But I that nevir felte in my service
A frendly chere, or loking of an eye,
Let me thus wepe and wailin til I dye.

And ore al this, as thou wel wost thy selve, 400
This tounne is ful of ladies al aboute,
And to my dome, fairir than suchè twelve
As er she was, shall I finde in a route,
Ye one or tway, withoutin any doute,
Forthy be glade, mine owne derè brother,
If she be lost, we shal recovre' an other.

What? God forbid, alway that eche plesaunce
In o thing were, and in non othir wight;
If one can singe, anothir can wel daunce,
If this be godely, she is glad and light, 410
And this is faire, and that can gode aright,
Eche for his vertue holdin is full dere,
Bothe heroner and faucon for rivere.

And eke as writ Zanis, that was full wise,
The newè love out chafith oft the old
And upon newe case lyith newe avise,
Thinke eke thy self to savin thou art hold,
Soche fire by processe shall of kindè cold,
For sens it is but casuell plesaunce,
Some case shal put it out of remembraunce. 420

For all so sure as daie cometh astir night,
The newè love, labour, or othir wo,
Or ellis feldè seing of a wight,
Doen old affections all ovir go;
And for thy part, thou shalt have one of tho,
To abredge with thy bittir painis smerte,
Absence of her shall drive her out of herte.

These wordis saied he for the nonis all
To helpe his frende, lest he for sorowe deide,
For doubtlesse to doen his wo to fall 430
He ne raught nat what unthrift that he seide;
But Troilus, that nigh for sorowe deide,
Toke little hede, of all that ere he ment,
One ere it herd, at the' othir out it went.

But at the last he answerde, and saide frend,
This lechcraft, or yhelid thus to be,
Were well sitting, if that I were a fend,
To traifin her, that true is unto me,
I prae God let this counsaile nevir the,
But doe me rathir sterve anon right here, 440
Er I thus doen, as thou me wouldest lere.

She

She that I serve iwis, what so thou seie,
To whom mine herte enhabite is by right,
Shall have me wholly her's till that I deie,
For, Pandarus, sens I have trowth her hight,
I woll nat ben untrue for any wight,
But as her man I woll aie live and sterue,
And nevir wolle non othir cature serve.

And there thou saiest thou shalt as faire yfind
As she, let be, make no comparison 450
To a cetureriformid here by kinde,
O leve Pandarus, thy concluson,
I woll nat ben of thine opinion;
Touching all this, for whiche I The besече
So holde thy pece, thou slaest me with thy speche.

Thou biddist me that I should love another
All freshly newe, and let Creseide go,
It lithe nat in my powir leve brother,
And though I might, yet would I nat doe so;
But canst thou playin raket to and fro, 460
Nettle' in docke out, now this, now that, Pandare,
Now foulè fall her for thy wo that care.

Thou farist eke by me thou Pandarus,
As he, that whan a wight is wo bigon,
He cometh to him apace, and saith right thus,
Thinke nor on smert, and thou shalt fèlè none,
Thou maiest me first transmewin in a stone
And reve me of my passionis all,
Or thou so lightly do my wo to fall.

The deth maie well out of my brest depart 470
The life, so long maie last this sorowe mine,
But fro my soule shall Creseid's dart
Out nevirmore, but doune with Proserpine,
Whan I am dedde, I woll go won in pine,
And there I woll eternally complain
My wo, and how that twinnid be we twain.

Thou hast here made an argument full fine,
How that it shouldin lasse pain ybe
Creseide to forgon, for she was mine,
And lived in ese and in felicite; 480
Why gabbiest thou, that saidist erst to me
That him is wors that is fro wele ithrowe,
Than he had erst none of that wele iknowe?

But tel me now, sens that The thinketh so light
To chaungin so in love aie to and fro,
Why hast thou nat doen busily thy might,
To chaungin her, that doeth The al thy wo?
Why n'ilt thou let her fro thine hertè go?
Why n'ilt thou, love anothir lady swete,
That maie thine hertè settin in quiete? 490

If thou hast had in love aie yet mischaunce,
And canst it not out of thine hertè drive,
I that have lived in lust and in plesauce
With her, as moche as any wight on live,
How should I that foryet, and that so blive?
O where hast thou ben hid so long in mewe,
That canst so well and formèliche argewe.

Naie Pandarus, naught worth is all thy rede,
But douteless for ought that may befall,
Withoutin wordis mo, I woll ben dede: 500
O deth, that endir art of sorowes all,
Come now, sens I so oft aftir The call,
For sely is that deth, soth for to sain,
That oft iclepid cometh and endith pain.

Well wote I, while my life was in quiete,
Er thou me slue, I would have yevin hire,

But now thy comming is to me so swete,
That in this worlde I nothing so desire;
O deth, sens with this sorowe I am afire,
Thou eithir doe me anon in teris drenche, 510
Or with thy coldè stroke mine hertè quenche.

Sens that thou slaest so fele in fondry wife
Ayenst ther will, unprayed, daie and night,
Doe me at my requeste this service,
Deliver now the worlde, so doest thou right,
Of me, that am the sorowfullist wight,
That evir was, for time is that I sterue,
Sens in this world of right naught do I serve.

This Troilus in teris gan distill,
As licour out of a limbeck full fast, 520
And Pandarus gan hold his tonge still,
And to the ground his eyin doune he cast,
But nathèlesse thus thought he at the last,
What parde, rathir than my felowe deie,
Yet shall I somewhat more unto him seie.

And sayid frend, sens thou hast soche distresse,
And sens The list mine argumentis blame,
Why n'ilt thou thy selvin helpe doen redresse,
And with thy manhode lettin all this game,
Go ravishe her, ne canst thou not for shame? 530
And eithir let her out of tounè fare,
Or hold her still, and leve thy nice fare.

Art thou in Troie, and hast non hardiment
To take a woman, whiche that lovith The,
And would her selvin ben of thine assent?
Now is nat this a nice vanite?
Rise up anon, and let this weping be,
And kith thou art a man, for in this hour
I woll ben dedde, or she shall bein our.

To this answerde him Troilus full soft, 540
And saied, iwis, my leve brothir dere,
All this have I my self yet thought full oft,
And more thingis than thou devisist here,
But why this thing is last, thou shalt well here,
And whan thou hast me yevin audience,
Theraftir maiest thou tell all thy sentence.

First sin thou wost this toun hath al this werre
For ravishing of women so by might,
It should not ben yuffrid me to erre, 550
As it stont now, ne doen so grete unright,
I should have also blame of every wight,
My fathir's graunt if that I so withstode,
Sens she is chaungid for the toun is gode.

I have eke thought, so it were her assent,
To aske her of my fathir of his grace,
Than thinke I, this were her accusement,
Sens well I wot I maie her not purchase,
For sens my fathir in so high a place
As Parliment hath her eschaunge enseled,
He n'ill for me his lettir be repeled. 560

Yet drede I moste her hertè to perturbe
With violence, if I doe soche a game,
For if I would it opynly disturbe,
It must be disclaundre unto her name,
And me were levir die than her diffame,
As n'oldè God, but if that I should have
Her honour, levir than my life to save.

Thus am I lost, for aught that I can se,
For certain is that sith I am her knight,
I must her honour levir have than me. 570
In every case, as lovir ought of right,
K k k k

Thus

Thus am I with desire and reson twight,
Desire for to distourbin her me redeth,
And reson n'll not, so mine hertè dredeth.

Thus weping; that he ne could nevir cese,
He saied alas, how shall I wretchè fare!
For well fele I alwaie my love encrese,
And hope is lasse and lasse alway Pandare,
Encrefin eke the causis of my care,
So welawaie, why n'll mine hertè brest? 580
For why? in love there is but little rest.

Pandare answerid, frend, thou maiest for me
Doen as The list, but had I it so hote,
And thine estate, she should ygo with me,
Tho all this toun cried on this thing by Note,
I n'oldè set all that noise at a grote
For whan men have well cried than wolt thei roun,
Eke wondir last but ix. daies nere in toun.

Devinith not in reson aie so depe,
Ne curtisly, but helpe thy self anon, 590
Bet is that othir than thy selvin wepe,
And namily sens ye two ben all one,
Rise up, for by mine hedde she shall not gone,
And rathir ben in blame a little found,
Than sterve here as a gnat withoutin wound.

It is no shame unto you ne no vice
Her to withholdin, that The lovith moste,
Paravinture she might holde The for nice
To lette her go thus to the Grekis hoste,
Thinke eke *Fortune*, as well thy selvin wofte, 600
Helpith the hardie man to his emprise,
And weivith wretchis, for ther cowardise.

And though thy lady would alite her greve,
Thou shalt thy self thy pece hereaftir make,
But as to me certain I can not leve
That she would it as now for evill take,
Why shouldè than for fere thine hertè quake?
Thinke how that Paris hath, that is thy brother,
A love, and why shal thou not have another?

And Troilus, o thing I dare The swere, 610
That if Creseide, whiche that is thy lese,
Now lovith The, as well as thou doest here,
God helpe me so, she n'll not take agrese,
Though thou do bote anon in this mischese,
And if she winnith fro The for to passe,
Than is she false, so love her well the lasse.

Forthy take hert, and thinke right as a knight,
Through love is brokin aldaie every lawe,
Kith now somewhat thy corage and thy might,
Have mercie on thy self, for any awe 620
Let not this wretchid wo thine hert ygnawe,
But manly set the worlde on fixe and seven,
And if thou die a martyr, go to heven.

I woll my self ben with The at this dede,
Though I and all my kin upon a stound
Should in a strete, as doggis liggin dede,
Through-girt with many a wide blodie wound,
In every case I woll a frend be found,
And if The liste here stervin as a wretche,
Adien, the devill spedè him that retche. 630

This Troilus gan with tho wordis quicke,
And sayid, frend, graunt mercie, I assent,
But certainly thou maiest nat so me pricke,
Ne paine none ne maie me so tourment,
That for no case, it is not mine entent,
At short wordis, though that I dyin should,

To ravish her, but if her self it would.

Why, so mene I (qð Pandare) al this day,
But tell me than, hast thou her well assaied,
That sorowest thus? and he answerde him naie; 640
Whereof art thou (qð Pandare) than dismaied,
That n'oste not that she wol ben il apaied
To ravish her, sens thou hast not ben there,
But if that Jove The tolde it in thine ere?

Forthy rise up, as naught ne were, anon,
And washe thy face, and to the king thou wend,
Or he maie wondrin whiðir thou art gon,
Thou must with wisedome him and othir blend,
Or upon case he maie asfir The fend,
Or thou beware, and shortly, brothir dere, 650
Be glad, and let me werke in this mattete.

For I shall shape it so, that sikirly
Thou shalt this night somtime in some manere
Come spekin with thy Ladie privily,
And by her wordis eke, as by her chere,
Thou shalt full sone aperceve and well here
Of her entent, and in this case the best,
And fare now well, for in this point I rest.

The swiftè fame, whiche that fals thingis
Equall reportith like the thingis true, 660
Was throughout Troie ifsed, with prest wingis,
Fro man to man, and made his tale all newe,
How Calchas doughtir with her brightè hewe
At Parliment withoutin wordis more
Igrauntid was, in chaunge of Antenore.

The whichè tale anon right as Creseide
Had herd, she whiche that of her fathir rought
(As in this case) right naught, ne whan he deide,
Full busily to Jupiter besought
Yeve him mischauncè, that this tretis brought; 670
But shortly lest these talis sothè were
She durst at no wight askin it for fere.

As she that had her hert and all her minde
On Troilus ifet so wondir fast,
That all this world ne might her love unbind,
Ne Troilus out of her hertè cast,
She would ben his, while that her life maie last,
And she thus brennith bothe in love and drede,
So that she ne wist what was best to rede.

But as men sene in toun, and all about, 680
That women use ther frendis to visite,
So to Creseide of women came a rout
For pitous joie, and wendin her delite,
And with ther talis, dere inough a mite,
These women, whiche that in the cite dwell,
Thei set 'hem doune, and saied as I shall tell.

(Qð first that one) I am glad truely
Bicause of you, that shall your fathir se;
Anothir saied, iwis so am not I,
For all to little hath she with us be; 690
(Qð tho the thirde) I hope iwis that she
Shall bringin us the pece on every side,
That whan she goth, almightie God her gide.

Tho wordis and tho womannishe thingis
She herd 'hem right as though she thennis were,
For God it wote, her herte on othir thing is,
Although the botly sat emong 'hem there,
Her advertence is alwaie ellis where,
For Troilus full fast her soulè sought,
Withoutin worde on him alwaie she thought. 700

These

These women that thus wendin her to plesse,
 Aboutin naught gon all ther talis spende,
 Soche vanire ne can doen her none ese,
 As she that all this menè while brende
 Of othir passion than thei ywende,
 So that she felte almoste her herte die
 For wo, and werie of that companie.

For whichè might she no lengir restrain
 Her teris, thei ganin so up to well,
 That gavin signis of her bittir pain, 710
 In whiche her spirite was, and must ydwell,
 Remembring her from heven unto which hal
 She fallin was, sens she forgo the sight
 Of Troilus, and so'rowfully she fight.

And thilke folis sitting her about
 Wendin that she had wept and sighid fore
 Bicause that she shouldin out of the rouz
 Departin, and nevir plaie with 'hem more,
 And thei that haddin knowin her of yore
 Se her so wepe, and thought it was kindnesse, 720
 And eche of 'hem wept eke for her distresse.

And busilie thei gonin her comforte
 On thing God wor, on which she little thought,
 And with ther talis wendin her disporte,
 And to be glad thei oftin her belought,
 But soche an ese therwith thei in her wrought,
 Right as a man is esid for to sele
 For ache of hedde to clawen' him on his hele.

But after all this nice vanie
 Thei toke ther leve, and home thei wentin all, 730
 Creseide full of sorowfull pite
 Into her chambre' up went out of the hall,
 And on her bedde she gan for dedde to fall,
 In purpose nevir thennis for to rise,
 And thus she wrought, as I shall you devise.

Her owndid heer, that sonnyshe was of hewe,
 She rent, and eke her fingirs long and smale
 She wrong ful oft, and bade God on her rue,
 And with the death to doe bote on her bale;
 Her hewe whilom bright, that tho was pale, 740
 Bare witnesse of her wo, and her constreint,
 And thus she spake, sobbing in her compleint.

Alas (quoth she) out of this region
 I wofull wretche and infortunid wight,
 And borne in cursid constellacioun,
 Mote gon, and thus departin fro my knight!
 Wo worthe alas, that ilke day's light,
 On which I sawe him first with eyin twain,
 That causith me, and I him, all this pain!

Therwith the teris from her eyin two 750
 Doune fell, as shouris full in Aprill swithe,
 Her white brest she bet, and for the wo
 Aftir the deth she cried a thousande sith,
 Sens he that wont her wo was for to lish
 She mote forgon, for whiche disayinture
 She helde her selfin a forlost creature.

She saied, how shall he doen and I also!
 How should I live, if that I from him twin!
 O derè herte eke that I lovè so,
 Who shall that sorowe slaen, that ye ben in! 760
 O Calchas fathir, thine be all this sin;
 O mothir mine, that clepid wer Argive,
 Wo worth that daie, that thou me bare on live!

To what fine should I live and sorowen thus?
 How should a sith withoutin watir dure?

What is Creseide worth from Troilus?
 How should a plant or any othir creature
 Livin withoute his kindly nouriture,
 For whiche full oft, a byword here I seie,
 That ertheles mote grene medis sone deye. 779

I shall doen thus, sens neither swerd ne dart
 Dare I none handle, for the cruile,
 That ilke daie that I fro you depart,
 If sorowe of that n'll nat my bane be,
 Than shall no mote ne drinke ycome in me,
 Till I my soule out of my brest unsheth,
 And thus my selvin woll I doen to deth.

And Troilus, my clothis everichone
 Shull blackè ben, in tokning, herte swete,
 That I am as out of this worlde agone, 780
 That wont ywas you to set in quite,
 And of mine ordir aie, till deth me mete,
 The observaunce evir in your absence
 Shall sorowe ben, complaint, and abstinence.

Mine herte, and eke the wofull ghost therein,
 Biqueth I with your spirite to complain
 Eternally, for thei shall nevir twin,
 For though in yerth ytwinnid be we twain,
 Yet in the felde of pite, out of pain,
 That hight Elysium, we shall ben yfere 790
 As Orpheus and Eurydice his fere.

Thus herte mine, for Antenor, alas!
 I sone shall be ychaungid, as I wene,
 But how shall ye doen in this wofull caas?
 How shall your tendir herte thus sustein?
 But herte mine, foryet this sorowe' and tene,
 And me also, for sothly for to seie,
 So ye well fare, I retche not for to deie.

How might it evir redde ben or isong
 The plaintis that she made in her distresse, 800
 In nat, but as for me, my little tong,
 If I discrivin would her heviness,
 It should ymake her sorowe semè lesse
 Than that it was, and childishly deface
 Her hic complaint, and therefore I it pace.

Pandarus, whiche that sent from Troilus
 Was to Creseide, as ye have herd devise,
 That for the best it was accordid thus,
 And he full glad to doen him that service,
 Unto Creseide in a full secrete wise, 810
 There as she laie, in tourment and in rage,
 Came her to tell all wholly his message.

And fonde that she her selvin gan to trete
 Full pitously, for with her saltè teres
 Her brest and face ibathid was full wete,
 Her mightie tressis of her sonnyshe heres
 Unbroidin hangin all about her eres,
 Whiche yavin him very signall mattire
 Of deth, whiche that her herte gan desire.

Whan she him sawe, she gan for sorowe' anon 820
 Her tery face atwixt her armis hide,
 For whiche this Pandare is so wo bigon,
 That in the hous he might unneth abide,
 As he that felt sorowe on every side,
 For if Creseide had erst complainid fore,
 Tho gan she plain a thousande timis more.

And in her aspre plaintè thus she seide,
 Pandare my Eme of joyis mo than two
 Was causè, causing first to me Creseide,
 That now transmutid bin in cruil wo, 830
 Wher'

Wher' shall I saie to you welcome or no,
That aldirfirst me brought unto servise,
Of love alas! that endith in soche wise?

Endith than love in wo? Ye or men lieth,
And every worldly blisse, as thinkith me,
The ende of blisse aie sorowe occupieth,
And who so trowith not that it so be,
Let him upon me wofull wretchè se,
That my self hate, and aie my birthe curse,
Feling alwaie fro wicke I go to worfe. 840

Whoso me seeth, seeth sorowe all atonis,
Paine, turment, wo, and plaint, and eke distres,
Out of my wofull bodie harme there none is,
As langour, anguise, cruill bittirnesse,
Annoie, smarte, drede, furie, and eke siknesse,
I trowe iwis from hevin teris rain
For pite of my aspre' and cruill pain.

O thou my sustir, full of discomfourt,
(Qð Pandarus) what thinkist thou to doe?
Why ne' hast thou to thy selvin some resport? 850
Why wilt thou thus thy self alas! fordo?
Leve all this werke, and take now hedè to
That I shall sain, and herken' of gode entent
This, that by me thy Troilus The sent.

Tournid her tho Creseide, a wo making
So grete, that it a deth was for to se,
Alas! (qð she) what wordis maie ye bring,
What woll my dere herte sendin unto me,
Whiche that I dredè nevir more to se?
Woll he have plaint or teris er I wende? 860
I have inough, if he theraftir sende.

She was right soche to sene in her visage,
As is that wight that men on bere ybinde,
Her face like of Paradis the Image
Was all ichaungid in anothir kinde,
The plaie, the laughtir, men wer wont to find
In her, and eke her joyis everichone
Ben fledde, and thus lieth Creseide alone.

About her eyin two a purple ring
Bittrent, in sothfast tokening of her pain, 870
That to behold it was a dedly thing,
For whiche Pandarus ne might nat restrain
The teris from his eyin for to rain,
But nathelless, as he best might, he seide
From Troilus these wordis to Creseide.

Lo nece, I trowe well ye han herd all how
The king with othir Lordis for the best
Hath made eschaunge of Antenor and you,
That cause is of this sorowe and unrest,
But how this case doth Troilus molest 880
This maie none yerthly mann'is tong ysaie,
For very wo his wit is all awaie.

For whiche we have so sorowed, he and I,
That into little it had bothe us slawe,
But through my counsaile this daie finally
He somewhat hath fro weping him withdrawe,
And semith me that he desirith fawe
With you to ben all night of to devise
Remedie' of this, if there were any wise.

This short and plain, th' effect of my message, 890
As ferforthe as my wit can comprehende,
For ye that ben of tourment in soche rage
Maie to no long prologue as now entende,
And hereupon ye maie answere him sende,
And for the love of God, my nece dere,

So leve this wo or Troilus be here.

Grete is my wo (qð she) and sighid fore,
As she that felith dedly sharpe distresse,
But yet to me his sorowe' is mokill more,
That love him bet than he himself I gesse, 900
Alas! for me hath he soche hevinesse?
Can he for me so pitously complain?
Iwis this sorowe doublith all my pain.

Grevous to me God wot it is to twin,
(Qð she) but yet it hardir is to me
To sene that sorowe which that he is in,
For well wot I, it woll my banè be,
And die I woll in certain tho (qð she)
But bid him come, er deth that thus me threteth
Drive out that ghost, which in min hert ybeteth.

These wordis saied, she on her armis two
Fill gruffe, and gan to wepin pitously;
(Qð Pandarus) alas! why doe ye so
Sens ye well wote the time is faste by
That he shall come? arise up hastily,
That he you nat biwopin thus yfinde,
But ye wol have him wode out of his minde.

For wist he, that ye farde in this manere,
He would himselfin flea: and if I wende
To have this fare, he should not comin here 920
For all the gode that Priam maie dispende,
For to what fine he would anon pretende,
That know I well, and forthy yet I seie
So leve this sorowe', or plainly he woll deie;

And shapith you his sorowe for to' abredge,
And nat encrefin, lese nece swete,
Bethe rathir to him cause of plat than edge,
And with some wisdom ye his sorowes bete;
What helpith it to wepin full a strete,
Or though ye bothe in saltè teris dreint? 930
But is a time of cure aie than of pleint.

I menè thus, whan I am hithir bring,
Sens ye be wise, and bothe of one assent,
So shapith how to distourbe your going,
Or come ayen sone aftir ye be went;
Women ben wise in short avisement;
And let sene how your wit shall now availe,
And what that I maie help, it shall nat faile.

Go (qð Creseide) and, uncle, truly
I shall doen all my might me to restrain 940
From weping in his sight, and busily
Him for to glad I shall doen all my pain,
And in my hertè sekin every vain,
If to this fore there maie ben foundin salve,
It shall not lacke certain on mine behalve.

Goth Pandarus, and Troilus he sought,
Till in a temple' he found him all alone,
As he that of his life no lengir rought,
But to the pitous Goddis everichone
Full tendirly he praied, and made his mone, 950
To doen him sone out of this worlde to pace,
For wel he thought there was non othir grace.

And shortly all the sothè for to seie,
He was so fallin in dispaire that daie,
That uttirly he shope him for to deie;
For right thus was his argument alwaie,
He saied he n'as but lornè welawaie!
For all that cometh, cometh by necessite,
Thus to ben lornè it is my destine.

For

For certainly this wote I well, he saide,
That foresight of the divine purveiaunce
Had sene alwaie me to forgon Creseide,
Sens God seeth every thing out of doutaunce,
And them disposith through his ordinaunce
In his meritis sothly for to be,
As thei shull comin by predestine.

But nathèlesse alas! whom shall I leve!
For there ben gretè clerkis many one,
That destine through argumentis preve,
And some ysain that nedely there is none,
But that fre choice is yeven' us everichone.
O welawaie! so slich arne clerkis old,
That I n'ot whole opinion I maie hold.

For some men sain, that God seeth al biforne,
Ne God maie nat decevid ben parde,
Than mote it fallin, though men had it sworne,
That purveiaunce hath sene before to be;
Wherefore I saie, that from eterne if he
Hath wist befor our thought eke as our dede,
We have no fre choice, as these clerkis rede. 980

For othir thought, nor othir dede also
Might nevir ben, but soche as purveiaunce,
Whiche maie not ben discevid nevir mo,
Hath feled biforne, withoutin ignoraunce;
For if there might yben a variaunce
To writhin out fro Godd's purveying,
There n'ere no prescience of thing comming;

But it were rathir an opinion
Uncertain, and no stedfast foreseing;
And certis that were an abusion, 990
That God should have no perfect clere wetting
More than we men, that have doutous wening,
But soche an errour upon God to gesse
Were false and foule, and wickid cursidnesse.

Eke this is an opinion of some,
That have ther top ful high and smoth isore,
Thei sain right thus, that thing is nat to come,
For that the prescience hath sene before
That it shal come; but thei sain that therfore
That it shal come, therfore the purveiaunce 1000
Wote it before withoutin ignoraunce.

And in this manir this necessite
Retournith in his place contrary' againe
For nedefully behovith it nat be
That thilkè thingis fallin in certaine
That ben purveyed, but nedefully' as thei saine
Behovith it that thingis, which that fall,
That thei in certaine ben purveyid all.

I mene as though I laboured me in this,
To enquire which thing cause of which thing be,
As whethir that the prescience of God is
The certaine cause of the necessite
Of thingis that to comin be parde;
Or if necessite of thing coming
Be the cause certaine of the purveying.

But nowe ne' enforce I me not in shewing
How the' ordir of the causis stant, but wot I
That it behovith, that the befalling
Of thingis wiste before certainly
Be necessarie, al seme it not therby 1020
That prescience put falling necessarye
To thing to come, al fal it foule or faire.

For if there sit a man yonde on a fe,
Than by necessite behovith it

960 That certis thine opinion sothe be,
That wenist or conjectist that he sit;
And furthirovir now ayenwarde hit,
Lo! right so is it on the part contrarie,
As thus, now herkin, for I wol nat tarie;

I say that if the opinion of The
Be sothe for that he sit, than say I this,
That he mote sittin by necessite;
And thus necessite in eithir is;
For in him nede of sitting is iwis,
And in The nede of sothe, and thus forsothe
There mote necessite ben in you bothe.

But thou maist saine, the man sit nat therfore,
That thine opinion of his sitting soth is,
But rathir for the man sate there before,
Therfore is thine opinion sothe iwis; 1040
And I say, though the cause of sothe is this
Cometh of his sitting, yet necessite
Is enterchaungid, bothe in him and The.

Thus in the samè wise out of doutaunce
I maie wel makin, as it semith me,
My resoning of Godd's purveyaunce,
And of the thingis that to comin be,
By whichè reson men maie wel ise
That thilkè thingis, that in erthe befall,
That by necessite thei comin all. 1050

For although that this thing shal come iwis,
Therfore is it purveyid certainly,
Nat that it cometh for it purveyid is,
Yet nathèlesse behoveth it nedefully
That thing to come be purveyid trewely,
Or ellis thingis that purveyid be
That thei betidin by necessite.

And thus suffisith right inough certaine
For to distroie our fre choise everydell,
But now is this abusion to saine 1060
That falling of the thingis temporell
Is cause of Godd's prescience eternell.
Now trewily that is a false sentence,
That thing to come should cause his prescience.

What might I wene and I had suche a thought?
But that God purveieth thing that is to come
For that it is to come, and ellis nought?
So might I wene that thingis all and some,
That whilom ben bifall and ovircome,
Ben cause of thilkè soveraine purveiaunce,
That forwote al, withoutin ignoraunce.

And ore al this yet say I more therto,
That right as whan I wote there is a thing,
Iwis that thing mote nedefully be so,
Eke right so, whan I wote a thing coming,
So mote it come, and thus the befalling
Of thingis, that ben wiste before the tide,
Thei mote not ben eschewid on no side.

Than said he thus, almighty Jove in trone
That wottest of all this thing the sothfastnesse, 1080
Rewe on my sorowe, and do me dien sone,
Or bring Creseide and me fro this distresse.
And while he was in all this hevinesse,
Disputing with himselfe in this matere,
Came Pandare in, and saide as ye maie here.

O mighty God (qð Pandarus) in trone,
Eigh, who saw er a wife man farin so?
Why, Troilus, what thinkist thou to done?
Hast thou such lust to ben thine owne foe?

L I I I

What?

What? parde, yet is not Creseide agō; 1090
 Why list The so thy selfe fardon for drede,
 That in thine hed thine eyin femin dede.

Hast thou nat livid many' a yere beforne
 Withoutin her, and farde ful wel at ese?
 Art thou for her, and for none othir borne?
 Hath kinde The wrought al only her to plesse?
 Let be, and thinke right thus in thy disese,
 That in the dice right as there fallin chaunces,
 Right so in love there come and gon plesaunces.

And yet this is a wondir most of al, 1100
 Why thou thus sorowest, feth thou wost nat yit
 Touching her goyng how that it shal fal,
 Ne if she can her selfe distourbin it,
 Thou hast nat yet assayid al her wit,
 A man maie al bet me his necke bede
 Whan it shal of, and forowen at the nede.

Forthy take hede of al that I shal say;
 I have with her ispoke and longe ibe,
 So as accordid was betwixe us twey,
 And evirmore me thinkith thus, that she 1110
 Hath somwhat in her hert's privite,
 Wherwith she can, if I shal aright rede,
 Disturbe al this, of whiche thou art in drede.

For which my counfel is, whan it is night
 Thou to her go, and make of this an ende;
 And blisful Juno, through her gretè might
 Shal (as I hope) her grace unto us fende;
 Mine hert seith certaine that she shal nat wende,
 And forthy put thine hert a while in rest,
 And holde thy purpose, for it is the best. 1120

This Troilus answerde, and sighid sore,
 Thou faist right wel, and I wil do right so;
 And what him list, he said unto him more,
 And whan that it was timè for to go
 Ful privily himselfe withoutin mo
 Unto her came, as he was wont to done,
 And how thei wrought, I shal you tellin sone.

Soth is, that when thei gonnin first to mete,
 So gan the paine ther hertis for to twiste,
 That neithir of 'hem othir mightè grete, 1130
 But 'hem in armis toke, and aftir kiste;
 The lasse wofull of 'hem bothe ne wiste
 Wher that he was, ne might o word out bring,
 As I said erst, for wo and for sobbing.

The woful teris, that thei letin fal,
 As bittir werin out of teris kinde
 For paine, as is ligne aloes, or gal;
 So bittir teris wept nat, as I finde,
 The wofull Myrrha, through the barke and rinde,
 That in this world ther n'is so hard an hert 1140
 That n'old have rewid on her painis smert.

But whan ther wofull wery gostis twaine
 Returnid ben, there as 'hem ought to dwell,
 And that somewhat to wekin gan the paine
 By length of plainte, and ebbin gan the wel
 Of ther salt teris, and the hert unswel,
 With brokin voice, all horse for shright, Creseide
 To Troilus these ilke wordis seide.

O Jove, I die, and mercy The besече,
 Helpe, Troilus: and therwithal her face 1150
 Upon his brest she laid, and lost her speche,
 Her wofull spirite from his propir place
 Right with the worde away in point to pace,
 And thus she lith, with hewis pale and grene,

That whilom fresh and fairist was to sene.

This Troilus that on her gan beholde,
 Cleping her name, and she lay as for ded,
 Withoutin answe, and felte her limmes colde,
 Her eyin throwin upwarde to her hed;
 This so'rouful man can now non othir rede, 1160
 But oftin time her colde mouthe he kiste,
 Where him was wo, God and himself it wiste.

He risith up, and long straite he her leide;
 For signe of life, for aught he can or may,
 Can he none finde, in nothing of Creseide,
 For whiche his songe ful oft is welaway!
 But whan he sawe that spechelesse she lay,
 With so'rouful voice, and hert of blisse al bare
 He said, how she was fro this world ifare.

So aftir that he long had her complained, 1170
 His hondis wronge, and said that was to sey,
 And with his teris salt her brest berained,
 He gan tho teris wipin of full drey,
 And pitoufly gan for the soule prey,
 And said, O Lord, that set art in thy trone,
 Rewe eke on me, for I shal folow' her sone.

She colde was, and withoutin sentement,
 For aught he wote, for brethe yet felte he none,
 And this was him a preignant argument
 That she was forth out of this worlde agone; 1180
 And when he saw there was non othir wonne,
 He gan her limmis dresse in suche manere,
 As men don them that shall ben laide on bere.

And aftir this, with sterne and cruill herte,
 His swerd anon out of his sheth he twight,
 Himselfe to sleen, how fore so that him smerte,
 So that his soule her soule folowin might,
 There as the dome of Minos would it dight,
 Sith love and cruil fortune it ne would
 That in this world he lengir livin should. 1190

Than said he thus, fulfild of high disdaine,
 O cruil Jove, and thou fortune adverse,
 This al and some is, falsely have ye slaine
 Creseide, and sith ye may do me no werse,
 Fie on your might and werkis so diverse,
 Thus cowardely ye shul me nevir winne,
 There shal no deth me fro my lady twinne.

For I this world, sith ye have slain her thus,
 Wol let, and folow' her spirit lowe or hie,
 Shal nevir lovir saine that Troilus 1200
 Dare nat for fere with his lady die,
 For certaine I wol bere her companie;
 But sithe ye wol nat suffre' us livin here,
 Yet suffrith that our soulis ben ifere.

And thou, Cite, in whiche I live in wo,
 And thou Priam, and brethrin al ifere,
 And thou my mothir, farwel, for I go,
 And Atropos make redy thou my bere,
 And thou Creseide, o swete herte dere,
 Receve thou now my spirite, would he sey 1210
 With swerde at hert, al redy for to dey.

But as God would of swough she tho abraide,
 And gan to fighe, and Troilus she cride;
 And he answerid, lady mine Creseide,
 Livin ye yet? and let his swerde doune glide;
 Ye herte mine, that thankid be Cupide,
 (Qd she) and therwithal she fore sight;
 And he began to glade her as he might:

Toke

Toke her in armis two, and kiste her ofte;
And her to glad he did al his entent, 1220
For whiche her gost, that flickered aie alofte,
Into her wofull hert aieh it went;
But at the laste, as that her eyin glent
Aside, anon she gan his swerde asprie,
As it lay bare, and gan for fere to crie;

And askid him, why he had it out drawe?
And Troilus anon the cause her tolde,
And how himself therwith he would have slawe:
For whiche Creseide upon him gan beholde,
And gan him in her armis fast to folde, 1230
And saide, o mercy God, lo whiche a dede!
Alas, how nighe we werin bothè dede!

Than if I ne hadde spokin, as grace was,
Ye would have slaine your selfe anon qð she;
Ye doutlesse: and she answerde alas!
For by that ilke Lorde that made me
I n'olde a forlong waie on live have be
Aftir your deth, to have ben crounid Quene
Of al the londe the sunne on shinith shene.

But with this selvè swerde, which that here is, 1240
My selfin I would have slaine (qð she) tho.
But ho, for we have right inough of this,
And let us rise and straite to bedde go
And there let us yspekin of our wo,
For by that morter, whiche that I se brenne,
Know I ful well, that day is nat far henne.

Whan thei wer in ther bedde in armis folde,
Naught was it like tho nightis here before,
For petously eche othir gan beholde,
As thei that haddin al ther blisse ilorne, 1250
Bewailing al the daie that thei were borne,
Till at the last this wofull wight Creseide
To Troilus these ilke wordis seide.

Lo hertè mine, wel wote ye this (qð she)
That if a wight alwaie his wo complaine,
And sekith nat how holpin for to be,
It n'is but folie, and encrece of paine;
And sens that here assemblid be we twaine
To findin bote of wo that we ben in,
It were all time right sone for to begin. 1260

I am a woman, as ful wel ye wotte,
And as I am avisid sodainly,
So wol I tel it you, while it is hotte;
Me thinkith thus, that neithir ye nor I
Ought halfe this wo to makin skilfully,
For there is art inough for to redresse
That yet is misse, and sleen this heviness.

Soth is, the wo the whiche that we ben inne,
For aught I wote, for nothing ellis is,
But for the causè that we should ytwinne, 1270
Confidrid al, there n'is no more amis;
And what is than a remedy' unto this,
But that we shape us sone for to mete?
This al and some is, my dere hertè swete.

Now that I shal wel bringin it aboute
To comen' ayen, sone aftir that I go,
Therof am I no manir thing in doute;
For dredelasse within a weke or two
I shal ben here, and that it may be so,
By allè right, and that in wordis few, 1280
I shal you wel an hepe of wayis shewe.

For whiche I woll nat makin longe sermon,
For time iloste may not recovered be,

But I wol go to my conclufion,
And to the beste, in aught that I can se,
And for the love of God forgeve it me
If I speke aught aienst your hert's reste,
For trewily I speke it for the beste.

Making alway a protestacion,
That in effect this thing that I shall say, 1290
N'is but to shewin you my mocion
To find unto our helpe the beste way,
And takith it none othirwise I pray,
For finally, what so ye me commaunde,
That wol I done, for that is no demaunde.

Now herkenith this, ye have well understond
My goyng grautitid is by parlyment,
So ferforth that it may not ben withstond
For al this world, as by my jugement, 1300
And sithe there helpith none avisement
To lettin it, lette it passe out of mind,
And let us shape a bettir waie to finde.

The sothe is this, the twinning of us twaine
Wol us disese, and cruilly anoie,
But him behovith somtime havin paine
That servith love, if that he wol have joie,
And sith I shal no farthir out of Troie
Than I maie ride aien on halfe a morowe,
It ought the lasse causin us for to sorowe;

So as I shal nat now ben hid in mewes, 1310
That day by day, min ownè hertè dere,
Sens wel ye wote that it is now a trewe,
Ye shal ful wel al mine estate yhere;
And er that truce is done, I shal ben here;
And thus have ye both Antenor iwonne,
And me also, bethe glad now, if ye conne;

And thinke right thus, Creseide is now agon;
But what? she shal come hastily ayen;
And whan alas! by God, lo right anon,
Er dayis ten, this dare I safely saine, 1320
And than as erste shall we be bothè saine,
So as we shall togethers evir dwell,
That al this worlde ne might our blisse tell.

I se that oft time, there as we ben now,
That for the beste, our counsaile for to hide,
Ye speke nat with me, nor I with you,
In fourtenight; ne se you go ne ride;
And may ye nat ten dayis than abide
For mine honour, in suche an avinture?
Iwis ye mowe, or ellis lite endure. 1330

Ye knowe eke howe that all my kin is here,
But if that onely it my fathir be,
And eke mine othir thingis al ifere,
And namily my derè hertè ye,
Whom that I n'oldè levin for to se
For al this worlde, as wide as it hath space,
Or ellis se I nevir jov's face.

Why trowin ye my fathir in this wise
Covetith so to se me, but for drede,
Leste in this toun that folkis me dispise, 1340
Bicause of him, for his unhappy dede?
What wote my fathir what life that I lede?
For if he wist in Troie how wel I fare,
Us nedid for my wending nat to care.

Ye sene that every day eke more and more
Men trete of pece, and it supposid is
That men the Quene Helena shal restore,
And Grekis us restore that is amis;

So

So though there ne were comfort none but this,
That men purposin pece on every side. 1350
Ye may the bett at ese of herte abide.

For if that it be pece, mine hertè dere,
The nature of the pece mote nedis drive,
That men must entrecommunin ifere,
And to and fro eke ride and gone as blive,
Al day as thicke as Been flien from an hive,
And every wight have liberty to bleve
Where as him list the bet withoutin leve.

And though so be that pece ther maie be none,
Yet hither, though ther nevir pece ne were, 1360
I must ycome, for whiſir should I gone?
Or how mischaunce should I dwellin there
Among tho men of armis evre' in fere?
For whiche, as wisely God my soule rede,
I can nat sene wherof ye shouldin drede.

Have here anothir way, if it so be
That al this thing ne maie you not suffice;
My fathir, as ye knowin wel parde,
Is holdin olde, and ful of covitise,
And I right nowe have foundin al the gife, 1370
Withoutin nette wherwith I shal him hent,
And herkenith now, if that ye wol assent;

Lo! Troilus, men faine full harde it is
The wolfe ful, and the weſir whole to have;
This is to faine, that men full oft iwis
Mote spendin parte the remnant for to save;
For aie with Golde men maie the hert ygrave
Of him, that is set upon covitise,
And how I mene, I shal it you devise:

The movable, whiche I have in this toun, 1380
Unto my fathir shal I take, and saie,
That right for trust, and for salvacioun,
It sent is, from a frende of his or twaie,
The which frendis do fervently him praie
To sendin astir more, and that in hie,
While that this toun stant thus in jeopardie;

And that shal be of golde huge quantite;
Thus shal I sain, but lest folke it aspide,
This maie be sent by no wight but by me;
I shal eke shewin him, if pece betide, 1390
What frendis that I have on every side
To doe the wrathe of Priamus to pace
Towardis him, and don him stand in grace.

So what for o thing and for othir, swete,
I shal him so enchauntin with my sawes,
That right in hevin his soule shal he mete,
For al Apollo, or his clerkis lawes,
Or calculing, availith nat thre hawes;
Desire of Golde shal so his soule blende,
That as me liste I shal wel make an ende. 1400

And if he would aught by his fort it preve
If that I lie, in certaine I shal fonde
Disturbin him, and plucke him by the sleve,
Makin his sorte, and berin him on honde,
He hath nat wel the Goddis undirfonde;
For Goddis speke in amphibologies,
And for o sothe thei tellin twenty lies;

Eke dredè fond first Goddis, I suppose;
Thus shal I faine, and that his cowarde herte
Made him amis the Goddis text to glofe, 1410
Whan he for ferdè out of Troiè sterte;
And but I makin him sone to converte,
And done my rede, within a day or twey,

I wol to you obligè me to dey.

And trewily, as writtin wel I finde,
That al this thing was said of gode entent,
And that her hertè trewe was and kinde
Towardis him, and spake right as she ment,
And that she starfe for wo nigh when she went,
And was in purpose evir to be trewe, 1420
Thus writin thei, that of her werkis knewe.

This Troilus, with hert and eris sprad,
Herde al this thing devisid to and fro,
And verily it semid that he had
The selvin witte, but yet to let her go,
His hertè misforyave him evirmo;
But finally he gan his hertè wrest
To trustin her, and toke it for the best.

For whiche the grete fury of his penaunce
Was queint with hope, and therwith 'hem bitwene
Began for joyè the amorous daunce,
And as the birdis, when the sunnè shene
Delitin in ther songe, in levis grene,
Right so the wordis, that thei spake ifere,
Delitin them, and made ther hertis chere.

But nathèlesse, the wending of Creseide
For al this world may nat out of his minde,
For whiche ful oft he petously her preide,
That of her heste he might her trewe yfinde,
And saide her, certis if ye be unkinde, 1440
And but ye come at daie set into Troie,
Ne shal I nere have hele, honor, ne joie.

For all so sothe as sunne uprist to morow,
And God, so wisely thou me wofull wretche
To rest ybring, out of this cruil sorow,
I wol my selvin sle, if that ye dretche,
But of my deth though litil be to retche
Yet er that ye me causin so to smerte,
Dwel rathir here mine ownè dere swete herte.

For trewily mine ownè lady dere, 1450
The sleightis yet, that I have herd you stere,
Ful shapely ben to fallin al ifere,
For thus men saith, *that one thinkith the bere,*
But al anothir thinkith the ledere;
Your fire is wise, and said is out of drede,
Men may the wise outrenne, and nat ourrede.

It is full harde to haltin unespied
Before a crepil, for he can the crafte;
Your fathir is in sleight as Argus eied,
For al be' it that his movble' is him birafte, 1460
His oldè sleight is yet so with him laste;
Ye shal not blende him for your womanhede,
Ne faine aright, and that is al my drede.

I n'ot, if pece shall evirmo betide,
But pece or no, for earnest ne for game,
I wote sith Calchas on the Grekis side
Hath onis ben, and lost so foule his name,
He dare no more come here ayen for shame,
For whiche that we, for ought I can espy,
To trustin on, n'is but a fantasie. 1470

Ye shal eke sene your fathir shall you glofe
To ben a wife, and, as he can wel preche,
He shal some Greke so prese and wel alofe,
That ravishin he shal you with his speche,
Or do you done by force, as he shal teche,
And Troilus, on whom you n'il have routh,
Shal causelesse so stervin in his trowth.

And

And ore al this your fathir shal dispise
 Us al, and faine this cite is but lorne,
 And that th' assigè nevir shal arise, 1480
 For why the Grekis have it allè sworne,
 Til we ben slaine, and doun our wallis torne;
 And thus he shal you with his wordis fere,
 That aie drede I, that ye wol blevin there.

Ye shall eke sene so many' a lusty knight
 Among the Grekis, ful of worthinesse,
 And eche of 'hem, with hertè, wit, and might,
 To plesin you, done al his businesse,
 That ye shull dullin of the rudinesse 1490
 Of us the sely Trojans, but if routhè
 Remordin you, or vertue of your trouthe.

And this to me so grevoufe is to thinke,
 That fro my brest it wol my soule rende,
 Ne dredelesse in me there may nat sinke
 Of gode opinion, if that ye wende,
 For why? your fathir's sleightis wol us shende,
 And if ye gone, as I have tolde you yore;
 So thinke I n'am but ded, withoutin more:

For which with humble, true and pitous hert
 A thousande timis mercie I you praie, 1500
 So rewit on mine aspre painis smert,
 And doth somewhat, as that I shal you saie,
 And let us stele away betwixt us twaie,
 And thinke that foly' is, whan a man maie chese;
 For accident his substaunce for to lese:

I menè thus, that fens we mowe or daie
 Well stele awaie, and ben together so,
 What wit were it to puttin in assaie,
 (In case ye shouldin to your fathir go)
 If that ye mightin come aien or no? 1510
 Thus mene I, that it were a grete folie
 To put that sikirnesse in jeopardie.

And vulgarly to spekin of substaunce,
 Of trefour may we bothè with us lede
 Ynough to live in honour and plesaunce,
 Untill the timè, that we shall ben dede;
 And thus we may eschewin all this drede,
 For every othir waie ye can recorde,
 Mine hert iwis maie therwith nat acorde.

And hardily ne dredith no povertè, 1520
 For I have kin and frendis ellis where,
 That though we comin in our bare sherte
 Us shoulde nevir lacke ne Golde ne gere,
 But ben honourid while we dweltin there;
 And go we' anone, for as in mine entent
 This is the best, if that ye wol assent.

Creseide with a sighe, right in this wise
 Answerid him, iwis my dere hert trewe,
 We maie well stele away, as ye devise, 1530
 And findin suche unthrifty wayis newe,
 But aftirwarde ful sore it wol us rewe,
 And helpe me God so at my mostè nede,
 As causelesse ye suffrin al this drede.

For thilkè day that I for cherishing
 Or drede of fathir, or for othir wight,
 Or for estate, delite, or for weding,
 Be false to you, my Troilus, my knight,
 Saturnus doughtir Juno, through her might
 As wode as Atalanta do me dwell
 Eternally in Styx the pit of Hell. 1540

And this, on every God celestiaall
 I swere it you, and eke on eche Goddesse,

On every Nymph, and deite infernall,
 On Satyrys and Faunys more and lesse;
 That halvè Goddis ben of wildirnesse,
 And Atropos my thred of life to brest,
 If I be false; now trowe me if you lest.

And thou Simois, that as an arowe clere
 Through Troie rennist aie downward to the Se,
 Be witnesse of this worde, that said is here, 1550
 That thilkè day that I untrewè be
 To Troilus, mine ownè hertè fre,
 That thou returne backwarde unto thy well,
 And I with body and soule sinke to hell.

But that ye speke awaie thus for to go,
 And lettin al your frendis, God forbede
 For any woman that ye shouldin so!
 And namily sens Troy hath now such nede
 Of helpe; and eke of o thing takith hede,
 If this were wiste, my life laie in balaunce, 1560
 And your honor, God shilde us fro mischaunce.

And if so be that pece hereaftir take,
 As al daie happith aftir angre game,
 Why, lorde, the sorow' and wo ye woldin make,
 That ye ne durst comin ayen for shame!
 And er that ye jeopardin so your name
 Beth nat to hasty in this hottè fare,
 For hasty man ne wantith nevir care.

What trowe ye the peple eke al aboute
 Would of it say? it is ful light to' arede; 1570
 Thei woldin say, and swere it out of doute,
 That love ne drave you nat to don this dede,
 But luste voluptuous, and cowarde drede;
 Thus were al losse iwis, mine hertè dere,
 Your honour, whiche that now so shinith clere.

And also thinkith on mine honeste,
 That flourith yet, how foule I should it shende,
 And with what filth it spottid shoulde be,
 If in this forme I shoulde with you wende,
 Ne though I lived unto the world's ende 1580
 My name should I nevir ayenward winne;
 Thus were I lost, and that were routh and sinne.

And forthy, she with reson al this hete;
 Men faine, *the suffraunt overcometh parde*,
 Eke *who so wol have lese, he lese mote lete*;
 Thus makith vertue of necessite
 By pacience, and thinke that lorde is he
 Of fortune aie, that naught woll of her retch,
 And she ne dauntith no wight but a wretch.

And trustith this, that certis, hertè swete, 1590
 Or Phæbus sustir Lucina the shene
 The Lion passith, out of this Arite,
 I woll ben here, withoutin any wene,
 I mene, as helpe me Juno hevin's Quene,
 The tenth daie, but if that deth me assaile,
 I woll you sene, withoutin any faile.

And now so this be sothe (qð Troilus)
 I shall well suffre unto the tenth daie,
 Sens that I se that nede it mote ben thus;
 But for the love of God, if it be maie, 1600
 So let us stelin privily awaie,
 For evre' in one as for to live in rest
 Mine hertè saith that it woll be the best.

O mercie God, what life is this (qð she)
 Alas! ye flea me thus for very tene,
 I se well now that ye mistrustin me,
 For by your wordis it is well ifene;

M n m m

Now

Now for the love of Cynthia the shene
Mistrust me nat thus causelesse for routh,
Sens to be true I have you plight my trowth. 1610

And thinkith wel, that somtime it is wit
To spendin a time, a time for to win,
Ne parde lorne am I nat fro you yet,
Though that we ben a daie or two atwin,
Drive out tho fantasies you have within,
And trustith me, and levith eke your sorow,
Or here my trowth, I wol nat live til morow.

For if ye wist, how fore it doeth me smerte,
Ye woulde cesse of this, for, God, thou wost
The pure spirite ywepith in mine herte 1620
To sene you wepin, whiche that I love most,
And that I mote gon to the Grekis holste;
Ye, n'ere it that I wist a remedie
To come ayen, right here I woulde die.

But certis I am not so nice a wight,
That I ne can imaginin awaie
To come ayen that daie that I have hight;
For who maie holden' a thing that wol awaie?
My fathir naught, for all his queintè plaie;
And by my thrift, my wending out of Troie 1630
Anothir daie shall tourne us all to joie.

Forthy with all mine hertè I you beseke,
If that you list doen aught for my praier,
And for the love, whiche that I love you eke,
That er that I departin fro you here,
That of so gode a comfort and a chere
I maie you sene, that ye maie bring at rest
Mine hertè, whiche is at the point to brest.

And ore al this I praie you qð she tho,
Mine ownè hert'is sothfast suffisaunce, 1640
Sith I am thine all whole withoutin mo,
That while that I am absent no plesaunce
Of othir doe me fro your remembraunce,
For I am er agast, for why? men rede,
That love is thing aie full of busie drede.

For in this worlde there livith ladie none,
If that ye were untrue, as God defende!
That so betrayid were, or wo begon
As I, that allè trouthe in you entende, 1650
And douteless, if that I othir wende,
I n'ere but dedde, and er ye cause yfinde,
For Godd'is love, so beth me naught unkinde.

To this answerid Troilus, and seide,
Now God, to whom there n'is no cause iwrie,
Ne glad, as wis I nevir to Creseide,
Sithe thilkè daie I sawe her first with eye,
Was false, ne nevir shall till that I die,
At short wordis well ye maie me bileve,
I can no more, it shall be founde at preve.

Graunt mercy gode hert mine iwis (qð she) 1660
And, blisful Venus, let me nevir sterve,
Er I maie stonde of plesaunce in degre
To quite him well, that so well can deserve,
And while that God my wit will me conserve,
I shall so doen, so true I have you found,
That aie honour to me ward shall rebounde.

For trustith well, that your estate roiall,
Ne veine delite, nor onely worthinesse
Of you in werre, or turnaie marciall,
Ne pompe, arraie, nobley, or eke richesse, 1670
Ne madin me to rue on your distresse,
But morall vertue, groundid upon trowth,

That was the cause I first had on you routh.

Eke gentle hert, and manhode that ye had,
And that ye had (as me thought) in dispite
Every thing that sownid into bad,
As rudenesse, and peplishe appetite,
And that your refon bridlid your delite,
This made abovin every cature
That I was yours, and shall while I maie dure.

And this may length of yeris nat fordoo,
Ne remuable fortunè deface,
But Jupiter, that of his might maie doe
The sorowfull be glade, so yeve us grace,
Er nightis tenne, to metin in this place,
So that it maie your herte and mine suffise,
And fare now well, for time is that ye rise.

And afir that thei long iplainid had,
And oft ikest, and straite in armis folde, 1690
The daie gan rise, and Troilus him clad,
And rufully his Ladie gan behold
As he that felt of deth'is caris cold,
And to her grace he gan him recommaunde,
Where he was wo, this hold I no demaunde:

For mann'is hedde imaginin ne can,
Ne' entendement confidir, ne tongue tell,
The cruill painis of this wofull man,
That passin every tourment doune in hell;
For whan he sawe that she ne might ydwell,
Whiche that his soule out of his body rent, 1700
Withoutin more out of the chambre' he went.

Explicit liber quartus.



Incipit liber quintus.

A Prochin gan the fatall destine,
That Jovis hath in disposicioun,
And to you angrie Parca sustrin thre,
Committith to doen execucioun,
For whiche Creseide must out of the toun,
And Troilus shall dwellin forth in pine,
Till Lachesis his threde no lengir twine.

The goldin tressid Phœbus high on loft
Thryis had allè with his bemis clere 10
The Snowis molte, and Zephirus as oft
Ibrought ayen the tendir levis grene,
Sens that the sonne of Hecuba the Quene
Began to love her first, for whom his sorowe
Was all, that she departin should amorowe.

Full redy was at primè Diomede
Creseide unto the Grekis holste to lede,
For sorowe' of whiche she felt her hertè blede,
As she that ne wist what was best to rede:
And truily, as men in bokis rede, 20
Men wistè nevir woman have the care,
Ne was so lothe out of a toun to fare.

This Troilus withoutin rede or lore,
As man that hath his joyis eke forlore,
Was waiting on his ladie evirmore,
As she that was the sothfast crophe and more
Of all his lust or joyis heretofore,
But Troilus, now farwell all thy joie,
For shalt thou nevir sene her eft in Troie:

Soth

Soth is, that while he bode in this manere
He gan his wo full manly for to hide,
That well unneth it sene, was in his chere,
But at the yate there she should out ride
With certain folke he hovid her to' abide,
So wo bigon, all would he not him plain,
That on his hors unneth he fate for pain.

For ire he quoke, so gan his hertè gnawe
Whan Diomedè on hors gan him to dight,
And saied unto himself this ilke sawe,
Alas (qð he) thus foule a wretchidnesse
Why suffre' I it? Why n'ill I it redresse?
Were it nat bet at onis for to die
Than evirmore in langour thus to drie?

Why n'ill I make at onis riche and pore
To have enough to doen er that she go?
Why n'ill I bring all Troie upon a rore?
Why n'ill I slaen this Diomedè also?
Why n'ill I rathir with a man or two
Stele her awaie? Why woll I this endure?
Why n'ill I helpin to mine ownè cure?

But why he n'oldè doen so fell a dede,
That shall I sain, and why him list it spare,
He had in herte alwaie a manir drede
Left that Creseide, in rumour of this fare,
Should have ben slain, lo! this was al his care,
And ellis certain, as I sayid yore,
He had it doen, withoutin wordis more.

Creseidè, whan she redy was to ride,
Full sorowfully sighed, and saied alas!
But forthe she mote, for aught that maie betide,
And forthe she ritte a full sobirly pafe,
There is none othir remedy' in this case,
What wondir is, though that her fore smert,
Whan she forgoith her owne swetè herte.

This Troilus in gife of curtisie
With hauke on hond, and with an hugè rout
Of knightis, rode and did her companie,
Ypassing all the valey, ferre without,
And ferthir would have riddin out of doubt
Full faine, and wo was him to gone so sone,
But tourne he must, and it was eke so doen.

And right with that was Antenor icome
Out of the Grekis hoste, and every wight
Was of him glad, and saied he was welcome,
And Troilus, all n'ere his hertè light,
He painid him with all his fullè might
Him to withholde of weping at the left,
And Antenor he kist, and made grete fest.

And therwithall he must his leve ytake,
And cast his eye upon her pitously,
And nere he rode, his causè for to make,
To take her by the honde all sobirlic,
And Lorde! so she gan wepin tendirlic,
And he full soft and slygly gan her seie,
Now holde your daie, and doe me not to deie.

With that his courfir tournid he about
With face full pale, and unto Diomedè
No worde he spake, ne none of all his rout,
Of whiche the sonne of Tydeus toke hede,
As he that kouthè morè than the crede
In soche a craft, and by the rain her hent,
And Troilus to Troie homwardis went.

This Diomedè, that lad her by the bridell,
Whan that he sawe the folke of Troie awaie,

Thought, all my labor shall not ben on idell,
If that I maie, for somewhat shall I saie,
For at the worst, it shortin maie our waie,
I have herd saie eke timis twisè twelve,
He is a fole that woll foryete him selve.

But nathèlesse, this thought he well inough,
That certainly I am aboutin naught
If that I speke of love, or make it tought,
For doutilefs if she have in her thought
Him that I gesse, he maie not ben ibrought
So sone awaie, but I shall finde a mene
That she nat yet wete shall what that I mene.

This Diomedè, as he that could his gode,
Whan this was doen, gan fallin forth in speche
Of this and that, and askin why she stode
In soche difese, and gan her eke beseche,
That if that he encrefin might or eche
With any thing heresè, that she should
Commaunde it him, and saied he doen it would.

For truely he swore her as a knight
That ther n'as thing, with which he might her plesè,
That he n'olde doen his pain, and al his might,
To doen it, for to doen her herte an ese,
And prayid her she would her sorowe' apese,
And saied, iwis we Grekis can have joie
To honoure you, as well as folke of Troie.

He saied eke thus, I wot you thinkith straunge,
No wondir is, for it is to you newe,
Th' acquaintance of these Trojans for to chaunge
For folke of Grece, which that ye nevir knewe,
But woulde nevir God, but if as true
A Greke ye should emong us all yfinde
As any Trojan is, and eke as kinde.

And by the cause I swore you lo! right now,
To ben your frende, and help you to my might,
And for that more acquaintance eke of you
Have I had, than anothir straungir wight,
So fro this forth I praie you daie and night
Commaundith me, how fore so that me smerte
To doen all that maie like unto your herte.

And that ye me wold, as your brothir trete,
And takith not my frendship in dispite,
And though your sorowes ben for thingis grete,
N'ot I nat why, but out of more respite
Mine hert hath for to' amende it grete delite,
And if I maie your harmis nat redresse
I am right sorie for your hevinesse.

For though ye Trojans with us Grekis wroth
Have many' a daie ben; alwaie yet parde,
O God of love, in sothe we servin bothe;
And for the love of God, my Ladie fre,
Whom so ye hate, as beth not wroth with me,
For truely there can no wight you serve,
That halfe so loth your wrathè would deserve.

And n'ere it that we ben so nere the tent
Of Calchas, whiche that sene us bothè maie,
I would of this you tell all mine entent;
But this enfeld till anothir daie,
Yeve me your honde, I am and shall be aie,
God help me so, while that my life maie dure,
Your owne, abovin evèry cature.

Thus saied I nere er now to woman borne,
For God mine herte as wisely glade so,
I lovid nevir woman here beforne
As paramours, ne nevir shall no mo,

And

And for the love of God be not my fo,
All can I not to you, my Ladie dere,
Complain aright, for I am yet to lere.

And wondrith nought mine ownè lady bright,
Though that I speke of love to you thus blive,
For I have herd or this of many' a wight,
That lovid thing he nere saw in his live;
Eke I am not of powir for to strive
Ayenst the God of Love, but him obaie
I woll alwaie, and mercie I you praie.

There beth so worthy knightis in this place,
And ye so faire, that everiche of 'hem all
Woll painin him to stondin in your grace,
But might to me so faire a grace befall
That ye me for your servaunt wouldè call,
So lowly, ne so truily you serve
N'll none of 'hem, as I shall till I sterve.

Creseide unto that purpose lite answerde,
As she that was with sorowe' oppressid so,
That in effect she naught his talis herde,
But here and there, now here a worde or two;
Her thought her sorowfull herte braist atwo, 180
For whan she gan her fathir ferre espie,
Well nigh doune of her hors she gan to sie.

But nathèlesse she thonkith Diomede
Of all his travaile and his gode chere,
And that him list his frendship to her bede,
And she acceptith it in gode manere,
And woll do fain that is him lefe and dere,
And trustin him she would, and well she might,
As sayid she, and from her hors she' alight.

Her fathir hath her in his armis nome, 190
And twentie times he kist his doughtir swete,
And saied: o dere doughtir mine welcome;
She saied eke, she was fain with him to mete,
And stode forth still, mild, muet, and manfucte;
But here I leve her with her fathir dwell,
And forthe I woll of Troilus you tell.

To Troie is come this wofull Troilus,
In sorowe abovin all sorowes smert,
With felon loke, and with face dispitous,
Tho sodainly doune from his hors he stert, 200
And through his paleyse with a swollin hert,
To chambir went, of nothing toke he hede,
Ne none to him dare speke o worde for drede.

And there his sorowes that he sparid had
He yave an issue large, and deth he cride,
And in his throwis, frenetike and mad,
He cursith Jove, Apollo, and Cupide,
He cursith Bachus, Ceres, and Cypride,
His birthe, himself, his fate, and eke nature,
And save his Ladie, evèry cature. 210

To bed he goth, and weilith there and turneth
In furie, as doeth Ixion in hell,
And in this wise he nigh till daie sojourneth,
But tho began his herte alite unswell
Through teris, which that gonnin up to wel,
And pitously he cried upon Creseide,
And to himself right thus he spake and seide;

Where is mine ownè ladie lefe and dere?
Where is her whitè brest? where is it? where?
Where ben her armis, and her eyin clere 220
That yesterdaie this timè with me were?
Now maie I wepe alone many a tere,
And graspe about I maie, but in this place,

Save a pilowe, I find naught to embrace.

How shall I doen? whan shall she come again?
I n'ot alas! why let I her so go?
As wouldè God I had as tho be slain!
O herte mine Creseide! O swetè fo!
O Ladie mine, that I love and no mo,
To whom for evirmore mine herte I vowe, 230
Se how I die, ye n'll me not rescowe!

Who seith you now, my right lodèsterre?
Who sittith now or stant in your presence?
Who can comfortin now your hert'is werre?
Now I am gon, whom ye yeve audience?
Who spekith for me now in my absence?
Alas! no wight, and that is all my care,
For well wote I, as ill as I ye fare.

How should I thus ten dayis full endure,
Whan I the first night havin all this tene? 240
And how shall she eke sorowfull cature
For tendirnesse, how shall she this sustene!
Soche wo for me! o pitous, pale, and grene
Shall woxin ben her freshe womanly face,
For langour, er she tourne unto this place.

And whan he fill in any slombringis,
Anon begin he shouldè for to grone,
And dremin of the dredfullist thingis
That might yben, as mete he were alone 250
In place horrible, making aie his mone,
Or metin that he was emongis all
His enemies, and in their hondis fall.

And therewithall his bodie shouldè sterte,
And with the starte all sodainly awake,
And soche a tremour fele about his herte,
That of the fere his bodie shouldè quake,
And therewithall he should a noise ymake,
And semin as though he should fallin depe,
From high aloft, and than he wouldè wepe,

And rewin on himself so pitously 260
That wondir was to here his fantasie;
Anothir time he shouldè mightily
Comfort himself, and fain it was folie,
So causelesse soche drede and wo to drie;
And eft begin his aspre sorowes newe,
That every man might on his painis rewe.

Who could tell all aright, or full discrive
His wo, his plaint, his langour, and his pine?
Nat all the men that han or ben on live;
Thou, redir, maieft thy self full well devine 270
That soche a wo my wit can not define;
On idell for to write it should I swinke,
Whan that my wit is werie it to thinke.

On hevin yet the steris werin sene,
Although full pale iwoxin was the Mone,
And whitin began the Horizon shene
All Estwardis, as it is wont to doen,
And Phœbus with his rosie cartè sone
Gan afir that to dresse him up to fare,
Whan Troilus hath sent afir Pandare. 280

This Pandare, that of all the daie beforne
Ne might have comin Troilus to se,
Although that he on his hedde it had sworne,
For with the King Priam al daie was he,
So that it laie nat in his liberte
No where to gon, but on the morowe' he went
To Troilus, whan that he for him sent.

For

For in his herte he couldè well devine
That Troilus all night for sorowe woke,
And that he wouldè tell him of his pine, 290
This knewe he well inough withoutin boke;
For which to chambir streight the way he toke,
And Troilus tho sobirly he grette,
And on the bedde full sone he gan him sette.

My Pandarus (qð Troilus) the sorowe,
Whiche that I drie, I maie not long endure,
I trowe I shall not livin till to morowe,
For whiche I would alwaies on avinture
To The devisin of my sepulture
The forme, and of my movble thou dispone, 300
Right as The semith best is for to doon.

But of the fire and flambè funèrall,
In whiche my body brennin shall to glide,
And of the fest and playis palestrall
At my vigile, I praie The take gode hede
That that be well, and offir Mars my stede,
My swerde, mine helme; and levè brothir dere,
My shelde to Pallas yeve, that shinith clere.

The poudre, in which min hert ibrend shal turn,
That praie I The thou take, and it conserve 310
In a vessell that men clepith an urne,
Of golde, and to my lady that I serve,
For love of whom thus pitouly I sterve,
So yeve it her, and doe me this plesaunce
To praie her kepe it for a remembraunce.

For well I felin by my maladie,
And by my dremis, now, and yore ago,
All certainly, that I mote nedis die;
The oule eke, whiche that hight Ascalapho,
Hath astir me shright all these nightis two; 320
And, God Merc'urie, now of me woful wretch
The soulè guide, and whan The list it fetche.

Pandare answerid, and saied, Troilus,
My derè frende, as I have told The yore,
That it is folie for to sorowen thus,
And causelesse, for whiche I can no more,
But who so woll not trowin rede ne lore,
I can not sene in him no remedie,
But let him worchin with his fantasie.

But Troilus, I praie The tell me now, 330
If that thou trowe er this that any wight
Hath lovid paramours as well as thou;
Ye God wot, and fro many' a worthie knight
Hath his Ladie forgon a fourtènight,
And he nat yet made halvindele the fare;
What nede is The to makin all this care?

Sens daie by daie thou maieest thy selvin se,
That from his love, or ellis from his wife
A man mote twinnin of necessite,
Ye, though he love her as his ownè life; 340
Yet n'ill he with himself thus makin strife;
For well thou wost, my levè brothir dere,
That alwaie frendis maie not ben ifere.

How doen this folke, that sene ther lovis wedded
By frendis might, as it betidith oft,
And sene 'hem in ther spousis bedde ibedded?
God wote thei take it wisely faire and soft;
For why? gode hope halt up ther herte aloft
And for thei can a time of sorowe' endure,
As time 'hem hurtith, a time doeth 'hem cure. 350

So shouldist thou endure, and lettin slide
The time, and fondè to ben glad and light,

Tenne dayis n'is not so long to abide,
And sens she to comin The hath beight
She n'ill her heft brekin for any wight;
For drede The nat, that she n'ill finde a waie
To come ayen, my life that durst I laie.

Thy swevines eke, and all soche fantasie
Drive out, and let 'hem farin to mischaunce,
For thei procede of thy melancolie, 360
That doeth The fele in slepe all this penaunce;
A strawe for all swevenis signifaunce,
God helpe me so, I coumpt 'hem not a Bene,
There wot no man aright what dremis mene.

For prestis of the temple tellin this
That dremis ben the revelacions
Of Goddis, and als well thei tell iwis
That thei ben infernalle illusions,
And Lechis saine, that of complections
Procedin thei, of fast, or glotonie, 370
Who wot in sothe thus what thei signifie?

Eke othir sain, that through impressions,
As if a wight hath tast a thing in minde,
That thereof comith soche avisions;
And othir sain, as thei in bokis finde,
That astir timis of the yere by kinde
Men dreme, and that th' effect goth by the mone;
But leve no dreme, for it is nat to doon,

Well worth of dremis aie these oldè wives,
And truly eke augurie of these foulis, 380
For fere of which men wenin lese ther lives,
As ravin's qualm, or schriching of these oulis,
To trowin on it, bothe false and foule is;
Alas! alas! that so noble' a cature
As is a man, should dredin soche ordure.

For whiche with all mine hert I The besече
Unto thy self that all this thou foryeve,
And rise now up, withoutin more speche,
And let us cast how forth maie best be drive,
The time, and eke how freshly we maie live, 390
Whan she comith, the which shall be right sone,
God helpe me so, the best is thus to doon.

Rise, let us speke of lustie life in Troie
That we have lad, and forth the timè drive,
And eke of timè coming us rejoie,
That bringin shail our blisse, now so blive,
And langour of these twise dayis five
We shall therwith so foryet or oppresse,
That well unneeth it doon shail us duresse.

This tounè is full of lordis all about, 400
And truis lastith all this menè while,
Go we playn us in some lustie rout,
To Sarpedon, not hennis but a mile,
And thus thou shalt the time well begile,
And drive it forth unto that blisfull morowe,
That thou her se, that cause is of thy sorowe.

Now rise my derè brothir Troilus,
For certis it non honour is to The
To wepe, and in thy bedde to roukin thus;
For truly of o thing trust to me 410
If thou thus ligge, a daie, or two or thre,
The folke wol wene, that thou for cowardise
The fainist sick, and that thou darst not rise.

This Troilus answerde: o brothir dere,
This knowin folke that have isuffrid pain,
That though he wepe, and make sorowfull chere,
That felith harme and smerte in every vain,
N n n n No

No wondir is, and though I evir plain,
Or alwaie wepe, I am nothing to blame,
Sens I have lost the cause of al my game. 420

But sithins of fine force I mote arise,
I shall arise, as sone as er I maie,
And God, to whom mine herte I sacrifice,
So sende us hastily the tennith daie,
For was there nevir foule so faine of Maie,
As I shall ben, whan she comith in Troie,
That cause is of my tourment and my joie.

But whiðir is thy rede (qð Troilus)
That we maie plaie us best in all this toun?
By God, my counsaile is (qð Pandarus) 430
To ride and plaie us with King Sarpedoun.
So long of this thei spekin up and down,
Till Troilus gan at the last assent
To rise, and forth to Sarpedon thei went.

This Sarpedon, as he that honourable
Was all his live, and full of hie prowesse,
With all that might iservid ben on table,
That deinte was, all coste it grete richesse,
He fedde 'hem daie by daie, that soche noblesse,
As saidin bothe the moste and eke the lest, 440
Was nere er that daie wiste at any fest.

Nor in this worlde there is none instrument
Delicious, through winde, or touch on corde,
As ferre as any wight hath er iwent,
That tonge tell, or herte maie recorde,
But at that fest, it was well herd acorde,
Ne' of Ladies eke so faire a companie
On daunce, er tho was never sene with eye.

But what availith this to Troilus
That for his sorowe nothing of it rought, 450
But evir in one his herte pitous
Full busily Creseide his Ladie sought,
On her was evir all that his herte thought,
Now this, now that so fast imagining,
That gladin iwis can him no festing.

These Ladies eke, that at this festè bene,
Sens that he sawe his Ladie was awaie,
It was his sorowe on 'hem for to sene,
Or for to here on instrumentis plaie;
For she that of his hert berith the kaie 460
Was absent, lo! this was his fantasie,
That no wight shouldè makin melodie.

Nor there n'as hour in all the daie or night,
Whan he was there as no man might him here,
That he ne saied, o lovesome Ladie bright,
How have ye farin sins that ye were there?
Welcome iwis, mine ownè ladie dere;
But welawaie: all this n'as but a mase,
Fortune his love entendid but to glase.

The lettirs eke, that she of oldè time
Had him isent, he would alone irede 470
An hundrid sithe atwixtin none and prime,
Refiguring her shape, and womanhede
Within his hert, and every worde and dede,
That passid was, and thus he drove to' an ende
The ferthè day, and thennis wolde he wende.

And saidè levè brothir Pandarus,
Intendist thou that we shall here byleve
Til Sarpedon wol forth conveyin us?
Yet were it fairir that we toke our leve; 480
For Godd's love, let us now sone at eve
Our levè take, and homwarde let us tourne;

For trewely I n'il nat thus sojourne.

Pandare answerid, be we comin hither
To fetchin fire, and rennin home again?
God helpe me so, I can nat tellin whither
We mightin gone, if I shal sothly faine,
There any wight is of us morè faine
Than Sarpedon, and if we hennis hie
Thus sodainly, I holde it vilanie: 490

Sith that we seydin we wouldin byleve
With him a weke, and now thus sodainly
The ferthè day to take of him our leve,
He wouldè wondrin on it trewely;
Let us holde forth our purpose fermely,
And sens that ye behightin him to' abide,
Holde forwarder now, and aftir let us ride.

This Pandarus with mochil pine and wo
Made him to dwel, and at the wek's ende
Of Sarpedon thei toke ther leve to go, 500
And on ther way they spedin 'hem to wende:
(Qð Troilus) now lorde me grace sende
That I maie findin at mine home-comming
Creseide comin, and therwith gan he sing.

Ye halif wodè thought ywis Pandare,
And to him selfe ful softly he seide,
God wote refroidin may this hottè fare
Er Calcas sendè Troilus Creseide;
But nathelesse he japid thus, and seide,
And swore iwis, his hert him wel behight 510
She wouldin come, as sone as er she might.

Whan thei unto the paleis were icomen
Of Trolus, thei doun of horse alight,
And to the chambre ther waie have thei nommen,
And unto timè that it gan to night
Thei spekin of Creseide the lady bright,
And aftir this, whan that 'hem bothe leste,
Thei spede 'hem fro the suppir unto rest.

On morow' as sone as day began to clere
This Troilus gan of his slepe to' abreide, 520
And to Pandarus his owne brothir dere,
For love of God sat pitoussly he seide,
As go we sene the paleis of Creseide,
For sens we yet maie have none othir fest,
So let us sene her paleis at the lest!

And therwithall his meinè for to blende
A cause he fonde into the toun to go,
And to Creseid's paleis thei gon wende,
But lorde! this sely Troilus was wo,
Him thought his sorouful hert braist atwo, 530
For when he saw her doris sperrid all,
Wel nigh for sorow' adoun he gan to fall.

Therwith when he was ware, and gan behold
How shet was every window of the place,
As frost him thought his hert began to cold,
For whiche with chaungid dedly palè face
Withoutin worde he forth by gan to pace,
And as God would, he gan so fast to ride,
That no wight of his countinaunce aspide.

Than saide he thus: O paleis desolate, 540
O house of housis whilom best ydight,
O paleis empty and disconsolate,
O thou lanterne, of which queint is the light,
O paleis whilom day, that now art night,
Wel oughtist thou to fal, and I to die,
Sens she is went, that wont was us to gie.

O paleis

O paleis whilom crone of housis al,
 Enluminid with sunne of allè blisse,
 O ring, of whiche the rubie is out fall,
 O cause of wo, that cause hast ben of blisse, 550
 Yet sens I may no bet, faine would I kilse
 Thy coldè doris, durst I for this route,
 And farwel shrine, of whiche the faint is out.

Therwith he cast on Pandarus his eie
 With chaungid face, and pitous to beholde,
 And whan he might his time aright aspie,
 Aie as he rode, to Pandarus he tolde
 His newe sorow, and eke his joyis olde,
 So petously, and with so ded an hewe
 That every wight might on his sorow rewe. 560

Fro thennis forth he ridith up and doune,
 And every thing came him to remembraunce,
 As he rode forth by placis of the tounne
 In whiche he whilom had all his plesaunce;
 Lo! yondir saw I mine owne lady daunce,
 And in that temple with her eyin clere
 Me captive caught first my right lady dere.

And yondir have I herde ful lustily
 My dere hert Creseide laugh, and yondir plaie
 Sawe I her onis eke ful blisfully, 570
 And yondir onis to me gan she saie
 Now gode swete, lovith me wel I you praye,
 And yonde so godely gan she me beholde
 That to the deth mine hert is to her holde:

And at the cornir in the yondir houe
 Herde I mine aldirlevist lady dere
 So womanly with voice melodious
 Singin so wel, so godely and so clere,
 That in my soule yet me thinkith I here
 The blisful sowne, and in that yondir place 580
 My lady first me toke unto her grace.

Than thought he thus, o blisfull lorde Cupide,
 Whan I the processe have in memorie
 How thou me hast weried on every side,
 Men might a boke make of it like a storie;
 What nede is The to seke on me victorie,
 Sens I am thine, and wholly at thy will,
 What joy hast thou thine ownè folke to spill?

Wel hast thou, lorde, iwroke on me thine ire,
 Thou mighty God, and dredful for to greve, 590
 Now mercy, lorde, thou wost wel I desire
 Thy grace moſte, of allè lustis leve,
 And live and die I wol in thy beleve,
 For whiche I ne' aske in guerdon but a bone,
 That thou Creseide aien me fendè sone.

Distrainin her hert as fast to returne,
 As thou doest mine to longin her to se,
 Than wote I wel that she n'il nat sojourne;
 Now blisful lorde, so cruil thou ne be
 Unto the blode of Troie, I praie The, 600
 As Juno was unto the blode Thebane,
 For whiche the folke of Thebis caught ther bane.

And aftir this he to the yatis wente,
 Ther as Creseide out rode, a full gode paas,
 And up and down there made he many' a wente,
 And to him selfe ful oft he said alas!
 Fro hennis rode my blisse and my solas,
 As wouldè blisful God now for his joie
 I might her sene ayen comin to Troie.

And to the yondir hil I gan her gide; 610
 Alas! and there I toke of her my leve,

And yonde I sawe her to her fathir ride,
 For sorow of whiche mine hert shal to cleve,
 And hithir home I came whan it was eve,
 And here I dwel, out cast from allè joie,
 And shal, til I maie sene her este in Troie.

And of him selfe imaginid he ofte
 To ben defait.d, pale, and woxin lesse
 Than he was wonte, and that men saidin softe
 What may it be? who can the sothè gesse 620
 Why Troilus hath al this heviness?
 And al this n'as but his melancolie,
 That he had of him selfe suche fantasie.

Anothir time imaginin he would
 That every wight that went by the wey
 Had of him routhe, and that thei fainè should
 I am right sory, Troilus wol dey:
 And thus he drove a daie yet forth or twey,
 As ye have herde, suche life gan he to lede
 As he that stode betwixin hope and drede. 630

For which him likid in his songis shewe
 Th' encheson of his wo, as he best might,
 And made a songe, of wordis but a fewe,
 Somwhat his wofull hertè for to light,
 And whan he was from every mann's sight,
 With softe voice he of his lady dere,
 That absent was; gan sing, as ye maie here.

O sterre, of whiche I lost have all the light,
 With hertè fore wel ought I to bewaile
 That evir derke in turment, night by night, 640
 Towarde my deth with winde I stere and faile,
 For whiche the tennith night, if that I faile
 The giding of thy bemis bright an houre,
 My ship and me Carybdis woll devour.

This songè when he thus songin had, sone
 He fil aien into his sighis olde,
 And every night, as was his wont to done,
 He stode the bright monè to beholde,
 And al his sorowe he to the mone tolde,
 And said, iwis whan thou art hornid newe 650
 I shal be glad, if al the world be trewe.

I saw thine hornis olde eke by that morow
 Whan hennis rode my bright lady dere,
 That cause is of my turment and my sorow,
 For whiche, o bright Lucina the clere,
 For love of God ren fast about thy sphere,
 For whan thine hornis newe ginnin to spring
 Than shal she come that maie my blisse ybring.

The daie is more, and lengir every night
 Than thei ben wont to be, him thoughtè tho, 660
 And that the sunnè went his course unright
 By lengir waie than it was wont to go,
 And said, iwis I drede me evirmo
 The sunn'is sonne Phaeton be on live,
 And that his fathir's carre amisse he drive.

Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke,
 And on the Grekis host he would yse,
 And to him selfe right thus he would ytalke:
 Lo! yondir is mine ownè lady fre,
 Or ellis yondir, there the tentis be, 670
 And thence comith this ayre that is so sote,
 That in my soule I fele it doth me bote.

And hardily this winde, that more and more
 Thus stoundemele encrefith in my face,
 Is of my ladies depè sighis fore;
 I preve it thus, for in none othir space

Of

Of al this toun, save onely in this place
Fele I no winde, that sounith so like paine,
It saith, alas! why twinid be we twaine?

This longè time he drivith forth right thus, 680
Til fully passid was the ninthè night,
And aie beside him was this Pandarus,
That besily did allè his full might
Him to comfort, and make his hertè light,
Yeving him hope alway the tenthè morow
That she shal comen, and stintin al his sorow.

Upon that othir side eke was Creseide
With women fewe, among the Grekis strong,
For whiche ful oft a day, alas! she seide,
That I was borne, wel maie mine hertè long 690
Aftir my deth, for now live I to long,
Alas! and I ne may it not amende,
For now is worfe than evir yet I wende.

My father n'il for nothing do me grace
To gone ayen, for aught I can him queme,
And it so be, that I my termè pace,
My Troilus alas! shal in his hert deme
That I am false, and so it maie wel seme,
Thus shal I have unthonke on every side,
That I was borne so welaway the tide! 700

And if that I me put in jeopardie
To stele awaie by night, and it besal
That I be caught, I shal be holde a spie,
Or ellis so! this drede I most of al,
If in the hondis of some wretche I fal
I n'am but lost, al be mine hertè trewe,
Now mighty God, thou on my sorow rewe.

Ful pale iwoxin was her brightè face,
Her limmis kne, as she that al the daie
Stode whan she durst, and lokid on the place 710
There she was borne, and she had dwellid aye,
And al the night weping alas! she laie,
And thus dispeirid out of allè cure
She lad her life, this soroufull cature.

Ful oft a daie she sighed eke for distresse,
And in her selfe she went aie purtraying
Of Troilus the grete worthinesse,
And al his godely wordis recording,
Sens first that daie her love began to spring,
And thus she sette her wofull hert afire 720
Through remembraunce of that she gan desire.

In all this world there n'is so cruil hert
That her had herd complainin in her sorow,
That n'old have wepin for her painis smert,
So tendirly she wept, both eve and morow,
Her nedid not no teris for to borow,
And this was yet the worst of all her paine,
Ther was no wight, to whom she durst complaine.

Ful rewfully she lokid upon Troie,
Behelde the Touris high, and eke the Hallis, 730
Alas! (qð she) the plefaunce and the joie,
The whiche that now al turnid into gal is,
Have I had oftin within yondir wallis;
O Troilus, what doest thou now she seide?
Lord whethir thou yet think upon Creseide!

Alas! that I ne' had trowid on your lore,
And went with you, as ye me redde er this,
Than had I now not sighid halfe so sore,
Who might have said, that I had don amis
To stele awaie with suche one as he is? 740
But al to late comith the lectuarie,

Whan men the corse unto the grave carie!

To late is now to speke of that matere,
Prudence, alas! one of thine eyin thre
Me lackid alway, er that I came here;
For on time passid wel remembrid me,
And present time eke coude I wel yse,
But future time, er I was in the snare,
Could I not sene, that caulith now my care.

But nathèlesse, betide what may betide, 750
I shal to morow' at night, by est or west,
Out of this hoste stele, on some manir side,
And gon with Troilus, where as him left,
This purpose wol I holde, and this is best,
No force of wickid tongis jonglerie,
For er on love have wretchis had Envie:

For who so wol of every worde take hede,
Or rulin him by every wight's wit,
Ne shal he nevir thrivin out of drede,
For that that some men blamin ever yet 760
Lo! othir manir folke commendin it;
And as for me, for al suche variaunce,
Felicite clepe I my suffisaunce.

For whiche, withoutin any wordis mo,
To Troie I wol, as for conclusioun,
But God it wote, er fully monthis two
She was ful ferre fro that entencioun,
For bothè Troilus and Troie toun
Shall knotèlesse thorought her hertè slide,
For she wol take a purpose for to' abide. 770

This Diomede, of whom I you tel gan,
Goth now within himselfe aie arguing,
With al the sleight and al that er he can,
How he maie best with shortist taryng
Into his nette Creseid's herte bring,
To this entent he couthe nevir fine,
To fishin her, he laide out hoke and line.

But nathèlesse, wel in his hert he thought
That she n'as nat without a love in Troie,
For nevir sithin he her thennis brought 780
Ne couthe he sene her laugh, or makin joie,
He n'ist how best her hert for to acoie,
But for t' assey, he said nought it ne greveth,
For he that naught assayith, naught atcheveh.

Yet said he to him selfe upon a night,
Now am I nat a sole, that wote wel howe
Her wo is, for love of anothir wight,
And herupon to gon assaie her now?
I maie well wete it n'il nat ben my prowè;
For wise folke in bokis it expresse, 790
Men shal nat wowe a wight in hevinesse.

But who so might ywinnin suche a floure
Fro him, for whom she mournith night and daie,
He might wel saine he were a conqueroure;
And right anone, as he that bold was aie,
Thought in his hert, happin what happin may,
Al should I die, I wol her herte seche,
I shal no more lesin but my speche.

This Diomede, as bokis us declare,
Was in his nedis prest and corageous, 800
With sternè voice; and mighty limmis square,
Hardy and testife, strong, and chevalrous,
Of dedis like his fathir Tydeus,
And some men saine, he was of tongè large,
And heire he was of Calydon and Arge.

Creseide

Creseide mene ywas of her stature,
Therto of shape, of face, and eke of chere
There ne mightin ben no fairir cature,
And oftin timis this was her manere
To gone itressid with her heris clere 810
Doun by her colere, at her backe behinde,
Which with a threde of gold she woulde binde.

And save her browis joynedin ifere,
There n'as no lacke, in aught I can espie;
But for to spekin of her eyin clere,
Lo! truely thei writtin that her seien,
That paradis stode formid in her eien,
And with her richè beaute evirmore
Strove love in her, aie which of 'hem was more.

She sobre was, simple, and wise withall, 820
The best inorishid eke that might be,
And godely of her speche in generall,
Charitable, estatly, lusty, and fre,
Ne nevirmore ne lackid her pite
Tendrehertid, and sliding of corage,
But truely I can nat tel her age.

And Troilus wel woxin was in hight,
And complete, formid by proporcioun
So wel, that kinde it naught amending might,
Yong, fresh, and strong, and hardy as Lioun, 830
And trewe as stele, in eche condicioun,
One of the best entetchid creature
That is or shal, while that the world maie dure.

And certainly in story it is fonde
That Troilus was nevir to no wight,
As in his time, in no degre seconde,
In daring do, that longith to a knight,
Al might a Giaunt passin him of might,
His hert aie with the first and with the best
Stode peregall to dare done what him left. 840

But for to tellin forthe of Diomede,
It fil, that aftir on the tennith daie
Sens that Creseide out of the cite yede,
This Diomede, as fresh as braunche in Maie,
Came to the tentè there as Calchas laie,
And fainid him with Calchas have to done,
But what he mente, I shal you tellin sone.

Creseide, at shorte wordis for to tel,
Welcomid him, and doun him by her sette, 850
And he was ethe inough to makin dwel,
And aftir this, withoutin longè lette,
The spicis and the wine men forth 'hem sette,
And forthe thei speke of this and that ifere,
As frendis done, of whiche some shal ye here.

He gan first fallin of the warre in speche
Betwixin them and the folke of Troie toun,
And of th' assiege he gan eke her besече
To tellin him what was her opinioun,
Fro that demaunde he so discendith doun
To askin her, if that her straunge thought 860
The Grekis gise, and werkis that thei wrought:

And why her fathir taryith so long
To weddin her unto some worthy wight.
Creseide, that was in her painis strong
For love of Troilus her ownè knight,
So ferforth as she conning had or might
Answerde him tho, but as of his entente
It semid, that she ne wist what he mente.

But nathèlesse this ilkè Diomede
Gan on him selfe assure, and thus he seide: 870

If I aright have takin on you hede,
Me thinkith thus, o lady mine Creseide,
That sens I first hond on your bridil leide,
When I out came of Troie by the morow,
Ne might I nevir sene you but in sorow.

I can nat saine what maie the causè be,
But if for love of some Trojan it were,
The whiche right fore woulidin athinkin me,
That ye for any wight that dwellith there 880
Shuldin yspil a quartir of a tere,
Or pitoussly your selvin so begile,
For dredelesse it is nat worthe the while.

The folke of Troie, as who faith al and some,
In prison ben, as ye your selvin se,
Fro thennis shal nat one on livè come
For al the Golde atwixin sunne and se,
Trustith wel this, and understondith me,
There shal nat one to mercy gone on live,
Al were he Lord of worldis twise five.

Such wrech on them for fetching of Heleine 890
There shal be take, er that we hennis wende,
That Manes, whiche that Goddis ben of peine,
Shal ben agast that Grekis wol 'hem shende,
And men shal drede unto the world's ende
From hennis forthe to ravishe any Quene,
So cruil shal our wreche on them be sene.

And but if Calchas led us with ambages,
That is to saine, with double wordis flie,
Suche as men clepen a word with two visages, 900
Ye shal wel knowin that I do nat lie,
And al this thing right sene it with your eie,
And that anon ye n'il nat trowe how sone,
Now takith hede, for it is for to done.

What wenin ye that your wife fathir woulde
Have yevin Antenor for you anon,
If he ne wistè that the cite shoulde
Distroyid ben? why nay? so mote I gone,
He knew ful wel there shal nat scapin one,
That Trojan is, and for the gretè fere
He durst nat that ye dwellid lengir there. 910

What wol ye more, o lovesome lady dere?
Let Troie and Trojans fro your hertè passe,
Drive out the bittir hope, and make gode chere,
And clepe ayen the beaute of your face,
That ye with saltè teris so deface,
For Troie is brought in suche a jeopardie
That it to save is now no remedie.

And thinkith wel, ye shal in Grekis finde
A love more parfite, er that it be night, 920
Than any Trojan is, and more kinde,
And bet to servin you wol don his might,
And if that ye vouchsafe my lady bright,
I wol ben he, to servin you my selve,
Ye levir than be lorde of Grecis twelve.

And with that word he gan to waxin red,
And in his speche a litil while he quoke,
And cast aside a litil with his hed,
And stente a while, and aftirwarde he woke,
And sobrelly on her he threwe his loke,
And said, I am, al be' it to you no joie, 930
As gentle' a man, as any wight in Troie.

For if my fathir Tydeus, he seide,
Iliv'd had, tho I had ben er this
Of Calidony' and Arge a king, Creseide,
And so hope I that I shal yet iwis,

O o o o

But

But he was slaine alas! the more harm is,
Unhappily at Thebis al to rathe,
Polynces, and many' a man to scathe.

But hertemine, fith that I am your man,
And ye ben the first, of whom I seche grace, 940
To servin you as hertely as I can,
And evir shal while I to live have space,
So that, er I depart out of this place,
Ye wol me grauntin that I maie to morow
At bettir laisir tel you of my sorow.

What should I tell his wordis that he seide?
He spake inough for o daie at the mest,
It previth wel he spake so, that Creseide
Grauntid on the morow at his request
Forthy to spekin with him at the leste, 950
So that he n'olde spekin of fuche matere,
And thus she to him said, as ye mowe here.

As she that had her hert on Troilus
So fast yset, that none might it arace,
And straungely she spake, and seide thus.
O Diomede, I love that ilkè place
There I was borne, and Jovis of thy grace
Delivre' it sone of al that doth it care,
God for thy might so leve it wel to fare;

That Grekis wold ther wrath on Troyè wreke, 960
If that thei might, I know it wel iwis,
But it shal naught befallin as ye speke,
And God toforne, and farthir ovir this,
I wote my fathir wife and redy is,
And that he me hath bought, as ye me tolde,
So dere I am to him the more yholde.

That Grekis ben of high condicioun
I wote eke well, but certaine men shall finde
As worthy folkè within Troiè toun,
As conning, as parfite, and eke as kinde, 970
As ben betwixtin Orcades and Inde,
And that ye couldin wel your lady serve
I trowe eke wel, her thonke for to deserve.

But as to speke of love, iwis she seide,
I had a lorde, to whom I weddid was,
The whose mine hert was al til that he deide,
And othir love, as helpe me now Pallas,
There in mine hert ne is, ne nevir was;
And that ye ben of noble' and high kinrede
I have wel herde it tellin out of drede. 980

And that doth me to have so gret a wonder
That ye wol scornin any woman so;
Eke God wote, love and I ben fer asonder,
I am disposid bet, so mote I go,
Unto my deth to plaine and makin wo;
What I shal astir done, I can nat saie,
But truily as yet me list nat plaie.

Mine hert is now in tribulacioun,
And ye in armis besy daie by daie;
Hereastir when ye wonnin have the toun, 990
Paravintur than so it happin maie
That whan I se that I nevir ere saie,
Than wol I werke that I nevir ere wrought;
This word to you inough suffisin ought.

To morow eke wol I speke with you faine,
So that ye touchin nought of this matere,
And whan you list, ye maie come here againe;
And er ye gon thus muche I saie you here,
As helpe me Pallas with her heris clere,
Yf that I should of any Greke have routhe, 1000

It should ybe your selvin by my trouthe.

I saie nat therfore that I wol you love,
Ne saie nat naie, but in conclusioun,
I menè wel by God that sit above;
And therwithal she cast her eyin doun,
And gan to sigh, and saide O Troyè toun,
Yet bidde I God, in quiet and in rest
I maie The sene or do mine hertè brest.

But in effecte, and shortely for to saie,
This Diomede al freshly newe againe 1010
Gan preasin on, and fast her mercy praie,
And astir this the sothe for to saie
Her glove he toke, of which he was ful faine,
And finally, whan it was woxin eve,
And al was wel, he rose and toke his leve.

The bright Venus folowid and aie taught
The waie there brode Phœbus doune alight,
And Cytherea her chare-horse o'r raught
To whirle into the Lioun, if she might, 1020
And Signifer his candils shewith bright,
Whan that Creseide unto her bed wente,
Within her fathir's faire brighte tente,

Retourning in her soule aie up and doun
The wordis of this sodaine Diomede,
His gret estate, and peril of the toun,
And that she was alone, and hadde nede
Of frendis helpe, and thus began to drede
The causis why, the sothe for to tell,
That she toke fully purpose for to dwell.

The morow came, and gostly for to speke 1030
This Diomede is come unto Creseide,
And shortly, lest that ye my tale breke,
So wel he for himselfin spake and seide,
That al her sighis fore adoun he leide,
And finally, the sothe for to saie,
He rest her of the grete of alle her pain.

And astir this, the story tellith us
That she unto him yave the faire baie stede,
The whiche she onis wan of Troilus,
And eke a broche (and that was litil nede) 1040
That Troilus was, she yave this Diomede,
And eke the bet from sorowe' him to releve
She made him were a pencell of her sleve.

I finde eke in the story ellis where,
Whan through the body hurt was Diomede
Of Troilus, tho wepte she many' a tere,
Whan that she saw his wide woundis blede,
And that she toke to kepin him gode hede,
And for to helin him of his woundes smerte,
Men saie, I n'ot, that she yave him her herte.

But truily the story tellith us,
There madin nevir woman more wo
Than she, whan that she falsid Troilus,
She saide alas! for now is clene ago
My name in trouthe of love for evir mo,
For I have falsid one the gentillest
That ever was, and one the worthiest.

Alas! of me unto the world's ende
Shall neithir ben iwrittin or isong 1060
No gode worde, for these bokis woll me shende,
Irollid shall I ben on many' a tong,
Throughout the world my bell shall be yrong,
And women mozte woll hatin me of all,
Alas, that soche a caas me should befall!

Thei

Thei well sain, in as moche as in me is
 I have 'hem doen dishonour, welawaie!
 All be I not the first that did amis,
 What helpith that, to doen my blame awaie?
 But sens I se there is no bettir waie,
 And that to late is now for me to rue, 1070
 To Diomedes I woll algate be true.

But, Troilus, sens I no bettir maie,
 And sens that thus departin ye and I,
 Yet praie I God so yeve you right gode daie,
 As for the gentillist knight, truily
 That er I sawe, to fervin faithfully,
 And best can aie his ladie's honour kepe,
 (And with that worde she braft anon to wepe)

And certis you ne hatin shall I never,
 And frend's love that shall ye have of me, 1080
 And my gode worde, all shoud I livin ever,
 And truily I would right sorie be
 For to sein you in adversite,
 And giltrisse I wot well I you leve;
 And all shall passe, and thus take I my leve.

But truily how long it was bitwene
 That she forsoke him for this Diomedes,
 There is none aucthour tellith it, I wene,
 Take every man now to his bokis hede,
 He shall no termè findin, out of drede, 1090
 For though that he began to wowe her sone,
 Er he her wan yet was there more to done.

Ne me ne list this felie woman chide,
 Ferthir than that the storie woll devise,
 Her name alas is publishid so wide,
 That for her gilt it ought inough suffice,
 And if I might excuse her in some wise,
 For she so sorie was for her untrouthe,
 Iwis I would excuse her yet for routhe.

This Troilus, as I before have told, 1100
 Thus drivith forth, as wel as he hath might,
 But oftin was his herte hote and cold,
 And namily that ilkè ninthe night,
 Whiche on the morowe she had him behight,
 To come ayen, God wote full little rest
 Had he that night, nothing to slepe him left.

The laurir-crounid Phœbus with his hete
 Gan in his course aie upward as he went
 To warme of the Est se the wavis wete,
 And Circe's doughtir song, with freshe entent, 1110
 Whan Troilus his Pandare aftir sent,
 And on the wallis of the toun thei pleide,
 To loke if thei can sene aught of Creseide,

Till it was none thei stodin for to se
 Who that there came, and every manir wight,
 That came fro ferre, thei saidin it was she,
 Till that thei couldin knowin him aright,
 Now was his herte dull, now was it light,
 And thus bejapid stodin for to stare
 About naught this Troilus and Pandare. 1120

To Pandarus this Troilus tho seide,
 For aught I wot, before none sikirly
 Into this toun ne comith not Creseide,
 She hath inough to doin hardily
 To twinnin from her fathir, so trowe I,
 Her oldè fathir woll yet make her dine
 Er that she go, God yeve his herte pine.

Pandare answerd, it maie well ben certain,
 And forthy let us dine, I The besече,

And aftir none than maist thou come again, 1130
 And home thei go, withoutin more speche,
 And comin ayen, but long maie thei seche
 Er that thei findin that thei aftir gape,
 Fortune 'hem bothe ythinkith for to jape.

(Q^x Troilus) I se well now that she
 Is taryid with her old fathir so,
 That er she come it woll nigh evin be,
 Come forthe, I woll unto the yate go,
 These portirs ben unkonning evirno,
 And I woll doen 'hem holdin up the yate, 1140
 As naught ne were, although she comin late.

The daie goth fast, and aftir that came eve,
 And yet came nat to Troilus Creseide,
 He lokith forth by hedge, by tre, by greve,
 And ferre his hedde ovir the wall he leide,
 And at the last he tournid him, and seide,
 By God I wote her mening now, Pandare,
 Almoste iwis all newe was all my care.

Now doutilefs this Ladie can her gode,
 I wote she comith riding privily, 1150
 I commendin her wifedome by mine hode,
 She woll nat makin peple nicily
 Gaure on her whan she cometh, but softly
 By night into the toun she thinkith ride,
 And dere brothir, thinke nat long to abide.

We have naught ellis for to doen iwis,
 And Pandarus, now wilt thou trowin me,
 Have here my trouthe, I se her, yond she is,
 Heve up thine eyin, man, maist thou nat se?
 Pandare answerid, naie so mote I The, 1160
 All wrong by God, what saist thou man? wher art?
 That I se yonde afarre n'is but a carte.

Alas! thou saiest right sothe (q^x Troilus)
 But hardily it is not all for nought
 That in mine herte I now rejoice thus,
 It is ayenst some gode, I have a thought,
 N'ot I nat how, but sens that I was wrought
 Ne felt I soche a comfort dare I saie,
 She cometh to night, my life that durst I lay.

Pandare answerde, it maie be well inough, 1170
 And helde with him of all that er he saied,
 But in his herte he thought, and soft he lough,
 And to himself full sobirly he saied,
 From hasilwodde, there joly Robin plaied,
 Shall come all that that thou abidist here,
 Ye, farwell all the snowe of ferne yere.

The Wardein of the yatis gan to call
 The folke, which that without the yatis were,
 And badde 'hem drivin in ther bestis all,
 Or all the night thei must bylevin there,
 And ferre within the night, with many' a tere, 1180
 This Troilus gan homward for to ride,
 For well he seeth it helpith nat to' abide.

But nathèlessè he gladdid him in this,
 He thought he misaccomptid had his daie,
 And saied, I understande have all amis,
 For thilkè night I last Creseide saie,
 She saied I shall ben here, if that I maie,
 Er that the Mone, O my dere herte swete,
 The Lion passe out of this Ariete.

For whiche she maie yet hold all her behest, 1190
 And on the morowe to the yate he went,
 And up and doune, by West and eke by Est,
 Upon the wallis made he many' a went,

But

But al for naught, his hope alway him blent,
For which at night in sorow and sighes fore
He went him home, withoutin any more.

This hope all clene out of his hertè fledde,
He ne' hath wheron now lengir for to hong,
But for the pain him thought his hertè bledd,
So wer his throwis sharpe, and wondir strong, 1200
For whan he sawe that she abode so long,
He ne wist what he judgin of it might,
Sens she hath brokin that she him behight.

The thirde, the fourth, the fifte, and the sixt daie
Aftir-tho dayis tenne, of whiche I told,
Betwixin hope and drede his herte laie,
Yet somwhat trusting on her hertis old
But whan he sawe she n'olde her termis hold,
He can now sene none othir remedie
But for to shapin him sone for to die. 1210

Therwith the wickid spirit, God us bleffe!
Whiche that men clepin The wode Jalousie,
Gan in him crepe, in all this hevinesse,
For whiche, bicause he wouldin sone die,
He ne' ete ne dronke for his melancolie;
And eke from every companie he fledde,
This was the life that all this time he ledde.

He so defaite was, that no manir man
Unnethis him might knowin there he went,
So was he lene, and therto pale and wan, 1220
And feble, that he walkith by potent,
And with his ire he thus himselfin shent,
But whoso askid him wherof him smerte,
He saied, his harme was all about his herte.

Priam full oft, and eke his mothir dere,
His bretherne, and his susterin gan him frain,
Why he so wofull was in all his chere,
And what thing was the cause of al his pain;
But all for naught, he n'olde his causè plain,
But saied, he felt a grevous maladie 1230
About his herte, and fain he wouldè die.

So on a daie he laie him doune to slepe;
And so bifell it that in slepe him thought
That in a forest fast he walked to wepe
For love of her, that him these painis wrought,
And up and doune as he that forest fought
He met he sawe a Bore, with tuskis grete,
That slept ayenist the bright Sunn's hete:

And by this Bore, fast in her armis fold,
Laie kissing aie his ladie bright Creseide, 1240
For sorowe of whiche, whan he it gan behold,
And for dispite, out of his slepe he breide,
And loude he cried on Pandarus, and seide,
O Pandarus, now knowe I crop and rote,
I n'am but dedde, there n'is none othir bote;

My lady bright Creseide hath me betraide,
In whom I trustid moste of any wight,
She ellifwhere hath now her hert apaied,
The blisfull Goddis, thorough ther grete might
Have in my dreame is Hewid it full right, 1250
Thus in my dreame Creseide have I beholde
And all this thing to Pandarus he tolde.

O my Creseide, alas! what subtilte,
What newè lust, what beaute, what science?
What wrathe of juste cause have ye unto me?
What gilt of me, what fell experience
Hath fro me rafte alas! thine advertence?
O trust! O faithe! qð he' O depe assurance!

Who hath me rafte Creseide, all my plesaunce?

Alas! why let I her from hennis go? 1260
For whiche well nigh out of my wit I breide;
Who shall now trowe on any othis mo?
God wote, I wende, O Ladie bright Creseide,
That every worde was Gospell that ye seide;
But who maie bet begile, if that him list,
Than he on whom men wenin best to trift?

What shall I doen, my Pandarus? alas!
I felin now so sharpe a newè pain,
Sens that there is no remedy' in this caas,
That bet were it I with mine hondis twain 1270
My selvin slowe, than alwaie thus to plain,
For through the deth my wo shuld have an ende,
There every daie with life my self I shende.

Pandare answerde and saied, alas the while
That I was borne! have I nat faied er this
That dremis many' a manir man begile?
And why? For folke expoundin 'hem amis;
How darst thou fain that false thy ladie is,
For any dreame, right for thine ownè drede?
Let be this thought, thou canst no dremis rede.

Paravinture there thou dremest of this bore,
It maie so be that it maie signifie
Her fathir, whiche that old is and eke hore,
Ayen the sunne lyith on point to die,
And she for sorowe ginnith wepe and crie,
And kissith him, there he lieth on the ground;
Thus shuldith thou thy dreame aright expound.

How might I than doin (qð Troilus)
To knowe of this, yea were nevir so lite?
Now saiest thou wisely (qð this Pandarus) 1290
My rede is this, sens thou canst well endite,
That hastily a lettir thou her write,
Thorough which thou shalt wel bringin about
To knowe a soth of that thou art in dout.

And se now why: for this I dare well fain,
That if so is, that she untrue ybe,
I can not trowe that she woll write again,
And if she write, thou shalt full sone ise,
As whethir she hath any liberte
To come ayin, or ellis in some clause, 1300
If she be let, she wol assigne a cause.

Thou hast not writtin to her sens she went,
Nor she to The, and this I durst wele laie,
There maie soche causè ben in her entent,
That hardily thou wolt thy selvin saie
That her abode the best is for you twaie;
Now write her than, and thou sha't fele sone
A soth of all, there is no more to done.

Acordid ben to this conclusioun,
And that anon, these ilke lordis two, 1310
And hastily sat Troilus adoun,
And rollith in his hertè to and fro,
How he maie best discrivin her his wo,
And to Creseide his owne ladie dere
He wrote right thus, and saied as ye maie here.

The Copie of the Letter.

Right fresh flour, whose I have aye ben and shall,
Withoutin part of ellifwhere servise,
With herte, and bodie, life, lust, thought, and all,
I wofull wight, in every humble wise
That tong can tell, or hertè maie devise, 1320
As

As oft as mattir occupyth place,
Me recommaunde unto your noble grace.

Likith it you to wetin, swete herte,
As ye well knowin, how long time agon
That ye me left in aspre painis smerte,
Whan that ye wentin, of whiche yet bote non
Have I now had, but evir worse bigon
Fro daie to daie am I, and so mote dwell,
While it you list, of wele and wo my well.

For whiche to you, with dredefull hertè true 1330
I write, as he that sorowe driveth to write,
My wo, that every houre encrefith newe,
Complaining as I dare, or can endite,
And that defacid is, that maie ye wite
The teris, which that from mine eyin rain,
That wuldin speke, if that thei durst, and plain.

You first beseche I, that your eyin clere
To loke on this defoulid ye nat hold,
And ore all this, that ye my ladie dere,
Woll vouchsafin this lettir to behold, 1340
And by the cause eke of my caris cold,
That slaeth my wit, if aught amis me sterre,
Foryevith it me, mine owne swete herte.

If any servaunt durst or ought of right
Upon his ladie pitously complain,
Than wene I that I ought to be that wight,
Confidrid this, that ye these monthis twain
Have taried, there ye saidin sothe to fain
But tenne dayis ye n'olde in hosfe sojourne,
But in two monethis yet ye not retourne. 1350

But for as moche, as me mote nedis like
All that you list, I dare nat plainin more,
But humbly with sorowfull fighis sike,
You write I mine unrestie sorowes fore,
Fro daie to daie desiring evirmore
To knowin fully, if your will it were,
How ye have fared and don, while ye be there.

The whose welfare and hele eke God encrese
In honour soche, that upward in degre
It growe alwaie, so that it nevir cese, 1360
Right as your herte aie can, my ladie fre,
Devise, I praie to God so mote it be,
And graunt it, that ye sone upon me rewe,
As wisely as in all I' am to you true.

And if you likith knowin of the fare
Of me, whose wo there maie no wight discrive,
I can no more, but cheft of every care,
At writing of this lettir I' am on live,
All redy out my wofull ghost to drive,
Whiche I delaie, and holde him yet in honde 1370
Upon the sight of mattir of your sonde.

Mine eyin two, in vain with whiche I se,
Of sorowfull teres salt arn woxin wellis,
My song in plaint of mine adversite,
My gode in harme, mine ese eke woxin hel is,
My joie in wo, I can sey now nought ellis,
But tournid is, for whiche my life I warie,
Every joie or ese in his contrarie.

Which with your coming home ayen to Troy
Ye maie redresse, and more a thousande sithe, 1380
Than er I had, encreffin in me joie,
For was there nevir hertè yet so blithe
To have his life, as I shall ben as swithe
As I you se, and though no manir routh
Can mevin you, yet thinkith on your trouthe.

And if so be my gilt hath deth deserved,
Or if you list no more upon me se,
In guerdon yet of that I have you served
Beseche I you, mine ownè ladie fre,
That hereupon ye woldin write to me 1390
For love of Jovis, my right lodè sterre
That deth maie make an ende of al my wèrre.

If othir cause aught doeth you for to dwel,
That with your lettir ye me recomfort,
For though to me your absence is an hell,
With pacience I woll my wo comfort,
And with your lettre' of hope I woll disport;
Now writith swete, and let me thus nat plain,
With hope or deth deliverith me fro pain.

Iwis mine ownè derè hertè true 1400
I wote that whan ye next upon me se,
So lost have I mine hele, and eke mine hewe,
Creseide shall not conne tho knowin me,
Iwis, mine hert'is daie, my ladie fre,
So thurstith aie mine hertè to behold
Your beaute, that unneth my life I hold.

I saie no more, all have I for to sey
To you well more than that I tellin maie,
But whethir that ye doe me live or dey,
Yet praie I God, so yeve you right gode daie, 1410
And farith well, thou godely faire freshe Maie,
As ye that life or deth me maie commaunde,
And to your trouthe aie I me recommaunde,

With helè soche, that but ye yevin me
The famin hele, I shall non hele yhave,
In you lieth, whan you list that it so be,
The daie, in whiche me clothin shall my grave;
And in you my life, in you might to save
Me fro disese of all my painis smerte;
And farith now wele, myne own derè swete herte.
Le vostre T.

This lettir forthe was sent unto Creseide,
Of whiche her answere in effect was this;
Full pitously she wrote ayen, and seide,
That all so sone as she might iwis
She would come, and amende that was amis,
And finally she wrote and sayid then
She would ycome, ye, but she n'ist not when.

But in her lettir madin she soche festes,
That wondir was, and swore she loved him best,
Of whiche he found but botomles bilhestes; 1430
But, Troilus, thou maiest now Est and West
Pipe in an Ivie lese, if that The lest;
Thus goth the world, God shild us fro mischaunce
And every wight that menith trouthe avaunce.

Encreffin gan the wo fro daie to night
Of Troilus, for tarying of Creseide,
And lessin gan his hope and eke his might,
For whiche al down he in his bedde him leide,
He ne ete, dronke, ne slept, ne worde seide,
Imagining aie that she was unkinde, 1440
For which well nigh he wext out of his mind.

This dreame, of which I told have eke beforen,
Maie nevir come out of his remembraunce,
He thought aie well he had his ladie lorn,
And that Jovis, of his hie purveiaunce,
Him shewed had in slepe the signifaunce
Of her untrouth, and his disavinture,
And that the bore was shewed him in figure.

For whiche he for Sibylle his sustir sent
P P P P

That

That callid was Cassandre' eke all about, 1450
 And all his dreame he told her er he stent,
 And her besought affoilin him the doubt
 Of the strong Bore, with all his tuskis stout,
 And finally, within a litil stounde,
 Cassandra him gan thus his dreame expound.

She gan first smile, and said, O brothir dere,
 If thou a sothe of this desirest to knowe,
 Thou must a fewe of olde stories here,
 To purpose how that fortune ovrithrowe
 Hath lordis old, through which within a throw
 Thou shalt this Bore well know, and of what kinde
 He comin is, as men in bokis finde.

Diana, whiche that wrothe was and in ire,
 For Grekis n'olde doin her Sacrifice,
 Ne encens on her Altar set on fire,
 She for that Grekis gon her so dispise
 Ywrake her in a wondir cruill wife,
 For with a Bore as grete as oxe in stall
 She made up frete ther corne and vinis all.

To slea the Bore was all the countrie reised, 1470
 Emongis whiche there came this Bore to
 A maid, one of this worlde the best ipraised,
 And Meleager, lorde of that countre,
 He lovid so this freshe maidin fre,
 That with his manhode, er he woulde stent
 This Bore he slough, and her the hed he sent.

Of whiche, as oldè bokis tellin us,
 There rose a conteke and a grete envie,
 And of this Lorde disendid Tydeus
 By ligne, or ellis oldè bokis lie, 1480
 But how this Melcager gan to die
 Thorough his mothir, woll I you not tell,
 For all to long it werin for to dwell.

She tolde eke how Tydeus, er she stent,
 Unto the stronge cite of Thebes
 (To claimin kingdome of the cite) went,
 For his felawe dan Polynices,
 Of whiche the brothir dan Eteocles
 Full wrongfully of Thebis held the strength,
 This tolde she by processe all by length. 1490

She tolde eke how Hemonides asterte,
 Whan Tydeus slough fiftie knightis stoute,
 She tolde eke all the Prophecies by herte,
 And how that sevin kingis with ther rout
 Besiegedin the cite all aboute,
 And of the holie Serpent, and the well,
 And of the furies all she gan him tell.

*Associat profugus Tydeus primo Polynicem,
 Tydea legatum docet, infidiasque secundus,
 Tertius Hemoniden canit, & vatem latitantem,
 Quartus habet Reges ineuntes pralia septem,
 Lemniadum Furia quinto narrantur, & angues,
 Archemori bustum sexto, ludique leguntur,
 Dat Thebis vatem Graiorum septimus umbris,
 Octavo cecidit Tydeus, spes, vita Pelasgum,
 Hippomedon nono moritur cum Parthenopao,
 Fulmine percussus decimo Capaneus superatur,
 Undecimo sese perimunt per vulnera fratres,
 Argivum fletum narrat duodenus, & ignem.*

Of Archinorie's burying, and the plaies,
 And how Amphiarus fill through the grounde,
 How Tydeus was slain, lorde of Argeies, 1500
 And how Hipome'don in a litil stounde
 Was dreint, and dedde Parthenope of wound,
 And also how Capaneus the proude

With thonder dint was slain, that cryid loude.

She gan eke tell him, how that eithir brother,
 Eteocles and Polynice also,
 At a scarmishe eche of 'hem slough the other,
 And of Argivis weping and ther mo,
 And how the toun was brent, she told eke tho;
 And tho discendid doune from jestis old 1510
 To Diomed, and thus she spake and told.

This ilkè Bore betokenith Diomed
 Tydeus sonne, that doune discendid is
 Fro Mele'ager, that made the Bore to blede,
 And thy Ladie, where so she be iwis,
 This Diomed her herte hath, and she his,
 Wepe if thou wolt, or leve, for out of dout
 This Diomed is in, and thou art out.

Thou saiest nat sothe (qð he) thou forcereffe,
 With all thy false ghost of Prophecie, 1520
 Thou wenist ben a grete devinereffe,
 Now seest thou nat this sole of fantasie
 Painin her upon ladies for to lie,
 Awaie (qð he) there Jovis yeve The sorowe,
 Thou shalt be fals para'venture er to morow.

As well thou mightist lien on gode Alceste,
 That was of all creturis (but men lie)
 That evir werin, kindist and the beste,
 For whan her husbonde was in jeopardie
 To die himself, but if she wouldè die, 1530
 She chese for him to die, and gon to hell,
 And starfe anon, as us the bokis tell.

Cassandre goeth, and he with cruill herte
 Foryate his wo, for angre of her speche,
 And fro his bedde all sodainly he sterre,
 As though all whole him had imade a leche,
 And daie by daie he gan enquire and seche
 A sothe of this, with all his besy cure,
 And thus he drivith forthe his avinture.

Fortune, whiche that the permutacion 1540
 Of all thinges hath, as it is her committed
 Through purveiaunce and disposicion
 Of high Jove, as reignis shall ben yfitted
 Fro folk to folk, or whan thei shal ben smitted,
 Can pull awaie the fethirs bright of Troie
 Fro daie to daie, till thei ben bare of joie.

Emong all this, the fine of the' jeopardie
 Of Hector gan approchin wondir blive,
 The fatis would his soule should unbodie,
 And shapin had a mene it out to drive, 1550
 Ayenst whiche fate him helpith not to strive,
 But on a daie to fightin gan he wende,
 At whiche alas! he caught his liv'is ende.

For whiche me thinkith every manir wight,
 That hauntith armis, oughtin to bewaile
 The deth of him that was so noble' a knight,
 For as he drough a king by th' aventaille
 Unware of this, Achilles through the maile
 And through the bodie gan him for to rive,
 And thus the worthy knight was reft of live. 1560

For whom, as oldè bokis tellin us,
 Was made soch wo, that tong it maie nat tel,
 And namily the sorowe' of Troilus,
 That next him was of worthinesse the well,
 And in this wo gan Troilus to dwell,
 That what for sorowe, love, and for unrest,
 Full oft a daie he had his hertè breft.

But

But nathèlesse, though he gon him dispaire,
And drede aie that his ladie was untrue,
Yet aie on her his hertè gan repaire, 1570
And as these lovirs doen, he sought aie newe
To get ayen Creseide bright of hewe,
And in his herte he went her excusing,
That Calchas causid all her taryng.

And oftin time he was in purpose grete
Him selvin like a pilgrim to disgise,
To sene her, but he maie not counterfete,
To ben unknowen of folke that werin wise,
Ne finde excuse aright that maie suffice, 1580
If he among the Grekis knowin were,
For whiche he wept full oft many a tere.

To her he wrote yet oftin time all newe
Full pitously, he left it nat for slouth,
Beseeching her, sithins that he was true
That she would come ayen and hold her trowth:
For whiche Creseide upon a daie for routh,
I take it so, touching all this mattere
Wrote him ayen, and saied as ye maie here.

Cupid's sonne, ensample of godelihede,
O swerde of knighthode, sours of gentilnesse, 1590
How might a wight in turment and in drede
And helelesse you sendin, as yet gladnesse,
I hertilese, I sicke, I in distresse,
Sens ye with me, nor I with you maie dele,
You neithir sende I maie ne herte ne hele.

Your lettirs full the papir all iplained
Commevid havin myne hert's pite,
I have eke sene with teris all depainted
Your lettir, and how ye requirin me
To come ayen, whiche yet ne maie not be: 1600
But why, lest that this lettir foundin were,
No mencion ne make I now for fere.

Grevous to me (God wote) is your unrest,
Your hast, and that the Goddis ordinaunce
It semith nat ye take it for the best,
Nor othir thing n'is in your remembraunce,
As thinkith me, but onely your plesaunce,
But beth nat wroth, and that I you beseeche,
For that I tarie' is all for wickid speche.

For I have herd well more than I wend 1610
Touching us two, how thingis have istond,
Whiche I shall with dissimuling amende,
And beth not wroth, I have eke undirstond
How ye ne doe but holdin me in honde,
But now no force, I can nat in you gesse
But allè trouthe and allè gentilnesse.

Comin I woll, but yet in soche disjoints
I stond as now, that what yere, or what daie
That this shall be, that can I nat apointe,
But in effect I praie you as I maie 1620
Of your gode worde, and of your frendship aie,
For truilly while that my life maie dure
As for a frende ye maie in me assure.

Yet praie I you no evill ye ne take
That it is short, whiche that I to you write,
I dare nat there I am well lettirs make,
Ne nevir yet ne could I well endite,
Eke grete effect men writin in place lite,
Th'entent is all, and nat the lettirs space,
And farith well, God have you in his grace. 1630

Le vostre C.

This Troilus thought this lettir al straunge

Whan he it sawe, and so'roufully he sight,
Him thought it like a kalendes of eschaunge,
But finally he ful ne trowin might
That she ne would him holdin that she hight,
For with ful evill wil liste him to leve,
That lovith wel, in such case, though him greve.

But nathèlesse, men sain that at the last
For any thing men shal the sothè se,
And suche a case betide, and that as fast, 1640
That Troilus wel understode that she
N'as nat so kinde, as that her ought to be,
And finally he wote now out of dout
That al is lost, that he hath ben about.

Stode on a daie in his melancolie
This Troilus, and in suspectioun
Of her, for whom he wenid for to die,
And so besil, that throughout Troie toun
As was the gife, iborne was up and down
A manir cote armoure, as saithe the storie, 1650
Beforn Deiphobe, in signe of his victorie.

The whichè cote, as tellith Lollius,
Deiphobe it had yrente fro Diomede
The fame daie, and when this Troilus
It sawe, he gan to takin of it hede,
Avising of the length and of the brede,
And al the werke, but as he gan beholde,
Ful sodainly his herte began to colde,

As he that on the coler fonde within
A broche, that he Creseide yave at morow 1660
That she from Troie toun must nedis twin,
In remembraunce of him, and of his sorow,
And she him laide ayen her faith to borow
To kepe it aie, but now ful wel he wist
His lady n'as no longir on to trist.

He goeth him home, and gan ful sonè sende
For Pandarus, and al this newè chaunce
And of this broch he tolde him orde and ende,
Complaining of her hert's variaunce,
His longè love, his trowth, and his penaunce, 1670
And aftir deth withoutin wordis more
Ful fast he cried, his rest him to restore.

Than spake he thus, O lady mine Creseide,
Where is your faith, and where is your behest?
Where is your love? where is your trowth? he seide,
Of Diomede have ye now al this fest?
Alas! I would have trowid at the lest
That sens ye n'olde in trouthe to me stonde
That ye thus n'olde have holdin me in honde.

Who shal now trowen on any othis mo? 1680
Alas! I never would have wende er this
That ye, Creseide, coulde have chaungid so,
Ne but I had agilde, and done amis,
So cruel wende I nat your herte iwis
To flee me thus, alas! your name of trouthe
Is now fordone, and that is al my routhe.

Was there none othir broche you list to lete
To fesse with your newè love? (qð he)
But thilke broche that I with teris wete
You yave, as for a remembraunce of me? 1690
None other cause alas! ne haddin ye
But for dispite, and eke for that ye mente
All uttirly to shewin your entente,

Through which I se, that clene out of your minde
Ye have me cast, and I ne can nor maie
For al this world within mine hertè finde

To

To' unlövin you a quartir of a daie,
In curfid time I borne was, welawaie!
That you that done me all this wo endure
Yet love I the best of any cature. 1700

Now God (qð he) me sendin yet the grace
That I maie metin with this Diomede,
And truily, if I have might and space,
Yet shal I make I hope his sidis blede,
Now God (qð he) that aughtist takin hede
To forthrin trouthe, and wrongis to punice,
Why n'ilt thou don a vengeance of this vice?

O Pandarus, that in dremes for to triste
Me blamid hast, and wonte art oft upbreide,
Now maist thou sene thy selfe, if that The list, 1710
How trewe is now thy necè bright Creseide,
In sondry formis (God it wote) he seide,
The Goddis shewin bothè joie and tene
In slepe, and by my dreame it is now sene.

And certainly, withoutin morè speche
From hennis forthe, as ferforthe as I maie,
Mine ownè deth in armis wol I seche,
I ne retche nat how sonè be the daie,
But trewily Creseidè, swetè Maie,
Whom I have ay with al my might iserved, 1720
That ye thus done, I have it nat deserved.

This Pandarus, that al these thingis herde,
And wiste wel that he said a sothe of this,
He nat a worde ayen to him answerde,
For sory of his frend's sorow' he is,
And shamid for his nece hath done amis,
And stante astonied of these causis twaie
As still as stone, o worde ne coulede he saie.

But at the last thus he yspake, and seide, 1730
My brothir dere, I may do The no more,
What should I faine? I hate iwis Creseide,
And God it wote I wol hate her er-more,
And that thou me besoughtist don of yore,
Having unto mine honour ne my reſte
Right no regarde, I did al that The leste.

Yf I did aught, which that might likin The,
It is me lese, and of this trefon now
God wote that it a sorow is to me,
And dredelesse, for hert's ese of you,
Right faine I would amende it, wilt I how, 1740
And fro this world almighty God I praie,
Delivir her sone, I can no more saie.

Great was the woe and plaint of Troilus,
But forthe her course fortune aie gan to holde,
Creseide lovith the sonne of Tydeus,
And Troilus mote wepe in caris colde,
Such is this worlde, who so it can beholde,
In eche estate is litill hert's reſte,
God leve us to takin it for the beste.

In many cruil bataile out of drede 1750
Of Troilus this ilke noble knight,
(As men maie in these oldè bokis rede)
Was sene his knightthod, and his gretè might,
And dredelesse his irè daie and night
Ful cruilly the Grekis aie abought,
And alwaie most this Diomede he sought.

And oftin timis I finde that thei mette
With bloody strokis, and with wordis grete,
Assaying how ther speris werin whette,
And God it wote, with many' a cruil hete 1760
Gan Troilus upon his helme to bete,

But nathèlesse, fortune it naught ne would
Of eithir's honde that eithir dyin should.

And if I had itakin for to write
The armis of this ilke worthy man,
Than would I of his battailis endite,
But for that I to writin first began
Of his love, I have saidin as I can
His worthy dedis, who so liste 'hem here,
Rede Dares, he can tel 'hem al ifere. 1770

Befeching every lady bright of hewe,
And every gentil woman, what she be,
Al be it that Creseidè was untrewè,
That for that gilt ye be nat wroth with me,
Ye maie her gulte in othir bokis se,
And gladdir I would writin if you leste,
Of Penelope's trouthe, and gode Alceste.

Ne saie I nat this al only for men,
But most for women that betrayid be
Through fals folke, God yeve 'hem sorow, Amen. 1780
That with ther gretè witte and subtilte
Betrayin you, and this comveith me,
To speke, and in effeete you al I praie,
Beth ware of men, and herkenith what I saie.

Go litil boke, go litill tragedie,
There God my makir yet er that I die
So sende me might to make some comedie;
But litill boke, make thou The none envie,
But subject ben unto al poesie,
And kisse the steppes, wher as thou seist pace. 1790
Of Virgil, Ovide, Homer, Lucan, Stace.

And for there is so grete diversite
In English, and in writing of our tonge,
So praie I to God, that none miswrite The,
Ne The misse-metre, for defaute of tonge,
And redde where so thou be, or ellis songe,
That thou be undirſtonde God I beseeche;
But yet to purpose of my rathir speche.

The wrathe, as I began you for to seie, 1800
Of Troilus the Grekis boughtin dere,
For thousandis his hondis madin deye,
As he that was withoutin any pere,
Save in his time Hector, as I can here,
But welawaie! (save onely Godd's wil)
Dispitously him slough the fierſe Achil.

And whan that he was slain in this manere,
His lightè goste ful blisfully is went
Up to the holownesse of the seventh sphere,
In his place leting everiche element, 1810
And there he sawe, with ful avisement,
The erratike sterres, herkening harmonie,
With sownis ful of hevins melodie.

And down from thennis fast he gan avise
This litil spotte of erth, that with the se
Enbracid is, and fully gan dispise
This wretchid world, and helde al vanite
In respecte of the plaine felicite
That is in heven above, and at the last
There he was slaine his loking down he cast.

And in him selfe he lough right at the wo 1820
Of them that weptin for his dethe so fast,
And dampnid all our werkes, that foloweth so
The blindè lust, whiche that ne may nat last,
And shuldin al our herte on hevin cast,
And forthe he went, shortly for to tell,
There as Mercury fortid him to dwel.

Suche

Suche fine hath lo! this Troilus for love,
 Suche fine hath all his grete worthinesse,
 Suche fine hath his estate royal above,
 Suche fine his lust, such fine hath his noblesse, 1830
 Suche fine hath this false world's brotilnesse,
 And thus began his loving of Creseide,
 As I have tolde, and in this wise he deide.

O yonge and freshe folkis, he or she,
 In whiche that love up growith with your age,
 Repairith home from worldely vanite,
 And of your hertes up castith the visage
 To thilke God, that aftir his image
 You made, and thinkith al n'is but a faire,
 This world that passith sone, as flouris faire: 1840

And lovith him, the whiche that right for love
 Upon a crosse, our soulis for to bey,
 First starfe and rose, and sit in heven above,
 For he n'il falsin no wight, dare I sey,
 That wol his hert al wholly on him ley,
 And sens he best to love is, and most meke,
 What nedith fainid lovis for to seke?

Lo! here of painims curfid oldè rites!
 Lo! here what al ther goddis maie availe!
 Lo! here this wretchid world's appetites! 1850
 Lo! here the fine and guerdon for travaile
 Of Jove, Apollo, Mars, and such raskaile!
 Lo! here the forme of oldè clerkis speche
 In poetrie, if ye ther bokis seche!

O moral Gower, this boke I'directe
 To The, and to the Philosophicall Strode,
 To vouchsafe there nede is for to correcte
 Of your benignities and zelis gode;
 And to the sothfast Christ, that starfe on rode,
 With al mine hert of mercy er I prais 1860
 And to the lorde right thus I speke and saie,

Thou one and two, and thre, eterne on live,
 That raignist aie in thre, and two, and one,
 Uncircumscript, and all maist circumscribe,
 From visible and invisible sone
 Defende us in thy mercy everichone,
 So make us, Jesus, to thy mercy digne,
 For love of maide and mothir thine benigne.

Thus endeth the fift boke, and last of TROILUS.



Here foloweth the piteful and dolorous Testament of faire CRESEIDE.

The Author of the Testament of CRESEIDE, which might pass for the sixth Book of this Story, I have been informed by Sir *James Eriskin*, late Earl of *Kelly*, and diverse aged Scholars of the Scottish Nation, was one Mr. *Robert Henderson*, chief Schoolmaster of *Dumferlin*, a little time before *Chaucer* was first printed, and dedicated to King *Henry VIII*, by Mr. *Thynne*, which was near the end of his Reign. Mr. *Henderson* wittily observing that *Chaucer* in his fifth Book had related the Death of *Troilus*, but made no mention what became of *Creseide*; he learnedly takes upon him in a fine Poetical way to expresse the Punishment and End due to a false unconstant Whore, which commonly terminates in extream Misery.

 Doly seson till a carefull dite
 Should coresponde, and be equivalent,
 Right so it was, whan I began to write
 This tragedy, the we'ir right fervent,
 Whan Aries in middis of the lent
 Showris of haile gan fro the North discende,
 That scantly fro the cold I might me defende.

Yet nerthelesse within mine orature
 I stode, whan Titan had his bemis bright
 Withdrawin down, and scylid undir cure, 10
 And faire Venus, the beaute of the night,
 Upraise, and sette unto the Weste ful right
 Her goldin face, in oppositioun
 Of God Phæbus directe descending down.

Throughout the glasse her bemis braft so faire,
 That I might se on every side me by,
 The northrin winde hath purified the aire,
 And shedde his misty cloudis fro the skie,
 The froste fresid, the blastis bittirly
 Fro pole Artike came whisking loud and shill, 20
 And caufid me remove ayenst my will.

For I trustid that Venus, lov'is quene,
 To whom somtime I hight obedience,

My fadid hert of love she would make grene,
 And therupon with humble reverence
 I thought to prais her hie magnificence;
 But for grete colde as than I lettid was,
 And in my chambre to the fire gan pas.

Though love be hote, yet in a man of age
 It kindlith nat so sone as in youthed, 30
 Of whom the blode is flowing in a rage,
 And in the olde the corage dul and ded,
 Of whiche the fire outwarde is best remed,
 To helpe by phisike wher that nature failed
 I am experte, for bothe I have assailed.

I made the fire and bekid me aboute,
 Than toke I drinke my spirites to comforte,
 And armid me wel fro the colde theroute,
 To cutte the wintir night and make it shorte
 I toke a quere, and leste al othir sporte, 40
 Writin by worthy Chaucer glorious,
 Of faire Creseide, and lusty Troilus.

And there I founde aftir that Diomed
 Recevid had that lady bright of hewe,
 How Troilus nere out of his witte abrede,
 And wept full fore, with visage pale of hewe,

Q q q q

For

For which wanhope his teris gan renewe
While Esperus rejoyfid him againe,
Thus while in joie he lived, and while in paine.

Of her behest he had grete comforting, 50
Trusting to Troie that she wold make retour,
Whiche he desired most of al erthly thing,
For why? she was his onely paramour;
But whan he sawe passid both day and hour
Of her gaincome, in sorowe gan oppresse
His woful herte, in care and hevynesse.

Of his distresse me nedith nat reherse,
For worthy Chaucer in that samè boke
In godely termis, and in joly verse
Compilid hath his caris, who will loke; 60
To breke my slepe anothir quere I toke,
In which I founde the fatal destiny
Of faire Creseide, which endid wretchidly.

Who wote if all that Chaucer wrate was trewe?
Nor I wote nat if this narracion
Be authorisid, or forgid of the newe,
Of some Poete by his invencion
Made to reporte the lamentacion
And wofull ende of this lusty Creseide,
And what distresse she was in, or she deide. 70

Whan Diomedes had al his appetite
And more fulfillid of this faire lady
Upon anothir sette was his delite,
And sende to her a libel repudy,
And her excludid fro his company,
Than desolate she walkid up and down,
As some men saine, in the courte as commune.

O faire Creseide, the floure and a per se,
Of Troie and Grece, how were thou fortunate,
To chaunge in filthe al thy feminite, 80
And be with fleschly lust so maculate,
And go among the Grekes erly and late
So gylotlike, taking thy foule plesaunce!
I have pite The should fall suche mischaunce.

Yet nerthelasse, what er men deme or say
In scornfull langage of thy brutilnesse,
I shall excuse, as ferforth as I may,
Thy womanhed, thy wisedome, and fairnesse,
The which fortune hath put to suche distresse
As her plesid, and nothing throughe the gilte 90
Of The, through wickid langage to be spilte.

This faire lady on this wise destitute
Of al comforte and consolatioun,
Right prively without fello'wship or refute
Dishevelid, passid out of the toun
A mile or two unto a mansioun
Bildid ful gaie, wher her fathir Calchas,
Which than among the Grekis dwelling was.

Whan her he saw, the cause he gan enquire
Of her comming, she said sighing ful sore, 100
For Diomedes had gottin his desire
He woxe wery, and would of me no more.
O Calchas, doughtir, wepe thou nat therfore,
Paravinture al comith for the best,
Welcome, to me thou art ful dere a gest.

This olde Calchas, aftir the lawe was tho,
Was kepir of the temple as a preste,
In whiche Venus and her sonne Cupido
Were honourid, and his chambre was nest,
To which Creseide with bale enewed in brest 100
Ufid to passe, her prayirs for to saie,

While at the last upon a solempne daie

As custome was, the peple ferre and nere,
Before the none, unto the temple went,
With sacrifice devout in ther manere,
But stil Creseide, hevy in her entent,
Into the Church would nat her self present,
For giving of the peple any deming
Of her expulse fro Diomedes the King,

But passid into a secrete oratore, 120
Where she might wepe her wofull destiny,
Behinde her backe she closid fast the dore,
And on her kneis bare fel down in hie,
Upon Venus and Cupide angrily
She cryid out, and sayid in this wise,
Alas that er I made you sacrifice!

Ye gave me ones a divine responfaile,
That I should be the floure of love in Troie,
Now am I made an unworthy outwaile,
And al in care translatid is my joie, 130
Who shal me gide? who shal me now convoie,
Sithe I fro Diomedes, and noble Troilus
Am clene excluded, abject, odious?

O false Cupide, none is to wite but thou,
And the mothir of love, that blinde goddace,
Ye causid me undirstande alwaie and trow
The fede of love was sowin on my face,
And aie grewe grene thorough your sople grace,
But now alas! that fede with frost is slaine,
And I fro lovirs leste, and all forlaine. 104

Whan this was said, down in an extasy.
Ravished in spirite in a dreame she fel,
And by apparaunce herde where she did lie
Cupide the King tinging a silvir bel,
Which men might here fro hevin into hel,
At whose sounde before Cupido aperes
The seven planets discending fro the spheres,

Whiche hath powir of al thing gene'able,
To rule and stere by their gret influence
Weðir and winde, and course variable, 150
And first of al Saturne gave his sentence,
Whiche gave to Cupide litil reverence,
But as a boistous chorle in his manere
Came crabbidly with austrine loke and chere.

His face frounsid, his lere was like the lede,
His tethe chatterid, and shivered with the chin,
His eyin drouped whole sonkin in his hede,
Out at his nose the mildrop fast gan rin,
With lippis blew, and chekis lene and thin,
The fleickils, that fro his heer doune honge, 160
Was wondir grete, and as a spere as longe.

Attour his belte his liart lockis laie
Feltrid unfaire, or fret with frostis hore,
His garment and his gite ful gay of graie,
His wiðrid wede fro him the winde out wore,
A boustous bowe within his honde he bore,
Undir his girdle a fashe of felone flains
Feðrid with ise, and hedid with holstains.

Than Jupiter right faire and amiable,
God of the sterris in the firmament, 170
And norice to al thing generable,
Fro his fathir Saturne farre different,
With burly face, and browis bright and brent,
Upon his hed a garlonde wondirs gaie
Of flouris faire, as it had ben in Maie,

His

His voice was clere, as cristal was his eien,
As goldin wier so glittering was his here,
His garment and his gite ful gaie of grene,
With goldin listis gilte on every gere,
A burly brande about his middle' he bere, 180
And in' his right hand he had a groundin spere,
Of his fathir the wrothe fro us to bere.

Next aftir him came Mars the God of ire,
Of strife, debate, and all discencioun,
To chide and fight, as fierse as any fire,
In harde harnesse hewmonde and habergioun,
And on his haunch a rousty fel fauchoun,
And in his hande he had a rousty sworde,
Writhing his face, with many angry worde,

Shaking his brande before Cupide he come, 190
With red visage, and grilly glowing eien,
And at his mouth a blubbir stode of fome,
Like to a bore, whetting his tuskis kene,
Right tursurelike, but temperaunce in tene,
An horne he blewe wi h many boustous bragge,
Whiche al this world with warre hath made to
wagge.

Than faire Phœbus, lanterne and lampe of light,
Of man and best, both frute and florishing
Tendir norice, and banishir of night,
And of the worlde causing by his moving 200
And influence life in al erthly thing,
Without comforte of whom of force to nought
Must go dyin, all that this world hath wrought.

As king royall he rode upon a chare,
The whiche Phaeton somtime gidid unright,
The brightnesse of his face, whan it was bare,
Non might beholde, for persing of his sight,
This goldin carte with firy bemis bright
Foure yokid stedes ful different of hewe
But baite or tiring through the spheris drew. 210

The first was sorde, with mane as red as rose,
Callid Eoye in the orient,
The seconde stede to name hight Ethiose,
Whitely and pale, and somdele ascendent,
The third Pyrois, right hote, and fervent,
The fourth was blak, and callid Phlegone,
Which rollith Phœbus down into the se.

Venus was there present, that goddes gay,
Her sonn'is quarrel to defende, and make
Her owne complaint, cladde in a nice aray, 220
The one halfe grene, th' othir halfe sable blake,
White heer as Gold, kembit and shede abake,
But in her face semid grete variaunce,
Whiles parsite Truth, and whilis Inconstaunce.

Undir smiling she was dissimulate,
Provocative with blinkis amorous,
And sodainly chaungid and alterate,
Angry, as any serpent venomous,
Right pungitive with wordis odious,
Thus variaunt she was, who list take kepe, 230
With one eye laugh, and with the othir wepe.

In tokening that al fleshely paramour,
Which Venus hath in rule and govirnaunce,
Is somtime swete, somtime bittir and sour,
Right unstable, and ful of variaunce,
Mingid with careful joye, and false plefaunce,
Now hotte, now colde, now blith, now ful of wo,
Now grene as lefe, now wiðrid and ago.

With boke in hand, than come Mercurious,

Right eloquent and ful of rethoric, 240
With polite termis, and delicious,
With penne end inke to reporte al redie,
Setting songis, and singing merily,
His hode was red heclid attour his croun,
Like til a Poete of the olde fasioun.

Boxis he bare with fine electuaries,
And sugrid siropes for digestion,
Spicis belonging to the potiquares,
With many wholsome swete confection, 250
Doctur in phisike cledde in scarlet gown,
And furrid wel, as suche one ought to be,
Honest and gode, and nat a worde couth lie.

Next after him come lady Cynthia,
The laste of al, and swiftist in her sphere,
Of colour blake, buskid with hornis twa,
And in the night she listith best r' apere,
Hawe as the leed, of colour nothing clere,
For al the light she boroweth at her brother
Titan, for of her selfe she hath non other.

Her gite was gray and ful of spottis blake, 260
And on her brest a chorle paintid ful even,
Bering a bushe of thornis on his bake,
Whiche for his theft might clime no ner the heven.
Thus when thei gaðrid were the goddis seven,
Mercurius thei chosed with one assent
To be fore-spekir in the parliment.

Who had ben there and liking for to here
His faconde tonge, and termis exquisite,
Of rethorike the praðike he might lere,
In brefe sermon a preignant sentence write; 270
Before Cupide valing his cappe a lite
Speris the cause of that vocacioun,
And he anon shewde his entencioun.

Lo, qð Cupide, who wol blasfpheme the name
Of his owne God, either in worde or dede,
To al goddis he doeth bothe losse and shame,
And should have bittir painis to his mede,
I saie this by yondir wretche Creseide,
The whiche through me was somtime flour of love
Me' and my mothir she stately can reprove, 280

Saying of her gret infelicite
I was the cause, and my mothir Venus
She called a blinde goddes and might nat se,
With sclaunder and defame injurious,
Thus her living unclene and lechirous
She would retorte on me and my mother
To whom I shewde my grace above al other.

And sithe ye are al sevin deficate
Participant of divine sapience, 290
This gret injury done to' our hie estate
Me thinke with paine we shuld make recompence,
Was ner to goddis done suche violence,
As wel for you as for my selfe I saie,
Therefore go help to revenge, I you praie.

Mercurius to Cupide gave answere,
And said, sir king, my counsaile is that ye
Referre you to the hyist planet here,
And take to him the lowist of degre,
The paine of Creseide for to modifie, 300
As God Saturne with him take Cynthia!
I am content (qð he) to take thei twa.

Than thus procedid Saturne and the Mone,
Whan thei the matir ripely had digest,
For the dispite to Cupide that she' had done,

And

And to Venus opin and manifest,
In al her life with pain to be oprest,
And turment sore, with sikenesse incurable,
And to al lovirs be abhominable.

This doleful sentence Saturne toke in hande,
And passid doun where carefull Creseide laie, 310
And on her hed he laide a frosty wande,
Than lausfully on this wise gan he saie,
Thy grete fairenesse, and al thy beauty gaie,
Thy wanton blode, and eke thy goldin here,
Here I exclude fro The for evirmere;

I chaunge thy mirthe into melancoly,
Whiche is the mothir of al pensivenesse,
Thy moistir and thy hete to colde and dry,
Thine insolence, thy plaie and wantonnesse
To grete disese, thy pompe and thy richesse 320
Into mortal nede and grete penurie,
Thou suffre shalt, and as a beggir die.

O cruil Saturne, froward and angrie,
Harde is thy dome, and to malicious,
Of faire Creseide why hast thou no mercie
Whiche was so swete, gentill, and amorous?
Withdrawe thy sentence, and be gracious,
As you were ner, so shewith through thy dede,
A wrekeful sentence givin on Creseide.

Than Cynthia, whan Saturne past awaie, 330
Out of her sete discendid dounè blive,
And red a bill on Creseide where she laie,
Containing this sentence diffinitive,
Fro hele of body here I The deprive,
And to thy sikenesse shal be no recure,
But in dolour thy dayis to endure.

Thy cristal eyen mengid with blode I make,
Thy voice so clere unplefant here and hace,
Thy lustie lere orspred with spottis blake,
And lumpis hawe appering in thy face, 340
Where thou comist eche man shall flie the place,
Thus shalt thou go begging fro hous to hous
With cuppe and clappir like a Lazarus.

This dolie dreame, this ugly visioun
Brought till an ende, Creseide fro it awoke,
And all that courte and convocacioun
Vanished awaie, than rose she up and toke
A polished glasse, and her shadowe couth loke,
And whan she sawe her visage so deformate,
If she in herte were wo, In'ote, God wate. 350

Weping ful sore, lo! what it is (qð she)
With froward langage for to move and stere
Our crabbid Goddes! and so' is sene on me,
My blaspheming now have I bought ful dere,
All yerthly joie and mirthe I set arere
Alas! this daie! alas! this wofull tide,
Whan I began with my Goddis to chide!

By this was saied, a childe came fro the hal,
To warne Creseide the suppir was redie,
First knockid at the dore, and eft couth call, 360
Madame, your fathir biddeth you cum in hie,
He hath marveile so long on grose ye lie,
And saith your bedis beth to long somdele,
The Goddis wote all your entent full wele.

Qð she, faire child, go to my fathir dere,
And praie him come to speke with me anon;
And so he did, and saied, doughtir, what chere?
Alas! (qð she) fathir, my mirthe is gone.
How so? (qð he) and she gan all expone,

As I have told, the vengeance, and the wrake,
For her trespas Cupide on her couth take.

He lokid on her ugly Lepir's face,
The whiche before was white as Lily flour,
Wringing his handes oftimis saied alace
That he had lived to se that wofull hour!
For he knewe well, that there was no focour
To her siknesse, and that doublid his pain;
Thus was there care inow betwixt hem twain.

Whan thei togiðir mournid had full lang,
Qð Creseide, fathir, I would nat be kende, 380
Therfore in secrete wise ye let me gange
To yon Hospitall at the toun's ende,
And thiðir some mete for charite me sende
To live upon, for all mirth in this yerth
Is fro me gone, soche is my wickid werth.

Whan in a mantill, and a Bevir hat,
With cuppe and clappir, wondir privily
He' opened a secrete gate, and out therat
Conveyid her, that no man should espie,
There to a village halfe a mile therebie, 390
Delivered her in at the Spittill hous,
And daily sente her part of his almous.

Sum knew her well, and sum had no knowlege
Of her, bicause she was so deformate,
With bilis blake orspred in her visage,
And her faire colour fadid and alt'erate;
Yet thei presumid for her hie regrate,
And still mourning, she was of noble kin,
With bittir will there thei token her in.

The daie passid, and Phœbus went to rest, 400
The cloudis blake orwhelid all the Skie,
God wote if Creseide were a so'rowfull gest,
Seing that uncouth fare and herborie,
But mete or drinke she dressid her to lie
In a darke cornir of the hous alone,
And on this wise weping she made her mone.

Here foloweth the Complaint of Creseide.

O Soppe of sorowe sonkin into care.
O caitife Creseide now and evirmare,
Gon is thy joie and al thy mirthe in yerth,
Of all blithnesse now art thou blake and bare,
There is no salve that helpin maie thy fare,
Fell is thy fortune, wickid is thy werthe,
Thy blisse is banished, and thy bale unberde,
Undir the grete God if I gravin ware
Wher men of Grece ne yet of Troie might herd!

Where is thy chambir wantonly besene, 10
With burly bed, and blankits broudid bene,
Spicis and wine to thy colatioun,
The cuppis all of gold and silvir shene,
Thy swete metis servid in platis clene,
With faverie sauce of a gode fashioun,
Thy gaie garmentes with many godely gown,
Thy plesaunt laune pinnid with goldin pene!
All is arere thy grete roiall renoun.

Where is thy gardein with thy grecis gaie,
And freshe flouris, which the quene Floraie 20
Had paintid plesauntly in every paine,
Where thou were wont full merily in Maie
To walke, and take the dewe by it was daie,

And

And here the Merle and Mavise many one,
With ladies faire in carolling to gone,
And se ther roiall renkis in ther raie!

This lepir loge take for thy godely boure,
And for thy bed take now a bounche of stro,
For wailid wine and metis thou had tho
Take mouldid bred, pirate, and sidir soure, 30
But cuppe and clappir is all now ago.

My clere voice and my courtly carolling
Is ranke as roke, full hidous, here and hace,
Deformid is the figure of my face,
To loke on it no peple hath liking,
So sped in sight, I saie with fore sighing
Lying emong the lepir folke, alas!

O ladies faire of Troie and Grece, attende
My freile fortune, mine infelicite,
My grete mischefe which no man can amend, 40
And in your minde a mirroure make of me,
As I am now paravinture that ye,
For al your might, may come to the same ende,
Or ellis worse, if any worse maie be,
Beware therefore, approachith nere your ende.

Nought is your fairnesse but a fading floure,
Nought is your famous laude and hie honour
But winde inflate in othir mennis eres,
Your rosing redde to roting shall retoure,
Exemple make of me in your memoure, 50
Which of soche thingis wofull witnes beres,
Al welth in yerth as wind awaie it weres,
Beware therefore, approachith nere your hour.

Thus chiding with her drerie destine,
Weping she wōke the night fro ende to ende,
But all in vain, her dole, her carefull crie,
Might not remede, ne yet her mourning mend,
A lepir ladie rose, and to her wende,
And saied, why spurnist thou again the wall
To sle thy self, and mende nothing at all? 60

Sith that thy weping but doublith thy wo,
I counsaile The make vertue of a nede,
Go lerne to clappe thy clappir to and fro,
And lerne aftir the lawe of lepirs lede.
There was no bote but forwith than she yede
Fro place to place, while cold and hungir fore
Compellid her to be a ranke beggore.

That samē time of Troie the garnifoun,
Whiche had the chieftain worthy Troilus
Through jeopardy of warre had strikin down 70
Knightis of Grece in nombir marveilous,
With grete triumphe, and laude victorious
Again to Troie right roially thei rode,
The waie wher Creseide with the lepir stode.

Seing that companie come with o steven,
Thei gave a crie, and shoke cuppis, gode spede,
Worthie lordis, for Godd's love of heven
To us lepirs, part of your almose dede.
Than to her crie noble Troilus toke hede,
Having pite, nere by the place gan pas 80
Wher Creseide sat, nat weting what she was.

Than upon him she kest up bothe her eyen,
And with a blinke it come intill his thought,
That he somtime her face before had sein,
But she was in soche plight he knew her nought,
Yet than her loke into his minde he brought,
The swete visage, and amorous blenking
Of faire Creseide, somtime his own derling.

No wondir was, suppose in mind that he
Toke her figure so sone, and lo! now why 90
The' Idea of a thing in case maie be
So depe enprintid in the fantasie
That it deludith the wittes outwardly,
And so appereth in forme and like estate
Within the minde, as it was figurate.

A sparke of love than til his hert couth spring,
And kindilid his bodie in a fire
With hote fevir, in swette, and trembling
Him toke, while he was redie to expite, 100
To bere his shilde his brest begon to tire,
Within a while he chaungid many' a hewe,
And nertheles nat one anothir knewe.

For knightly pite and memoriell
Of faire Creseide, a girdill gan he take,
A purse of golde, and many' a gaie jewell,
And in the skirte of Creseide doun gan shake,
Than rode awaie, and nat a worde he spake,
Penfise in herte, while he came to the toun,
And for grete care oft sith almoſte fell doune.

The lepre folke to Creseide then couth draw, 110
To se the equall distribucioun
Of the almose, but whan the golde they sawe
Eche one to othir privily gan roun,
And saied, yon lorde hath more affectioun
Hower it be, unto yon Lazarous,
Than to us all, we knewe by his almous.

What lorde is yon (qð she) have ye no fele?
That doeth to us so grete humanite.
Yes, qð a lepre man, I knowe him wele, 120
Troilus it is, a knight gentle and fre.
Whan Creseide undirstode that it was he,
Stiffir than stele there sterte a bittir stound
Throughout her hert, and fill doune to the ground.

Whan she, orcome with fighting fore and sad,
With many' a carefull crie and cold atone,
Now is my brest with stormie stoundis stad,
Wrappid in wo, oh wretchfull will of one!
Than fell in swoun ful oft, or she would sone,
And evir in her swouning cried she thus,
O false Creseide, and true knight Troilus! 130

Thy love, thy laude, and all thy gentinesse
I comptid small in my prosperite,
So efflatid I was in wantonneſse,
And clambe upon the fickle whele so hie,
All faithe and love I promittid to The
Was in thy self fikill and furious,
O false Creseide, and true knight Troilus!

For love of me thou kept thy countinaunce
Honest and chaſt in conversacion, 140
Of all women proteſtour and defence
Thou were, and helpid ther opinion,
My minde on fleshly foule affection
Was enclinid to lustis lecherous,
Fie false Creseide! o true knight Troilus!

Lovirs, beware, and take gode hede about
Whom that ye love, for whan ye suffre pain,
I let you wit there is right fewe throughout,
Whom ye maie trust to have true love again,
Prove whan you woll, your labour is in vain,
Therefore I rede ye take them as ye finde, 150
For thei are sad as Weðircocke in winde.

Bicause I knowe the grete unſtableneſſe
Brittle as glasse, unto my selfe I saie,
R r r r

Truſting

Trusting in othir as grete brutilnesse,
As inconstaunt, and as untrue of faie;
Though some be true, I wot right few ar thei;
Who findith truthe, let him his lady ruse,
None but my self as now I woll accuse.

Whan this was said, with papir she fat doun,
And in this manir made her testament; 160
Here I bequeth my corse and carioun
With wormis and with todis to be rent,
My cuppe, my clappir, and mine ornament,
And all my gold, these lepre folke shall have,
Whan I am dedde to burie me in grave.

This roiall ring, set with this Rubie redde,
Whiche Troilus in dowrie to me fende,
To him again I leve it whan I am dedde,
To make my carefull deth unto him kende;
Thus I conclude shortly and make an ende, 170
My sp'rit I leve to Diane, where she dwelles,
To walke with her in waft wodis and welles.

O Diomedes, thou hast bothe broche and belte,
Whiche Troilus gave me in tokining
Of his true love; and with that worde she swelt.
And sone a lepirman toke off the ring,
Than buried her withoutin taryng;

To Troilus forthwith the ring he bare,
And of Creseide the deth he gan declare.

Whan he had herd her grete infirmite, 180
Her legacie, and lamentacioun,
And how she endid in soche poverté,
He swelt for wo, and fell doun in a swoun,
For sorowe his herte to brast was boun,
Sighing full fadly faied I can no more,
She was untrue, and wo is me therfore.

Some faith he made a tombe of marble graie,
And wrote her name and superscripcioun,
And laid it on her grave whereas she laie, 190
In golden lettirs, conteyning this refoun,
Lo! faire ladies, Creseide of Troie toun,
Somtime comptid the floure of womanhed,
Under this stone, late lepir, lyith dedde!

Now worthy women, in this balade short,
Made for your worship and instruction,
Of charite I monishe and exhorte,
Minge nat your love with false discepcion,
Bere in your minde this fore conclusion
Of faire Creseide, as I have faied before, 200
Sith she is dedde, I speke of her no more.

Thus endeth the pitfull and dolorous Testamente of faire CRESEIDE.



The Legende of good Women.

Some Ladies in the Court took offence at *Chaucer's* large Speeches against the untruth of Women; therefore the Queen enjoin'd him to compile this Book in the commendation of sundry Maidens and Wives, who shew'd themselves faithful to faithless Men. This seems to have been written after the *Flower and the Leaf*.



Thousande timis I have herd men tell
That there is joie in heven and pain in hell,
And I acord it wele that it is so,
But nathelesse yet wot I wele also,
That there n'is non dwelling in this countre,
That eithir hath in heven or hell ibe,
Ne maie of it none othir waies wittin
But as he herd faied, or found it writtin,
For by affaie there maie no man it preve.

But God forbode but that men shuldin leve 10
Well more thing than thei han seen with eye,
Men shall nat wenin every thing a lie
But if himself it seeth, or els it doeth,
For God wote thing is nevir the lesse soth,
Though every wight ne maie it not ise.

Bernarde the Monke ne saugh not all parde,
Than mote we to bokis that we finde,
(Through which the oldè thingis ben in minde)
And to the doctrine of these oldè wise
Yeve credence, in every skillfull wise, 20
That tellin of these old apprevyd stories
Of holines, of reynis, of victories,
Of love, of hate, and othir sondrie thinges,
Of whiche I maie not makin rehersinges:
And if that oldè bokis were awaie,
Ilorne were of all remembraunce the kaie.

Well ought us than honourin and beleve
These bokis, there we han none othir preve.

And as for me, though that I can but lite,
On bokis for to rede I me delite, 30
And to hem yeve I faithe and full credence,
And in mine herte have hem in reverence
So hertily, that there is game none
That fro my bokis makith me-to gone,
But it be seldome, on the holie daie,
Save certainly whan that the month of Maie
Is comin, and I here the foulis sing,
And that the flouris ginnin for to spring,
Farwell my boke, and my devocion.

Now have I than eke this condicion, 40
That above all the flouris in the mede
Than love I mošte these flouris white and rede,
Soche that men callin Daiesies in our toun,
To them have I so grete affectioun
As I faied erst, whan comin is the Maie,
That in my bedde there dawith me no daie,
That I n'am up, and walking in the Mede,
To sene this floure ayenst the Sunne sprede, 50
Whan it uprisith erly by the morowe,
That blisfull sight softinith all my sorowe,
So glad am I, whan that I have presence
Of it, to doin it all reverence,
As she that is of all flouris the floure,
Fulfillid of all vertue and honoure,
And evir ilike faire, and freshe of hewe,
As wel in wintir, as in summir newe,

This

This love I evre', and shall until I die,
All swere I not of this, I woll nat lie.

There lovid no wight hottir in his life,
And whan that it is eve I renne blithe,
As sone as evir the Sunne ginnith West,
To sene this flour, how it woll go to rest,
For fere of night, so hatith she derknesse,
Her chere is plainly spred in the brightnesse
Of the Sunne, for there it woll unclofe:
Alas that I ne' had Englishe, rime, or prose,
Suffisaunt this flour to praise aright!
But helpith ye, that han conning and might,
Ye lovirs, that can make of sentiment,
In this case ought ye to be diligent
To forthrin me somewhat in my labour,
Whether ye ben with the lese or the flour,
For well I wote, that ye han here before
Of making ropen, and lad awaie the corne,
And I come aftir, glening here and there,
And am full glad, if I maie finde an ere
Of any godely worde that ye han leste;
And though it happe me to reherfin eft
That ye han in your freshe songis saied,
Forberith me, and beth not ill apaied,
Sith that ye se I doe it in the' honour
Of love, and eke in service of the flour,
Whom that I serve, as I have wit or might,
She is the clerenesse and the very light,
That in this derke world me windith and ledeth,
The hert within my wofull brest you dredeth,
And loveth so fore, that ye ben verily
The maistris of my wit, and nothing I,
My worde, my workes, is knit so in your bonde,
That as an harpe obeyith to the honde,
And makith soun aftir his fingiring,
Right so mowe ye out of mine herte bring
Soch voice, right as you list, to laugh or pain,
Be ye my guide, and ladie soverain,
As to mine yerthly God, to you I call,
Bothe in this werke, and my sorowis all.
But wherfore that I spake to yeve credence
To old stories, and doen 'hem reverence,
And that men mustin more thing bileve,
Than men may sene at eye, or ellis preve,
That shall I sein, whan that I se my time,
I maie not all at onis speke in rime,
My busie ghost, that thurstith alwaie newe
To sene this flour so yong, so freshe of hewe,
Constrainid me with so gredie desire,
That in mine herte I felin yet the fire,
That made me to rise er it were daie,
And this was now the first morowe of Maie,
With dredfull herte, and glad devocion
For to ben at the resurrection
Of this flour, whan that it should unclofe
Again the Sunne, that rose as redde as rose,
That in the brest was of the best that daie
That Agenor's doughtir ladde awaie,
And doune on knees anon right I me sette,
And as I could this freshe flour I grette,
Kneling alwaie, till it unclofid was,
Upon the small, and soft, and swete gras,
That was with flouris swete embroudid al,
Of soche swetnesse, and soche odour oer all,
That for to spekin of gomme, herbe, or tre,
Comparison maie none imakid be,
For it surmountith plainly all odoures,
And of riche beaute the most gaye of floures,
Forgottin had the yerth his pore estate
Of Wintir, that him nakid made and mate,
And with his sworde of colde so fore greved,
Now hath the' arempre sonne al that releved
That nakid was, and clad it newe again,
The small fousis, of the sefon fain,

That of the panter and the net ben scaped,
Upon the foulir, that 'hem made awhaped
In Wintir, and distroyid had ther brode,
In his dispite them thought it did 'hem gode
To sing of him, and in ther song dispise
The foulè chorle, that for his covitise
Had 'hem betrayid with his Sophistrie;
This was ther song: The foulir we desie,
And all his crafte; and some ysongin clere
Layis of Love, that joie it was to here,
In worshipping and praising of her make,
And for the newè blisfull Somir's sake,
Upon the braunchis full of blosmis soft
In ther delite thei tournid 'hem full oft,
And songin, Blissid be saint Valentine,
For on his daie I chese you to be mine,
Withoutin repenting, mine herte swete,
And therwithall their beakis gonnin mete,
Yelding honour, and humble obeisaunce
To love, and didden ther othir obseunaunce,
That longith unto love, and to nature,
Constrewe that as you list, I doe no cure,
And tho that had doin unkindenesse,
As doeth the Tidise for newefangelnesse,
Besoughtin mercie of ther trespassing,
And humilly songin ther repenting,
And sworin on the blosmis to be true,
So that ther makis would upon 'hem rue,
And at the last thei madin ther acorde,
All found thei Daungir for the time a lorde,
Yet Pite, thorough his strong gentill might,
Foryave, and made mercie passin right
Through Innocence, and rudil Curtisie,
But I ne clepe nat Innocence folie,
Ne false pite, for vertue is the mene,
As Ethicke saieth, in soche manir I mene.
And thus these foulis, voide of all malice,
Accordidin to Love, and lastin vice
Of hate, and songin all of one acorde,
Welcome Sommir, our govirnour and lorde:
And Zephyrus, and Flora gentilly
Yave to the flouris soft and tendirly
Ther sote breth, and made 'hem for to sprede,
As God and Goddesse of the flourie Mede,
In whiche me thought I mightè daie by daie
Dwellin alwaie, the joly monthe of Maie,
Withoutin slepe, withoutin mete or drinke,
Adoune full softly I gan to sinke,
And lening on my elbowe and my side,
The longè daie I shope me for to abide
For nothing ellis, and I shall nat lie,
But for to lokin upon the Daisie
That well by refon men it callè maie
The Daisie, or els the eye of the daie,
The emprise, and the flour of flouris all,
I praie to God that faire mote she fall,
And all that lovin flouris, for her sake!
But nathèlesse, ne wene nat that I make
In praising of the flour again the lese,
No more than of the corne again the shefe,
For as to me n'is levir none ne lother,
I n'am withholdin yet with neithir nother,
Ne' I n'ot who servith lese, ne who the flour;
Well broukin thei ther service or laboure;
For this thing is all of anothir tonne,
Of old storie, er soche thing was begonne.
Whan that the Sunne out of the South gan West,
And that this flour gan close, and gon to rest,
For derknes of the night, the which she drede,
Home to mine house full swiftly I me spede,
To gone to rest, and erly for to rise,
To sene this flour to sprede, as I devise;
And in a little herbir that I have,
That benchid was of turvis freshe igrave,

I bad

I bad men shouldin me my couchè make,
 For deinte of the newè Sommir's sake
 I bad 'hem strawin flouris on my bedde;
 Whan I was laied, and had mine eyin hedde,
 I fell aslepe, and slept an houre or two;
 Me met how I laie in the Medowe tho
 To sene this floure, that I love so and drede,
 And from aserre came walking in the Mede
 The God of Love, and in his hande a Quene,
 And she was clad in roiall habite grene,
 A fret of goldè she had next her here,
 And upon that a white coroune she bere
 With flourounis small, and I shall nat lie,
 For all the worldè right as a Daisie
 Icrounid is, with whitè levis lite,
 So were the florouns of her crounè white,
 For of o perlè fine orientall
 Her white coroune was imakid all,
 For which the white coroune above the grene,
 Ymade her like a Daisie for to sene,
 Confidrid eke her fret of gold above:
 Iclothid was this mightie God of Love
 In silke embroidid, full of grenè greves,
 In whiche there was a fret of red rose leves,
 The freshest sene the worldè was first begon;
 His gilt here was ycrounid with a son
 In stede of gold, for hevinessè and weight,
 Therwith me thought his facè shone so bright,
 That well unnethis might I him behold,
 And in his hand methought I sawe him hold
 Two fire dartis, as the gledis rede,
 And Angelike his wingis sawe I sprede,
 And all be that men fain, that blinde is he,
 Algatis me thought that he might wele se,
 For sternily on me he gan behold,
 So that his lokin doeth min hertè cold,
 And by the hande he helde this noble Quene,
 Crounid with white, and clothid al in grene,
 So womanly, so benigne, and so meke,
 That in this worldè, though that men woldin seke,
 Halfe her beaute ne shouldin thei nat finde
 In cature that yformid is by kinde,
 And therfore maie I sain, as thinkith me,
 This song in praising of this Ladie fre.

Hide Absolon thy giltè tressis clere,
 Hester laie thou thy mekenesse all adoun,
 Hide Jonathas all thy frendly manere,
 Penelope, and Marcia Catoun,
 Make of your wifehode no comparisoun,
 Hide ye your beauties, Ifoude and Helein,
 My ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.

Thy faire bodie ne let it not appere
 Lavine, and thou Lucrece of Romè toun,
 And Polyxene, that boughtin love so dere,
 And Cleopatra, with all thy passoun,
 Hide ye your trouthe of love, and your renoun,
 And thou Thisbe, that hast of love soche pain,
 My Ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.

Hero, Dido, Laodomia', ifere,
 And Phyllis, hanging for Demophoon,
 And Canace, espyd by thy chere,
 Hypsipyle betrayd by Jason,
 Makith of your trouthe neither boste ne soun,
 Nor Hypermnestra', or Ariadne, ye twaine,
 My Ladie cometh, that all this maie distain.

This balade maie full well ifongin be,
 As I have said erst, by my ladie fre,
 For certainly, all these mowe not suffice
 To' apperin with my Ladie in no wise,

For as the Sunnè woll the fire distain,
 So passith all my Ladie soverain,
 That is so gode, so faire, so debonaire,
 I praie to God that evir fall her faire!
 For ne had comfort ben of her presence
 I had ben dedde, without any defence,
 For drede of Lov's wordis, and his chere,
 As, whan time is, hereastir ye shall here.

Behinde this God of Love upon the grene
 I sawe coming of Ladyis ninetene,
 In roiall habit, a full esie pace,
 And astir them of women soche a trace,
 That sene that God Adam had made of yerth
 The thirde part of mankinde, or the ferth,
 Ne wende I nat by possibilitè

Had evir in this wide worldè ibe;
 And true of love these women were echon,
 Now whether was that a wondir thing or non,
 That right anon, as that thei gonne espie
 This floure, whiche that I clepe the Daisie,
 Full sodainly thei stintin all at ones,
 And knelid doune, as it were for the nones,
 And songin with o voice, *hele and honour*
 To trouthe of womanbede, and to this flour,
 That berith our aldir prise in figuring,

Her white coroune berith the witnesing;
 And with that worde, a compas envitoun
 Thei sittin 'hem full softly adoun.
 First sat the God of Love, and sith his quene,
 With the white coroune, yclad all in grene,
 And sithin all the remnaunt by and by,
 As thei were of estate, full curtisly,
 Ne nat a worde was spokin in the place,
 The mountenance of a furlong waie of space.

I kneling by this floure, in gode entent,
 Abode to knowin what this peple ment,
 As still as any stone, till at the last
 This God of Love on me his eyin cast,
 And said, who knelith there? and I answerd
 Unto his asking, whan that I it herde,
 And saied, sir it am I, and come him nere,
 And salued him (qð he) what doest thou here,
 So nigh mine ownè floure, so boldly?
 It werin bettir worthy truly

A worme to nighin nere my flour than thou.
 And why sir (qð I) and it likith you?
 For thou (qð he) art therto nothing able;
 It is my relike, digne and delitable,
 And thou my so, and all my folke werriest,
 And of mine old servauntis thou mislaiest,
 And hindrist 'hem, with thy translacon,
 And lettist folke from ther devocion
 To servin me, and holdist it folie
 To servin Love, thou maicst it nat denie,

For in plain text, withoutin nede of glose,
 Thou' hast translatid the Romaunt of the Rose,
 That is an heresie ayenst my lawe,
 And makist wise folke fro me to withdrawe,
 And of Creseide thou hast saide as The list,
 That makith men to women lesse to triste,
 That ben as trewe as er was any stele.

Of thine answer avisin The right wele,
 For though that thou renyid hast my laie,
 As othir wretchis have done many a daie,
 By seint Venus, which that my mothir is,
 If that thou live, thou shalt repentin this
 So cruilly, that it shal wel be sene.

Tho spake this lady, clothid all in grene,
 And sayid, God, right of your curtisie
 Ye mote herkin if that he can reple
 Ayenst al this, that ye have to him meved,
 A God ne shouldè nat be thus agrevèd,
 But of his deite he shal be stable,
 And therto gracious and merciable,

And
 ,

And if ye n'ere a God, that knowin all,
Than might it be, as I you tellin shall,
This man to you maie falsely ben accused,
That as by right him oughtin ben excused,
For in your court is many' a losingeour,
And many a queint totoler accusour
That tabouren in your eris many' a foun,
Right aftir ther imaginacioun,
To have your daliaunce, and for envy,
These ben the causis, and I shal nat lie,
Envie is lave'ndir of the court alwaie,
For she ne pattith neithir night ne daie
Out of the house of Cesar, thus saith Dant,
Who so that goeth, algate she wol nat want.

And eke peraunter for this man is nice
He mightin done it, gessing no malice,
But for he usith thingis for to make,
Him reckith nought of what matir he take,
Or him was bodin makin thilkè twey
Of some persone, and durst it nat withsey,
Or him repentith uttirly of this,
He ne' hath nat done so grevously amis
To translatin that oldè clerkis writen,
As though that he of malice would enditen
Dispite of love, and had himselfe it wrought;
This should a rightwise lorde have in his thought,
And nat be like tirauntes of Lombardie,
That han no rewarde but at tirannie;
For he that king or lorde is naturel,
Him ought not be a tiraunt ne cruel
As a fermour, to done the harme he can,
He must thinkin it is his liegè man,
As is his tresour, and his golde in cofer,
This is the sentence of the Philosophèr;
A kinge to kepe his liegis in justice,
Withoutin dourè that is his office,
Al wol he kepe his lordes in ther degre,
As it is right and skil, that thei shulde be,
Enhaunsid and honourid, and most dere,
For thei ben halfegoddiss in this world here,
Yet mote he done both right to pore and riche,
Al be that ther estate be nath both liche,
And have of povir folke compassion;
For lo the gentil kinde of the lion!
For whan a flie offendith him or biteth,
He with his taile awaie the flie ysmiteth
Al esily, for of his genterie
Him deinith nat to wreke him on a flie,
As doeth a curre, or els anothir best,
In noble corage ought to ben arest,
And wayin every thing by equite,
And have regarde unto his owne degre,
For sir, it is no maistrise for a lorde
To dampne a man, without answere of word,
And for a lorde that is ful foule to use;
And it so be, he maie him nat excuse,
But askith mercy with a dredeful herre,
And profirith him, right in his bare sherte,
To ben right at your ownè jugement,
Than ought a God by short avisement
Confidre' his owne honour, and his trespas;
For sith no cause of deth lieth in this case,
You ought to ben the lightlier merciabie;
Lettith your ire, and beth somwhat trefable;
The man hath servid you of his conninges,
And forthrid well your law in his makinges,
Al be it that he can nat wel endite,
Yet hath he madin leudè folke delite
To servin you, in preifing of your name,
He made the boke, that hight the House of Fame,
And eke the deth of Blaunchè the Duchesse,
And the' Parliment of Foulis, as I gesse,
And al the love of Palamon and Arcite
Of Thebis, though the storie is knowen lite,

And many an hymne, for your holy daies,
That hightin balades, rondils, virèlaies;
And for to speke of othir holinesse,
He hath in prose translatid Boece,
And made the life also of saint Cecile,
He madin also, gon is a grete while,
Origines upon the Maudelaine,
Him oughtin now to have the lessè paine,
He hath made many' a ley, and many' a thing. 430
Now as ye be a God, and eke a King,
I your Alceste, whilom quene of Thrace,
I askè you this man right of your grace,
That ye him nevir hurte in al his live,
And he shal swerin to you, and that blive,
He shal ner more agiltin in this wise,
But shal makin as ye wol him devise
Of women trewe in loving al their life,
Where so ye wol, of maidin or of wife,
And forthrin you, as muche as he misseide, 440
Or in the Rose, or ellis in Creseide.
The God of Love answerde her thus anon,
Madame (qð he) it is so longe agon
That I you knew, so charitable' and trewe,
That nevir yet, sithin the worlde was newe,
To me ne founde I bettir none than ye;
If that I wol yfavin my degre,
I may nor wol nat wernè your request,
Al lieth in you, doth with him as you lest:
I al foryeve withoutin lengir space, 450
For who so yeveth a yeste or doth a grace,
Do it betime, his thanke shal be the more,
And demith ye what he shal do therefore:
Go, thankith now my lady here (qð he)
I rose, and doun I set me on my kne,
And sayid thus: Madame, the God above
For yeldè you that ye the God of Love
Have makid me his wrathè to foryeve,
And give me grace so longè for to live,
That I maie know sothily what ye be, 460
That have me holpen, and put in this degre!
But trewily I wende as in this caas
Nought have agilte, ne done to love trespas;
For why? a trewe man withoutin drede
Hath nat to partin with a thev'is dede:
Ne a trewe lovir ought me not to blame,
Though that I speke a falsè lovir some shame,
Thei oughtin rather with me for to holde,
For that I of Creseide wrote or tolde,
Or of the Rose, what so mine author ment, 470
Algatis God wote it was mine entent
To forthrin trouth in love, and it cherice,
And to ben ware fro falsenèssè and fro vice
By whiche ensample, this was my mening.
And she answerde, let be thine arguing,
For love ne wol not countirpletid be
In right ne wrong, and lerne that of me,
Thou hast thy grace, and holde The right therto;
Now woll I saine what penaunce thou shalt do
For thy trespas, understandith it here, 480
Thou shalt while that thou livist yere by yere
The mostè partie of thy timè spende
In making of a glorious legende
Of gode women, both maidinis, and wives,
That werin trewe in loving all ther lives,
And tellin of falsè men that 'hem betraien,
That al ther life ne do nat but assaien
How many women thei maie done a shame;
For in your world that is now holde a game,
And though that The like nat a lovir be, 490
Speke wel of love, this penaunce yeve I The,
And to the God of love I shal so praie,
That he shal charge his servantes by' any waie
To forthrin The, and wel thy labour quite;
Go now thy waie, this penaunce is but lite;
S f f f

And

And when this boke is made, yeve it the quene
On my behalfe, at Eltham, or at Shene.
The God of love gan smile, and than he saide,
Wost thou (q³ he) wher this be wife or maide,
Or quene, or countesse, or of what degre, 500
That hath so litill penaunce yevin The,
That hath deservid forely for to smerte?
But pite rennith sone in gentle herte,
That maist thou sene, she kithith what she is.

And I answerde, naie fir so have I blis
No more, but that I se wel she is gode.
That is a trewe tale by mine hode
(Q³ Love) and that thou knowist wel, parde,
If it be so that thou avise The;

Hast thou nat in a boke in thy cheste
The grete godenesse of the quene Alceste,
That turnid was into a daïsie,
She that for her husbond^e chese to die,
And eke to gone to hell, rathir than he
And Hercules rescuid her, parde,
And brought her out of hel againe to blis?

And I answerde againe, and sayid yes,
Now know I her, and is this gode Alceste
The daïsie, and mine owne hert^e is reste?
Now se I wel the godenesse of this wife, 520
That both astir her deth, and in her life
Her grete bounte doublith her renoun,
Wel hath she quit me mine affectioun,
That I have to her floure the daïsie,
No wondir is though Jove her stellise,
As tellith Agaton, for her godenesse,
Her white coronne berith of it witnesse,
For all so many virtuis had she
As smal florounis in her coronne be,
In remembrance of her, and in honour,
Cybilla made the daïsie, and the flour,
Icrownid al with white, as men maie se,
And Mars yave her a coronne red, parde,
In stede of Rubies set among the white.
Therwith this quene woxe red for shame alite,
Whan she was praisid so in her presence.
Than sayid Love, a ful grete negligence

Was it to The, that ilk^e time thou made
(*Hide Absolou thy tressis*) in balade,
That thou forgette her in thy songe to sette, 540
Sith that thou art so gretly in her dette,
And wotist wel that kalender is she
To any woman, that wol lovir be,
For she taught all the crafte of trewe loving,
And namily of wifehode the living,
And all the bondis that she ought to kepe;
Thy litil witte was thilk^e time allepe;
But now I charge The upon thy life
That in thy legende thou make of this wife,
Whan thou hast othir smale imade before; 550
And fare now wel I charge The no more,
But er I go, thus muche I wol The tel,
Ne shal no trewe lovir come in hel.

These othir ladies sitting here arowe
Ben in my balade, if thou const hem knowe,
And in thy bokis al thou shalt hem finde,
Have hem now in thy legende al in minde,
I mene of them that ben in thy knowing,
For here ben twenty thousande mo sitting
Than that thou knowist, and gode women al, 560
And trewe of love, for ought that maie befall;
Makith the metris of hem as The leste,
I mote gone home, the sunne drawith weste,
To paradis, with al this companie
And servin alwaie the fresh daïsie;
At Cleopatra' I wol that thou beginne,
And so forthe, and my love so shalt thou winne;
For let se now what man that lovir be
Wol done so strong a paine for love as she;
I wote wel that thou maiest not al it rime, 570
That suche loviris diddin in ther time,
It were to longe to redin and to here,
Suffisith me thou make in this manere,
That thou reherce of al ther life the grete;
Astir these olde authors liste for to trete;
For who so shal so many' a storie tel,
Sey shortily, or he shal to longe dwell.
And with that worde my bokis gan I take,
And right thus on my legende gan I make.

Thus endeth the Prologue.

Here beginneth the Legende of CLEOPATRA Quene of Egypte.



After the dethe of Ptolemy the king,
That all Egypt had in his governing,
Reignid his suster Quene Cleopatras;
Til on a time bifel there suche a caas,
That out of Rome was sent a Senatour
To conquerin relmis, and bring honour
Unto the toune of Rome, as was usaunce,
To have the worlde at her obesaunce;
And sothe to saie, Antonius was his name;
So fil it, as fortune him ought a shame,
Whan he was fallin in prosperite, 10
Rebel unto the toune of Rome is he,
And or al this, the suster of Cæsar
He left her falsly, er that she was ware,
And would algatis han anothir wife,
For whiche he toke with Rome, and Cæsar strife.

Nathelesse, for sothe this ilk^e Senatour
Was a ful worthy gentil werriour,
And of his deth it was ful grete damage,
But love had brought this man in such a rage, 20
And him so narrow boundin in his laas,
And al for the love of Cleopatras,

That al the world he set at no value,
Him thought there was nothing to him so due
As Cleopatras for to love and serve,
Him rought^e nat in armis for to sterve
In the defence of her, and of her right.

This noble quene eke lovid so this knight,
Through his deserte, and for his chivalrie,
As certainlie, but if that bokis lie, 30
He was of person, and of gentilnesse,
And of discrecion, and of hardinesse,
Worthy to any wight that livin maie,
And she was faire, as is the rose in Maie,
And, for to makin short^e is the best,
She woxe his wife, and had him as her left.

The wedding and the feste to devise,
To me, that have itakin suche emprise
Of so many a storie for to make, 40
It were to longe, lest that I shoulde flake
Of thing that berith more effecte and charge;
For men maie overlade a shippe or barge,
And forthy to effecte than wol I skippe,
And al the remnaunt I wol let it slippe.

Octavian,

Octavian, that wode was of this dede,
Shope him an hoste on Antony to lede,
Al uttirly for his distruction,
With stoute Romainis, cruil as Lion,
To ship thei went, and thus I let 'hem faile.

Antonius was ware, and wol not faile
To metin with these Romaines, if he maie;
Toke eke his rede, and both upon a daie
His wife and he, and al his host forth went
To ship anone, no lengir thei ne stent,
And in the se it happid 'hem to mere,
Up goeth the trumpe, and for to snoute and shete,
And painin 'hem to set on with the sunne,
With grisly sounne out goith the grete gonne,
And hertily thei hurtlin al at ones,
And fro the top doune comith the grete stones, 60
In goth the grapinel so ful of crokes,
Among the ropis ran the shering hokes,
In with the polaxe presith he and he,
Behinde the maste beginnith he to fle,
And out againe, and drivith him or borde,
He stickith him upon his sper's orde,
He rent the saile with hokis like a sithe,
He bringeth the cuppe, and biddith 'hem be blith,
He pourith pesen upon the hatchis slider,
With pottis ful of lime, thei gon togider, 70
And thus the longe daie in fight thei spende,
Til at the last, as every thing hath ende,
Antonius is shent, and put to flight,
And al his folke to go, that best go might,
Fleeth eke the Quene, with al her purple saile,
For strokis, whiche that went as thicke as haile,
No wondir was, she might it nat endure;
And whan Antony sawe that avinture,
Alas (qð he) the daie that I was borne!
My worship in this daie thus have I lorne, 80
And for dispaire out of his witte he sterre,
And rose himsele anon throughout the herte,
Er that he ferthir went out of the place;
His wife, that could of Cesar have no grace,
To Egypt fled, for drede and for distresse;

But herkenith ye that spekin of kindenesse.

Ye men that falsely swerin many' an othe
That ye wol die, if that your love be wrothe,
Here maie ye sene of women such a trouth,
This woful Cleopatre' had made suche routh 90
That there n'is tonge none that maie it tel,
But on the' morowe she wol no lengir dwel,
But made her subtil werkmen make a shrine
Of al the rubies and the stonis fine
In al Egypt, which that she coude espie,
And she put ful the shrine of spicerie,
And lette the corse enbaume, and forth she fette
This ded corse, and she in the shrine it shette,
And next the shrine a pit than doth the grave, 100
And al the serpentis that she might have
She put 'hem in that grave, and thus she seide,
Now love, to whom my so'rowful hert obeide
So ferforthly, that fro that blisful hour
That I you swore to ben al frely your,
I menè you, Antonius my knight,
That nevir waking in the daie or night
Ye n'ere out of mine hert's remembraunce,
For wele or wo, for carole, or for daunce,
And in my selfe this covenant made tho, 110
That right suche as ye feltn, wele or wo,
As ferforth as it in my powir laie,
Unreprovable' unto my wifchode aie,
The same would I felin, in life or dethe,
And thilkè covenant, while me lastith brethe,
I wol fulfil, and that shal wel be sene,
Was ner unto her love a trewir Quene,
And with that word, nakid, with ful gode hert,
Among the serpentis in the pitte she stert,
And there she chese to have her burying,
Anone the nedirs gonne her for to sting; 120
And she her deth recevith with gode chere,
For love of Antony that was her dere.
And this is storial sothe, it is no fable.
Now er I finde a man thus trewe and stable,
And wol for love his deth so frely take,
I praeie God let our hedis nevir ake.

Here endeth the Legende of CLEOPATRA.



Here foloweth the Legende of THISBE of Babylone.

AT Babylone whilom fil it thus,
The whichè toun the Quene Simiramus
Let dichin al about, and wallis make
Full hie, of hardè tilis wel ibake,
There werin dwelling in this noble toun
Two lordis, which that were of grete renoun,
And wonidin so nigh upon a grene,
That there n'as but a stone wal 'hem bitwene,
As oft in grete tounis is the wonne,
And sothe to saine, that one man had a sonne, 10
Of al that londe one of the lustyist,
That othir had a doughtir, the fairist
That estward in the world was tho dwelling;
The name of everiche gan to othir spring,
By women that were neighbouris aboute,
For in that countre yet withoutin doute
Maidinis ben ikepte for jelousie
Ful straitely, lest thei diddin some folie.

This yongè man was clepid Pyramus,
And Thisbe hight the maide (Naso saith thus) 40
And thus by reporte was ther name ishovè,
That as thei woxe in age, so woxe ther love,
And certaine, as by reson of ther age,

Ther might have ben betwixt 'hem mariage,
But that ther fathirs n'olde it nat assent;
And thei in love ylike fore bothè brent,
That none of al ther frendis might it lette,
But privily somtimis yet thei mette
By sleight, and spakin some of ther desire,
As wrie the glede, and hottir is the fire; 30
Forbid a love, and it' is ten times so wode.

This wal, which that betwixt 'hem both ystode,
Was cloven atwo, right fro the top adoun,
Of oldè time, of his foundacioun,
But yet this clifte was so narow and lite,
It was nat fenè (dere inough a mite)
But what is that, that love can not espie?
Ye lovirs two, if that I shal nat lie,
Ye foundin first this lile narowe clifte, 40
And with a sounde, as softe as any shrifte,
Thei let ther wordis through the clifte pace,
And toldin, while that thei stoden in the place,
Al ther complaint of love, and al ther wo,
At every time whan thei durstin so.

Upon that one side of the wal stode he,
And on that other sidè stode Thisbe,

The

The swete founne of othir to receve,
 And thus ther wardeins wouldin thei disceve,
 And every daie this wal thei wouldin threte,
 And wist to God, that it were doun ibete,
 Thus would thei faine, alas! thou wickid wal,
 Thorough thine envie thou us lettist al,
 Why n'ilt thou cleve, or fallin al atwo,
 Or at the lestè, but thou wouldist so,
 Yet wouldist thou but onis let us mete,
 Or onis that we mightin kissin swete,
 Than were we curid of our caris colde;
 But nathèlesse, yet be we to The holde,
 In as muche as thou suffrist for to gone
 Our wordis through thy lime and eke thy stone, 60
 Yet oughtin we with The ben wel apaide.

And whan these idil wordis werin saide,
 The coldè wal thei woldin kisse of stone,
 And take ther leve, and forth thei woldin gone;
 And this was gladly in the evintide,
 Or wondir erly, lest men it espide.
 And longè time thei wrought in this manere,
 Til on a daie, whan Phœbus gan to clere,
 Aurora with the strems of her herte
 Had dryid up the dewe of herbis wete,
 Unto this clifte, as it was wonte to be,
 Come Pyramus, and aftir come Thisbe,
 And plightin trouth, right fully in ther faie,
 That ilke samè night to stele awaie,
 And to begile ther wardeins everichone,
 And forth out of the Cite for to gone;
 And for the feldis ben so brode and wide,
 For to metin in o place at o tide
 Thei settin markes ther metingis should be
 There king Ninus was graven, undir a tre,
 For olde painims, that idollis heried,
 Usidin tho in feldis to ben beried,
 And fastè by his grave was a wel,
 And shortly of this tale for to tel,
 This covenant was affirmid wondir fast,
 And longè 'hem thoughtin that the sonne last,
 That it n'ere gone undir the se adoun.

This Thisbe hath so grete affectioun,
 And so grete liking Pyramus to se,
 That whan she sawe her timè might ybe,
 At night she stalle awaie ful privily,
 With her face iwimplid full subtilly,
 For al her frendis (for to save her trouthe)
 She hath forsake alas! and that is routhe,
 That evir woman would ybe so trewe
 To trustin man, but she the bet him knewe;
 And to the tre she goeth a ful gode pace,
 For love made her so hardy in this case,
 And by the welle adoun she gan her dresse.
 Alas! than comith a wilde Lionesse
 Out of the wode, withoutin more arest,
 With bloody mouthe, of strangling of a best,
 To drinkin of the wel there as she sat.
 And whan that Thisbe had espyid that,
 She rist her up, with a ful drery herte,
 And in a cave with dredful fote she sterte.
 For by the mone she sawe it wel withall,
 And as she ran, her wimple let she fall,
 And toke none hede, so sore she was awhaped,
 And eke so glad for that she was escaped:
 And thus she sat, and lurkith wondir still.
 Whan that this Lionesse hath dronke her fill,
 Aboutin the well gan she for to winde,
 And right anon the wimple gan she finde,
 And with her bloody mouthe it al to rente,
 Whan this was done, no lengir she ne stente,
 But to the wode her way than hath she nome.

And at the last this Pyramus is come,
 But al to longè alas! at home was he
 The mone shone, men mightin wel ife,

And in his waie, as that he come ful fast,
 His eyin to the grounde adoun he cast,
 And in the sonde, as he behelde adoun,
 He saw the steppis brode of a Lioun,
 And in his hert he sodainly agrose,
 And pale he wexte, therwith h.s hert arose,
 And nere he came, and founde the wimple torne:
 Alas (qð he) the daie that I was borne!
 This o night wol both us loviris fle,
 How should I askin mercy of Thisbe, 130
 Whan I am he that have you slaine? alas!
 My biding hath you slainè in this caas.
 Alas! to bidde a woman gone by night
 In placè there as perill fallin might,
 And I so slowe, alas! I ne had be
 Here in this place, a furlonge waie er ye.
 Now what Lioun that is in this forest
 My body mote he rentin, or what best
 That wilde is, gnawin mote he now mine herte.
 And with that worde, he to the wimple sterte, 140
 And kiste it ofte, and wepte on it ful sore,
 And said, wimple, alas! there n'is no more,
 But thou shalt fele as wel the blode of me,
 As thou hast felte the bleding of Thisbe,
 And with that worde he smore him to the herte;
 The blode out of the wounde as brode asterte
 As watir, whan the conduite brokin is.

Now Thisbe, which that ne wist not of this,
 But sitting in her drede, she thoughtè thus,
 Yf it so fallin that my Pyramus 150
 Be comen hithir, and may me nat ifinde,
 He maie me holdin false, and eke unkinde,
 And out she cometh, and aftir him gan spien
 Both with her hertè, and eke with her eien,
 And thought, I wol him tellin of my drede,
 Both of the lionesse and of my dede;
 And at the last her love than hath she founde
 Ybeting with his helis on the grounde
 Al bloody, and therwithal abacke she sterte,
 And like the wawis quappe began her herte, 160
 And pale as boxe she woxe, and in a throwe
 Avisid her, and gan him wel to knowe,
 That it was Pyramus her hertè dere.
 O! who could writin whiche a dedly chere
 Hath Thisbe now, and how her here she rent,
 And how she gan her selfin to turment,
 And how she lieth and swounith on the ground,
 And how she wept of teris ful his wounde,
 How medlith she his blode with her complaint,
 How with her blod her selvin gan she paint, 170
 How clippith she the red ded corse, alas!
 How doth this woful Thisbe in this caas!
 How kiffith she his frosty mouthe so colde!
 Who hath don this? and who hath ben so bolde
 To slean my lefe? o speke my Pyramus,
 I am thy Thisbe, that The callith thus;
 And therwithal she listith up his hed.

This wofull man, that was nat fully ded,
 Whan that he herde the name of Thisbe crien,
 On her he cast his hevvy dedly eyen, 180
 And doun againe, and yeldith up the goft.
 Thisbe rist up, withoutin noife or boft,
 And saw her wimple and his empty sheth,
 And eke his swerde, that him hath don to deth,
 Than spake she thus, my woful hande (qð she)
 Is stronge inough in fuche a werke to me,
 For love shal yeve me strenght and hardinesse,
 To make my woundè large inough I gesse,
 I wol The folowen ded, and I wol be
 Felawe, and cause eke of thy deth (qð she) 190
 And though that nothing save the deth only
 Might The fro me departin trewily,
 Thou shalt no more departin now fro me
 Than fro the deth, for I wol go with The.

And

And now ye wretchid jelouse fathirs out,
We that ywerin whilom childrin your,
We prayin you, withoutin more envie
That in o grave we both motin lie,
Sens love hath brought us to this pitous ende,
And rightwife God to every lovir sende,
That lovith trewly, more prosperite,
Than evir had Pyramus and Thisbe,
And let no gentil woman her assure
To puttin her in suche an avinture
But God forbid but that a woman can
Ben as true and as loving as a man,

200

And for my part, I shal anon it kith,
And with that word, his swerd she tokè swith,
That warme was of her lov'is blode, and hote;
And to the herte she her selvin smote.
And thus are Thisbe' and Pyramus ago,
Of trewe men I findin but fewe mo
In al my bokis, save this Pyramus,
And therfore have I spokin of him thus,
For it is deinte to us men to findè
A man that can in love be trewe and kinde.
Here maie ye sene, what lovir so he be,
A woman dare, and can as wel as he.

Here endeth the Legende of THISBE of *Babylone*.



Here foloweth the Legende of Dido Quene of *Carthage*.

Glorie and honour, Virgile Mantuan,
Be to thy name, and I shal as I can
Folowe thy lanterne, as thou goest biforne,
How Æneas to Dido was forsworne
In thine Æneide, and Nafo wol I take
The tenour and the gret effectis make.
Whan Troie ybrought was to distruction
By Grekis sleight, and namely by Sinon
Faining the horse offrid unto Minerve,
Through which that many a Trojan must sterve, 10
And Hector had afir his deth apered,
And fire so wode, that it might nat ben stered,
In al the noble toure of Iliion,
That of the cite was the chiefe dongeon,
And al the coundre was so lowe ibrought,
And Priamus the king fordone and nought,
And Æneas was chargid by Venus
To flien awaie, he toke Ascanius,
That was his son, in his right hande, and fledde,
And on his backe he bare, and with him ledde 20
His oldè fathir, clepid Anchises,
And by the waie his wife Creusa he lese,
And mokil sorow had he in his minde,
Er that he could his felawship yfinde,
But at the last, whan he had 'hem yfounde,
He made 'hem redy in a certaine stounde,
And to the se ful fast he gan him hie,
And sailith forth, with al his companie,
Towards Itailè, as wold destine.
But of his aventuris in the se
N'is nat to purpose for to speke of here,
For it accordith nat to my matere,
But as I said, of him and of Dido
Shal be my talè, til that I have do.

So longe he sailid in the saltè se,
Til in Libye unneth arrivid he,
With shippis sevin, and no more navie,
And glad he was to londè for to hie,
So was he with the tempest al to shake;
And whan that he the havin had itake,
He had a knight was callid Achates,
And him of all his felowship he chese
To gone with him, the coundre for t' espie,
He ne toke with him no more companie,
But forthe thei gon, and left his shippis ride,
His fere and he, withoutin any guide.

So long he walkith in this wildirnesse,
Till at the last he met an huntireffe,
A bowe in honde, and arowis had she,
Her clothis cuttid were unto the kne,
But she was yet the fairist creature,
That evir was iformid by nature,

And Æneas and Achates she grette,
And thus she to 'hem spake, whan she 'hem met.

Sawe ye (qð she) as ye han walkid wide,
Any of my fultrin walke you beside,
With any wildè Bore, or othir best,
That thei have huntid to in this forest;
Ituckid up, with arowes in ther caas?

Naie sothly Ladie (qð this Æneas)
But by thy beaute, as it thinkith me,
Thou mightist nevir yerthly woman be, 60
But Phoebus sustir art thou, as I gesse,
And if so be, that thou be a Goddesse,
Have mercie on our labour and our wo.

I n'am no Goddesse sothly qð she tho,
For maidins walkin in this coundre here
With arowes and with bow, in this manere,
This is the relme of Libye, there ye ben;
Of whiche that Dido ladie is and quene,
And shortly tolde all the occasion,
Why Dido came into that region, 70
Of whiche as now me listith nat to rhyme,
It nedith nat, it n'ere but losse of time,
For this is all and some, 'it was Venus,
His ownè mothir, that spake with him thus,
And to Carthage she bade he should him dight,
And vanishid anon out of his sight.
I could folowin worde for worde Virgile,
But it would lastin all to longè while.

This noble Quene, that clepid was Dido, 80
That whilom was the wife of Sichæo,
That fairir was by ferr than the bright sonne,
This noble toun of Carthage hath begonne,
In whiche she reignith in so grete honour,
That she was holdin of all Quenis flour,
Of gentilleffe, of fredome, and beaute,
That well was him, that might her onis se,
Of Kingis and of Lordis so desired,
That all the worlde her beaute had ifired,
She stode so well in every wight's grace.

Whan Æneas was come unto the place, 90
Unto the maistir temple' of all the toun,
There Dido was in her devocioun,
Full privily his waie than hath he nome,
Whan he was into the large temple come,
I can not saine, if that it be possible,
But Venus had him makid invisable
Thus saith the boke, withoutin any lese.

And whan this Æneas and Achates
Haddin in this temple ben ovir all,
Than foundin thei depaintid on a wall 100
How Troie and all the lande distroyid was,
Alas that I was borne! (qð Æneas)

50

T t t t

Thorough

Thorough the world our shame is kid so wide,
Now it is paintid upon every side:
All we that werin in prosperite
Ben now disclaundrid, and in soche degre,
No lengir for to livin I ne kepe;
And with that word he braft out for to wepe
So tendirly, that routh it was to sene.

This freshe ladie, of the cite Quene,
Stode in the temple, in her estate roiall,
So richily, and eke so faire withall,
So yong, so lustie, with her eyin glade,
That if that God, that hevin and yerth made,
Would have a love, for beaute and godenesse,
And womanhede, and trouth, and semelinese,
Whom should he lovin, but this ladie swete?
There n'is no woman to him half so mete.
Fortune, that hath the world in govinaunce,
Hath sodainly brought in so newe a chaunce,
That nevir was there yet so frened a caas;
For all the companie of Æneas,
Which that we wenid have lorne in the se,
Arivid is nought ferre fro that cite,
For whiche the gretist of his lordis, some
By avinture ben to the cite come,
Unto that same temple for to seke
The Quene, and of her focour her beseke,
Soche renome was ther sprong of her godenes.

And whan that thei had tolde all ther distres, 130
And all ther tempest, and all ther hard case,
Unto the Quene apperid Æneas
And opinly beknewe that it was he;
Who haddin joie than, but his meine
That haddin found ther lorde, ther govirnour?

The Quene saw that thei did him soche honour,
And had herd oft of Æneas, er tho,
And in her herte she had rounthe and wo,
That evir soche a noble man as he
Shall ben disheritid in soche degre, 140
And sawe the man, that he was like a knight,
And suffisaunt of persone and of might,
And like to ben a very gentilman,
And well his wordis he besettin can,
And had a noble visage for the nones,
And formid well of brawne and eke of bones,
And astir Venus had soche fairenesse,
That no man might be halfe so faire I gesse,
And well a lorde him semid for to be;
And for he was a straungir, somewhat she
Ylikid him the bet, as God doe bote, 150
To some folke of this newe thing is fore;
Anon her herte hath pite of his wo,
And with that pite Love ycame also,
And thus for pite and for gentilnesse
Refreschid must he ben of his distresse.

She sayid certis, that she sorie was,
That he hath had soche perill and soche caas,
And in her frendly speche in this manere
She to him spake, and saied as ye maie here.

Be ye nat Venus sonne and Anchises?
In gode faith all the worship and encrese
That I maie godely doen you, ye shall have,
Your shippis and your meine shall I save;
And many' a gentill worde she spake him to,
And commaundid her messangirs to go
The same daie withoutin any faile,
His shippis for to seke, and 'hem vitale,
Full many' a best she to the shippis sent,
And with the wine she gan 'hem to present, 170
And to her roiall paleis she her spedde,
And Æneas alwaie with her she ledde.

What nedith you the festis to discrive?
He nevir bet at ese was in his live,
Full was the fest of deinties and richesse,
Of instrumentes, of song, and of gladnesse,

And many' an amo'rous loking and devise.

This Æneas is come to Paradise
Out of the swolowe' of hell, and thus in joie
Remembrith him of his estate in Troie, 180
To daunsing chambris, full of paramentes,
Of riche beddis, and of ornamentes,
This Æneas is ledde astir the mete,
And with the Quene whan that he had ysete,
And spicis partid, and the wine agon,
Unto his chambir was he lad anon,
To take his ese, and for to have his rest,
With all his folke, to doen what so 'hem left.

There ne was courfir well ibridlid none, 190
Ne stedè for the Justing well to gone,
Ne large paulfrey, esie for the nones,
Ne jewill yfret full of riche stones,
Ne sackis full of gold, of large wight,
Ne Rubie none that shinith bright by night, 200
Ne gentill hautin faukon heronere,
Ne hounde for Harte, or wilde Bore, or Dere,
Ne cuppe of gold, with floreins newe ibette,
That in the londe of Libye maie ben gette,
That Dido ne' hath Æneas it isent,
And all is payid, what that he hath spent, 210
Thus can this worthy Quene her gestis call,
As she that can in fredome passin all.

Æneas sothely eke, withoutin lese
Hath sent to his shippis by Achates
Astir his sonne, and astir riche thinges,
Both sceptre, clothis, brochis, and eke ringes,
Some for to were, and some for to present,
To her, that all these noble thinges him sent,
And bad his sonne how that he should ymake,
The presenting, and to the Quene it take. 220

Repairid is this Achates again,
And Æneas full blisfull is and fain
To sein his yonge sonne Ascanius,
For unto him it was reportid thus,
That Cupido, that is the God of Love,
At prayir of his mothir hie above,
Yhad the likenesse of the childe itake,
This noble Quene enamoured for to make
On Æneas, but as to that scripture 230
Be as be maie, I make of it no cure,
But soth is this, the Quene hath made soch chere
Unto this childe, that wondir was to here,
And of the present that his fathir sent
She thankid him full oft in gode entent.
Thus is this Quene in plesaunce and in joie
With all these newe lustie folke of Troie,
And of the dedis hath she more enquired
Of Æneas, and all the storie lered
Of Troie, and all the longè daie thei twaie 240
Entendidin for to speke and to plaie,
Of whiche there gan to bredin soche a fire,
That selie Dido hath now soche desire
With Æneas her newe gest to dele,
That she hath lost her hewe and eke her hele.

Now to the' effect, now to the fruite of all,
Why I have told this storie, and tellin shall.

Thus I beginne, it fell upon a night,
Whan that the Mone upreisid had her light,
This noble Quene unto her rest ywent,
She sighid sore, and gon her self tourment, 240
She walkith, waloweth, and made many braied,
As doen these lovirs, as I have herd saied,
And at the laste, unto her sustir Anne
She made her mone, and right thus spake she than.

Now derè sustir mine, what maie it be,
That me agastith in my dreame? (qð she)
This ilke newe Trojan is so in my thought,
For that me thinketh he is so well iwrought,
And eke so likely for to ben a man,
And therwithall so mikill gode he can, 250

That

That all my love and life lieth in his cure,
Have ye nat herd him tell his avinture?

Now certis, Anne, if that ye redè me,
I woldin fain to him iweddid be;
This is the effect, what should I more seine,
In him lieth all, to doe me live or deine.

Her sustir Anne, as she that coud her gode,
Said as her thought, and somdele it withtode;
But hereof was so long a fermoning,
It were to long to makin reherfing, 260
But finally, it maie not be withstonde,
Love woll ylove, for no wight woll it wonde;
The dawning uprist out of the falte se;
This amorous Quene chargith her meinè
The nettis dresse, and speris brode and kene,
An hunting woll this lustie freshe Quene,
So prickith her this newè jolie wo,
To horse is all her lustie folke igo,
Unto the court the houndis ben ibrought,
And upon courfir swift as any thought, 270
Her yongè knightis hevin all about,
And of her women eke an hugè rout;
Upon a thicke palfraic, papirwhite,
With sadill redde, enbroudid with delite,
Of golde the barris, up enbossid high,
Sate Dido, all in golde and perreywrigh,
And she is faire, as is the brightè morowe,
That helith sick folkis of night's sorowe,
Upon a courfir, startling as the fire,
Men mightin tourne him with a little wire.

But Æneas, like Phœbus to devise,
So was he fresh arayid in his wife,
The fomie bridill, with the bitte of gold,
Govirnith he right as himself hath would;
And forthe this noble Quene, this ladie ride
On hunting, with this Trojan by her side.
The herde of Hartis foundin is anon,
With hey go bet, pricke thou, let gon, let gon,
Why n'il the Lion comin or the Bere, 290
That I might him ones metin with this spere,
Thus fain this yongè folke, and up thei kill
The wilde Hartis, and have 'hem at ther will.

Emong all this to romblin gan the heven,
The Thondir rorid with a grisly steven,
Doun come the rain, with haile and slet so fast,
With hevin's fire, that made so sore agast
This noble Quene, and also her meinè,
That eche of 'hem was glad awaie to fle,
And shortly fro the tempest her to save,
She fled her self into a little cave, 300
And with her went this Æneas also,
I n'ot with 'hem if ther went any mo,
The auctour makith of it no mencion,
And here began the depe affection
Bitwixt 'hem two, this was the firstè morowe
Of her gladnesse, and ginning of her sorowe,
For there hath Æneas iknelid so,
And tolde her all his hert, and all his wo,
And sworne so depè to her to be true,
For well or wo, and chaungin for no newe, 310
And as a false lovir so well can plain,
That selie Dido rewid on his pain,
Toke him for husbond, and became his wife
For evirmore, while that 'hem last shulde life:
And aftir this, whan that the tempest stente,
With mirth out as thei came, homeward thei went,
The wickid fame uprose, and that anon,
How Æneas hath with the Quene igon
Into the cave, and demid as 'hem list.
And whan the king (that Yarbass hight) it wist, 320
As he that bad her loved evir his life
And wowid her to havin to his wife,
Soche sorow' as he hath makid, and soche chere,
It is a routhe and pite for to here;

But as in love all daie it happith so,
That one shall laughin at an othir's wo,
Now laughith Æneas, and is in joie,
And more richesse, than evir was in Troie.

O selie woman, full of innocence,
Full of pite, of truthe, and continence, 330
What makid you to men to trustin so?
Have ye soche routhe upon ther fainid wo,
And have soche old enlamlis you beforne?
Se ye nat all how that thei ben forsworne?
Where se ye one, that he ne' hath laste his lefe,
Or ben unkinde, or doen her some mischefe,
Or pillid her, or boftid of his dede?

Ye maie as well it sene as ye maie rede.
Takith hede now of this grete gentilman,
This Trojan, that so well her pisin can, 340
That fainith him so true and obeising,
So gentill, and so privie' of his doing,
And can so well doen all his obeisaunce,
And waitith her at festis and at daunce,
And whan she goeth to temple', and home again,
And fastin till he hath his ladie sein,
And beren in his devisis for her sake,
N'ot I nat what, and songis would he make,
Justin, and doen of armis many thinges,
Sende her lettirs, tokins, brochis, and ringes. 350

Now herkenith how he shal his lady serve;
There as he was in perill for to sterve
For hungir and for mischefe in the se,
And delolate, and fledde fro his countre,
And all his folke with tempest all to driven,
She hath her body and eke her relme yeven
Into his honde, there as she might have ben
Of othir lande than of Carthage a Quene,
And lived in joy inough, what would ye more?

This Æneas, that hath thus depe iswore, 360
Is werie of his craft within a throwe,
And the hote ernest is all ovirblowe,
And privily he doeth his shippis dight,
And shapith him to stele awaie by night.

This Dido hath suspicion of this,
And thoughtin well that it was all amis;
For in his bedde he lieth anight and siketh,
She askith him anon, what The misliketh,
My derè herte, whiche that I lovin moste?

Certis (qð he) this night my fathir's ghoſte 370
Hath in my slepe me so forely tourmented,
And eke Mercurie' his message hath presented,
That nedis to the conquest of Itaille
My destinie is sonè for to faile, 300
For which me thinkith, brostin is mine hert,
Therwith his falsè teris out thei stert,
And takith her within his armis two.

Is that in ernest (qð she) woll ye so?
Have ye not sworne to wife me for to take?
Alas! what woman woll ye of me make? 380
I am a gentill woman, and a Quene,
Ye woll not fro your wife thus foul yflene,
That I was borne alas! what shall I do?

To telle in short, this noble Quene Dido,
She sekith halowes, and doeth Sacrifice,
She knelith, crieth, that routh is to devise,
Conjurith him, and profe'rith him to be
His thrall, his servaunt, in the best degre,
She fallith him to fore, and sownith there
Dischevilid with her bright gildid here, 390
And saith, have mercy, let me with you ride,
These lordis, whiche that wonnin me beside,
Woll me distroyin onely for your sake;
And if ye wolle me now to wife ytake,
As ye have sworne, than woll I yeve you leve,
To slaen me with your swerde, now sone at eve,
For than yet shall I dyin as your wife;
I am with childe, and yeve my childe his life,

O mercie

O mercie lorde, have pite in your thought,
 But al this thing availith her right nought,
 For on a night he sleping let her lie,
 And stole away into his cumpany,
 And as a traiteur forthe he gan to faile
 Towardis the large countre of Itaile,
 And thus hath he last Dido' in wo and pine,
 And weddid there a ladie hight Lavine;
 A clothe he laft, and eke his sworde standing,
 Whan he fro Dido stale in her sleping,
 Right at her bedd'is hedde, so gan he hie,
 Whan that he stale awaie to his navie.

Which cloth, whan felie Dido gan awake,
 She hath it kiste ful oftin for his sake,
 And said, swete cloth, while Jupiter it lef,
 Take my soule, unbinde me of this unrest,
 I have fulfilled of fortune all the course,
 And thus alas, withoutin his focourse,
 Twentie timis ifwounid hath she than,
 And whan that she unto her sustir Anne
 Complained had, of which I maie not write,
 So grete routh I have it for to endite,

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And bad her norice and her fustrin gon
 To fetchin fire, and othir thinges anon,
 And sayid that she wouldè Sacrife,
 And whan she might her timè well aspie,
 Upon the fire of Sacrifice she sterre,
 And with his sworde she rofe her to the herte.
 But as mine auctour saith, yet this she seide,
 Or she was hurtin, beforne or she deide,
 She wrote a lettre' anon, and thus began.

Right so (qð she) as the milkwhite Swan
 Ayenst his deth beginnith for to sing,
 Right so to you I make my complaining,
 Not that I trowe to gettin you again,
 For well I wote that it is al in vain,
 Sens that the goddes ben contrarious to me,
 But sin my name is lost through you (qð she)
 I maie well lese a worde on you or letter,
 All be it I shall be nevir the better,
 For thilke wind, that blewe your ship awaie;
 The same winde hath blowe awaie your faie;
 But who so wol al this lettre' have in minde,
 Rede Ovide, and in him he shall it finde.

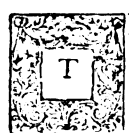
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Thus endeth the Legende of DIDO Quene of Carthage.



Here foloweth the Legende of HYPsipyle and MEDEA.



Thou rote of false loviris Duke Jason,
 Thou fleer, devourir, and confusion
 Of gentill women, gentil creatures,
 Thou madist thy reclaiming and thy lures
 To Ladies, of thy scathliche aparaunce,
 And of thy wordis farfid with plesaunce,
 And of thy fainid trouthe, and thy manere,
 With thine obeisaunce and humble chere,
 And with thine counterfeitid pain and wo,
 There othir falsin one, thou falsid two
 O oftin swore thou, that thou wouldist die
 For love, whan thou ne feltist maladie,
 Save foule delite, whiche that thou callist love,
 If that I live, thy name shall be yshove
 In Englishe, that thy deceipt shall be knowe,
 Have at The Jason, now thin horn is blow.
 But certis, it is bothè routh and wo,
 That Love with false lovirs werkith so,
 For thei shal have well bettir love and chere
 Than he that hath aboughtin love full dere,
 Or had in armis many' a blodie boxe,
 For ay as tendre' a Capon eteth the Fox,
 Though he be fals, and hath the foule betraied,
 As shall the gode man that therefore hath paid,
 Although he have to the' capon skill and right,
 The false Foxe woll have his part at night.
 On Jason this ensample' is well isene
 By Hypsipyle', and Medea the Quene.

In Thessalie, as Ovide tellith us,
 There was a knight that hightin Peleus,
 That had a brothir, whiche that hight Æson,
 And whan for age he might unnethis gon,
 He yave to Peleus the govirning
 Of all his reigne, and made him lorde and king,
 Of whiche Æson, this Jason gettin was,
 That in his time, in all that land there n'as
 Nat soche a famous knight of gentillesse,
 Of fredome, of strengthe, and of lustinesse,
 Aftir his fathir's deth, he bare him so,
 That there n'as none that list to ben his foe,
 But did him all honour and companie;
 Of whiche this Peleus hath grete envie,
 Imagining that Jason might ybe

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Enhaunfid so, and put in soche degre,
 With love of lordis of his regioun,
 That from his reigne he maie be put adoun;
 And in his wit anight compassid he
 How this Jason might best distroyid be
 Withoutin sclaudir of his compasment:
 And at the last he toke avisement,
 That to sende him into some ferre countre;
 Theras this Jason maie distroyid be,
 This was his wit, all made he to Jason
 Grete chere of loke, and of affection,
 For drede lest that his lordis it espide.
 And so bifell it, as fame ronith wide,
 There was soche tiding or all, and soche loos,
 That in an Isle, that callid was Colchos,
 That stonte beyonde Troie Estward in the Se,
 There was a Ram, which that men mightin se,
 That had a Flees of golde, that shone so bright,
 That no where was there soche an othir sight;
 But it was kept alwaie with a Dragoun,
 And many othir marvailles up and doun,
 And with two Bullis, makid all of bras,
 That spittin fire, and mochil thing ther was;
 But this was eke the talè nathèles,
 That who so would ywinnin thilkè Flees,
 He must bothe, or that he it winnin might,
 With the Bullis and with the Dragon fight.

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And king Oëtus lorde was of that Ile.
 This Peleus bethought upon this while,
 That he his nevewe Jason would exhort
 To sailin to that londe, him to disport,
 And sayid, nevewe if it might ybe
 That soche a worship might befallin The,
 That thou this famous trefure mightist win,
 And bringin it my region within,
 It were to me grete plesaunce and honour,
 Than were I holdin to quite thy labour,
 And all thy costis I woll my self make,
 And chesith what folke thou wolt with The take;
 Let se now, darste thou takin this voiage.
 Jason was young, and lustie of corage,
 And undirtok to doen this ilke emprise;
 Anon Argus his shippis gan devise.

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With

With Jason went the strong stout Hercules,
And many' an othir, that he with him ches,
But who so askith, who is with him gon,
Let him rede the boke Argonauticon,
For he woll tel a tale long inough.
Philocrates anon thei faile up drough,
Whan that the winde was gode, and gan him hie
Out of his countre, callid Thessalie.
So long thei sailid in the salte se,
Till in the Ile of Lemnos arived he;
All be this nat reherfid of Guido,
Yet saith Ovide in his Epistlis so;
And of this Ileland ladie was and Quene,
The faire and yonge Hypsipyle the thene,
That whilom Thoas doughtir was the king.

Hypsipyle was gon in her playing,
And roming on the clevis by the se;
Undir a banke anone espyid she
Where laie the shippe, that Jason gon arive;
Of her godnesse adoune she sendith blive
To wetin, if that any straunge wight
With tempest thiðir were iblowe anight,
To doen hem socour, as was her usaunce
To furthrin every wight, and don plesaunce,
Of very bounte, and of curtesie:

This messangir adoune him gan to hie,
And founde Jason and Hercules also,
That in a cogge to londe werin igo
Hem to refreshin, and to take the aire;
The morowning attempre was and faire,
And in ther waie this messangir hem mette,
Full conningly these lordis two he grette,
And did his message, asking hem anon
If thei wer brokin, or ought wo begon,
Or had nede of lodesmen, or of vitaille,
For of succour they sholdin nothing faile,
For it was uttirly the Quene's will.

Jason answerid mekily and still,
My ladie (qð he) thanke I hertily
Of her godnesse, us nedith truily
Nothing as now, but that we werie be,
And comin for to plaie out of the se,
Till that the winde be bettir in our waie.

This ladie romith by the cliffe to plaie
With her meine, endlong upon the stonde,
And findith Jason, and this othir, stonde
In speking of this thing, as I you told.

This Hercules and Jason gan behold,
How that the Quene it was, and faire her grete,
Anon right as ther with this ladie mete,
And she toke hede, and knewe by ther manere,
By ther arae, by wordis, and by chere,
That it were gentillmen' of grete degre,
And to the castel with her ledith she
These straunge folke, and doith hem gret honor,
And askith hem of travaile and of labor,
That thei have suffrid in the salte se,
So that within a daie, or two or thre
She knewe by the folke that in his shippis be
That it was Jason full of renomè,
And Hercules, that had the grete loos,
That soughtin the adventures of Colchos,
And did hem honour, more than before,
For with hem deled evir longir the more,
For thei ben worthy folke withoutin lese,
And namely moste the spake with Hercules,
To him her herte she bare, an he should be
Sadde, wife, and trug, of wordis avisè,
Withoutin any othir affection
Of love, or othir imaginacion.

This Hercules hath this Jason so preised,
That to the Sunnè he hath him up reised,
That halfe so true a man there n'as of love
Undir the cope of heven that is above,

And he was wise, hardie, secrete, and riche,
Of these iii. pointis, there n'as non himliche,
Of fredome passid he, and lustichedde
All tho that livin, and all tho ben dedde;
Thereto so grete a gentillman was he,
And of Thessalie likely king to be,
There n'as no lacke, but that he was agast
To love, and for to spekin shamefast,
Him had levir himself murdir and die,
Than that men should a lovir him espie,
As woldè God above that I had give
My blode and fleshe, so that I might live
With the bones, that he had aught where a Wife
For his estate, for soche a lustie life
She sholdin ledin, with this lustie knight;
And all this was compassid on the night
Betwixin Jason, and this Hercules,
Of both these two here was a shreude lese
To come to house upon an innocent,
For to bedote this Quene was ther entent;
And Jason is as coie as is a maide,
He lokith pitoussly, but naught he saied,
But frely yave he to her counsaillers
Yeftis full grete, and to her officers;
As would God that I lefir had and time,
By processe all his woicing for to rime,
But in this house if a false lovir be,
Right as himself now doeth, right so did he,
With faining, and with every subtil dede;
Ye get no more of me, but ye woll rede
Th' originall, that tellith all the caas.

The sothe is this, that Jason weddid was
Unto this Quene, and toke of her substance,
What so him list, unto his purveiaunce,
And upon her begate he childrin two,
And drough his faile, and sawe her nevir mo.
A lettir sent she unto him certain,
Which were to long to writin and to sain,
And him reprovith of his grete untrouth,
And prayith him on her to have some routh,
And on his childrin two, she saied him this
That thei be like of alle thing iwis
To Jason, save that thei couth nat begile,
And prayid God, or it were longe while,
That she, that had his herte irest her fro,
Mote findin him untrue, and false also.
And that she muste both her childrin spill,
And alle tho that suffrith him his will;
And true to Jason was she all her life,
And evir kept her chaste, as for his wife,
Ne nevir had she joie at her herte,
But dyid for his love of sorowes smerte.

To Colchis comith is this Duke Jason,
That is of love devoufir and dragon,
As Matire appetith forme atwaie,
And from forme into forme it passin maie,
Or as a welle that were bottomles,
Right so can false Jason have no pees,
For to desirin through his appetite
To doen with gentilwoman his delite,
This is his luste, and his felidite.
Jason is romid forthe to the cite,
That whilom clepid was Jasonicos,
That was the maistrir of all Colchos,
And hath itolde the cause of his coming
Unto Ætæa, of that countre king;
Praying him that he must doen his affaie,
To gette the Flesc of golde, if that he maie,
Of whiche the king ailentith to his bone,
And doth him honour, as it is to done,
So ferforth, that his doughtir and his heire
Medea, whiche that was so wise and faire,
That fairir sawe there nevir man with eye,
He made her doen to Jason companie

At mete, and sittin by him in the hall.

Now was Jason a semely man withall,
And like a Lorde, and had a grete renoun,
And of his loke roiall as a Lioun,
And godelie of his speche, and familiere,
And coud of love the craft and art plenere
Withoutin boke, with everiche observaunce,
And as fortune her ought a foule mischaunce,
She woxe enamorid upon this man.

Jason (qð she) for ought I se or can
As of this thing, the whiche ye ben about,
Ye and your self ye put in mochil doubt,
For who so woll this avinture atcheve,
He maie nat wele astertin, as I leve,
Withoutin deth, but I his helpè be;
But nathèles it is my will (qð she)
To forthrin you, so that ye shall nat die,
But turnin sounde home to your Thessalie.

My right fair lady (qð this Jason tho)
That ye have of my deth or of my wo
Any regarde, and doen me this honour,
I wor wel that my might, ne my labour
May nat deservin it my liv'is daie,
God thankè you, there I ne can ne maie,
Your man am I, and lowely you beseche
To ben my helpe, withoutin morè speche,
But certis for my deth shal I not spare.

Tho gan this Medea to him declare
The peril of this case, fro point to point,
Of his batayle, and eke in what disjoynt
He motè stondin, of whiche no cature
Save onely she, ne might his lyfe assure;
And shortly, right to the poynt for to go,
They ben accordid full betwyxe 'hem two,
That Jason shal her wedde, as her true knight,
And terme yfet to comin sone at night
Unto her chambre, and make there his othe
Upon the goddess, that he for lefe or lothe
Ne shulde her nevir falsin nyght ne daye,

To ben her husbonde whyle he lyvin maye,
As she that from his deth him savid here.

And hereupon at night they mette yfere,
And doth his othe, and goth with her to bedde,
And on the morowe upwarde he him spedde,
For she hath taught him how he shal nat fayle
The flees to wyne, and stintin his bataile, 280
And savid hym his life, and his honour,
And gate him a name, as a Conquerour,
Right through the sleight of her enchantement.
Now hath Jason the hese, and home is went
With Medea, and trefours full grete wonne.
But unwyste of her fathir she is gonne
To Thessalye, with duke Jason her lefe,
That aftirwarde hath brought her to mischefe.

For as a traytour he is from her go,
And with her leste yongè childrin two, 290
And falsely hath betrayid her, alas!
And er in love a chese traytour he was,
And weddid yet the thirde wyfe anon,
That was the doughtir of the kyng Creon.

This is the mede of lovyng and guerdon,
That Medea receved of duke Jason
Right for her trouth, and for her kyndinesse,
That loved him bettir than her self, I gesse,
And leste her fathir, and her herytage;
And of Jason this is the vassalage, 300
That in his dayes n'as nevir non yfounded
So false a lovyr goyng on the grounde;
And therefore in her lettir thus she sayd,
First when she of his falsnesse him upbrayd,
Why lykid me thy yelowè here to se
More than the boundis of myn honeste?
Why lykid me thy youth and thy fayrnesse
And of thy tonge the' insynite gracynesse?

O! haddest thou in thy conquest ded ybe,
Ful mikil untrouth had there dyed with The. 310
Wel can Ovide her lettre' in verse endyte,
Whiche were as now to longe for to write.

Here endeth the Legende of HYPSPYLE and MEDEA.



Here foloweth the Legende of LUCRECE of Rome.



Owe mote I sain th'exilyng of kyngis
Of Rome, for ther horrible doyngis,
Of the laste kynge Sextus Tarquinius,
As saith Ovid, and Titus Lyvius;

But for that cause tel I nat this storye,
But for to prayse, and drawe in memorye
The very wyfe, the very true Lucrese,
That for her wifehode, and her stedfastnesse,
Nat onely that these panymes her commende,
But that yclepid is in our legende,
The gret Austyn, that hath compassioun
Of this Lucrece, that starfe in Rome toun,
And in what wise, I woll but shortly trete,
And of this thing I touch not but the grete.

Whan Ardea besiegid was aboute
With Romayns, that ful sterne werin and stout,
Ful longe lay the siege and litil wroughten,
So that they wer halfe ydil, as 'hem thoughten,
And in his play Tarquinius the yonge
Gan for to jape, for he was lyght of tonge,
And sayid, that it was an ydle lyfe,
No man dyd there no more than did his wife,
And let us speke of wivis, that is best,
Praise everie man his own, as him leste,
And with our spechis let us ese our herte.

A knight (yclepid Colatin) up sterre,
And sayid thus, nay, sir, it is no nede
To trowin on the worde, but on the dede,
I have a wife (qð he) that as I trowe
Is holdin gode of al that er her knowe, 30
Go we to Rome to nyght, and we shul se.

Tarquinius answerde, that lykith me;
To Rome they be comin, and fast 'hem dighte
To Colatyn's house, and downe they light,
Tarquinius, and eke this Colatine;

The husbonde knewe the eftirs wel and fyne,
And ful prively into the house thei gone;

Nor at the gate ne portir was there none,
And at the chambre dorè they abyde;
This noble wife fate by her bedd'is fyde 40
Discheveled, for no malyce she ne thought,
And soft wol, faith Livy, that she wrought
To kepin her from slouth and ydilnesse,
And bad her servauntes done ther besinesse,
And askith 'hem, What tidinges herin ye?
How faith men of the siege, howe shal it be?
God wolde the wallis were fallin adowne,
Myn husbond is to long out of this towne,
For whichè drede doth me sorely to smerte,

Right as a sworde it styngith to mine hert,

50
Whan

Whan I thinkin on this or of that place,
God save my lorde, I pray him for his grace;
And therewithal so tendirly gan wepe,
And of her werke she toke no more kepe,
But mekily she let her eyin fal,
And thilkè semblant fate her wel withal,
And eke her teris ful of honestè
Embelissid her wifely chastitè,
Her countinaunce is to her hertè digne,
For thei accordidin in dede and signe.
And with that worde her husbonde Colatin,
Or she of him was ware, came sterling in,
And sayid, drede The nat, for I am here;
And she anone up rose, with blisful chere,
And kyssed him, as of wivis is the wonne.

Tarquinius, this proude king's sonne,
Concevid hath her beautie and her chere,
Her yelowè here, her bountie', and her manere,
Her hewe, her wordis, that she hath complained,
And by no craft her beautie was nat fained,
And caught unto this lady soche desire,
That in his hert he brent as any fire
So wodely, that his witte was all forgotten,
For wel thought he she shuldè nat be gotten,
And aye the more that he was in dispaire,
The more he covetith, and thought her faire,
His blindè luste was al his coveting.
On morowe, whan the birde began to syng,
Unto the sieg he cometh ful privily,
And by himselfe he walkith sobirly,
The ymage of her recording alway newe,
Thus lay her here, and thus fresh was her hew,
Thus fate she, thus she spake, this was her chere,
Thus faire she was, and this was her manere;
Al this conceite his herte hath newe ytake,
And as the se, with tempest al to shake,
That aftir whan the storme is al ago,
Yet wolle the watir quappe a daie or two,
Right so, though that her formè were absent,
The plesaunce of her formè was present,
But nathelèssè nat plesaunce, but delite,
Or an unrightful talent with dispite,
For maugre her, she shal my lemman be,
Hap helpith hardy man alway (qð he)
What endè that I make, it shal be so.
And gyrtè him with his sworde, and gan to go,
And he forth ritt til he to Rome is come,
And al alone his way that he hath nome
Unto the houle of Colatin ful right;
Down was the sunne, and day hath lost his lyght,
And in he come, unto a privie halke,
And in the night ful thefely gan he stalke,
Whan every wight was to his rest ybrought,
Ne no wight had of treson soche a thought,
Whethir by windowe, or by othir gin,
With swerde ydrawe shortly he comith in
There as she lay, this noble wife Lucrece,
And as she woke, her bedde she feltin presse;
What best is that (qð she) that wayith thus?

I am the king's sonne Tarquinius,
(Qð he) but and thou crie, or noise ymake,
Or if thou any creature awake,
By thilkè God, that formid man of lyve,
This swerdè through thyne hertè shal I ryve,
And therewithal unto her throte he sterre,
And set the swerde al sharpe upon her herte.
No word she spake, she hath no might therto,
What shal she saine, her witte is al ago,
As when a wolfe findith a lambe alone,
To whom shal she complaine or make her mone? 120
What, shal she fightin with an hardie knight?
Wel wotte men that a woman hath no might;
What shal she crie, or how shal she asterte?
That hath her by the throte with swerde at herte;

She askith grace, and said al that she can.

No, wolt thou nat tho (qð this cruil man)

As wisely Jupiter my soule save
As I shal in thy stable fle thy knave,
And lay him in thy bedde and loudè crie
That I The fyndin in soche avoutrie; 130
And thus thou shalt be ded, and also lese
Thy name, for that thou shalt none othir chese.
This Romaines wives lovidin so ther name
At thilke tyme and dredidin so the shame,
That what for fere of slaundre', and dred of deth,
She lost at onis both her wit and breth,
And in a swough she lay, and woxe so ded,
Men mightin smitin of her arme or hed,
She felith nothing, neithir foule ne feyre.

Tarquinius, that art a king's heyre, 140
And shuldift, as by linage and by right,
Done as a lorde, and as a very knight,
Why hast thou done dispite to chivalrye?
Why hast thou done thy lady vilanie?
Alas, of The this was a vila'inous dede!
But nowe to the' purpose, in the story' I rede.
Whan he was gonne, and this mischaunce is fal,
This lady sent aftir her frendis al,
Fathir, mothir, and husbonde, al yfere,
And dischevilid with her herè clere, 150
In habyt soche as women usid tho
Unto the buryeng of ther frendis go
She fate in hal, with a sorowful syght,
Her frendis askin what her aylin myght,
And who was ded? and she fate aye wepyng,
A worde for shame ne may she forth out bring,
Ne upon them she durstè nat behold;
But at the laste of Tarquin she 'hem tolde
This ruful case, and al this thyng horrible,

The wo to tellin were impossible, 160
That she and al her frendis make at ones,
Al haddin folkis hertis ben of stones,
It might have makid 'hem upon her rewe,
Her hert ywas so wifely and so trewe,
She said, that for her gilte ne for her blame
Her husbonde shulde nat have the foule name,
That woldè she nat suffrin by no waye.
And they answerid al unto her faye
That they foryave it her, for it was right,
It was no gylte, it lay nat in her myght, 170
And saydin her ensamplis many one,
But al for naught, for thus she said anone,
Be as be may (qð she) of forgivynge,
I will nat have no forgifte for nothing,
But privily she coughtin forth a knife,
And therewithal she rafte her selfe her life,
And as she fel adowne she cast her loke,
And of her clothis yet gode hede she toke,
For in her fallyng yet she had a care
Leste that her fete, or soche thingis lay bare; 180
So wel she lovid clennesse, and eke trouthe.

Of her had all the towne of Rome routhe,
And Brutus hath by her chaste blode yswore
That Tarquin shulde ybanished be therfore,
And al his kinne, and let the peple cal,
And opinly the tale he tolde 'hem al,
And opinly let cary' her on a bere
Through al the towne, that men may se and here
The' horrible dede of her oppressioun.
Ne nevir was there kyng in Rome toun 190
Sens thylkè day, and she was holdin there
A saynt, and evre' her day yhalowed dere,
As in ther lawe: and thus endith Lucrese,
The noble wyfe, Titus berith witnesse.
I tel it for she was of love so trewe,
Ne in her wil she chaungid for no newe,
And in her stable hertè, sadde and kinde,
That in these women men may al day finde,

There

There as they cast ther hert, there it dwellith;
For wel I wote, that Christ himselfe tellith, 200
That in Israel, as wide as is the londe,
He so grete faith in al the londe ne fonde,

As in a woman, and this is no lie;
And as for men, loke ye, soche tyrannie
Thei done al daie, aslay 'hem who so list;
The trewist is ful brotil for to trifle.

Here endeth the Legende of LUCRECE of Rome.

Here foloweth the Legende of ARIADNE of Athens.

Minos infernal judge of Crete the kyng,
Now cometh thy lotte, thou comist on the
ryng;
Nat for thy sake alone writen is this storye,
But for to clepe ayen unto memorie

Of Theseus the gret untrouthe of love,
For whiche the goddis of hevin above,
Ben wroth, and wrath have takin for thy synne,
Be red for shame, nowe I thy lyfe beginne.

Minos that was the mighty king of Crete,
That had an hundrid cities strong and grete, 10
To schole hath sent his sonne Androgeus
To Athenes, of the whiche it happid thus
That he was slayne, lerning philosphie,
Right in that cyte, nat but for envie.

The grete Minos, of the whiche that I speke,
His sonnys deth is comin for to wreke.

Alcathoe' he besiegid harde and longe,
But natheles the wallis be so stronge,

And Nisus, that was kyng of that cite,
So chivalrous, that litil dredith he,

Of Minos or his hoste toke he no cure,
Tyl on a daie besil an avinture,

That Nisus doughtir stode upon the wal,
And of the siege behelde the manir al,

So happid it, that at a scarmishing,
She caste her hert upon Minos the king,

For his beautie, and for his chivalrye,
So sorely that she wenid for to die.

And shortly of this processe for to pace,
She made Minos to winnin thilke place,

So that the cite was al at his wyl,

To favin whom him list, or ellis spill.

But wickidly he quit her kyndenesse,
And let her drence in sorowe and distresse,

N'ere that the goddis had of her pite,
But that tale were to longe as nowe for me.

Athenis was this king Minos also,

As Alcathoe', and othir townis mo,

And this th' effect, that Minos hath so driven
Them of Athenis, that thei mote him yeven 40

Fro yere to yere ther owne childrin dere

For to be slaine, as ye shal aftir here.

This Minos hath a monstre', a wickid best,

That was so cruil, that without arest

Whan that a man was brought into' his presence

He wolde him ete, there helpith no defence;

And every thirde yere withoutin doute

Thei castid in lotte, as it came aboute,

On riche and pore, he must his sonne take,

And of his childe he must a presente make 50

To Minos, for to save him or to spill,

Or let his best devour him at his will.

And this hath Minos don right in dispite,

To wreke his sonne was set al his delyte,

And makin' hem of Athenis hys thral,

Fro yere to yere, while that he livin shal,

And hom he sailith whan this toun is won.

This wickid custome is so long yron,

Till that the king of Athenes Ægeus

Mote sendin his owne sonne Theseus, 60
Sens that the lotte is fallin him upon,
To ben devourid, for grace is there non.
And forth is ladde this woful yonge knight
Unto the countre' of Minos ful of might,
And in a prison fettrid fast is he,
Tyl that ilke time he shulde yfretin be.

Wel maist thou wepe, o woful Theseus,
That art a king's sonne, and damnid thus,
Me thinkith this, that thou art depe yholde,

To whom that savid The fro caris colde, 70

And nowe yf any woman helpè The,

Wel oughtist thou her servaunt for be,

And ben her trewe lovir yere by yere.

But nowe to come aien to my matere.

The tourè, there this Theseus is throwe,

Downe in the bottom derke, and wondir lowe,

Was joyning to the wal of a foreine

That longing was unto the doughtrin tweine

Of Minos, whiche that in ther chambris grete 80

Dweltin above toward the maistirstrete

Of thilke towne, in joy and in solas,

N'ot I nat howe, it happinid per caas

As Theseus complainid him by night,

The king's doughtir, that Ariadne hight,

And eke her sustir Phœdra, herdin al

His complainte, as thei stod in on the wall,

And lokid up upon the brightè mone,

'Hem listin nat to go to bedde so sone,

And of his wo thei had compassion, 90

A king's sonne to be in soche prision,

And ben devourid, thought 'hem grete pite,

Than Ariadne spake to' her sustir fre,

And sayid, Phœdra, my lefe sustir dere,

This woful lord's sonne maie ye nat here

Howe pitously he complainith his kinne,

And eke his pore estate that he is inne,

And giltylesse? certis nowe it is routhe,

And if ye wol assentin by my trouthe

He shal ben holpin, howe so that we do. 100

Phœdra answerde, ywis me is as wo

For him, as er I was for any man,

And to his helpe the best rede that I can

Is, that we done the gailir privily

To come and spekin with us hastily,

And done this woful man with him to come,

For if he maie this monstir overcome,

Than were he quite, there is none othir bote; 110

Let us wel taste him at his hert's rote,

That if so be that he a wepon have,

Where that he dare, his life to kepe and save, 110

Fightin with this fende, and himself defende;

For in the prison, there he shal discende,

Ye wote wel, that the best is in a place

That is not derke, and hath roume and eke space

To welde an axe, or swerde, a staife, or knife,

So that me thinkith he shulde save his life,

If that he be a man, he shal do so.

And we shal make him ballis eke also

Of

Of wexe and towe, that whan he gapith fast
 Into the best's throte he shal 'hem caste,
 To fleke his hongir, and encombre' his tethe,
 And right anon whan that Theseus sethe
 The best achekid, he shal on him lepe,
 To seen him, or they comin more to hepe.
 This wepon shal the gailir or that tyde
 Ful privily within the prison hyde;
 And for the house is crenclid to and fro,
 And hath so queintè wayis for to go,
 For it is shapin as the mase is wrought,
 Therto have I a remedy' in my thought,
 That by a clewe of twyne, as he hath gon,
 The same way he may returne anon,
 Folo'wing alway the threde, as he hath come
 And whan that he this best hath ovircome,
 Than may he flien away out of this stede,
 And eke the gailir may he with him lede,
 And him avaunce at home in his countre,
 Sens that so gret a lord's sonne is he.
 This is my rede, if that ye dare it take,
 What shulde I lengir sermon of it make?
 The gailir cometh, and with him Theseus;
 And whan these thingis ben accordid thus,
 Adowne sate Theseus upon his kne,
 O the right lady of my life (qð he)
 I so'rowfull man, ydamnid to the dethe,
 Fro you, whilis that me ylastith brethe,
 I wol nat twinne, aftir this avinture,
 But in your service thus I wol endure,
 That as a wretche unknow, I wol you serve
 For evirmore, tyl that min herte sterve,
 Forfake I wol at home min heritage,
 And as I said, ben of your courte a page,
 If that ye vouchsafin that in this place
 Ye grauntin me to havin soche a grace
 That I may have nat but my mete and drinke,
 And for my sustinaunce yet wol I swinke,
 Right as you list, that Minos, ne no wight
 Sens that he saw me nevir with eyenlight,
 Ne no man ellis shal me nat espye,
 So flily, and so wel I shal me gye,
 And me so wel disfigure, and so lowe,
 That in this world there shal no man me knowe,
 To have my lyfe, and to have the presence
 Of you, that done to me this excellence;
 And to my fathir shal I sendin here
 This worthy man, which that is your gaylere,
 And him so guerdon, that he shal wel be
 One of the gretist men of my countre,
 And if I durstè sayne, my lady bright,
 I am a king's sonne and eke a knight,
 As woldè God, if that it might ybe
 Ye werin in my countre allè thre,
 And I with you, to bere you companye,
 Than shuld ye sene if that I therof lye,
 And if I profir you in lowe manere
 To ben your page, and servin you right here,
 But I you serve as lowly in that place,
 I pray to Mars to yeve me soche grace,
 That sham's deth on me there motè fall,
 And deth and povertè to my frendis all,
 And that my spritè by night motè go
 Aftir my deth, and walkin to and fro,
 That I mote of foule traitour have a name,
 For whiche my sprit mote go, to do me shame,
 And if I clayme evir othir degre
 But ye vouchsafin to grauntin it me,
 As I have said, of sham's deth I dey,
 And mercy lady, I can naught els sey.
 A femely knight was this Theseus to se,
 And yongè, but of twenty yere and thre,
 But who so had yfene his countinaunce,
 He would have wept, for routh of his penaunce,

For which this Ariadne' in this manere
 Answerde to his profre and to his chere.
 A kyng's sonne, and eke a knight (qð she)
 To ben my servaunt in so low degre
 God shild it, for the shame of women al,
 And lene me nevir soche a case befall,
 And sende you grace, and sleight of hert also
 You to defende, and knightly seen your foe, 200
 And lene here aftir that I may you finde
 To me, and to my sustir here so kynde,
 That I ne repent nat to yeve you lyfe;
 Yet were it bettir that I were your wife,
 Sithe that ye ben as gentil borne as I,
 And have a relme nat ferre but fastè by,
 Than I suffrid your gentillesse to sterve,
 Or that I let you as a page to serve,
 It is no profite unto your kinrede,
 But what is that, that men n'll do for dred. 210
 And to my sustir, syth that it is so
 That she mote gone with me, if that I go,
 Or ellis suffre deth as wel as I,
 That ye unto your sonne as trewily
 Done her be weddid at your homecomming;
 This is the fynal ende of al this thing,
 Ye swere it here on all that may be sworne.
 Ye, lady myn (qð he) or els to torne
 Mote I be with the Minotaure to morowe,
 And havith here of min hertblod to borowe, 220
 If that ye wol, if I had knife or spere,
 I wolde it lettin out, and thereon swere,
 For than at erste I wot ye would me leve,
 By Mars, that is the chiefe of my beleve,
 So that I mightin lyvin, and nat faile,
 To morowe for to takin my bataile,
 I ne wolde nevir fro this placè flye
 Tyl that ye shulde the very profre yse,
 For now, if that the soth I shall you say,
 I have lovid you ful many a daie, 230
 Though ye ne wist it nat, in my countre,
 And aldirmoste desyrid you to se
 Of any erthly living creature,
 Upon my trouthe I swere, and you assure,
 This sevin yere I have your servaunt be,
 Nowe have I you, and also have ye me,
 My derè hert, of Athenis Duchesse.
 This lady smilith at his stedfastnesse,
 And at his hertely wordes, and at his chere,
 And to her sustir sayd in this manere. 240
 And sothely leve all sustir myn (qð she)
 Nowe be we Duchessis both I and ye,
 And sikerde to the regals of Athenes,
 And bothe hereaftir likely to be Quenes,
 And favid fro his deth a king's sonne,
 As er of gentilwomen is the wonne
 To save a gentilman, enforth ther might,
 In honest cause, and namely in his right,
 Me thinkith no wight ought us hereof blame,
 Ne berin us therfore an evil name; 250
 And shortly of this matir for to make,
 This Theseus of her hath leve ytake,
 And every point was performid in dede,
 As ye have in this covenant herde me rede;
 His wepen, his clewe, his thing that I have said,
 Was by the gailir in the house ylaide,
 There as the Mynotaure hath his dwellyng,
 Right fastè by the dore, at his entring,
 And Theseus is lad unto his dethe,
 And forth unto this Minotaure he gethe, 260
 And by the teching of this Adriane,
 He ovircame this best, and was his bane,
 And out he comith by the clewe againe
 Ful privily, whan he this best hath slaine,
 And by the gailir gottin hath a barge,
 And of his wiv's trefure gan it charge,
 X x x x
 And

And toke his wife, and eke her sustir fre,
 And eke the gailir, and with 'hem al thre
 Is stole away out of the londe by night,
 And to the countre' of Eupie him dight,
 Thereas he had a frende of his knowing.
 There festin thei, there daunsin thei and sing,
 And in his armis hath this Adriane,
 That of the best hath kept him fro his bane,
 And get him there a noble barge anone,
 And of his countre folke a ful gret wone,
 And taketh his leve, and homwarde sailith he,
 And in an yle, amiddis the wilde se,
 Thereas there dwellid nevir cature none,
 Save wild bestis, and that ful many one,
 He made his shippe alondè for to sette,
 And in that yle halfe a daie he lette,
 And sayd, that on the londe he must him reste,
 His mariners have done right as him leste;
 And for to tellin shortly in this case,
 Whan Ariadne his wife allepe was,
 For that her sustir fayrir was than she,
 He taketh her in his honde, and forth goth he
 To shyppe, and as a traitour stale away,
 While that this Ariadne allepe lay,
 And to his countre warde he sailith blive,
 A twenty dyvil way the winde him drive,
 And found his fathir drenchid in the se.
 Me lyste no more to speke of him, parde,
 These false lovirs, poison be ther bane.

But I wol turne againe to Adriane,
 That is with slepe for werinesse ytake
 Ful sorowfully her hert may awake.

Alas! for The myne herte hath grete pite;
 Right in the dawining awakith she,
 And gropith in the bed, and fond right nought.

Alas (qð she) that evir I was wrought!
 I am betrayid, and her here to reate,
 And to the stronde all barefote fast she wente,

270

280

290

300

And cryd: Theseus myn hertè swete,
 Where be ye, that I may nat with you mete,
 And might thus with the bestis ben yslaine?

The halowe rockis answerde her againe,
 No man she sawe, and yet yshone the mone,
 And hye upon a rocke she wentin sone,
 And sawe his barge ysailing in the se,
 Colde woxe her hert, and right thus sayid she;

310

Mekir than ye finde I the bestis wyld.
 Hath he nat synne, that he her thus begylde?
 She cried, o turne againe for routhe and finne,
 Thy barge ne hath nat al his meinè inne;
 Her couverchefe on a pole styckid she
 Ascaunce that he shulde it wele yse,
 And him remembre that she was behinde,
 And turne againe, and on the stronde her finde.

320

But all for naught, his way he is ygone,
 And downe she fel a swowne upon a stone,
 And up she riste, and kyssed in all her care
 The steppis of his fete, there he hath fare,
 And to her bed right thus she spekith tho:

Thou bed (qð she) that hast recevid two,
 Thou shalt answer of two, and not of one,
 Where is the gretir partè? away gone.

Alas! wher shal I wretchid wight become?
 For though so be that botè none here come,
 Home to my countre dare I nat for drede,
 I can my selfin in this case nat rede.

330

What should I tellin more here complaining?
 It is so long it were an hevy thing;
 In her epistle Naso tellith all.

But shortly to the ende tellin I shall,
 The Goddis have her holpin for pyte,
 And in the sygne of Taurus men may se
 The stonis of her corowne shynè clere.

I will no more spekin of this matere,
 But thus this false lovir can begile
 His trew love, the Devil quit him his while.

340

Here endeth the Legende of ARIADNE.



Here foloweth the Legende of PHILOMELA.

T Hou yevir of the formis that hast wrought
 The fayrè world, and bare it in thy thought
 Eternally, er thou thy werke began,
 Why madist thou to the slaundir of man,
 Or allbe that it was not thy doying,
 As for that ende, to makin soche a thing,
 Why suffredest thou that Tereus was bore,
 That is in love so false and so forswore,
 That fro this world up to the first hevin
 Corruptith, whan that folke his name nevin?
 And as to me so grisly was his dede,
 That whan that I this foule storie rede,
 Myne eyin wexin foule, and sore also,
 Yet lasteth the venyme of so long ago,
 That it enfectith him, that wolde beholde
 The storie of Tereus, of which I tolde.
 Of Thrace was he the lorde, and kyn to Marte
 The cruil God, that stante with bloody darte,
 And weddid had he with full blisfull chere
 King Pandion's faire doughtir dere,
 That hight Progne, the floure of her countre,
 Though Juno liste not at the fest to be,
 Ne Hymen, that the God of Weddyng is,
 But at the festè redy ben iwis
 The furis three, with all ther mortall bronde,
 The Oule all night above the balkis wonde,

10

20

That Prophete is of wo, and of mischaunce;
 This revill, full of song and full of daunce,
 Lastid a fourtenight, or little lasse;
 But shortlie of this storie for to passe,

30

(For I am werie of hym for to tell)
 Five yere his wife and he togithir dwell,
 Till on a daie she gan so fore to long
 To sene her sustir, that she sawe not long,
 That for desire she ne wist what to saie,
 But to her husbonde gan she for to praie
 For Godd's love, that she mote onis gon,
 To sene her sustre, and come ayen anon,
 Or ellis but she mote to her wende,
 She praied him that he would aftir her sende;
 And this was daie by daie all her praie,
 With all humbleffe of wifhode, worde and chere.

40

This Tereus let make his shippis yare,
 And into Grece hymself is forthe ifare,
 Unto his fathir in lawe gan he praie
 To vouchesafin, that for a moneth or twaie,
 That Philomela his wife's sustir might
 On Progne's his wife but onis have a sight,
 And she shall come to you again anon,
 My self with her I will bothe come and gon,
 And as my hert's life I will her kepe.

50

This olde Pandion, this kyng gan to wepe,

For
 1

For tendirnesse of herte for to leve
His doughtir gon, and for to yeve her leve;
Of all this worlde he lovid nothyng so;
But at the laste leve hath she to go,
For Philomela with fast teris eke
Gan of her fathir his grace to beseke
To sene her sustir, that her longith so,
And hym enbracith with her armis two,
And therewithal so yonge and faire was she,
That when that Tereus sawe her beaute,
And of arraie that there was none her liche,
And yet of beaute was she to so riche,
He cast his fierie herte upon her so
That he woll have her, how so that it go,
And with his wilis knelid, and so praied,
Till at the last Pandion thus ysaid.

Now sonne (qð he) that art to me so dere;
I The betake my yonge doughtir here
That bereth the keie of all myne hert's life,
And grete me well my doughtir, and thy wife,
And yeve her leve somtyme for to pleie,
That she maie se me onis or I deie.
And sothly he hath made hym richè fest,
And to his folke, the moste and eke the lest,
That with him came, and yave him yestis grete,
And him conveyith through the mastirstrete
Af Athenis, and to the se hym brought,
And tournith home, no malice he ne thought.
The oris pullith forth the vessil fast,
And into Thrace arrivith at the last,
And up into a Forest he her led,
And to a cave full privily hym sped,
And in this darkè cave, if that her lest
Or ne list nought, he bad her for to rest,
Of whiche her herte agrose, and sayid thus.

Where is my sustir, brothir Tereus?
And there withall she wept full tendirle;
And quoke for fere all pale and pituousslie,
Right as the lambe, that of the Wolfe is bitten,
Or as the Culver, that of the'Egle is smitten,
And is out of his clawis forthe escaped,
Yet it is still aferde, and sore awhaped,
Left it be hent eftsonis; so fate she:
But uttirle it maie none othir be,
By force hath this traitour ydoen a dede,
That he hath rest her of her maidinhede,
Maugre her hed, by strength and by his might.

Lo here a dede of men, and that aright!
She cryith sustir with full loudè steven,
And fathir dere, O helpe me God in heven;
All helpith not, and yet this false thefe
Hath doen his Ladie yet a more mischese,
For fere, lest that she should his shamè crie,
And doen him opinlie a villanie,
And with his sward her tong of kerfith he,
And in a Castill made her for to be
Full privily in prisone evirmore,
And kept her to his usage and his store,

So that she ne might nevir more asterte.
O sely Philomela, wo' is thine herte,
Huge ben thy sorowis, and wondir smerte,
God wreke The, and sende The thy bone.
Now it is time I make an ende sone.

This Tereus is to his wife icome,
And in his armis hath his wife inome,
And pitoussly he wept, and shoke his hedde,
And swore her, that he found her sustir dedde,
For whiche this felie Progne hath soche wo, 120
That nigh her sorowfull herte brake atwo;
And thus in teris let I Progne dwell,
And of her sustir forthe I woll you tel.

This wofull Ladie lernid had in youth
So that she workin and enbraudin couth,
And wevin in her stole the radèvore,
And it of women hath be wovid yore.
And sothly for to saine, she hath her fill
Of mete and drinke, of clothing at her will,
And couth eke rede well inough and endite, 130
But with a pennè she ne could not write,
But lettirs can she wevin to and fro,
So that by that the yere was all ago
She had ywovin in a stamen large
How she was brought fro Athenis in a barge,
And in a cave how that she was ybrought,
And all the thyng that Tereus ywrought,
She wove it wel, and wrote the storie' above
How she was servid for her sustir's love
And to a knave a ring she yave anon, 140
And prayid him by signis for to gon
Unto the quene, and berin her that clothe,
And by signis swore him many an othe
She should him yevin what she gettin might.

This knave anon unto the Quene him dight,
And toke it her, and all the manir tolde.
And when that Progne hath this thing behold,
No worde she spake, for sorowe and for rage,
But fainid her to gon on pilgrimage
To Bacchus temple', and in a little stounde 150
Her dombe sustir ysittyng hath she founde,
Weping in the castill her self alone;
Alas the wo, the constraint, and the mone
That Progne upon her dombe sustir maketh!
In armis everiche of 'hem othir taketh.
And thus I let 'hem in ther sorowe dwell,
The remenaunt is no charge for to tell,
For this is all and some, thus was she served,
That nevir ought agiltid ne deserved
Unto this cruill man, that she of wiste. 160
Ye maie beware of men, if that you liste,
For all be that he woll nor for his shame
Doin as Tereus, to lese his name,
Ne serve you as a murtherer or a knave,
Full little while shullin ye trewe him have,
That woll I sain, al wer he now my brother,
But it so be that he maie have none other.

Here endeth the Legende of PHILOMELA.

Here

Here foloweth the Legende of PHYLLIS.

BY prove, as well as by auctorite,
 That wickid fruite commeth of a wickid
 tre,
 That maie ye find, if that it likith you;
 But for this ende I speke this as now,
 To tellin you of false Demophoon,
 In love a falsir herd I nevir non,
 But it werin his fathir Theseus,
 God for his grace fro soche one kepin us,
 Thus these women yprayin, that it here.
 Now to the' effecte tourne I of my matere.
 Destroyid is of Troie the Cite;
 This Demophon came sailyng in the se
 Toward Athenis, to his paleis large;
 With him came many' a ship, and many' a barge,
 All full of folke, of whiche full many one
 Is woundid fore, and sike, and wo begone,
 And thei have at the siegè long ilaine;
 Behinde him came a winde, and eke a raine,
 That shofe so sore, his saile ne might not stonde;
 Hym were levir then all the worlde a londe,
 So huntith hym the tempest to and fro,
 So darke it was, he could no where ygo
 And with a wave to brustin was his stere,
 His ship was rent so lowe, in soche manere,
 That Carpenter ne could it not amende,
 The se by night as any Torchè brende
 For wode, and possith him up and down,
 Till Neptune hath of hym compassioun,
 And Thetis, Chorus, Triton, and thei all,
 And madin him upon a londe to fall
 Whereof that Phyllis Lady was and Quene,
 Lycurgus doughtir, fairir unto sene
 Then is the floure again the brightè Sonne.
 Unneth is Demophon to londe iwonne,
 Weke and eke werie, and his folke forpined
 Of werinessè, and also enfamined,
 And to the deth he was almoſte idriven,
 His wiſe folke counsaile have him yyeven
 To ſekin helpe and succour of the Quene,
 And lokin what his grace mightin bene,
 And makin in that lande ſome cheveſaunce,
 And kepin him fro wo, and fro miſchaunce:
 For ſike he was, and almoſte at the deth,
 Unnethis might he ſpeke, or drawin breth,
 And lieth in Rhodopeia hym to reſte;
 When he may walkin, him thought it was beſte
 Unto the Courte to ſekin for ſuccour;
 Men knewe him wele, and diddin hym honour,
 For at Athenis Duke and Lorde was he,
 As Theſeus his fathir hath ibe,
 That in his tymè was of grete renoun,
 No man ſo grete in all his regioun,
 And like his fathre' of face and of ſtature,
 And false of love, it came hym of nature,
 As doeth the Foxe Renarde, the Fox'is ſonne,
 Of kinde he could his oldè fathir wonne
 Withoutin lore, as can a Drake swimme,
 When it is caught, and caried to the brimme.
 This honorable Phyllis doth him chere,
 Her likith well his porte and his manere;
 But I am all agrotid here beforne
 To write of 'hem that in love ben forſworne,
 And eke to haſtin me in my Legende,
 Whiche to performè, God me grace yſende,
 Therefore I paſſin ſhortly in this wiſe;
 Ye have well herd of Theſeus the giſe,
 In the betraying of faire Adriane,
 That of her pite kept him fro his bane;

At ſhort wordis, right ſo Demophoon
 The ſamè waie, and the ſame pathe hath gon, 70
 That did his false fathir Theſeus,
 For unto Phyllis hath he ſwornè thus
 To weddin her, and her his trowth yplight,
 And pikid of her all the gode he might,
 Whan he was whole and ſounde, and had his reſte,
 And doeth with Phyllis what ſo that him leſt,
 As well I could, if that me liſtè ſo,
 Tellin of all his doying to and fro.
 He ſaid that to his cowntre mote hym ſaile,
 For there he would her weddyng appaile, 80
 As fill to her honour, and his alſo,
 And opinly he toke his levè tho,
 And to her ſwore that he would not ſojourne,
 But in a moneth again he would retourne,
 And in that londe let make his ordinaunce
 As very Lorde, and toke the obeiſaunce
 Well and humbly, and his Shippis ydight,
 And home he goith the next waie he might;
 But unto Phyllis again came he nought,
 And that hath ſhe ſo harde and ſore ibought, 90
 Alas! as the ſtorie doeth us recorde,
 That ſhe was her owne deth right with a corde,
 When that ſhe ſaw that Demophon her traied.
 But firſt wrote ſhe to him, and faſt him praied
 He would come, and delivir her of pain,
 As I reherſin ſhall a worde or twain,
 Me liſtè not to vouchſafe on him to ſwinke,
 Diſpendin on him a penne full of ynke,
 For false in love was he, right as his fire, 100
 The Devill ſet ther ſoulis both on fire,
 But of the lettre' of Phyllis woll I write
 A worde or twain, although it be but liſe.
 Thine hoſteſſe (qð ſhe) O Demophoon,
 Thy Phyllis, whiche that is ſo wo begon,
 Of Rhodopeie upon you mote complain,
 Ovir the terme yſet betwixt us twain
 That ye ne holdin forwarde, as ye ſaid;
 Your ancre, whiche ye in our havin laied,
 40 Hight us, that ye would comin out of doubt,
 Or that the Monè onis went about, 110
 But timis ſower the Monè hath hid her face,
 Sens thilkè daie ye wentin fro this place,
 And ſowir timis light the worlde again;
 But for all that, yet ſhall I ſothly ſain
 Yet hath the ſtreme of Scython not ybrought,
 From Athenis the ſhip, yet came it nought;
 And if that ye the termè rekin would,
 As I or othir true lovirs doe ſhould,
 50 I plainin not (God wot) before my daie.
 But all her lettir writin I ne maie 120
 By ordir, for it were to me a charge,
 Her lettir was right long, and thereto large,
 But here and there in rhyme I have it laied,
 There as me thought that ſhe hath wel yſaied.
 She ſaid, the ſailis comith not again,
 Ne to the worde there n'is no fey certain,
 But I wot why ye comin not (qð ſhe)
 For I was of my love to you ſo fre,
 60 And of the Goddis that ye have yſwore
 If that ther vengeance fall on you therefore, 130
 Ye be not ſuffiſaunt to bere the pain;
 To mochil truſtid I, well maie I ſain,
 Upon your linage, and your fairè tong,
 And on your teris, falſly out ywrong,
 How coud ye wepin ſo by craft? (qð ſhe)
 Maie there ſoche teris evir ſaind be?

Now

Now certis, if ye would have in memorie,
It oughtin be to you but little glorie
To have a selie maidin thus betraied;
To God (qð she) praie I, and oft have praied, 140
That it be now the gretist price of all
And moſte honour, that er you ſhall befall;
And when thine old auncetirs paintid be,
In whiche men maie ther worthineſſe yſe
Then praie I God thou paintid be alſo,
That folke maie redin, fortheby as thei go:
Lo this is he, that with his flattiry
Betrayid hath, and doen her villany,
That was his true love, in thought and dede!
But ſothly of o poinct yet maie thei rede, 150
That ye ben like your fathir, as in this,
For he begilid Ariadne' iwis

With ſoche an arte, and ſoche a ſubtilte
As thou thy ſelvin haſt begilid me;
As in that poinct, although it be not feire,
Thou ſolowilt certain, and art his heire.
But ſens thus ſinfully ye me begile,
My bodie mote ye ſene, within a while,
Right in the haven of Athenis ſletyng
Withoutin Sepulture and buryng, 160
Though ye ben hardir then is any ſtone.
And when this lettir was forth ſent anone,
And knewe how brotill and how fals he was,
She for diſpaire fordid her ſelf, alas!
Soche ſorowe' hath ſhe, for ſhe beſet her ſo.
Beware ye women of your ſubtill ſo,
Sens yet this daie men maie enſample ſe;
And truſtith now in love no man but me.

Here endeth the Legende of PHYLLIS.



Here foloweth the Legende of HYPERMNESTRA.

IN Grece whilom were dwelling bretherne
two,
Of whiche that one was callid Danao,
That many' a ſonne hath of his bodie
wonne,
As ſoche falſe loviris oftimis conne;
Emongis his ſonnis all there was one,
That aldirmoſte he loved of everychone;
And when this child was borne, this Danao
Shope him a name, and callid hym Lino;
That othir brothir callid was Egifte,
That was of love as falſe as er him liſte, 10
And many' a daughtir gate he in his liſe,
Of whiche he gate upon his righte wiſe
A daughtir dere, and did her for to call
Hypermnestra, the yongift of 'hem all;
The whiche childe of her nativite
To alle gode thewis yborne was ſhe,
As likid to the Goddes or ſhe was borne,
That of the ſheſe ſhe ſhould be the corne,
The werdis, that we clepin deſtine,
Hath ſhapin her, that ſhe muſt nedis be
Pitous, and ſad, and wiſe, and true as ſtele,
And to this woman it accordith wele,
For though that Venus yave her grete beute,
With Jupiter compownid ſo was ſhe,
That conſcience, and trouthe, and drede of ſhame,
And of her wiſchode for to kepe her name,
This thought her was felicite as here,
And red Mars was at that tyme of the yere
So feble, that his malice is him raſte,
Repreſſid hath Venus his cruill craſte, 20
And what with Venus, and othir oppreſſion
Of houliſ, Mars his Venime is adon,
That Hypermnestra dare not handle' a knife
In malice, though ſhe ſhouldin leſe her liſe;
But natheleſſe, as hevin gan tho turne,
Two bad aſpectis hath ſhe of Saturne,
That made her for to dyin in priſon;
And I ſhall aſtir makin mencion
Of Danao and Egiftis alſo,
And though ſo be that thei were brethrin two, 40
For thilke tyme n'as ſparid no linage,
It likid 'hem to makin mariage
Betwixt Hypermnestra, and him Lino,
And caſtin ſoche a daie it ſhall be ſo,
And full accordid was it uttirly,
The' araiſe wrought, the tyme is faſte by:

And thus Lino hath of his fathir's brother
The daughtir wedded, and ech of 'hem hath other.
The torchis brennin, and the lampis bright,
The Sacrificis ben full redy dight, 50
Th' enſence out of the fire out rekith ſote,
The floure, the leſe, is rent up by the rote,
To makin garlandis and crounis hie;
Full is the place of ſound of Minſtralcie,
Of ſongis amouros of mariage,
As thilke tyme was the plain uſage;
And this was in the paleis of Egifte,
That in his hous was lord, right as him liſte;
And thus that daie thei drivin to an ende,
The frendis takin leve, and home thei wend; 60
The night is come, the bride ſhall go to bed,
Egiftis to his chamber faſt him ſped,
And privily he let his daughtir call,
When that the hous voidid was of 'hem all,
He lokith on his daughtir with glad chere,
And to her ſpake, as ye ſhall aſtir here.
My right daughtir, the treſour of mine herte,
Sens firſt that daie, that ſhapin was my ſherte, 70
Or by the fatall ſuſtir had my dome,
So nye myne herte nevir thing ne come
As thou my Hypermnestra, daughtir dere,
Take hede what thy fathir ſayith The here,
And werke aſtir thy wiſir evirmo,
For aldirfirſt daughtir, I love The ſo,
That all the worlde to me n'is halſe ſo leſe,
Ne I n'olde redè The to thy miſcheſe
For all the gode undir the coldè Mone, 80
And what I mene, it ſhal be ſaid right ſone,
With proteſtacion, as ſaine theſe wiſe,
That but thou doe, as I ſhall The deviſe,
Thou ſhalt be ded, by him that al hath wrought,
At ſhortè wordis thou ne ſcapift nought
Out of my paleis, or that thou be dede,
But thou conſent, and werke aſtir my rede,
Take this to The for full concluſioun.
This Hypermnestra caſt her eyin down,
And quoke, as doeth the leſe of Aſpis grene,
Ded wext her hew, and like aſhin to ſene,
And ſayid: Lorde and fathir, all your will,
Aſtir my might, God wote I ſhall fulfill, 90
So it be to me no confuſion.

I n'ill (qð he) have non excepcion;
And out he caught a knife, as raſoir kene,
Hide this (qð he) that it be nat iſene,

Y y y y

And

And when thine housbonde is to bed ygo,
 While that he slepith, cut his throte atwo,
 For in my dreame it is ywarnid me
 How that my newewe shall my bane ybe,
 But whiche I n'ot, wherefore I woll be siker,
 If thou saie naie, we two shall have a biker, 100
 As I have saied, by him that I have sworne.
 This Hypermnestra' hath nigh her wit forlorn,
 And for to passe harmelesse out of that place
 She grauntid him, there was non othir grace;
 And therewithall a cōstrill takith he,
 And saied, hereof a draught or two or thre,
 Yeve him to drinke, when he goith to reste,
 As he shall slepe as long as er The leste,
 The narcotikes and apies ben so strong;
 And go thy waie, lest that him thinke to long. 110
 Out cometh the bride, and with full sobre chere,
 As is of maidins oft in the manere
 To chambir brought, with revil and with song;
 And shortlie, leste this tale be to long,
 This Lino and she beth bin brought to bed,
 And every wight out at the dore him sped.
 The night is wastid, and he fell aslepe,
 Full tendirly beginnith she to wepe,
 She rist her up, and dredefully she quaketh,
 As doeth the braunch, that Zephyrus yshaketh, 120
 And husht were all in Aragon that cite,
 As co'ld as any Froste now wexith she,
 For pite by the herte strainid her so,
 And drede of deth doith her so moche wo,
 That thryis doune she fill, in soche a were,
 She riste her up, and stakereth here and there,
 And on her handis faste lokith she,
 Alas, qð she, shall myne handes blodie be!

I am a maidin, and by my nature,
 And by my semblaunt, and by my vesture, 130
 Myne handis ben not shapin for a knife,
 As for to revin no man fro his life,
 What Devill have I with the knife to do?
 And shall I have my throte ycorve atwo?
 Then shall I blede alas! and be yshende
 And nedis of this thing mote have an ende,
 Or he or I mote nedis lese our life;
 Now certis (qð she) fens I am his wife,
 And hath my faithe, yet is it bette for me
 For to be dedde in wifely honeste, 140
 Then be a traitour, living in my shame;
 Be as be maie, for earnest or for game
 He shall awake, and rise and go his waie
 Out at this guttir, er that it be daie;
 And wept full tendirly upon his face,
 And in her armis gan him to embrace,
 And him she roggith, and awakith soft,
 And at the windowe lepe he fro the loft,
 When she hath warnid him, and doen him bote.
 This Lino swift ywas, and light of fote, 150
 And from his wife he ran a full gode pace.
 This felie woman is so weke, alas!
 And helplesse, so that er she ferrè went
 Her cruill fathir did her for to hent.
 Alas! Lino, why art thou so unkinde?
 Why ne hast thou remembrid in thy minde
 And takin her, and led her forthe with The?
 For when she sawe that gone awaie was he,
 And that she ne might not so fast ygo,
 Ne folowin him, she fate doune right tho, 160
 Til she was caught, and fettrid in prison,
 This tale is saied for this conclusion.

Thus endeth the Legende of gode Women.

Here foloweth a godely Balade of CHAUCER.



Othir of norture, best beloved of all,
 And freshe floure, to whom gode thrift
 God sende,

Your childe, if it luste you me so to call,
 All be' I unable my self so to pretende,
 To your discrecion I recomende
 Mine herte and all, with every circumstance,
 All wholly to be' undir your govinaunce.

Moste desire I, and have, and evir shall 170
 Thing, which that might your hert'is ese amende,
 Have me excused, my powir is but small,
 Nathelesse of right ye ought for to commende
 My gode will, whiche faine would entende
 To doe you service for my suffisaunce
 Is wholly to be' undir your govinaunce.

Meulx un in herte, whiche nevir shall apall,
 Aie freshe and new, and right glad to dispende
 My time in your service, what so befall,
 Befechyng your excellence to defende 180
 My simplenesse, if ignoraunce offende
 In any wise, fith that myne affiaunce
 Is whollie to be' undir your govinaunce.

Daisie of light, very ground of comfort,
 The Sunn's doughtir ye hight as I rede,
 For when he westrith, farwell your disport,
 By your nature anone right for pure drede
 Of the rude night, that with his boistous wede

Of derkenesse shadowith our Hemisphere,
 Then closin ye, my liv'is Ladie dere. 190

Daunying the daie unto his kinde resort,
 And Phœbus your fathir with his streames rede
 Adorneth the morowe, consuming the sort
 Of mistie cloudes, that wouldin ovirlede
 True humble hertis with ther mistie hede,
 Nere comfort adaies when your eyin clere
 Disclose and sprede, my liv'is Ladie dere.

Je wouldray: but the grete God disposeth,
 And makith casuell by his providence
 Soche thing, as mann'is frele wit purposeth, 200
 All for the best, if that your conscience
 Not grutche it, but in humble pacience
 It receive, for God saieth withoutin fable
 A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

Cautelis, whofo usith gladlie glosefeth,
 To eschewe soche it is right high prudence,
 What ye saied onis, mine herte opposeth,
 That my writyng Japis in your absence
 Plefid you moche bettir than my presence, 210
 Yet can I more, ye be not excusable,
 A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

Quakith my penne, my spirite supposeth
 That in my writing ye find woll offence,
 Min hert welknith thus sone, anon it riseth,

Now

Now hotte, now colde, and eft in grete fervence,
That miſſe is, is cauſid of negligence,
And not of malice, therefore beth merciabie,
A faithfull herte evir is acceptable.

L'envoye.

Forthe complaint, forthe thou lacking eloquence,

Forthe litil lettir of enditing lame,
I have beſought my ladie's Sapience
Of thy behalfe, for to accept in game
Thine inabilite, doe thou the ſame:
Abide, have more yet: Je ſerve Joveſſe;
Now forth, I cloſe The' in holy Venus name,
The ſhall uncloſe my hert's govirneſſe.

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Thus endeth this Ballade.



Here foloweth the Boke of

BOETHIUS

DE

CONSOLATIONE PHILOSOPHIÆ.

In this Book are handled high and hard obscure Points, *viz.* The Purveyance of God, the Force of Destiny, the Freedom of our Wills, and the infallible Preſcience of the Almighty; and that the Contemplation of God himſelf is our *Summum Bonum*.

Metrum primum.

*Carmina qui quondam ſtudio florente peregi,
Flebilis, heu, mæſtos cogor inire modos. &c.*



Las! I wepyng am constrained to begin verſe of ſorowfull matter, that whilom in florishyng ſtudie made delitable dities. For lo! rendyng muſes of Poetes enditen to me thinges to be writen, and drerie teres. At laſte no drede ne might overcame tho muſes, that thei ne werren fellowes, and foloweden my waie, that is to ſaie, when I was exiled, thei that weren of my youth whilom welſull and grene, comforten now ſorowfull wierdes of me olde man: for elde is comen unwarely upon me, haſted by the harmes that I have, and ſorowe hath commaunded his age to be in me. Heres hore aren ſhad overtimelicke upon my hed: and the ſlacke ſkinne trembleth of mine emped bodie. Thilke deth of men is welefull, that ne commeth not in yeres that be ſwete, but cometh to wretches often icleped: Alas, alas! with how deſe an ere deth cruell turneth awaie fro wretches, and naieth for to cloſe wepyng eyen. While fortune unfaithfull favoured me with light godes, that ſorowfull houre, that is to ſaie, the deth, had almoſte drete myne hedde: but now for fortune cloudie hath chaunged her decevable chere to mewarde, myne unpitous life draweth along ungrowable dwellynges. O ye my frendes, what, or whereto avaunted ye me to ben welſull? For he that hath fallin, ſtode in no ſtedfaſt degre.

Proſa prima.

Hæc dum mecum tacitus ipſe reputarem, querimoniamque lacrymabilem ſtyli officio deſignarem, aſtitiffe mihi ſupra verticem viſa eſt mulier reverendi admodum vultûs, oculis ardentibus, & ultra communem, &c.

IN the mene while, that I ſtil recorded theſe thynges with my ſelf, and marked my wepelie complainte with office of pointell: I ſaugh ſtondyng aboven the hight of myn hed a woman of full grete reverence, by ſemblaunt. Her eyen brennyng, and clere, ſeyng over the common might of menne, with a lively colour, and with ſoche vigour and ſtrength that it ne might not be nempned, all were it ſo, that ſhe were full of ſo grete age, that menne wou'd n not trowen in no manere, that ſhe were of our elde.

The ſtature of her was of doutous Judgemente, for ſometyme ſhe constrained and ſhronke her ſelven, like to the common meſure of menne: And ſometyme it ſemed, that ſhe touched the heaven with the hight of her hedde. And when ſhe hove her hedde higher, ſhe perced the ſelf heaven, ſo that the ſight of menne lokyng was in ydell: her clothes wer maked of right delie thredes, and ſubtel craft of perdurable matter. The whiche clothes ſhe had woven with her owne handes, as I knewe well after by her ſelf declaryng, and ſhewyng to me the beautie: The whiche

whiche clothes a darkenesse of a forleten and dispised elde had dusked and darked, as it is wonte to darke by smoked Images.

In the netherest hemme or border of these clothes menne redde iwoven therein a Grekishe A. that signifieth the life active, and above that letter, in the highest bordure, a Grekishe C. that signifieth the life contemplative. And betwene these two letters there were seen degrees nobly wrought, in maner of ladders, by whiche degrees menne might climben from the netherest letter to the upperest: nathelesse handes of some men hadden kerve that clothe, by violence or by strength, and everiche manne of hem had borne awaie soche peces, as he might gotten. And forsothe this foresaied woman bare smale bokes in her right hande, and in her left hand she bare a scepter. And when she sawe these Poeticall muses approaching about my bed, and endityng wordes to my wepynges, she was a litle amoved, and glowed with cruell eyen. Who (quod she) hath suffered approchen to this like manne these commen strompettes, of which is the place that menne callen Theatre, the whiche onely ne aswagen not his sorowes with remedies, but thei would feden and norishe hym with swete venime? Forsothe, that ben tho that with thornes, and prickynge of talentes of affeccions, whiche that ben nothyng fructuous nor profitable, distroien the Corne, plentuous of fruietes of reson. For thei holden hertes of men in usage, but thei ne deliver no folke fro maladie. But if ye muses had withdrawn fro me with your flatteries any unconnyng and unprofitable manne, as ben wont to finde commonly among the peple, I would well suffre the lasse grevously. For why, in soche an unprofitable man myne ententes were nothyng endamaged. But ye withdrawn fro me this man, that hath ben nourished in my studies or scoles of Eleaticis, and of Academicis in Grece. But goeth now rather awaie ye Mermaidens, whiche that ben swete, till it be at the last, and suffreth this man to be cured and heled by my muses, that is to say, by my notefull sciences. And thus this companie of muses iblamed casten wrothly the chere downward to the yerth, and shewing by rednesse ther shame, thei passeden sorowfully the threshold. And I of whom the sight plounged in teres was darked, so that I ne might not know what that woman was, of so Imperial auctoritie, I woxe all abashed and stoned, and cast my sight doune to the yerth, and began still for to abide what she would doen afterward. Then came she nere, and set her doune upon the utterest corner of my bed, and she beholding my chere, that was cast to the yerth, hevie and grevous of wepyng, complained with these wordes (that I shall saine) the perturbation of my thought.

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*Metrum secundum.*

*Heu! quàm precipiti mersa profundo  
Mens hebet, & propriâ luce relicta  
Tendit in externas ire tenebras,  
Terrenis quoties flatibus acta  
Crescit in immensum noxia cura!  
Hic quondam Cælo liber aperto, &c.*

**A**Las! howe the thought of this man, dreinte in overthrowng depencesse, dulleth and forleteth his proper clerenesse, mintyng to gone into forain darkenesse, as oft as his anioius besines wexeth without mesure, that is driven with worldlie Windes. This man that whilome was fre, to whom the heaven

was open and knowen, and was wont to gone in heavenly pathes, and sawe the lightnesse of the redde Sunne, and behelde the Sterres of the colde Mone, and whiche Sterre in heaven useth wanderyng recourses islitte by divers spheres. This manne overcomer had comprehended all this thyng, by number of accomplishing in Astronomic. And over this, he was wont to seken the causes, whens the sowing windes moven, and besiden the smothe water of the Se. And what spirite tourneth the stable heaven. And why the sterre riseth out of the red Est, to fallen in the Western waves. And what attempreth the lustie houres of the firste Sommer selson, and dighteth and appaileth the yerth with rosie floures. And who maketh the pluntuous Autumpne in full yeres fleten with hevie Grapes. And eke this manne was wonte to tell the divers causes of nature that were hidde. Alas! how lightlie is emptied the light of his thought, and his necke is pressed with hevie chaines, and bereth his chere enclined adowne for the grete weight, and is constrained to loken on the sole yerth.

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Sed Medicina, inquit, potius tempus est, quàm Querelæ. Tum verò totis in me intenta luminibus. Tu ne ille es (ait) qui nostro quondam lacte nutritus, nostris educatus alimentis, in virilis animi robur evaseras, &c.

BUT tyme is now of Medicine (quod she) more then complainte. Forsothe then she entendynge to me warde, with all the loking of her eyen laied, Art not thou he (quod she) that whilome ynourished with my Milke, and fostred with my metes, were escaped and commen to the courage of a parfaite manne? Certes, I yave The soche armoures, that if thou thy self ne haddest firste caste hem awaie, thei shoulde have defended The in sikernes, that maie not be overcomen. Knowest thou not me? Why art thou still? Is it for shame, or for astonying? It were me lever it were for shame, but it semeth me that astonying hath oppressed The. And when she sawe me not onely stil, but rather without office of tongue, and all dombe, she laied her hande fortellie upon my brest, and laied: Here is no perill (quod she) he is fallen into a Lethargie, whiche that is a common sikenesse to hertes that ben deceived. He hath a little foryeten hymself. But certes he shall lightlie remembren hymself, if so be that he hath knowen me er now. And that he maie doen so, I will wipe his eyen a litle, that be darked by the cloude of mortall thynges. These wordes laied she, and with the lappe of her garmente, iplited in a frounce she dried myne eyen, that weren full of the wawes of my wepynges.

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*Tunc me discussâ liquerunt nocte tenebræ,  
Luminibusque prior rediit vigor;  
Ut cum precipiti glomerantur sidera Coro,  
Nimbis&que polus stetit imbribus,  
Sollatet, ac nondum Cælo venientibus astris, &c.*

**T**HUS when that Nighte was discussed awaie, Derknesse forlete me, and to my eyen repaired againe ther first strength. And right as by ensample, as the Sunne is hidde when the Sterres ben covered with Cloudes, by a swifte winde that hight Chorus, and the Firmament stante derked by wete plungie

Plungie Cloudes, and that the Sterres not apperen upon the heven, so that the Night semed sprad upon the yerth, if then the wind that hight Boreas, isent out of the Cave of the Countre of Thrace, beteth this night, that is to saine, chafeth it awaie, and discovereth the closed daie, than shineth Phoebus, ishaken with sodaine light, and smiteth with his bemes in marveilyng eyen.



*Prosa tertia*

*Haud aliter tristitia nebulis dissolutis, hausi caelum, & ad cognoscendam medicantis faciem, mentem recepi. Itaque ubi in eam deduxi oculos, intuitumque defixi, respicio nutricem meam, in cujus ab adolescentia, &c.*

**R**ight so and none otherwise, the Cloudes of sorrowe dissolved, and doen awaie, I toke heven, and receved mynde to knowen the face of my Philisicien: so that I sette myne eyen upon her, and fastened my lokyng. I beheld my Norice Philosophie, in whose house I had converted fro my youthe, and I saied thus. O thou Maistresse of all vertues, descended from the soverain fete, why art thou comen into this solitarie place of myne exile? Art thou comen, for thou art made coulpable with me of false blames? O (qð she) my nourice, should I forsake The now, and should I not parten with The by comen travaile the charge that thou haste suffered for envie of my name? Certes, it were not lesfull ne fityng to Philosophie, to leten without companie the waie of him that is innocente: Should I then redout my blame, and agrise as though there wer befallen a newe thing? For trowest thou that Philosophie be now aluirst assailed in perilles by folke of wicked maner? Have I not striven with full grete strief, in olde tyme, before the age of my Plato, ayenst the folehardinesse of foly? And eke the same Plato livyng, his Maister Socrates deserved victorie of unrightfull deth in my presence. The heritage of the whiche Socrates, the heritage is to saine the Doctrine of the whiche Socrates, in his opinion of felicitye, that I clepe welesfulnesse, when that the people of Epicuriens and Stoiciens, and many other, enforced them to go ravish, every man for his parte, that is to saine, that everich of hem would drawen to the defence of his opinion the wordes of Socrates, thei as in partie of their praie, to droune me crying and debatyng there ayenst, and corven and renten my clothes, that I had woven with myne own handes, and with tho clothes that thei had araced out of my clothes thei wentin awaie, wenyng that I had gone with hem every dele. In whiche Epicuriens and Stoiciens for as moche as there semed some traces and steppes of my habite, the folie of wenyng tho Epicuriens and Stoiciens my familiars perverted some, through the errour of the wicked multitude of hem: This is to sain, for thei semed Philosophers, thei weren pursued to the deth and slaine. So if thou hast not knowen the exilyng of Anaxagoras, ne the enpoisoning of Socrates, ne the tourmentes of Zeno, for thei weren straungers, yet mightest thou have knowen the Senecas, the Canios, and the Soranos: Of whiche folke the renome is neither over olde ne unsolempne. The whiche menne nothyng els ne brought to the deth, but onely for thei were enformed of my maners, and semeden moste unlike to the studies of wicked folke. And forthy thou oughtest not to wondren, though that I in the bitter Se be driven with tempestes blowing about. In the whiche this is my moste purpose, that is to sain, to disple-

sen wicked men. Of whiche shrewes, all be the hoste never so grete, it is to dispise, for it is not governed with no leder of reson, but it is ravished onely by fetyng errour, folilie and lightlie. And if thei sometyme make an hoste ayenst us, assaile us as stronger, our leder draweth together his riches into his Toure, and thei ben ententife about sarpleris or fachelles, unprofitable for to taken. But we then ben high aboven, siker from all tumulte and wode noise, warenestored and enclosed in soche a Paleis, whither as the clateryng or anoying folie, maie not attaine, we scorne soche raveners, and henters of foulest thynges.



*Metrum quartum.*

*Quisquis composito serenus aeo  
Fatum sub pedibus dedit superbum,  
Fortunamque tuens utramque rectus  
Invictum potuit tenere vultum, &c.*

**W**HO so it be that clere of vertue, sadde, and well ordinate of livyng, that hath putte under fote the proude wierdes, and loketh upright upon either Fortune, he maie holden his chere undifcomfited.

The rages ne the manaces of the Se, commovyng and chalyng unware hete from the bottome, ne shall not move that manne, ne the unstable Mountaigne that hight Vesevus, that writheth out through his broken Chimeneis smokyng Fires, ne the waie of Thonder leite, that is wonte to smiten hgh Toures, ne shall not move that man. Whereto then wretches drede ye Tirauntes, that ben wode, and felonous without any strength? Hope after nothyng, ne drede thou not: and so shalt thou disarmen the ire of thilke unmightie Tiraunte. But who that quakyng dredeth, or desirerth thyng that is not stable of his right, that manne, that so doeth, hath caste awaie his shilde, and is removed fro his place, and enlatheth hym in the chaine, with the whiche he maie be drawn.



*Prosa quarta.*

*Sentisne, inquit, haec, atque animo illabuntur tuo? Esne ἐν πένθει; Quid fles? Quid lacrymis manus? Si operam medicantis expectas, oportet ut vulnus detegas tuum, &c.*

**F**leest thou (qð she) these thynges? And entren thei aught in thy courage? Art thou like an Aste to the harp? Why wepist thou? Why spillest thou teres? If thou abidest after helpe of the Leche, The beboveth discover thy wounde? Tho I had gathered strength in my courage, and answered and saied. And nedeth it (qð I) of reherfing, or of amonicion, and sheweth it not inough by hymself the sharpenes that wexeth wode against me? Ne moveth it not The to se the face, or the maner of this place? Is this the librarie that thou haddest chosen for a right certain liege to The in mine hous, there as thou disputest oft with me, of the science of thynges, touchyng divinite, and touchyng mankynde? Was then myne habite soche as it is now, was my face or chere soch as is now, when I sought with The the secretes of nature, when thou enformedest my maners, and the reson of all my life, to the ensample of th' order of heven? Is not this the guerdone that I referre to The, to whom I have be obeisaunt?

Z z z z

Certes,

Certes, thou enformedest by the mouthe of Plato this sentence, that is to saie, that comen thynges or communalities weren blisfull, if thei that had studied all fully to wisedome, governeden thilke thynges: or els if it so befell, that the governours of communalities studien to gette wisedome. Thou saidist eke by the mouthe of the saied Plato, that it was a necessarie cause, wise menne to taken and desiren the governaunce of comen thynges, for that the governaunce of citees, ileft in the handes of felonous tourmentors, citezeins ne shoulde not bringen in pestilence and distruccion to gode folke. And therefore I followyng thilke aucthous, desired to put forthe in execucion and in acte of comen administracion thilke thynges, that I had lerned of The, among my secrete resting whiles; thou and God, that put in the thoughtes of wise folke, ben knowen with me, that nothyng ne brought me to mastreie or dignitie, but the comen studie of all godenesse. And therefore cometh it, that betwene wicked folk and me have ben grevous discordes, that ne mighten not be relefed by praiers: for this libertie hath the fredome of conscience, that the wraethe of more mightie folke hath alwaie ben dispised of me, for savacion of right. How oft have I resisted and withstande, that man that hight Conigast, that made alwaie th'assault ayenst the prosper fortunes of pore feble folke? How oft eke have I put of or cast out hym Triguill, Provoste of the Kyng's hous, bothe of the wronges that he had begonne to doen, and eke fully performed? How often have I covered and defended by the aucthoritie of me, put ayenst perilles, that is to saie, put myne aucthoritie in perill, for the wretched pore folke, that the covetise of straungers unpunished turmenteden alwaie with miseses, and grevaunces out of number? Never manne yet drowe me fro right to wrong. When I sawe the Fortunes and the richesses of the peple of the Provinces ben harmed and amenused, either by privie ravines, or by comen tributes or cariages, as fory was I as thei that suffreden the harme. *Isa.* When Theodorike kyng of Gothes in a dedde yere had his garners full of corne, and commaunded that no man should buye no corn, till his corne wer sold, and at a grevous dere prife: Boece withstode that ordinaunce, and overcame it, knowyng all this the king Theodorike himself. Coempcion is to saie, comen achate or buying together, that were established upon the peple, by soche a manner imposicion, as who so bought a bushell of Corne, he must yeven the kyng the fiveth parte. *Textus.* When it was in the fore hongrie tyme, there was established grevous and unprofitable coempcion, that men seen well, it should gretlie tourmente and endomagen all the Province of Campaine. I toke strife ayenst the Provost of the Pretorie, for the common profite. And the King knowyng of it, I overcame it, so that the coempcion was not asked, ne toke effecte.

Pauline a Counsaillour of Rome, the riches of the whiche Pauline the houndes of the Paleis, that is to saie, the officers woulde have devoured by hope and covetise, yet drowe I out of the jawes of hem that gapeden. And for as moche as the paine of the accusacion adjudged before ne should not sodainly henten, ne punishen wrongfully Albine a Counsaillour of Rome, I putte me ayenst the hates, and indignacions of the accusour Cyprian. Is it not then enough, sens that I have purchased grete discordes ayenst my self? But I ought be more assured ayenst other folke, that for the love of rightwisnesse I never reserved nothyng to my self, to themwarde of the kyng's halle, by whiche I were the more siker. But through the same accusours accusyng, I am condemned. Of the number of whiche accusours, one

Basilus that whilom was chased out of the Kyng's service, is now compelled in accusyng of my name, for nede of foraine money.

Also, Opilion and Gaudentius, have accused me: All be it so that the Justice Regall had whilome demed them bothe to gone into exile, for ther trecheries and fraudes without nomber. To whiche judgement thei n'olden not obeie, but defended hem by the sikernes of holie houses, that is to saie, fledden into Seintewarie: And then when this was apperceived by the Kyng, he commaunded, but if thei avoided the Cite of Ravenne, by certayne daye assigned, that menne should marken hem on the foreheade, with an hotte yron, and chafen hem out of the toun. Now what thyng semeth might be likened to this cruelte, for certes this same daie was received the accusyng of my name, by thilke same accusours? What maie be saied hereto? Hath my studie and my connyng deserved thus, or els the foresaied dampnacion of me, made them rightfull accusours or no? Was not fortune ashamed of this? Certes, all had not fortune ben ashamed, that innocence was accused, yet ought she have had shame of the filthe of myne accusours. But askest thou in summe of what gilte I am accused? Men saie that I would save the companie of the Senatours. And desiredst thou to heren in what maner I am accused? that I should have distourbed the accusour to beren Letters, by whiche he should have made the Senatours giltye, ayenst the Kyng's roiall Majestie. O Maistresse, what demest thou of this? Shall I forsake this blame, that I be no shame to The? Certes, I have would it (that is to saie) the savacion of the Senate, ne I shall never let to wilne it, and that I confesse and am aknowe, but the entente of the accusour to ben distourbed shall cese. Shall I clepe that a felonie or a synne, that I have desired the savacion of the order of the Senate? And certes had thilke same Senate doen through ther decretes and ther judgements, as though it were a sinne and a felonie, that is to wilne the savacion of them. But folie, that lieth alwaie to hymself, maie not chaunge the merite of thynges; ne I trowe not by the judgemente of Socrates, that it were lesfull to me, to hide the sothe, ne assente to lesynges: but certes, how so ever it be of this, I putte it to gessen or prisen, of the judgement of The, and of wise folke, of whiche thyng all the ordinaunce and the sothe (for as moche as folke that ben to comen after our daies, shall knowen it) I have putte it in Scripture, and in remembraunce. For touchyng the Letters falsely made, by whiche Letters I am accused, to have hoped the fredome of Rome, what appertaineth me to speken thereof? Of whiche Letters the fraude had ben shewed apertlie, if I had had libertie for to have used, and ben at confession of mine accusours, the whiche thyng in all nedes hath grete strength. For what other fredome maie menne hopen? Certes, I would that some other fredome might be hoped, I would then have answered, by the wordes of a man, that hight Canius: For when he was accused of Canius, Caesar Germane's sonne, that he was knowyng and consentyng of a conjuracion made ayenst hym. This Canius answered thus: if I had wiste it, thou haddest not wiste it. In whiche thyng, sorow hath not so dulled my witte, that I plain onely, that shreude folke apparailen Felonies agaynst vertue, but I wonder gretly, how that thei maie performe thynges that thei have hoped for to doen; for why? to wilne shreudnesse, that cometh paraventure of our defeaute: But it is like a Monster and a marveile, how that in the presente sight of GOD maie ben achieved and performed soche thynges, as every felenous manne hath conceived in his thought agaynst innocents. For



For whiche thyng, one of thy familiers not unskillfull asked thus, If GOD is, whens comen wicked thynges? But all had it ben kfull that felonous folk, that nowe desiren the blode, and the deth of all gode menne, and eke of the Senate, have wilned to gone distroyen me, whom thei have seen alwaie bataillen and defenden gode men and eke all the Senate, that had not deserved of the fathers (that is to saie of the Senatours) that thei shoulde will my destruction. Thou remembreth well as I gesse, that when I would doen or saie any thyng, thou thy self alwaie presente ruledest me.

At the cite of Verone, when that the king gredie of comen slaughter, caste hym to transporten upon al th' order of the senate the gilte of his roiall Majestie, of the whiche gilte that Albin was accused, with how grete sikernesse of perill to me defended I all the Senate? Thou wotest well that I saie sothe, ne I ne avaunted me never in praisyng of my self: For alwaie, when any wight receveth precious renowne, in avaunting of hymself, or his werkes, he amenpeth the secre of his conscience.

But now thou maigest well seen, to what ende I am comen for myne innocencie, I receive paine of false Felonie, for guerdone of verie vertue. And what open confession of felonie had ever Judges, so accordaunte in cruelte, that is to saie, as myne accusyng hath, that either error of manne's witte, or els condicion of Fortune, that is uncertaine to all mortall folke, ne submitted some of 'nem, that is to saie, that it ne enclined some Judge to have pite or compassion? For although I had ben accused, that I would brenne holie houses, and strangle Priestes with wicked swerde, or that I had greithed deth to all gode menne, algates the sentence should have punished me presente confessed and convicted.

But now I am removed from the Cite of Rome, almoste five hundred thousand paas, I am without defence dampned to proscripcion and to deth, for the studies and bounties that I have doen to the Senate. But o well ben thei worthie of merite, as who saith: naie, there might yet never none of 'hem be convict of soche a blame as mine is. Of whiche trespass mine accusours seen full wel the dignitie, for thei would darken it with meddling of some felonie. Thei baren me on hond and saied, that I had poluted and defouled my conscience with Sacrilege, for covetise of dignitie: and certes, thou thy self that art planted in me, chacedest out of the siege of my corage all covetise of mortall thynges, ne Sacrilege ne had no leve to have a place in me before thyne eyes. For thou droppedest every daie in mine eres, and in my thought, thilke commaundement of Pythagoras, that is to saie: Menne shall serve to God, and not to Goddess. Ne it was not conveniente ne none nede, to taken help of the foulest spirites, I that thou hast ordeined, and set in soche excellence, that thou madest me like to God: And over this, the right clene secrete chamber of myne hous, that is to saie, my wife, and the companie of mine honest frendes, and my wive's father, as well holie as worthy to be reverensd for his dedes, defenden me from all soche suspeccion of soche blame. But oh malice! For thei that accusen me, taken of The, Philosophie, faith of so grete blame, for thei trowen that I have had affinite to malice or enchauntment, bicause that I am replenished, and fulfilled with thy techynges, and enformed of thy manners. And thus it suffiseth not onely, that thy reverence ne availe me naught, but if thou of thy frewill rather be blemished with mine offenseion. But certes, to the harmes that I have there betideth yet this encrese of harme, that the gessyng and the judgemente of moche folke ne loken nothyng to the

desertes of thynges, but onely to the aventure of fortune, and judgen that only soche thynges ben purveied of God, which that temporalle wilfulnesse commaundeth. *Glosa.* As thus, that if a wight have prosperite, he is a gode manne, and worthie to have that prosperitie, and who so hath adversitie, he is a wicked manne, and God hath forsake hym, and he is worthie to have that adversitie. This is the opinion of some folke, and therof cometh the gode-gessyng first of all thyng forsaketh wretches. Certes, it greveth me to thinke right now on divers sentences that the peple saith of me: and thus moche I saie, that the last charge of contrarious Fortune is this, that when any blame is laied upon a caitife, men wenen that he hath deserved that he suffereth. And I that am put awaie from gode men, and dispoiled of dignities, and defouled of my name by gessyng, have suffred turmentes for my gode dedes. Certes, me semeth that I se the felonous covines of wicked men habounden in joie and in gladnesse, and I se that every lorell shapeth hym to finde newe fraudes, for to accuse gode folk, and I se that gode folke be overthrowen, for drede of my perill, and every luxurious turmentour dare doen all felonie unpunished, and be excited thereto by yestes, and innocentes be not onely dispoiled of sikernesse, but of defence, and therto me list to crien to God in this maner.



*Metrum quintum.*

*O stelliferi conditor orbis,  
Qui perpetuo nixus solio,  
Rapido Cælum turbine versas,  
Legemque pati sidera cogis,  
Ut nunc pleno lucida cornu;  
Totis fratris & obvia flammis,  
Condat stellas Luna minores;  
Nunc obscuro pallida cornu,  
Phæbo propior, lumina perdat, &c.*

**T**HOU maker of the whele, that bereth the sterres, which that are fastened to thy perdurable chaire, and turnest the heven with a raveshyng sweigh, and constrainest the sterres to suffre thy Lawe, so that the Mone sometyme shining with her full hornes, and metyng with al the bemes of the Sunne her brother, hideth the sterres that ben lesse: And sometime when the Mone pale with her darke hornes approacheth the Sunne, leseth her lightes: and that the evin sterre Hesperus, which that in the first tyme of the night bringeth firste her colde arising, cometh eft ayen her used course, and is pale by the Morowe at risinge of the Sunne, and is then icleped Lucifer. Thou restrainest the daie by shorter dwellyng, in the tyme of the colde Winter, that maketh the leves fall. Thou dividest the swifte tides of the night, when the hote Sommer is comen. Thy might attempteth the variaunt sasons of the yere, so that Zephyrus, the debonaire winde, bringeth ayen in the first Sommer sason the leves that the winde, that highte Boreas, hath rest awaie in Autumpne, that is to saie, the last ende of Sommer, and the sedes that the sterre that hight Arcturus sew, be woxen high cornes, when the sterre Sirius enchaseth 'hem. There is nothyng unbounden from this olde Lawe, ne forletteth the werke of his proper estate.

O thou governour, governing all thynges by certaine ende, why refuseth thou onely to governe the werkes of menne by due maner? Why suffrest thou, that slidyng fortune tourneth so grete enterchaunges of



of thynges, so that anyous paine that shoulde duellie punishe Felones, punissheth Innocentes: And folke of wicked maners sitten in high chaires, and annoying folke, treden (and that unrightfully) on the neckes of holy men, and vertue clere and shynyng naturally, is hid in derke derkenesses, and the rightful man bereth the paine and the blame of the felons? Ne the forsweringe, ne the fraude coverde and kempt with a false coloure, ne annoyeth not to shrewdes, the which shrewdes, whan 'hem list usen ther strength, they rejoycen 'hem to put under 'hem the soveraine kynges, which that the peple without nombre dreden. O thou whatsoever thou be, that knyrttest al bondes of thynges, loke on these wretches erthes; we men that ben not a foule partie, but a fayre parte of so gret a werke, we ben tourmented in this fe of fortune. Thou governour, withdrawe, and restraine the ravishing flodes, and fasten and ferme these yerthes stable, with thilke bonde, wyth which thou governeste heven that is so large.



*Prosa quinta.*

*Hæc ubi continuato dolore delatravi, illa vultu placido, nihilque meis questibus mota. Cum te, inquit, mæstum, lacrymantemque vidissem, ilico miserum exulemque cognovi; sed quàm id longinquum esset exilium, &c.*

**W**Han I had with a contynuall sorowe sobbed, or broken oute these thynges, she with her chere pefible and nothings amoved with my complaints, said thus. Whan I say The (qð she) sorrowful and weping, I wist anon that thou wer a wretch and exiled: But I wist never how fere thin exile was, yf thy tale ne had yshewed it me. But certes al be thou ferre fro thy countrey, thou n'art not put oute of it, but thou hast failed of thy way and gone amyss. And if thou hast lever for to wene that thou be put out of thy countre, than haste thou put out thy selfe, rather than any other wight hath, for no wight (but thou thy self) ne might never have done that to The: For yf thou remembre The of what countre thou art borne, it n'is nat governed by emperours ne by governement of multitude, as weren the countreis of 'hem of Athenes, but one lorde and one kyng, and that is God, that is lord of thy countre, which that rejoyseth him of the dwelling of his cytezens and not for to put 'hem in exile. Of the which lord it is a fredome to be governed by the bridle of hym, and obey to his justice. Hast thou forgotten thilke olde lawe of thy cyte, in the which cyte it is ordeined and established, that what wyght hath lever founde therein his sete or his house than els wher, he maie nat be exiled by no righte from that place? For who so that is contened within the paleis of thilke cyte, there is no drede that he maye deserve to be exiled. But who that letteth the wil t' enhabite there, he forletteth also to deserve to be a citezein of thilke cite. So that I say, that the face of this place ne moveth me not so mykel, as thyne owne face. Ne I ne aske not rather the walles of thy librarie, apparayled and wrought with yvory and with glasse, than after the sete of thy thought, in whiche I put nat whilom bokes, but I put that, that maketh bokes worthy of price or precious, that is to say, sentence of my bokes. And certainly of thy desertes bestowed in comen gode, thou haste sayd soth, but after the multitude of thy gode dedes, thou haste sayd fewe. And of the honestie or of the falsenesse of thynges that ben opposed against The,

thou haste remembred thynges that be knowen to all folke. And of the felonies and fraudes of thin accusers, it semeth The to have touched it forsoth rightfully and shortly; al mighten tho same thynges better and more plentuously ben couthe in the mouthe of the peple, that knoweth all this. Thou haste eke blamed gretlye and complained of the wrongfull dede of the Senate. And thou haste sorowed for my blame, and thou hast wopen for the damage of thy renoun that is apeired; and thy last sorowe enchased ayen fortune, thou complaynest the guerdons ne be not evenly yolden to the deserts of folke. And in thy latter ende of thy wode muse thou praydeste that thylke pece that governeth the heven, shulde governe the erthe. But for that many tribulacions of affeccions have assailed The, and sorowe and yre and weping to draven The diversly, as thou art now feble of thought, mightier remedies ne shullen not yet touchen The, for which we willen somdele usen lyghter medicynes, so that thylke passions that be waxen harde in swellynge by perturbacions flowynge into thy thoughte, mowen wexe esy and softe, to receive the strength of a more mighty and more egre medicine by an esier touchyng.



*Metrum sextum.*

*Cum Phæbi radiis grave  
Cancris Sidus inæstuat,  
Tum qui larga negantibus  
Sulcis semina credidit,  
Elusus Cereris fide  
Quernas pergat ad Arbores.  
Nunquam purpureum Nemus  
Lecturus violas petas, &c.*

**W**Han that the hevy sterre of the Cancre enchafeeth by the bemes of Phæbus: that is to sayne, whan that Phæbus the sonne is in the signe of of Cancre, who so yeveth than larglie his sedes to the felds that refusen to receive 'hem, let him gon beguiled of trust that he had to his corne, to akehorns of okes. Yf thou wilt gather violettes, ne go thou nat to the purple wodde, when the feld chirkinge agriketh of colde, by the felnesse of the winde that hight Aquilone. Yf thou desyrest or wilt usen grapes, ne seke thou nat a gloutons honde to straine and prettie the stalkes of the vyne in the firste sommer cefon. For Bacchus the god of wine hathe rather yeven his yestes to Autumpne the latter ende of sommer. God tokeneth and assygneth the times, ablynge 'hem to ther propre offyces, ne he suffreth not the stoundes, which that himselfe hath devyded and constrayned, to ben ymedled togeder: and forthy he that forletteth certaine ordinaunce of doynge by overthrowing way, he ne hath no glad issue or ende of his werkes.



*Prosa sexta.*

*Primum igitur, paterisne me pauculis rogationibus statum tue mentis attingere, atque tentare, ut quis modus sit tue curationis intelligam, &c.*

**F**irste woldest thou suffre me to touche and assaye the estate of thy thought by a fewe demaundes, so that I may understand the maner of thy curacion? Aske me (qð I) at thy will, that thou wolt, and I shal

shal answer. Tho saide she thus: Whether wenest thou (qð she) that this world be governed folishly by happes and fortunes, or els wenest thou that there be in it any governement of reson? B. Certes (qð I) I ne trowe nat in no maner that so certaine thinges shulde be moved by fortunous fortune, but I wote wel that God, maker and maister, is governour of his werke, ne was never yet day that might put me out of the sothnesse of that sentence. P. So is it (qð she) for the same thinge fange thou a litel here before, and bewailedest and weptest, that onely men were put out of the cure of God, for of all other thinges thou ne douteest nat, that they n'ere governed by reson. But oughe! I wonder certes gretly why that thou art like, sens that thou arte put in so wholsome a sentence: But let us seken deper. I conjecte that there lacketh I n'or what. But say me this. Sens that thou ne douteest not that this worlde be governed by God, with whiche governayle takest thou hede that it is governed? Unneth (qð I) know, I the sentence of thy question, so that I ne maie not yet answeren to thy demaundes. I was not disceved (qð she) that there ne failed somewhat by whiche the malady of perturbacion is crepte into thy thought, so as the strength of thy paleys shynge is open: but saye me this. Remembrest thou what is th'ende of thynges? and whider th'entencion of al kinde tendeth? I have herde tolde it some tyme (qð I) but drerinesse hath dulled my memory. Certes (qð she) thou wotest well whence all thinges be comen and proceden. I wote wel (qð I) and answerde, that God is beginninge of al. And howe may this be (qð she) that sens thou knowest the beginning of thinges, that thou knowest nat what is the ende of thinges? but soche ben the customes of perturbacion, and this power thei han that they may move a man from his place, that is to say, from the stablenesse and perfection of his knowinge, but certes thei may nat al arace him, ne alien him in all: but I wold that thou woldest answer to this. Remembrest thou that thou arte a man? B. Why shulde I not remembre that (qð I). Phi. Mayst thou not tel me than (qð she) what thing is a man? Askest thou not me (qð I) whether that I be a resonable mortall best? I wote well and confesse that I am it. Wiste thou never yet that thou were anye other thinge (qð she). No (qð I). Nowe well knowe I (qð she) other cause of thy maladye, and that righte grete! Thou haste leste for to knowen thy selfe what thou art, through whiche I have plainly founden the cause of thy maladic, or els the entre of recovering of thy hele. For why? For thou art confounded with foryetyng of thy selfe: Thou sorowdeste that thou art exiled of thy propre godes. And for thou ne wylte what is th'ende of thinges, forthy demest thou that felonous and wikid men be mighty and welful: and for thou hast forieten by which governementes the world is governed, forthy wenest thou that these mutacions of fortune fleten without governour. These ben the causes not onely to malady, but certes gret causes to deth: But I thanke the actour, and the maker of hele, that nature hath not al forleten The. I have grete nourishyng of thin hele, and that is the sothe sentence of governaunce of the world, that thou bilevest that the governing of it is not subjecte ne underput to the folie of these happes aventurous, but to the reson of God; and therefore doute The nothing, for of this litel spark thine hete of lyfe shal shyne. But for as moch as it is not time yet of faster remedies, and the nature is of thoughtes thus disceved, that as ofte as thei caste awaye sothe opinions, they clothen 'hem in false opinions, of the which false opinions the derkenesse of perturbation wexeth up, that confoundeth the very insight, that

derkenesse shal I somewhat assaye to maken thinne and weke, by lyght and meaneliche remedies, so that after that the derkenesse of discevyng thinges be doen awaie, thou maye knowe the shyning of very lyght.

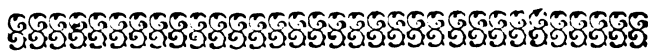


*Metrum septimum.*

*Nubibus atris  
Condita nullum  
Fundere possunt  
Sidera lumen.  
Si mare volvens  
Turbidus Auster  
Misceat æstum,  
Vitrea dudum  
Parque serenis, &c.*

THE sterres covered with blacke cloudes ne mowe yeven adoun no light, if the trouble wynde that hyght Auster, turnyng and walowyng the se medeleth the hete, that is to sayne the boyl-ynge up from the botome. The wawes that were whylome clere as glasse, and like to the fayre bright dayes, wythstante anon the syghtes of men, by the fylthe and ordure that is resolved. And the fletyng streame that reileth doune diversly from high moun- taignes is arrested and resisted ofte tyme by the encountryng of a stone, that is departed and fallen from some roche. And forthy, yf thou wilt loken and deme sothe with clere light, and holden the way with a right path, weive thou joy, drive fro drede, fleme thou hope, ne let no sorow approche, that is to sayne, Let non of these four passyons overcome or blende The. For cloudy and derke is thilke thoughte, and bounde with bridels, whereas these thinges reignen.

*Explicit liber primus.*



*Prosa prima.*

*Post hæc paulisper obticuit, atque ubi attentionem meam modestâ taciturnitate collegit, sic exorsa est: si penitus ægritudinis tue causas habitumque, &c.*

AFTER this she stinte a little, and after that she had gathered by atemper stylnesse myne attention, as who so might sayn thus. After these thynges she stynte a lytell, and whan she apperceved by atemper stilnesse, that I was ententife to heren her, she began to speke in this wise. If I (qð she) have understonden and knowen utterly the causes and the habite of thy maladye, thou languishest and art defected for desire and talent of thy rather fortune. She that yke Fortune onelye that is chaunged as thou faintest to The warde, hath perverted the clerenesse and the estate of thy courage. I understond the felle or manyfolde colours and discetes of thilke mervailous monstre fortune, and how she useth ful flateryng familiarite with 'hem that she enforceth to begile, so long, til that she confound with unsufferable sorow 'hem that she hath lefe in dispaire unpurveied. And if thou remembrest well the kinde, the maneres, and the deserte of thilke fortune, thou shalt wel knowe that as in her thou never ne hadest, ne haste yloste anye faire thinge: But (as I trowe) I shal not gretly

5 A

travaillen

travailen to done The remembren on these thynges. For thou were wont to hurtelen and dispisen her with many wordes, whan she was blandisshyng and presente, and pursudest her with sentences that weren drawn oute of \* myne entre, that is to saye, of mine enformacion: but no sodaine mutacion ne betideth not without a maner chaunging of corages. And so it is befall, that thou arte a lytel departed fro the pece of thy thoughte, but now is tyme that thou drinke and ataste some softe and delitable thynges, so that whan they be entred within The, it mowen make way for strengre dringes of medecyns. Come now forthe therfore the suasion of swetnes rhetorien, which that goeth onely the right waie, while she forsaketh not myne estatutes. And with Rhetorike come forthe musyke a damosell of oure house, that singeth now lighter modes or prolacions and now hevier. What eileth the man? What is it that hath caste The into mourning and into weping? I trowe that thou hast sene some new thing and uncouth? Thou wenest that fortune be chaunged ayen The, but thou wenest wrong, if that thou wene, alway tho ben her maners. She hathe rather kept as to The warde her propre stableness in the chaunging of her selfe: right soch was she whan she flattered The and disceved The, with unlesful likinges and false wilfulnesse. Thou haste nowe knowen and atteinte the doubteous or double visage of thilk blinde goddesse Fortune. She that yet covereth and wympleth her to other folke, hath shewed her self everydele to The: Yf thou approvest her and thinkest that she is gode, use her maners and plaine The nat; and yf thou agrisest her false trecherye, dispise and caste away her that playeth so harmefully, for she that is now cause of so moch sorowe to The, shulde be to The cause of pece and of joye. She hath forsaken The forsoth, the which that never man maie be syker, that she ne shal forsaken him. *Glosa.* But nathelesse some bokes have the texte thus. Forsothe she hath forsaken The, ne ther n'ys no man liker that she ne hath not forsaken. Holdest thou than thylke welesfulnesse precious to The that shal passen, and is present fortune dereworth to The, which that n'ys not faithfull for to dwel, and whan she goth awaye, that she bringeth a wight in sorowe? Forfens she may not be withholden at a manne's wyll, she maketh him a wretche whan she departeth fro hym. What other thinge is flyttinge fortune, but a maner shewing of wretchidnesse that is to come? Ne it suffiseth not onely to loken on thing that is presente before the eyen of a man, but wysedom loketh and mesureth th' ende of thynges, and the same chaungyng from one to another, that is to saine, from adversite into prosperite, maketh that the manaces of fortune ne ben not for to dreden, ne the flateringe to be desired. Thus at laste it behoveth The to suffren with even wil in pacience, all that is done within the flore of fortune, that is to saye, in this worlde, sithe thou hast ones put thy necke under the yoke of her. For if thou wolt writen a lawe of wending and of dwelling to fortune, which that thou hast chosen frely to ben thy lady; arte thou not wrongful in that, and makest Fortune wroth and asper by thine inpacience, and yet thou mayst nat chaungen her?

Yf thou committest and betakest thy sayles to the wynde, thou shalt be shoven, nat thiðer that thou woldest, but whiðer that the wind shoveth The. Yf thou castest thy sedes in the felde, thou shuldest have in minde that the yeres bene amanges otherwhile plentuous, and other while barein. Thou hast betaken thy selfe to the governaunce of fortune, and forthy it behoveth The to ben obeisaunt to the ma-

ners of thy lady. Enforcest thou The to aresten or withholden the swyftnesse and the sweygh of her tourning whele? O thou sole of all mortal soles, if Fortune began to dwel stable, she cessed then to ben Fortune.

*Metrum primum.*

*Hæc cum superbâ verterit vices dextrâ,  
Et æstuantis more fertur Euripi,  
Dudum tremendos sæva proterit Reges,  
Humilemque victi sublevat fallax vultum.  
Non illa miseros audit, haud curat fletus, &c.*

**W**HAN Fortune wyth a proude righte hand withtouneth her chaunging stounds, she fa-  
reth like the maners of the boiling Euripe.

*Glosa.* Euripe is an arme of the se, that ebbeth and floweth, and sometyme the streame is on o side, and somtime on that other.

*Texte.* She crewel fortune casteth adoune kynges, that whylom weren ydrade, and she decevable enhaunceth up the humble chere of him that is discomfited: ne she neither hereth ne recketh of wretched wepinges. And she is so hard, that she laugheth and scorneth the weping of 'hem, the whiche she hathe maked to wepe with her fre will. Thus she playeth and thus she proveth her strengthes, and sheweth a gret wonder to al her servauntes, if that a wighte is sene welefull, and overthrowe in an houre.

*Prosa secunda.*

*Vellem autem pauca tecum, Fortune ipsius verbis, agitare. Tu igitur an jus postulet animadvertere. Quid tu, o homo, ream me quotidianis agis querelis? &c.*

**C**ertes I wold pleden with The a fewe thynges, usynge the wordes of fortune: take hede nowe thy selfe, yf that she aske right. O thou man, wherefore makest thou me gyltie by thyn every dayes plaininges?

What wrong have I done The? what godes have I beraft The that were thyn? Stryve or plete with me before what juge that thou wylt, of the possessyon of riches, or of dignities, and if thou maist shewen me, that ever any mortall manne hath received any of tho thynges to ben his in propre, than wil I graunt frely, that thilke thynges were thine, which that thou askest. Whan that nature brought The forth out of thy mother's wombe, I received The naked and neddy of all thynges, and I nourished The with all my riches, and was redy and ententise through my favour to sustaine The: and that maketh The nowe impacient ayenst me. And I environned The with al haboundaunce and shynynge of al godes, that ben in my righte: nowe it lyketh me to withdrawe min honde. Thou hast had grace, as he that hath used forayne godes. Thou haste no right to playne The, as though thou haddest utterly forlorne al thy thynges. Why plainest thou thanne? I have done to The no wronge. Rycheffes, honours, and soche other thynges ben of my ryght. My servauntes knowen me for ther lady: they come with me and departen whan I

\* Myne entre. In the Latin de nostro Adyto; Adytum seems to have been mistaken for Aditus.

wende. I dare well afferme hardely, that if tho thinges, of whiche thou playnest that thou hast forlorn, had ben thin, thou ne haddest not forlorn 'hem. Shal I than be defended only to use my right? Certes it is lesful to the heven to make clere daies, and after that to overcome tho same daies with derke nightes. The yere hathe eke leve to appaile the visage of the erthe, now with floures, and now with fruite, and to confounde 'hem somtime with raines and with colde.

The se hath eke his right, to ben somtime caulme and blandishinge, with smothe water, and sometime to be horrible with wawes and with tempestes. But covetise of men, that may not be staunched, shall it binde me to be stedfaste, sythen that stedfastnesse is uncouth to my maners? Soche is my strength, and soche play I play comenly. I turne the whirlinge whele with the turning cerkle, I am glad to chaungen the lowest to the hiest, and the hiest to the lowest. Worth up if thou wolte, so it be by this lawe, that thou ne hold nat that I do The wrong, though thou discende adown, whan the reson of my play asketh it. Wiste thou not howe Cræsus kyng of Lydiens, of whiche king Cyrus was full fore agaste a lytel before, that this Cræsus was caughte of Cyrus, and ledde to the fyre to be brende, but that a rayne discended from heven that rescowed him? And is it out of mynde howe that Paulus counsul of Rome, whan he had taken the king of Perciens, weped petously for the captivite of the selfe kyng? What o-ther thing bewaylen the crienges of tragedies, but onely the dedes of fortune, that with an aukwarde stroke overturneth the relmes of grete nobleye. *Glosa.* Tragedie is to saine, a dite of a prosperite for a tyme, that endeth in wretchednesse. Leredest not thou in Grece whan thou wer yonge, that in the entre or in the seler of Jupiter, there ben couched two tonnes, that one is ful of gode, that other is ful of harme? What right hast thou to plain, if thou haste taken more plentoussly of the gode syde, that is to sayne of richesse and prosperite? And what eke if I be not all departed fro The? What eke if my mutabylite yeveth The rightfull cause of hope to have yet better thinges? Natheles dismaye The not in thy thought, and thou that arte put in the comune relme of al, ne desyre not to lyven by thin owne propre right.



*Metrum secundum.*

*Si quantas rapidis flatibus incitus  
Pontus versat arenas,  
Aut quot stelliferis edita noctibus  
Cælo sidera fulgent,  
Tantas fundat opes, nec retrahat manum,  
Pleno copia cornu;  
Humanum miseras haud ideo genus  
Cesset flere querelas, &c.*

**T**Houghe plentye goddesse of riches, hylde adowne wyth a full horne, and withdrawe not her hande, as manye richesse as the se turneth upwarde sandes, whan it is moved with ravyshinge blastes, or elles as manye richesles as there shinen bright sterres in the heven on the sterry nightes: yet for all that mankinden'old not cesse to wepe wretched plaints. And al be it so that God receved ther prayers, and yeveth 'hem as solelarge moche golde, and appaileth covetous folke with noble or clere honours: yet semeth 'hem have gotten nothing. But alway cruel ravyne devouringe al that they have got-

ten, sheveth other gapinges, that is to saye, gapen and desiren yet after mo rycheffes. What brideles might withholden to any certaine ende the disordinate covetise of men, whan ever the rather that it fleteth in large yestes, the more brenneth in 'hem the luste of having? Certes he that quaking and dredefull weneth himselfe nedy, he ne liveth nevermore riche.



*Prosa tertia.*

*His igitur si pro se tecum verbis fortuna loqueretur, quid profectò contra hisceres, non haberes. At si quid est, quo querelam tuam jure tuearis, proferas oportet, &c.*

**T**Herfore if that fortune speke with The for her selfe in this maner, forsothe thou ne haddest nat what thou mightest answere. And yf thou hast any thinge, wherwith thou mayst rightfully defenden thy complainte, it beheveth The to shewen, and I woll yeven to The space to tellen it. *Beece.* Certainli (qð I) than, these ben faire thinges, and a-nointed with honyswetnesse of rhetorike and musike, and onely while they ben herde and sowne in eres, they ben delicious. But to wretches it is a deper felynge of harme, this is to sain, that wretches felen the harmes that they suffre more grevously, than the remedies or the delites of these wordes may gladden or conforten 'hem. So that whan these thinges stinten for to sown in eres, that sorow that is inset greveth the thought. *P.* Right so it dothe (qð she). For these ne ben yet no remedies of the malady, but they ben a maner norishinge of thy sorowes, that rebel ayenst thy curacion. For whan tyme is, I shal move and ajust soch thinges, that percen 'hem ful depe. But nathlesse, that thou shalt not wilne to letten thy selfe a wretche. Hast thou forieten the numbre and the maner of thy welefulnesse? I speke not how that the soveraigne men of the cite toke The in cure and keping, whan thou were orphelyn of father and of mother, and were chosen in affynite of princes of the cite: And thou beganne rather to be lese and dere than for to be a neighbour, the which thing is the moste precious kinde of any propinquite or alliance that maye ben. Who is it that ne sayde tho that thou ne were righte weleful, with so grete nobley as thy fathers in lawe, and with the chastite of thy wyfe, and with th' oportunitie and noblesse of thy masculine children, that is to sayn, thy sonnes? And over all thys (me lyste to passen of common thinges) how thou haddest in thy youth dignities, that were warned to old men, but it deliteth me now to comen to the singlar unhepinge of thy welefulnesse. If any frute of mortal thinges may have any wighte, or price of welefulnesse, myghtest thou ever forgeten for any charge of harme that mighte befall, the remembraunce of thilke daye, that thou saw thy two sonnes made counsailours, and ladde togyther from thy house, under so gret assemble of senatours, and under the blithnesse of the peple? and whan thou saw 'hem sette in the court in hie chaires of dignities, thou rhetorien or pronouncer of kinges praisinges, deservedest glory of witte and of eloquence, whan thou sittinge bitwene thy two sonnes counsailours, in the place that hight Circo, fulfilledest the bydding of the multitude of peple that was sprade about The with so large praysynge and laude, as men synge in victories. Tho yave thou to fortune as I trowe, that is to say, tho seoffedest thou fortune with

with glorious wordes, and decevedest her, whan she acoyed and norished The as her own delices. Thou bare away of fortune a yeste, that is to say, soche guerdon that she never yave to private man. Wilt thou therefore laye a rekeninge with fortune? She hath nowe first twyned upon The with a wicked eye. If thou consider the nombre and the maner of thy blisses and of thy sorowes, thou maist nat forsaken that thou n'art yet blisfull. For if therefore thou wenest thy selfe not weleful for tho thynges that semeden joyful ben passed, ther n'is not why thou shuldest seme to thy selfe a wretch, for thynges that seme now sory, passen also. Art thou now comen a sodayne gest into the shadow or tabernacle of this life? or trowest thou that any stedfastnesse be in manne's thynges? Whan oft a swifte houre dissolveth the same man, that is to saie, whan the soule departeth from the body. For although that felde is there any faithe that fortunous thynges would dwel- len, yet nathelless the last daye of a manne's lyfe is a maner dethe to fortune, and also to thilke that hath dwelt. And therefore what wenest thou dare recke, if thou forlet her in dyinge, or els that she fortune forlete The in fleyng awaye?

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*Metrum tertium.*

*Cum polo Phœbus roseis quadrigis  
Lucem spargere cœperit,  
Pallet albentes hebetata vultus  
Flammis stella prementibus, &c.*

**W**Han Phœbus the sonne beginneth to sprede his clerenesse with rosen Chariottes, than the sterre dymmed paleth her white cheres by the flambes of the sonne that overcommeth the sterre light, that is to sayne, whan the sonne is ryfen, the dayesterre wexeth pale and leseth her light. For the grete lightnesse of the son, when the wode wexeth rodi of rosen floures in the first sommer ceson, through the breth of the winde Zephyrus that wexeth warme, if the cloudie winde Auster blowe felliche, than goeth awaye farinesse of thornes. Oft the se is clere and caulme with moving flodes, and ofte the horrible wind Aquilon moveth boiling tempeste and overhelveth the se. If the forme of this worlde is so feld stable, and if it turneth by so many enterchaunges: wilt thou than trusten in the tomblyng fortunes of men: Wylt thou trowen on flyttinge godes? It is certain and establisshed by lawe perdurable, that nothing that is engendred is stedfast ne stable.



*Prosa quarta.*

*Tum ego, vera, inquam, commemoras, o virtutum omnium nutrix, nec inficiari possum prosperitatis meæ velocissimum cursum, &c.*

**T**Hen said I thus: O nourice of all vertues, thou saiest ful soth, ne I may not forsake the right swift counse of my prosperitie, that is to saie, that the prosperitie ne be comen to me wonder swiftlie and sone. But this is a thyng that gretlie smarteth me, when it remembreth me. For in all adversities of Fortune, the moſte unſelie kynde of contrarious Fortune is to have ben welefull. *Phi.* But that thou abiest thus (qð she) the tourmente of thy false opinion, that maieſt thou not lightfullie blamen, ne aretten to

to thynges, as who saith, that thou hast yet many haboundances of thynges. *Textus.* For all be it so, that the idell name of aventurous welefulnesse, moveth The now, it is lesfull that thou reken with me, of howe many thynges thou haste yet plentie. And therefore, if that thilke thing that thou haddest for more precious, in al thy richesse of Fortune, be kept to The, yet by the grace of GOD, unwemmed and undefouled, maieſt thou then plaine rightfully upon the mischief of Fortune, sithen thou hast yet thy best thynges? Certes, yet liveth in gode point thilke precious honour of mankind, Symachus thy wive's father, whiche that is a man made of al Sapience and Vertue, the whiche manne thou wouldest buye, with the price of thyne owne life; he bewail- eth the wronges, that menne doen to The, and not for himselfe. For he liveth in sikernes, of any Sen- tence put ayenst hym. And yet liveth thy wife, that is attempre of witte, and passyng other women, in clenness of chastitie. And for I would closen shortlie her bounties, she is like her father: I tell The, that she liveth lothe of this life, and kepeth to The onelie her ghoſte, and is all mate, and of over- come by wepyng and sorowe, for desire of The. In the whiche thyng onelie I mote graunten The, that thy wilfulnesse is amenused. What shall I saie eke of thy two sonnes counsailours, of which as of chil- dren of ther age, there shineth the likenesse of the witte of ther father, and of ther eld father? And sith- en the soveraine cure of all mortall folke is to saven ther owne lives, if thou knowe thy self, thy godes make The more welefull. For yet ben there thynges dwelled to The ward, that no man doubteth, that thei ne ben more dereworthe to The, then thyne owne life. And forthy drie teres, for yet is not every Fortune hatefull to The ward: ne over grete tem- pest ne hath not yet fallen upon The, when thyne ankers cleven faste, that neither woll suffren the coun- fort of this tyme presente, ne the hope of tyme com- yng to passen ne to failen. *Bo.* And I praie (qð I) that faste mote thei holden: for the whiles that thei holden, how so ever that thynges ben, I shall well fleten forthe and escapen. But thou maieſt well seen, how grete apparailles and araie, that me lacked, that be passed awaie from me. *P.* I have somewhat a- vaunced and furthered The (qð she) if that thou an- noie not, or forthinke not of all thy Fortune, as who saith, I have somewhat comforted The, so that thou tempest not The thus, with all thy fortune, sithen thou hast yet thy beste thynges. But I maie not suffren thy delices, that plainest so wepyng and anguishous, for that ther lacketh somewhat to thy welfulness. For what man is he that is so sad, or of grete parſite welefulnesse, that he ne striveth and plaineth on some halfe ayen the qualitie of his estate? For why? full anguishous thing is the condicion of manne's godes. For either it cometh not altogether to a wight, or els it ne lasteth not perpetuell. For some man hath grete richesse, but he is ashamed of his ungentill linage. And some man is renommed of noblesse of kinrede, but he is enclosed in so grete an- guishe of nede of thynges, that hym were lever that he wer unknowe. And some man haboundeth bothe in richesse and noblesse, but yet he bewaileth his chaste life, for he ne hath no wife. And some man is, and selily married, but he hath no children, and nourisheth his richesses to straunge folk. And some man is gladed with children, but he wepeth full fore, for the trespace of his sonne, or of his dought- er. And for this there ne accordeth no wight ligh- ly to that condicion of his fortune. For alwaie to every man there is in somewhat that unassaid he ne wotte noughte, or els he dredeth that he hath assaid. And adde this also, that every welefull man



man hath a full delicate feling: so that but if all thinges befallen at his own will, he is impacient, or is not used to have none adversitie, anon he is throwen adoune for every little thing. And full little thinges ben tho, that withdrawn the somme or the perfeccion of blisfulnesse fro 'hem that ben moſte fortunate. Howe many men trowest thou, would demen 'hem self to ben almost in heaven, if thei mighten attain to the lest partie of the remnaunte of thy fortune? This same place that thou clepeſte exile, is countre to them that enhabiten here. And forthy nothyng is wretched, but when thou wenest it; as who saith, thou thy self, ne no wight els n'is a wretch, but when he weneth himself he is a wretch, by reputation of his courage. And ayenward: al fortune is blisful to a man, by the agreabilitie, or by the egalitie of hym that suffreth it. What man is that, that is so weleful, that n'olde chaungen his estate when he hath losse his pacience? The swetenesse of manne's welefulnesse is sprant with many bitternesse. The which welefulnesse, although it seme swete and joiful to him that useth it, yet maie it not ben withholden, that it ne goeth awaie when it wol. Then it is well sene, how wretched is the blisfulnesse of mortall thinges that neither it dureth perpetuell with 'hem, that every fortune receven agreable or egally, ne it deliteth not in all to 'hem that ben anguifhous. O ye mortall folke, what seke ye then blisfulnesse out of your owne selfe, whiche is put in your self? Errour and folie confoundeth you. I shall shewe The shortlie the pointe of soveraine blisfulnesse.

Is there any thyng to The more precious then thy life? Thou wilt aunswere naie. Then, if it so be that thou art mightie over thy self, that is to saine, by tranquillite of thy soule, then halte thou thyng in thy power, that thou n'oldest never lesen: Ne Fortune maie not bynemme it The. And that thou maieſt knowe that blisfulnesse ne maie not stande in thynges, that ben fortunous and temporell, now underſtande, and gather it together thus. If blisfulnesse be the soveraine gode of nature, that liveth by reſon: ne thilke thing is not soveraine gode, that maie be taken awaie in any wise.

For more worthie thing is, and more digne thilke thing, that maie not be taken awaie. Then sheweth it well, that the unſtableneſſe of Fortune maie not attaine to receve very blisfulnesse. And yet more over, what manne that this tomblyng welefulnesse ledeth, either he wote that it is chaungeable, or els he wote it not. And if he wote it not, what blisful fortune maie there ben in the blindnes of ignorance? And if he wot, that it is chaungeable, he mote alwaie ben adradde, that he ne lese that thing, that he ne douteth not, but that he maie lesen it. As who saierh, he mote alwaie be agast, lest he lese that, that he woteth right well he maie lese. For whiche the continuell drede that he hath, ne suffereth hym not to be welefull. Or els if he lese it, he weneth to be diſpiſed and forleten. Certes, eke that is a ful litle gode, that is borne with even herte, when it is losse, that is to saine, that men doe no more force of the losse, then of the havying. And for as moche as thou thy self arte he, to whom it hath be shewed, and preved by full many demonſtracions, as I wotte well, that the ſoules of menne ne mowen not dien in no wise. And eke ſens it is clere and certaine, that fortunous welefulnesse endeth by the deth of the bodie: it maie not be doubted, that if deth maie rake awaie blisfulnesse, that all the kind of mortal thing ne diſcendeth into wretchednesse, by the ende of deth. And ſithen we know well, that many a manne hath ſought the fruit of blisfulnesse, not onely with ſuffering of deth, but eke with ſuf-

feryng of paines and tourmentes: howe might then this preſente life make men blisfull, ſens that thilke ſelf life ended, it ne maketh folke no wretches?



*Metrum quartum.*

*Quisquis volet perennem  
Cautus ponere sedem,  
Stabilisque nec sonori  
Sterni flatibus Euri,  
Et fluctibus minantem  
Curat spernere pontum,  
Montis cacumen alti,  
Bibulas vitet arenas, &c.*

**W**Hat maner of folke, ware and ſtable, that woll founden 'hem a pardurable ſete, and ne wol not be caſte adoune with the loude blaſtes of the winde Eurus, and will diſpiſe the Se, menaſyng with floudes: Let 'hem eſchue to builden on the coppe of the Mountaigne, or in the moiſte Sandes. For the fell Winde Auſter tourmenteth the coppe of the Mountaignes, with all her ſtrengthes, and the loſe ſandes reſuſen to bere the hevy weightes. And forthy if thou wolte ſien the perillous aventure, that is to ſaie, of the worlde: have mynde certainlie to ſet thyne houſe of a merie ſete in a lowe ſtone. For although the wynde troubling the Se Thonder with overthrowing, thou that arte putte in quiete, and welefull, by ſtrength of thy Paleis, ſhalt lede a clere age, ſcornynge the wodenesse, and the ires of the aire.



*Proſa quinta.*

*Sed quoniam rationum jam in te mearum  
ſomenta deſcendunt, pauld validioribus u-  
tendum puto. Age enim, ſi jam caduca &  
momentanea Fortuna, &c.*

**B**UT for as moch as the nourifhynges of my reſon diſcenden now into The, I trowe it wer tyme to uſen a littell ſtrenger Medicins. Nowe underſtande here, all were it ſo that the yeſtes of Fortune ne were not brittle ne tranſitorie, what is there in 'hem, that maie be thin in any tyme? Or els that it ne is foule, if that it be loked, and conſidered perſitie? Richesſes, ben thei precious by the nature of them ſelf, or els by the nature of The? What is moſt worthe of richesſe? Is it not gold, or might of money aſſembled? Certes, that gold and that money ſhineth, and yeveth better renome to them that diſpenden it, than to thilke folke that muckeren it: for avarice maketh alwaie muckerers to ben hated, and largeſſe maketh folke clere of renome. For ſithe that ſoch thinges as ben tranſferred from one man to another, ne maie not dwell with no manne; certes, then is that money precious, when it is tranſlated into other folke, and ſtinten to be had by uſage of large yevying of hym that hath yeven it. And alſo if all the money that is over all, in al the worlde, were gaðered toward one man, it ſhould make all other men to be nedie as of that. And certes, a voice all whole, that is to ſaine, without amenuſyng, fulfilleth together the hering of moch folk. And when thei ben apaffed, nedes thei maken 'hem poore, that forgone tho richesſes.



O, straite and nedye clepe I these riches, fens  
that many folke ne maie not have it all, ne al ne  
maie it not comen to one man, without povertie of  
all other folke. And the shining of gemmes, that I  
call precious stones, draweth it not the eyen of folke  
to 'hem ward, that is to saine, for the beautie. But  
certes, if there were beautie, or bountie in shynynge  
of stones, thilke clerenesse is of the stones 'hem self,  
and not of menne. For whiche I wonder gretlie,  
that men marveilen on soche thinges. For why?  
what thyng is it, that if it wanteth movynge, and  
jointure of soule and bodie, that by right might se-  
men a faire creature to hym that hath a soule of reson?  
For al be it so, that gemmes drawen to 'hem self a  
little of the last beautie of the world, through the  
entent of ther creatour, and the distinccon of 'hem  
self, yet for as mikell as thei ben put under your ex-  
cellence, thei ne have not deserved by no waie, that  
ye should marveilen on 'hem. And the beautie of  
feldes, deliteth it not mikell unto you?

B. Why should it not deliten us, siþe that it is a right faire porcion of the right faire werke, that is to saine, of this worlde? And right so ben we gladdened somtime of the face of the Se, when it is clere: And also marveilen we on the Heven, and on the Starres, and on the Sunne, and on the Mone. *Phi.* Appertaineth (q̃ð she) any of thilke thynges to The? Why darest thou glorifie The, in the shynyng of any soche thynges? Arte thou distinguished and embelished by the springyng floures of the first Sommer selson? Or swelleth thy plentie in fruites of Sommer? Why art thou ravished with idle joies? Why embracest thou straunge Goddes, as thei wer thine? Fortune ne shall never make, that soche thynges ben thyne, that nature of thynges hath makend foraine fro The? Sothe it is, that withouten doubte the fruites of the yerth owen to be to the nourishyng of bestes. And if thou wolt fulfill thy nede, after that it suffiseth to nature, then is it no nede that thou seke after the superfluite of Fortune. For with full fewe thynges, and with full little thynges, nature hath her apaied. And if thou wolte achoken the fulfillyng of nature with superfluities: certes, thilke thynges that thou wolt thresten or pouren into nature, shullen ben unjoyful to The, or els anoious. Wenest thou eke, that it be a faire thing to shine with divers clothinges? Of whiche clothing if the beaute be agreable to loken upon, I woll marveilen on the nature of the matter of thilke clothes, or els on the workeman that wrought 'hem. Doeth also a long route of meine make The a blisfull man? The whiche servauntes if thei ben vicious of condicions, it is a grete charge, and distruction to the hous, and a gret enemye to the lorde himself. And if thei ben gode men, how shal straunge and forain godenesse, be put in the number of thy richesles? So that by all these foresaied thynges it is clerelie shewed, that never one of thilke thynges, that thou accomptedest for thy godes, n'as not thy gode. In whiche thynges if there be no beauteie to be desired, why shouldest thou be sorie to lese them? Or why shouldest thou rejoyce The to hold 'hem? For if thei ben faire of ther own kind, what appertaineth that to The? For al so well shoulde thei have ben faire by themselves, though thei wer departed from al the richesles. For why? faire ne precious wer thei not, for that thei comen among the richesles. But for thei semed faire and precious, therefore thou haddest lever reken 'hem emonges thy richesles. But what desirest thou of fortune, with so grete afare? I trow thou sekest to drive awaie nede, with habundaunce of thynges, but certes, it tourneth you all into the contrarie. For why? certes it nedeth of full many helpinges, to kepen the diversite of precious hostilementes. And sothe it is, that of many

thynges thei have nede, that many thynges have. And ayenwarde, of little thyng nedeth hym, that mesureth his fill after the nede of kind, and not after outrage of covetise. It is so then, that ye menne have no propre gode set in you, for soche ye moten seke outwarde, in forain and subject thinges. So is then the condicion of thinges tourned up so down, that a man that is a divine best, by merite of his reason, thinketh that hymself n'is neither faire ne noble, but if it be through possession of hostilimentes, that he han no soules; and certes, al other thynges ben appaied of ther owne beauties; but ye men, that be semblable to God, by your resonable thought, desiren to aparailen your excellent kinde of the lowest thinges. Ne ye understanden not how grete a wrong is doon to your creatour. For he would that mankinde were moste worthie, and noble of any yerthly thing: and ye thresten down your dignities binethen the lowest thynges. For if that all the gode of every thing be more precious, than is thilke thing, whose that the gode is, sith ye demen that the foulest thynges ben your godes, then submitten ye, and put your selven under the foulest thinges, by your estimacion. And certes, this betideth not, without your desert. For certes, soche is the condicion of all mankinde, that onely when he hath knowing of it self, then passeth it in noblesse al other thinges. And when it forletteth the knowyng of it self, then it is brought benethen all bestes. For why? all other living bestes han of kind to knowen not 'hemself. But when that men letten the knowyng of 'hemself, it cometh 'hem of vice. But how brode sheweth the errour, and the folie of you men, that wenen that any thyng maie ben appaied with straunge apparelmentes? But forsothe that maie not be doon. For if a wight shineth with thinges that ben put to hym: as thus, If thilke thynges shinen with which a man is appaied: Certes, thilke thinges ben commended and praised, with whiche he is appaied: but nathelless, thyng that is covered, and wrapped under that, dwelleth in his filthe. And I deny that thilke thing be gode, that annoieth hym that hath it. Gabbe I of this? Thou wolte saie naie. Certes, richesces have anoied full ofte 'hem, that han had tho richesce. Sithe that every wicked shrewe is for his wickednesse the more greedie after other folkes richesces, where so ever it be in any place, be it golde or precious stones, and weneth hym onely moste worthie that hath 'hem. Thou then that so busie dredest now the swerd and the spere, if thou haddest entred in the pathe of this life, a pore waifaring man, then wouldest thou sing before the thefe, as who saith, a pore man that bereth no richesce on hym by the waie, maie boldly sing beforne Theves, for he hath not wherof to be robbed. O precious and right clere is the blisfulnes of mortall richesce, that when thou haste gotten it, then hast thou lorne thy sikernes!



*Metrum quintum.*

*Felix nimium prior ætas,  
Contenta fidelibus arvis,  
Nec inerti perditæ luxu,  
Facili quæ sera solebat  
Jejunia solvere glande:  
Nec Bacchica munera nôrat  
Liquido confundere melle,  
Nec lucida vellera Serum, &c.*

**B**lisfull was the first age of men, thei helden 'hem  
apaied with the metes that the true felde  
broughten forth, thei ne destroyed, nor deceived not  
'hemself

'hemself with outrage, thei weren wonte lightlie to slaken ther hunger at evin, with Akehornes of Oxes, thei ne coude not medell the yeste of Bacchus to the clere Honie, that is to saine, thei could make ne pimenten or clarre: Ne thei could not medell the bright fleces of the Countre of Seriens, with the venime of Tyry, this is to saine, thei coude not dien white fleces of Serien Countre with the blode of a maner Shelfishe, that men findin in Tyrie, with whiche blode men dien Purple.

Thei slepten wholsome stepes upon the grasse, and dronken of the rennyng waters, and lien under the shadowes of the hie Pine trees. Ne no geste or straunger ne carfe yet the hie Se, with ores or with shippes, ne thei ne hadden sein yet no newe strondes, to leden Marchandise into divers Countreis. Tho weren the cruell clarions full hust, and full still: Ne blode ishad by egre hate ne had deied yet armures. For whereto, or which wodenesse of enemies would firste moven armes, when thei sawen cruell woundes, ne none medes be of blode yshad? I would that our tymes should tourne ayen to the old maners. But the anguishous love of havynge in folke burneth more cruelly, then the mountain of Aetna, that aie brenneth. Alas! what was he that firste dalse up the gobbettes or the weightes of golde, covered under yerth, and the precious stones, that woulde have be hidde? He dalse up precious perilles, that is to saine, that he that 'hem first up dalse, he dalse up a precious perill, for why? for the preciousnes of soche thyng hath many man ben in perill.



*Prosa sexta.*

*Quid autem de dignitatibus potentiâque disseram, quas vos, vera dignitatis ac potestatis inscii, cælo exæquatis? Quasi in improbißimum quemque ceciderint, &c.*

**B**UT what shall I saie of dignities and powers, the whiche ye men that neither knowen verie dignitie, ne verie power, arisen 'hem as high as the heven? The which dignities and powers, if thei comen to any wicked manne, thei doen as grete damages and destruccions, as doeth the flambe of the mountaigne Aetna, when the flambe waloweth up, ne no deluuy ne doeth so cruell harmes. Certes, ye remember well (as I trow) that thiike dignitie, that men clepe the Imperie of counsaillours, the whiche whilome was beginnyng of fredome, your elders coveted to have doen awaie that dignitie, for the pride of the counsaillours. And right for that same, your elders before that tyme had doen awaie out of the Cite of Rome the Kynge's name, that is to saine, thei n'olde have no lenger no king. But now, if so be that dignities and powers ben yeven to gode men, the whiche thyng is full felde, what agreable thynges is there in tho dignities and powers, but onely the godenes of folke that usen 'hem? And therefore is it thus, that honour cometh not to vertue, bicause of dignitie: and ayenward, honour cometh of dignitie, for cause of vertue. But whiche is thiike your dereworth power, that is so clere, and so requirable? O ye yerthly bestes, consider ye not over whiche thyng that it semeth that ye have power? Nowe, if thou sawe a Moufe among other Mice, that challenged to hym selfwarde right and power over all other Mice, how grete seorne wouldest thou have of it? *Glosa.* So fareth it by men, the bodie hath power over the bodie: for if thou loke well upon the bodie of a wight, what thyng shalt thou find more

fraile, then is mankinde? The whiche menne full ofte be slaine, by bityng of Flies, or els with entring or creping wormes, into the privities of manne's bodie. But where shall men finden any man, that maie exercisen or hanten any right upon an other man, but onely on his body, or els uppon thynges, that ben lower then the bodie, the whiche I clepe Fortune's possessions? Maieft thou have ever any commandment over a fre corage? Maieft thou remove fro th' estate of his propre rest a thought that is clevyng together in hymself by stedfaste reson? As whilome a tiraunt wened to confounde a freman of courage, and wend to constrain hym by tourmentes, to maken him discoveren and accusen folke, that wisten of a conjuracion, whiche I clepe a confederacie, that was caste ayenst this tiraunte: but this freman bote of his owne tongue, and caste it in the visage of thiike wode Tiraunte. So that the tourmentes, that this wode tiraunt wende to have made a matter of crueltie, this wise man made it matter of vertue. But what thyng is it, that a man maie doe to an other man, that he ne may receven the same thing of other folke in himself? Or thus: what may a man doen to folke, that folke ne maie doen to hym the same? I have herd tolde of Busirides, that was wont to slean his gastes, that herbroden in his hous: and he was slain hymself, by Hercules that was his geste.

Regulus had taken in bataille many men of Afrike, and cast 'hem into fetters: but sone after, he must yeven his handes to be bound, with the cheins of 'hem, that he had whilom overcomen. Weneft thou then, that he be mightie, that ne hath power to doen a thyng, that other ne maie doen in hym, that he hath in other? And yet moreover, if so were, that these dignitees of powers hadden any proper or naturell godenesse in 'hem, never n'old thei comen to shrewes. For contrarious thynges ne ben wonte to ben ifelowshipped togheters. Nature refuseth that contrarious thynges ben joyned. And so as I am in certaine, that wicked folke have dignitees ofte tyme, then sheweth it wel that dignitees and powers ne ben not gode of ther owne kinde, sens that thei suffer 'hemself to cleven, or joynen 'hemself to shrewes. And certaine the same thing maie I moste dignely judgen, and saine of all the yestes of Fortune, that moste plenteoullie comen to shrewes, of whiche yestes, I trowe, it ought to be considered, that no man doubteth that he is strong, in whom he seeth strength: and in whom swiftnesse is, sothe it is that he is swifte.

Also Musike maketh Musiciens, and Phisike maketh Phisiciens, and Rhetorike eke Rhetoriciens. For why? the nature of every thing maketh his proper tie, ne it is not entremedled with the effecte of contrarious thynges. But certes, richesces maie not restraine avarice unstanchd. Ne power ne maketh not a man mightie over hymself, whiche that vicious lustes holden destrained with chaines, that ne mowen not be unbounden. And dignitees, that be yeven to shreude folke, not onely ne maketh 'hem not digne, but sheweth rather all openly, that thei ben unworthy and indigne. And it is thus. For certes, ye have joye to clepe thynges with false names, that beren 'hem all the contraire, the whiche names ben full oft reproved by the effecte of the same thynges. So that these ilke richesces ne oughten not by right to be cleped richesces, ne soche power ne ought not to be cleped power, ne soche dignite ne ought not to be cleped dignite. And at laste I maie conclude the same thyng of all the yestes of Fortune: In whiche there n'is nothyng to be desired, ne that hath in hymself naturell bountie, as it is well iseen, for neither thei joinen 'hem not alwaie to gode men, ne maken 'hem alwaie gode, to whom thei ben joyned.

*Metrum*

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Metrum sextum.

*Novimus quantas dederit ruinas
Urbe flammata, patribusque caesis,
Fratre qui quondam ferus interempto,
Matris effuso maduit cruore.
Corpus & visu gelidum pererrans
Ora non tinxit lacrymis, sed esse
Censor extincti potuit decoris, &c.*

WE have well knowen how many grete harmes and destrucciounes were doen by the Emperour Nero. He let brennen the Cite of Rome, and made sle the Senatours, and he cruell whilome sloughe his brother. And he was made moiste with the blode of his mother, that is to saie, he lette sleen and slitten the wombe of his mother, to seen where he was conceived, and he loked on every halve of her dedde colde body, ne no tere wette his face, but he was so hardeherted, that he might be domesmanne, or Judge of her dedde beautie. And nathelesse, yet governed this Nero by scepter al the peple that Phœbus maie seen commyng from his utterest arisyng, till he hide his bemes under the wawes, that is to saie, he governed all the peples by sceptre Imperiall, that the Sunne goeth about fro Est to West. And eke this Nero governed by sceptre, all the peples that be under the colde sterres, that highten the *Septentrions*, that is to saie, he governed all the peples, that be under the partie of the North. And eke Nero governed all the peples, that the violent wind *Notus* skorclith, and baketh the brennyng sandes, by his drie hete, that is to saie, al the peples in the Southe. But yet ne might not all his power tourne the wodenesse of this wicked Nero. Alas! it is a grevous fortune, as oft as a wicked swerd is joyned to cruell venime, that is to saie, venomous crueltie to Lordehippe.

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*Prosa septima*

*Tum ego, scis, inquam, ipsa, minimum nobis  
ambitionem mortalium rerum fuisse domi-  
natam; sed materiam gerendis rebus opta-  
vimus, quo ne virtus tacita consenesceret.  
Et illa, atqui hoc unum est, &c.*

**T**Hen said I thus. Thou wotest well thy self, that the covetise of mortall thinges ne hadden never lordshippe in me. But I have well desired matter of thinges to doen, as who saith, I desire to have matter of governaunces over cominalties, for vertue still should not elden: that is to saie, that lest er that he wexte old, his vertue that laie now stil, ne shuld not perissh unexercised in governaunce of comune: for whiche men might speken or writen of his gode government. *Phi.* Forsothe (qð she) and that is a thyng that maie drawen to governaunce soche herts as ben worthie and noble of ther nature: but nathelesse it maie not drawen soche hertes, as ben ybrought to the full perfeccion of vertue, that is to saie, covetise of glorie and renome to have well administred the common thinges, or doen gode desertes, to profite of the common. For se now and consider, how little and how voide of all price is thilke glorie; certain thing is as thou hast lerned by the demonstracion of Astronomie, that all the envi-

roning of the yerth about ne halt but the reson of a pricke, at the regard of the gretnesse of the heven, that is to saie, that if ther wer maked comparison of the yerth, to the gretnes of heven, men would judgen in al that ne held no space. Of the whiche little region of this world, the iiij. part of the yerth is inhabited with living bestes that we knowen, as thou hast thy self ilerned by Ptoleme that proveth it. And if thou haddest withdrawen and abated in thy thoughte fro thilke fourthe partye, as moche space as the se and the mareis conteynen and overgone as moche space as the region of drought overstretcheth, that is to saie sandes and desertes, well unneth shuld there dwellen a right straite place to the habitacion of men. And ye that be environned and closed with the leste pricke of thilke pricke, thinken ye manifesten or publischen your renome and done your name for to ben borne forthe. But your glory that is so narrowe and so straye, throughten into so litel boundes, howe mykell conteineth it in larges and in grete doynges? And also sette therto, that many a nacion dyvers of tonge and of maners, and eke of reson of ther lyvinge, inhabite in the close of thilk habitacle, to the which nacyons what for difficulte of wayes, and what for diversyte of langage, and what for defaulte of unusage, and entrecomuninge of marchandise, not onely the names of singuler men ne may not stretchen, but eke the fame of cities maie not stretchen. At the last, certes in the time of Marcus Tullius, as him selfe wrytte in hys boke, the renom of the commonwelth of Rome ne had not yet passed ne clomben over the mountaine that hight *Caucasus*, and yet was Rome well waxen and redoubted of the Parthes, and eke of other folke enhabyting aboute. Seest thou not than howe straite and howe compressed is thilke glorie that ye travailen aboute to shewen and to moultelye? Maye than the glory of a synguler Romaine stretchen thiðer as the fame of the name of Rome maye not clymben ne passen? And eke seest thou not that the maners of divers folke and ther lawes ben discordant amonges hemself, so that thilke thing that some men judge worthy of praying, oþer folke judgen that that is worthy of tourment. And herof cometh it that though a man deliteth him in praisyng of his renome, he may not in no wise bringen forthe ne spreden his name to manye maner peples, and therfore every man ought to be apaide of his glory, that is published among his owne neyghbours, and thylke noble renome shal be restrained within the boundes of tho maner folke. But howe manye a man that was ful noble in his tyme, hath that wretches and neddy forietinge of writers put oute of minde and don away, al be it so that certes thilke thinges profiten litel, the which thinges and wrytinges long and derke elde do away both them and eke ther auctours. But ye menne semen to gotten you a perdurabilitie, whan ye thinken in time comen your fame shal lasten. But nathelesse if thou wilt make comparison to the endlesse spaces of eternite, what thing haste thou, by which thou maist rejoycen The of longe lastinge of thy name? For if there were made comparison of the abyding of a momente to ten thousande winter, for as moche as bothe tho spaces ben ended, yet hath the momente some porcion of it, although it be litel. But nathelesse thilke selfe nombre of yeres, and eke as many yeres as therto may be multiplied, ne may not certes be comparifoned to the perdurabilite that is endelesse. For of thinges whiche that have ende maye be made comparifon, but of thinges which that ben withouten ende, to thinges that have ende, may be maked no comparifon. And forthy is it that although renome of as long tyme, as ever The liste to thinken, wer thought, to the regard of the eternite, that is unstaunch-

unstauncheable and infinite, it ne should not one-  
lie seme littel, but plainlie right nought. But ye  
femen certes ye can do nothing aright but if it be  
for the audience of the peple, and for ydle ru-  
mours. And ye forsaken the gret worthinesse of  
conscience and of vertue, and ye seken your guerdons  
of the smale wordes of straunge folke. Have nowe  
here and understande in the lightnesse of soche pride  
and veine glory, howe a man skorned festynally and  
meryly soche vanite. Whilom there was a man that  
had assayed with stryvynge wordes an other man,  
the which not for usage of very vertue, but for  
proude vaine glorye, had taken upon him falsely the  
name of a philosophre. This rather man that I speke  
of, thought he wold assay, whether he thilke wer a  
philosophre or no, that is to saye, yf that he woulde  
have suffred lightly, in pacience, the wronges that  
were done to him. This fained philosophre toke  
pacience a litell while: and whan he had receved  
wordes of outrage, he as in strivinge ayen and re-  
joycing of himself, sayde at last thus. Understandest  
thou not, that I am a philosophre? That other man  
answerde again bitingly and said: I had well under-  
stande it, if thou haddest holden thy tong stil. But  
what is it to these noble worthy men, for certes of  
soch folk speke I that seken glorie with vertue? What  
is it (qð she) what atteyneth fame to soch folke,  
whan the body is resolved by the deth at the last?  
for if so be that men dien in al, that is to say body  
and soule, the which thing oure reson defendeth us  
to byleve: than is there no glory in no wise. For  
what shulde thilke glory be, whan he, of whom  
thilke glorie is saide to be, n'ys ryght naught in no  
wyse? And yf the soule whiche that hath in it selfe  
science of gode werkes, unbounden from the prison  
of the yerth, wendeth frely to the heaven, dispiseth it  
not than al erthly occupacion, and beinge in heaven  
rejoyseth that it is exempte from al erthly thynges? as  
who saith, that recketh the soule never of no glory  
of renome of this world.



*Metrum septimum.*

*Quicumque solam mente præcipiti petit,  
Summamque credit gloriam,  
Latè patenteis Ætheris cernat plagas,  
Arctumque terrarum situm,  
Breuem replere non valentis ambitum, &c.*

**W**Hoso that wyth overthrowinge thoughte one-  
ly seketh glori of fame, and weneth that it be  
soveraine gode, let him loken upon the brodesheving  
countreis of the heaven, and upon the straite sete of  
this erthe, and he shal be ashamed of th' encrese of  
his name, that maye not fulfil the litel compas of the  
erthe. O what coveyten proude folke to listen up  
ther neckes in ydle, in the dedly yoke of thys worlde!  
For although that renome ysprad passyng toforn pe-  
ples, goth by divers tonges, and although grete hou-  
ses of kinredes shynen by clere tytles of honours, yet  
nathelesse deth dispiseth al high glory of fame, and  
deth wrappeth togethers the high hedes and the  
lowe, and maketh egual and even the hiest with the  
lowest.

Where wonnen now the bones of trew Fabricius?  
What is nowe Brutus, or sterne Caton? The thynne  
fame yet lastyng of ther ydle names, is marked with  
a few letters. But although that we have knowen  
the faire wordes of the fame of 'hem, it is not yeven  
to know 'hem that be ded and consumpt. Ye liggeth  
than styl al utterlye unknowable, ne fame ne maketh

you not knowe. And yf ye wene to lyve the lengest  
for winde of your mortall name, whan one cruel day  
shal ravishe you, than is the second dwellyng to you  
close. The first dethe he clepeth here the departing  
of the body, and the seconde dethe here the stintyng  
of the renome of fame.



*Prosa octava.*

*Sed ne me inexorabile contra fortunam gerere  
bellum putes, est aliquando, cum de homi-  
nibus fallax illa non nihil bene mereatur:  
tum scilicet cum se aperit, &c.*

**B**UT for as moch as thou shalt not wenen (qð  
she) that I bere an untretable batayle ayenst  
fortune, yet somtims it befalleth that she (discevable)  
deserveth to have ryght gode thanke of men: and  
that is whan she her self openeth, and whan she dis-  
covereth her front, and sheweth her maners. Pera-  
venture yet understandest thou not that I shall say.  
It is a wondre that I desire to tell, and therefore  
unneth may I unpliten my sentence with wordes. For  
I deme that contrarious fortune profiteth more to  
men than fortune debonayre. For alway whan for-  
tune semeth debonayre, than she lieth falsely, bihe-  
ting the hope of welfulnesse. But forsothe contra-  
rious fortune is alwaye sothfaste, whan she sheweth  
her selfe unstable throughe her chaungyng. The a-  
miable fortune disceveith folke: the contrary fortune  
techeth. The amiable fortune blindeth with the  
beautie of her false godes the hertes of folkes that u-  
sen 'hem. The contrarie fortune unbindeth 'hem  
with the knowyng of frele wefulnesse. Th' amya-  
ble fortune maiste thou sene alway wyndy and flow-  
yng, and ever misknowyng of her self. The contra-  
ry fortune is attempre and restrayned and wyse, tho-  
rowe exercise of her adverfite. At the laste amiable  
fortune with her flateringes draweth myswandryng  
men fro the soveraine gode: the contrarious fortune  
ledeth ofte folke ayen to sothefaste godes, and halteth  
'hem ayen as with an hoke. Wenest thou than that  
thou oughtest to leten this a lytel thing, that this as-  
pre and horrible fortune hath discovered to The the  
thoughts of thy trew frendes? For why, this ilke for-  
tune hath departed and uncovered to The both the  
certaine visages, and eke the doutous visages of thy  
felawes. Whan she departed away fro The, she toke  
away her frendes and last The thy frendes. Now whan  
thou were riche and welesful, as The semed, with  
howe mykel woldest thou have bought the full know-  
yng of this, that is to sayne, the knowyng of thy very  
frendes? Nowe plaine The not than of richesse lorne,  
sihe thou haste found the moste precious kynd of ri-  
chesse, that is to saine, thy very frendes.



*Metrum octavum.*

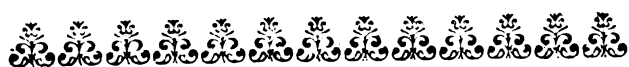
*Quod Mundus stabili fide  
Concordes variat vices,  
Quod pugnantia semina  
Fœdus perpetuum tenent, &c.*

**T**Hat the worlde with stable faithe varieth ac-  
cordable chaungynges, that the contrarious  
qualitees of Elementes holden amonge 'hem selfe aly-  
aunce perdurable, that Phoebus the sonne with his  
golden chariot bringeth forth the rosy day, that the  
mone



none hath commaundement over the nightes, which nightes Hesperus the evensterre hath brought, that the se greedy to flowen constraineth with a certain ende his flodes, so that it is not lesfull to stretch his brode termes or boundes upon the yerth: al this ordinaunce of thynges is bounde with love, that governeth erthe and se, and also hath commaundement to the heven. And yf this love flaked the bridels, al thinges that now loven toghethers wolden make bataile contynuelly, and striven to fordone the facion of this world, the which they now leden in accordable faith, by faire movynges. This love holdeth togider peple joyned with an holy bond, and knitteth sacrament of mariage of chaste loves. And love endeth laws to true felaws. O welefull were mankinde if thilke love that governeth the heven, governed your corages!

Here endeth the seconde Boke.



Here foloweth the thirde Boke.

*Prosa prima.*

*Jam cantum illa finierat, cum me audiendi avidum, stupentemque arrectis adhuc auribus carminis mulcedo defixerat. Itaque paulò post, O inquam summum lassorum solamen animorum, quantum me, &c.*

BY this she had ended her songe: whan the swetnesse of her dyte had throughperced me, that was desyrous of herkenynge. And I astonyed had yet streyght mine eres, that is to saine, to herken the bet what she shu'd say, so that a litel after I sayd thus. O thou that art soverain comfort of corages anguishous, so thou hast remounted and nourished me with the weight of thy sentences, and with delite of singyng, so that I trowe not that I be unperegall to the strokes of fortune: as who saith, I dare wel now suffren al tñ' assautes of fortune, and well defende me from her. And tho remedies, which that thou saidest here beforne, that weren right sharpe, not onelye that I am not agrisen of 'hem now, but I desyrous of heryng aske gretly to heren the remedies. Than said she thus. That feled I well (qð she) whan that thou ententise and styl ravyshest my wordes: and I abode tyll thou haddest soche habyte of thy thought, as thou hast now, or els tyll that I my selfe had maked it to the same habite, whiche that is a more very thyng. And certes the remenaunt of things that ben yet to say ben soch, that first whan men take 'hem, they ben byting: But whan they ben receved within a wight, than ben they swere. But for thou saist that thou art so desyrous to herken 'hem, with how grete brennyng woldest thou glowen, if thou wistes whider I wolde leden The? B. Whider is that (qð I). P. To thilke verie blisfulnesse (qð she) of whiche thine hert dremeth. But for as moche as thy sight is occupied and distourbed of erthly thinges, thou maiest not yet sene thilke self welefulnesse. B. Doe (qð I) and shewe me what thilke very welfulnes is, I pray The, without taryng. P. That wol I gladly done (qð she) for cause of The. But I wol first marken by wordes, and I wil enforcen me to enforme The thilke false cause of blisfulnesse, whiche that thou more knowest: so that

whan thou hast beholden thilke false godes, and turned thin eyen so to that other syde, thou maie knowen the clerenesse of very blisfulnesse.



*Metrum primum.*

*Qui serere ingenuum volet agrum,  
Liberat arva prius fruticibus,  
Falce rubos filicemque refecat, &c.*

WHoso woll sowe a felde plenteous, let him firste deliveren it of thornes, and kerve asonder with his hoke the bushes and the ferne, so that the corn may comen hevie of eres and of greines. Hony is the more swete if mouths have firste tasted favours that be wycke. The sterres shinen more agreably whan the wynde Notus letteth his plungi blastes. And after that Lucifer the daysterre hath chased away the darke nyght, the day the fairer ledeth the rosen horse of the sonne. And right so thou, beholding first the false godes begyn to withdrawe thy necke fro the yerthly affections, and afterwarde the very godes shullen entren into thy corage.



*Prosa secunda.*

*Tum defixo paululum visu, & velut in angustam suæ mentis sedem recepta, sic cæpit. Omnis mortalium cura, quam multiplicium studiorum labor exercet, &c.*

THO fastened she a litel the syght of her eyen, and she withdrew her, right as it were into the straye sete of her thought, and began to speke right thus. Al the cures (qð she) of mortal folk, which that travailen 'hem in many maner studies, gon certes by divers waies: but nathels they enforcen 'hem all to comen onely to th' ende of blisfulnes. and blisfulnes is soche a gode, that who so hath gotten it, he ne maye over that thing more desire. And thys thyng forsoth is so soveraine gode, that it conteineth in himself al maner of godes, to the which gode if there failed any thing, it myghte not ben soverain gode, for than were some gode out of this soveraine gode, that might be desyred. Now is it clere and certaine, that blisfulnesse is a partyte state, by the congregacion of al godes, the whiche blisfulnesse (as I have sayd) al mortal folke enforcen 'hem to gette by divers waies. For why? the covetise of every gode is naturelli planted in the hertes of men: but the miswandryng errour misledeth 'hem into false godes. Of the whiche men, some of 'hem wenen that soverain gode be to liven without nede of any thinge. And other men demen, that soveraine gode be right digne of reverence, and enforce 'hem to be reverenced among ther neighbours, by the honours that they have gotten. And some folke there ben that holden that right hye power be soverain gode, and enforcen 'hem for to reignen, or els to joynen 'hem to them that reignen. And it semeth to other folke, that noblese of renome be the soverain gode, and hasten 'hem to gotten 'hem glorious name by the artes of werre or of pece. And many folke mesuren and gessen, that soverayne gode be joye and gladnesse, and wenen that it be right blisful thing to plongen in voluptuous delites. And there ben some folke, that entrechaungen the causes and the endes of these forsaide godes: As they that desyren riches

Chesses to have power and delites, or elles they desyre power for to have money, or for cause of renome. In these thynges and soche other is turned all the entencion of desyrynges and werkes of men, as thus: Noblesse and favour of peple, which that yeveth to all menne, as it semeth 'hem, a maner clerenesse of renome, and wife and children, that men desyren, for cause of delyte and merynesse. But forsoth frendes ne shullen not be rekened amonge the godes of fortune, but of vertue, for it is a ful holy maner thing. All these other thynges forsoth be taken for cause of power, or elles for cause of delite. Certes now am I redy to referren the godes of the body to these forsayd thynges aboven: For it semeth that strength and greteneffe of body yeven power and worthinesse, and that beaute and swiftnesse yeven glorie and renome: and helth of body semeth to yeven delite. In al these thynges it semeth only that blisfulnesse is desyred: for why? thylke thyng that every man desireth moste over al thynges, he demeth that it be soverain gode. But I have defined, that blisfulnesse is soveraine gode, for whiche every wight demeth that thilke estate that he desireth over al thynges that it be blisfulnesse. Nowe hast thou than before thin eyen almoste al that purposed forme of the welesfulnesse of mankynde, that is to faine, richesse, honours, power, glorie and delites, the which delite only confidred he Epicurus, and judged and establisshed that delyte is the soveraine gode: for as moche as all other thynges, as him thought, byrest awaye joy and mirthe from the hert. But I returne againe to the studies of men, of whiche men the corage alway reherfeth and seketh the soveraine gode, al be it so that it be with a dyrked memorie, but he n'ote by whiche pathe, right as a drunken man n'ote nought by whiche pathe he may returne home to his house. Semeth it than that folke forleyen and erren to enforcen 'hem to have nede of nothing. Certes there is none other thing, that may so moche performen blisfulnesse, as an estate plenteous of al godes, that ne hath nede of none other thing, but that is suffisaunt of himselfe unto himself. And folien soch folke than that wenen, that thilke thing that is right gode, that it is eke right worthy of honor and of reverence? certes nay. For that thing n'ys neither foul ne worthy to be dispised, that wel nigh al the entencion of mortal folke travailen to get it. And power eke ought it not to be rekened amonges godes? What els? for it n'is not to wene, that thilke thing that is moste worthy of all thynges, be feble and without strength. And clerenesse of renome, ought that to ben dispised? Certes ther may no man forsake, that al thinge that is right excellent and noble, that it ne semeth be right clere and renowned. For certes it nedeth not to fai, that blisfulnesse be anguishous ne drerye, ne subject to grevaunces ne sorowes, sens that in right lytel thynges folke seken to have and to usen that may delyten 'hem. Certes these ben the thynges that men willen and desiren to getten: and for this cause desiren thei richesces, dignities, reignes, glorie, and delites. For therby wenen they to have suffisaunce, honoure, power, renome, and gladnesse. Than is it gode, that men seken thus by so many divers studies, in whyche desire, it may not lightly be shewed, howe gret is the strength of nature. For howe so men have divers sentences and discordinges, algates men accorden all in lovinge the ende of gode.

*Metrum secundum.*

*Quantas rerum flectat habenas  
Natura potens, quibus immensum  
Legibus orbem provida servet,  
Stringatque ligans irresoluto  
Singula nexu, placet arguto  
Fidibus lentis promere cantu, &c.*

**I**T lyketh me to shewe by subtyll song, with slacke and delitable sowne of stringes, howe that nature mightelie enclineth and siteth by the government of thynges, and by soche lawe she purveiable kepeth the grete worlde, and howe she bindynge restraineth all thynges by a bonde that maie not be unbounden. All be it so that the lions of the countre of Pene beren the faire chaines, and taken metes of the handes of folke, that yeven it 'hem, and dreden ther sturdie maisters, of whiche thei be wonte to suffer betinges, yf that ther horrible mouthes ben bledde, that is to faine, of bestes devoured: ther corage of time passed that hath ben idle and rested, repaireth ayen, and thei roren grevously, and remembren on ther nature, and slaken ther neckes from ther chaines unbounde, and ther maister first to tome with bloody teth aslayeth the wode wrathes of 'hem, that is to faine, thei fretten ther maister. And the janglyngbirde that singeth on the hye braunches, that is to faine, in the wodde, and after is enclosed in a straite cage, although the plyinge besinnelle of men yeve him honied dringes, and large metes with swete study: yet natheles if thilke birde skipping out of her straite cage, seeth the agreable shadowes of the wodes, she defouleth with her fete her mete ishad, and seketh on morning onely the wode, and twireth desiring the wode with her swete voice. The yerde of a tre that is haled adowne by mightie strength, boweth redily the croppe adown: but if that the hande that is bente let it gone againe, anon the croppe loketh upright to the heven. The sonne Phoebus that falleth at even in the westren wawes, returneth aien estones his carte by a privy pathe there as it is wonte arise. Al thynges seken ayen to ther propre course, and al thynges rejoyssen on ther returning againe to ther nature: ne non ordinaunce is betaken to thynges, but that hath joyned the ende to the beginninge, and hath made the course it selfe stable, that it chaunge not fro his propre kinde.

*Prosa tertia.*

*Vos quoque o terrena animalia, tenui licet imagine, vestrum tamen principium somnatis. Verumque illum beatitudinis finem; licet minime perspicaci, &c.*

**C**ertes also ye men that ben erthly bestes dremen alwaye your beginning, although it be with a thin imaginacion, and by a maner thought, al be it nat clereli ne parfetly, ye loken from aserre to thilke veri fine of blisfulnes; and therefore naturel entencion ledeth you to thilke very gode, but many maner errors mistourneth you therfro. Consider now if that by thilke thynges, by which a man weneth to get him blisfulnesse, if that he may comen to thilke ende that he weneth to come to by nature. For if that money, honours, or these other forsayd thynges, bringen men



men to soch a thing that no gode ne faile them ne semeth to faile: Certes than would I graunt that they be made blisful by thinges that they have gotten. But if so be that thilke thinges ne mowen not performe that thei byheten, and that there be default of many godes, sheweth it not than clereli that false beaute of blisfulnesse is knowen and atteint in thilke thinges? First and forward thou thy self, that haddest haboundaunce of riches not long ago, I aske The that in th' aboundance of al thilk riches, if thou were never anguissous or sorie in thy courage of any wrong or grevaunce that betyd The in any syde? *B.* Certes (qđ I) it ne remembreth me not, that ever I was so fre of my thought, that I ne was alwaye in anguisshe of somewhat. *P.* And was that not (qđ she) for that The lacked somewhat that thou n'oldest not have lacked? Or els thou haddest that thou n'oldest have had? *B.* Right so is it (qđ I). *P.* Than desirest thou the presence of the one, and th' absence of that other? *B.* I graunte well (qđ I). *Phi.* Forsothe (qđ she) than nedeth there somewhat that every man desireth. *B.* Ye there nedeth (qđ I). *P.* Certes (qđ she) and he that hath lacke or nede of aught, n'is not in every way suffisaunt to himself. *B.* No (qđ I). *P.* And thou (qđ she) in all the plente of thy riches haddest thilke lacke of suffisaunce? What els (qđ I). *P.* Than may not riches maken that a man n'is nedi, ne that he be sufficient to himselfe: and yet that was it that they beheten as it semed. And eke certes I trowe that this be gretlie to consider, that money hath not in his owne kynde, that it ne maie ben binomed of 'hem, that have it, maugre 'hem. *Boecius.* I knowe it well (qđ I). *Phi.* Why shouldest thou not beknownen it (qđ she) when every daie the strengre folke benomen it from the febler, maugre 'hem? From whens come els all these foraine complaintes, quarels, or pledynges but for that menne asken ther money, that hath ben binomed 'hem, by strength or by gile, and alwaie maugre 'hem? *Boecius.* Right so it is (qđ I). *Philosophie.* Then hath a man nede (qđ she) to seken hym foraine helpe, by whiche he maie defende his money. *Boecius.* Who maie saie naie? (qđ I). *Phi.* Certes (qđ she) and hym neded none helpe, if he ne had no money, that he might lese. *Boecius.* That is doubtles (qđ I). *Philosophie.* Then is this tourned into the contrary (qđ she) for riches, that menne wenen should maken suffisaunce, thei maken a man rather have nede of forain helpe. Whiche is the maner or the gise (qđ she) that riches maie driven awaie nede? Riche folke maie thei neither have hunger ne thurst? These riche menne, maie thei fele no colde on their limes in Winter? But thou wilte aunswere, that riche menne have inough, wherwith thei maie staunchen ther hunger, and slaken ther thurst, and doen awaie colde.

In this wise, maie nede ben coumforted by riches, but certes nede ne maie not all utterlie be doen awaie. For if this nede, that alwaie is gaping and gredy, be fulfilled with riches, and any other thyng, yet dwelleth then a nede, that more be fulfilled; I hold me still, and tell not how that little thyng suffiseth to nature: but certes, to avarice suffiseth not inough of nothyng. For sin that riches ne maie not all doen awaie nede, and thei maken ther own nede: what maie it then be, that ye wenen that riches mowen yeven you suffisaunce?

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*Metrum tertium.*

*Quamvis fluente dives auri gurgite  
Non expleturas cogat avarus opes, &c.*

**A**LL were it so, that a noble covetous manne had a River, or a Gutter fletyng al of Gold, yet should it never staunche his covetise: and although he had his necke charged with precious stones of the redde Se: And though he doe ere his fieldes plenteous with an hundred Oxen, never ne shall his bityng busines forleten hym, while he liveth, ne the light riches ne shall not beren hym compaignie when he is dedde.

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Prosa quarta.

*Sed dignitates honorabilem reverendumque,
cui provenerint, reddunt? Num vis ea est
magistratibus, utut utentium mentibus vir-
tutes inferant, vitia depellant, &c.*

BUT dignities, to whome they be comen, maken they him honorable and reverent? Have they to grete strength, that thei maie putten vertue in heres of folkes that usen the lordshippe of 'hem, or els may they don away the vices? Certes they be not wont to don away wickednes, but they be wont rather to shew wickednesse. And therof cometh it that I have right grete disdain, that dignities ben yeven to wicked men. For whiche thing Catullus cleped a consul of Rome (that hight Nonius) postome of boche, as who saith, he cleped him a congregation of vices in his brest, as a postome is full of corrupcion: All were Nonius set in a chaire of dignite. Seest thou not than, how grete vilonies dignities done to wiked men? certes unworthinesse of wicked men shulde be the lasse sene, if they n'ere renouned with non honour. Certes thou thy self ne mightest not be brought with as many perils as thou myghtest suffre, that thou woldest bere the magistrate with decorate, that is to saine, that for peril that myght befall The by offence of the king Theodorike, thou n'oldest not be felawe in governaunce with decorate, whan thou sawe that he had wiked corage of a lycorous shrew and of an accusour. Ne I may not for soche honours judgen 'hem worthy of reverence, that I deme and hold unworthy to have thylke same honours. Now if thou sawe a manne, that wer fulfild of wisdom, certes, thou ne mightest not deme, that he wer unworthie to that honour, or els to the wisdom of whiche, he is fulfilled. *Boecius.* No (qđ I). *Philosophie.* Certes (qđ she) dignities appertainen properlie to vertue, and vertue transporteth dignitie anon to thilke man, to whiche she her self is conjoynd. And for as moche as honours of peple ne maie not make folke digne of honour, it is well sene clerely, that thei ne have no propre beauteie of dignitie. And yet menne oughten take more hede in this: for if a wight be in so moche the more outcast, that he is dispised of moste folke, so as dignite ne maye not maken shrewes worthy of no reverence, than maketh dignite shrewes rather dispised than praised, the which shrewes dignite sheweth to moch folke. And forsothe not unpunished, that is to sayn, that shrewes revengen 'hem ayenward upon dignities. For they yelden ayen to dignities as grete guerdons, whan they despotten and defoulen dignities

ties with ther vilonie. And for as moche as thou nowe knowest, that thilke very reverence ne maye nat comen by these shadowy transitorye dignities, understonde nowe thus: that if a man had uled and had many maner dignities of consuls and were paraventure comen amonge straunge naciens, shulde thilke honour maken him wurshipfull and redoubted of straunge folke? Certes if that honour of peple were a naturel yeste to dignities, it ne might never cessen no where amonge no maner folke to done his office. Right as a fyre in every countre ne stinteth not to enchaufen and maken hote. But for as moche as for to ben honorable or reverent, ne cometh not to folke of ther proper strength of nature, but onely of the false opinion of folke, that is to saine, that wenen that dignities maken folke digne of honours: anone therfore whan they comen ther as folke ne knowe not thilke dignities, ther honours vanishen awaye and that anon. But that is amonge straunge folke maist thou sain. Ne amonges 'hem ther they were borne ne dured not thilke dignities alwaye. Certes the dignite of the provosty of Rome was whilome a gret power: nowe is it nothyng but an ydle name, and the rente of the senatorie a grete charge. And if a wight whilom had th' office to taken hede to the vitales of the peple, as of corne and of other thinges, he was holden amonges 'hem grete. But what thing is more nowe outcaste than thilke provostrie? As I have said a lytel here beforene, that thilke thing that hath no proper beaute of it self, receveth sometime price and shining, and sometim lesfeth it by th' opinion of usaunces; now if that dignities than ne mowe not make folke digne of reverence, and if that dignities wexe foule of ther wyll, by the fylthe of shrewes, and if dignities lesen ther shininge by chaunging of tymes, and if they wexen foule by estimation of peple, what is it that they han in 'hemselfe of beaute, that ought to be desired? as who saithe none: than ne mowen they yeven no beaute of dignitie to none other.



Metrum quartum.

*Quamvis se Tyrio superbus ostro
Comeret, & niveis lapillis, &c.*

AL be it so, that the proude Nero wyth all his wode luxure, kembe him and apparelled him with faire purple of Tyrie, and with white perles, algates yet therof he hateful to al folk, that is to say that all was he behated of all folkes, yet this wicked Nero had grete lorchippe, and yafe whilome to the reverent Senatours the unworshipfull fetes of dignities. Unworshipfull fetes he clepeth here, for that Nero that was so wicked yafe the dignities.

Who woulde than resonablye wenen, that blisfulnesse were in soche honours, as ben yeven by vicious shrewes?



Prosa quinta.

*An verò regna, regumque familiaritas efficere
potentem valent? Quidni, &c.*

BUT reignes and familiarities of kynges, maie thei maken a man to ben mighty? How els? when his blisfulnesse dureth perpetuallie. But certes, the old age of time passed, and eke of present time nowe, is ful of enamples, how that kinges have chaunged into wretchednesse, out of ther welfulnes.

O! a noble thing and a clere thing is power, that n'is not founden mighty to kepe it self. And if that power of relmes be authour and maker of blisfulnesse, if thilke power lackethe on any syde, amenufeth it nat thilke blisfulnesse, and bringeth in wretchednes? But yet al be it so, that the relmes of mankinde stretchen brode, yet mote ther nede ben moche folke, over whiche that every king ne hath no lordship ne commaundement. And certes upon thilk side that power falleth, which that maketh folke blisful, right on that same side no power entreth underneth, that maketh 'hem wretches. In this maner than moten kinges have more porcion of wretchednesse than of welfulnesse.

A tiraunt that was kinge of Sicile, that had assayed the perill of his estate, shewed by similitude the dredes of relmes by gastenesse of a swerde, that hong over the hed of his familier. What thinge is than this power, that maye not done awaye the bitynges of besinesse, ne eschewe the prickles of drede?

And certes yet wolden they lyven in sykernesse, but they maye nat. And yet they glorifyen 'hem in ther power. Holdest thou than that thilke man be mighty, that thou seest that he wolde done that he maye not done? And holdest thou than him a mighty man, that hath envired his sydes with men of armes or sergeauntes, and dredeth more them that he maketh agast, than they dreden hym, and that is putte in the handes of his servauntes for he shulde seme mightye? But of famylyeres or servauntes of kinges, why shulde I tell The any thyng, siþe that I my selfe have shewed The that relmes 'hem selfe ben ful of grete feblesse? The whiche famylyers certes the royall power of kinges in whole estate, and in estate abated, full ofte throwethe adowne.

Nero constrained Senecke hys famylyer and his mayster, to chesen on what dethe he wolde dye. Antonius commaunded that knightes slown wyth ther swerdes Papinian his famylyer, whiche Papinian hadde ben longe tyme ful mighty amonges 'hem of the courte. And yet certes they wolden both have renounced ther power. Of whiche two Senecke enforced him to yeven to Nero his richesse, and also to have gone into solytary exile. But whan the grete weight, that is to sain, of lorde's power, or of Fortune, draweth 'hem that shullen fall, neither of 'hem ne might do that he wolde. What thinge is than thilke power, that thoughe men have it, yet they ben agast, and whan thou woldest have it, thou n'arte not syker? And yf thou woldest forleten it, thou maist nat eschewen it. But wheðer soch men ben frendes at nede as ben counsayled by fortune, and nat by vertue? Certes soch folke as welful fortune maketh frendes, contrarious fortune maketh 'hem enemyes. And what pestilence is more mightye for to anoye a wight, than a familier enemye?



Metrum quintum.

*Qui se volet esse potentem,
Animos domet ille feroces,
Nec victa libidine colla, &c.*

WHoso wol be mighty, he mote daunten his cruell corages, ne put nat his necke overcomen under the foule raynes of lechery. For all be it so, that the lordshippe stretche so ferre that the countrey of Inde quaketh at thy commaundementes, or at thy lawes, and that the last yle in the se, that hyght Thule, be thrale to The: yet yf thou maiste nat putten away thy foule derke desyres,

and driven out fro The wretched complayntes? Certes, it n'ys no power that thou haste.

Prosa sexta.

Gloria verò quàm fallax sæpe, quàm turpis est! unde non injuriâ tragicus exclamat. O gloria, gloria, millibus mortalium nihil aliud facta, nisi aurium inflatio magna, &c.

BUT glorie, how decevable and howe foul is it oft! For whiche thing, not unskilfully a tragedien, that is to sayne maker of dities that highten Tragedyes, cried and sayde. O glory glory (qð he) thou n'art nothing els to thousandes of folke but a sweller of eres. For many have full grete renome by the false opinion of the peple.

And what thinge may ben thought fouler then soche prayfynge? For thilke folke that ben praised falslye, they moten nedes have shame of ther praisinge. And yf that folke have gotten 'hem thanke or praisinge by ther desertes: What thing hath thilke prife eched or encrefed to the conscience of wyse folke, that mesuren ther gode, nat by the rumoure of the peple, but by the sothefastenesse of conscience? And if it seme a faire thinge, a man to have encrefed and sprad his name, than foloweth it, that it is demed to ben a foule thing, if it ne be yspradde and encrefed. But as I said a litel here before, that sithe there mote nedes ben many folkes, to whiche folke the renome of a man ne maye nat comen, it befallith, that he that thou wenest be glorious and renowned, semeth in the next part of the yerthe to ben without glorye and without renome. And certes amonges these thinges I ne trow nat that the prife and the grace of the peple n'ys neither worthy to ben remembred, ne cometh of wise judgement, ne is ferme perdurably. But now of this name of gentilnesse: what man is it that ne may wel sene howe vaine and how flityng it is? For if the name of gentilnesse be referred to renome and clerenesse of lynage, than is gentil name but a forain thing, that is to say, to 'hem that glorifien 'hem of ther linage. For it semeth that gentilesse be a maner praying that cometh of the desertes of auncesters. And if praising maketh gentilnesse, than moten they nedes ben gentil, that ben praysed. For whiche thinge it foloweth, that if thou ne have no gentylnesse of thy selfe, that is to faine, prife, that cometh of thy desert, forain gentilnesse ne maketh The nat gentil. But certes if there be any gode in gentilnesse, I trowe it be al onely this: that it semeth as that a maner necessite be imposed to gentilmen, for that they ne shulde nat outragen or forleven fro the vertues of ther noble kynred.

Metrum sextum.

*Omne hominum genus in terris
Simili surgit abortu,
Unus enim rerum pater est,
Unus cuncta ministrat, &c.*

AL the lynage of men, that ben in erth, ben semblable of birth. One alone is father of thynges: one alone ministrith al thinges: he yaf to the sun his bemes: he yaf to the mone her hornes:

he yafe to men the erth: he yafe the sterres to the heven: he closed with membres the soules that camen from his hye sete. Than comen all mortall folke of noble fede. Why noisen ye, or bosten of your elders? For yf ye loke your beginning and God youre father authour and maker, than n'ys there no forelyved wight or ungentill, but if he nourishe his corage unto vices, and forlete his proper byrthe.

Prosa septima.

Quid autem de corporis voluptatibus loquar? quarum appetentia quidem plena est anxietatis, &c.

BUT what shal I sain of delyces of body? of whiche delices the desiringes ben ful of anguishes, and the fulfillinges of 'hem ben ful of penaunce. How grete sikneses and how grete sorowes unfrable, right as a maner fruite of wickednes, ben thilke delices wonte to bringen to the bodies of folke that usen 'hem? of which delices I n'ot what joye may ben had of ther movinge. But this wote I wel, that whosoever wol remembre him of his luxures he shal well understande, that the issues of delices ben sorowful and fory. And yf thilke delices mow make folke blisful, than by that same cause moten these bests ben cleped blisful. Of whiche bestes al the entencion hasteth to fulfil ther bodily jolyte. And the gladnesse of wife and children were an honest thyng, but it hath ben said that it is overmoke ayenst kinde, that children have ben founden tourmentours to ther fathers, I n'ot howe many. Of which children how biting is every condicion, it nedeth not to tellen it The, that hast er this tyme assayed it, and art yet now anguishous. In this tyme aprove I the sentence of my disciple Euripides, that said, that he that hath no children is weleful by infortune.

Metrum septimum.

*Habet omnis hoc voluptas,
Stimulis agit fruentes,
Apiumque par volantum,
Ubi grata mella fudit, &c.*

EVery delyte hath this, that it anguisheth 'hem with prickes that usen it. It resembleth to these flying flies that we clepen bees, that after that he hath shedde his agreable honyes, he flieth away, and stingeth the hertes of 'hem that ben smitten with bitinge overlonge holden.

Prosa octava.

Nihil igitur dubium est, quin hæc ad beatitudinem vitæ, devia quedam sint, nec perducere eò quengquam valeant, &c.

NOwe it is no dout than, that these wayes ne ben a maner mistidinges to blisfulnes: ne that they ne mowen not leden folke thider, as they beheten to leden 'hem. But with how gret harmes these forsaide wayes ben enlaced, I shal shew you shortly. For why? if thou enforcest The to assemble money,

money, thou must byreven him his money that hath it. And if thou wolt shinen with dignities, thou muste beseechen and supplien 'hem, that yeven tho dignities. And yf thou covetest by honour to gone beforne other folkes, thou shalt defoule thy self thowrow humbleste of asking. If thou desirest power thou shalt by awaits of thy subjectes anoiously be cast under by many perils. Askest thou glorie? thou shalt ben so distraite by aspre thinges, that thou shalt forgone sikernesse. And if thou woldest leden thy lyfe in delites, every wight shal dispisen The and forleten The, as thou that arte thral to thing, that is right foule and britel, that is to saine, fervaunt to thy bodye. Nowe is it wel ysene, howe lytel and how britel possession they coveten, that putten the godes of the bodi above ther own reson. For maist thou surmounten these elisautes in gretnesse or in weight of body? or mayste thou ben stronger than the bul? mayst thou be swifter than the Tigre? Beholde the spaces and the stablenesse, and the swyft course of heven, and stinte somtyme to wondren on foule thinges. The whiche heven certes n'ys nat rather for these thinges to be wondred upon, than for the reson by whiche it is governed. But the shininge of thy forme, that is to sayne, the beaute of thy body, how swiftly passing is it, and howe transitorie! certes it is more fliting than the mutabilite of floures of the sommer seson. For so as Aristotell telleth, that yf the men had eyen of a beste that hight Lynx, so that the lokynge of folke might percen throughe tho thynges that withstonde it, whoso loked than in the antrailes of the body of Alcibiades, that was full faire in the superfycie without, it shulde seme right foule. And forthy, yf thou semest faire, thy nature ne maketh nat that, but the discevaunce of febleness of the cien that loken. But praise the godes of the body as moche as ever The lyfte, so that thou know algates that what so it be, that is to saine, of the godes of the body, which that thou wondrest upon, maye ben destroyed or els dissolved by the hete of a fever of thre daies. Of which forsayd thinges I maie reducen this shortly in a somme, that these wordly godes, which that ne mowen yeven that they behyghten, 'ne ben not parfite by the congregacion of al godes, that they ne ben not wayes ne pathes, that bringen men to blisfulnesse, ne maken men to be blisful.



Metrum octavum.

*Eheu! quæ miseros tramite devio
Abducit ignorantia!
Non aurum in viridi quaritis arbore, &c.*

ALas! whiche folye, and whiche ignoraunce misledeth wandringe wretches fro the pathe of very gode! Certes ye seken no golde in grene trees, ne ye gaðren not precious stones in vines: ne ye ne hyden not youre ginnes in hie mountains to catchen fysh: of the which ye may maken rich festes.

And if you lyke to hunte to Roes, ye ne go nat to the fords of the water that hight Tyrrhene. And over this men knowe wel the crekes and the cavernes of the se yhyd in the flodes, and knowen eke, whiche water is most plenteous of white perles, and known whiche water haboundeth most of red purpure, that is to saine, of a maner shellyshe, with whiche men dyen purpure: and known whiche stondes habounden moste of tendre fyshes, or of sharpe fyshes, that hight Echines. But folke suffren 'hem self to ben so blind that 'hem ne retchen not to knowe wher thilke

godes ben yhidde, which that they coveten, burplungen 'hem in yerthe, and seken there thilke gode, that surmounteth the heven, that bereth the sterres. What prayer may I maken that be digne to the nyce thoughtes of men, but I pray that they coveten rychesse and honours, so that whan they have gotten tho false godes with grete travayl, that therby they mowen knowen the very godes?



Prosa nona.

Hactenus mendacis formam felicitatis ostendisse suffecerit; quod si perspicaciter intuearis, ordo est deinceps, &c.

IT suffiseth that I have saide hyðerto the forme of false welfulnesse: so that yf thou loke now clerely, the order of mine entencion requireth fro hensforth to shewen the very welfulnes. *B.* Forsoth (qð I) I se wel now, the suffisaunce may nat comen by richesse, ne power by relmes, ne reverence by dignities, ne gentilnesse by glory, ne joye by delices. *P.* And hast thou wel knowen the causes (qð she) why it is? *B.* Certes me semeth (qð I) that I se 'hem, right as though it were through a litel clyfte: But me were lever knowen 'hem more openly of The. *Phi.* Certes (qð she) the reson is al redy. For thilke thinge that simply is one thing without any division, the errour and folye of mankinde divideth and departeth it and misledeth it, and transporteth from very and parfite gode, to godes that be false and unparfit. But say me this: wenest thou that he that hath nede of power that him ne lacketh nothings? *Boecius.* nay (qð I). *Philosophie.* Certes (qð she) thou sayest arighte: for yf so be that there is a thing that in any partie be febler of power, certes as in that it mote nedes be nedy of forain help. *Boecius.* Right so it is (qð I). *Philosophie.* Suffisaunce and power ben of one kinde. *Boecius.* So semeth (qð I). *Philosophie.* And demest thou (qð she) that a thinge that is of this maner, that is to say, suffisaunt and mighty, oughte ben dispised, or els that it be righte digne of reverence above al thinges? *Boecius.* Certes (qð I) it is no doute that it is right worthy to be revered. *Philosop.* Let us adden (qð she) reverence to suffisaunce and to power, so that we demen that these thre thinges be al one thing. *Boecius.* Certes let (qð I) us adden it if we wil graunt the sothe. *P.* What demest thou (qð she) than, is that a derke thing and not noble, that is suffisaunt, reverent, and mighty? or els that it is right noble and right clere by celebren of renome? Consider than (qð she) as we have graunted here byforne, that he that ne hath no nede of nothing, and is most mighty and moste digne of honoure, yf hym nedeth any clerenesse of renome, whiche clerenesse he mighte not graunten of himselfe, so for lacke of thilke clerenesse he might semen the febler on any syde, or the more outcaste. *Glosa.* That is to say, naye: For who so that is suffisaunt, mighty, and reverent, clerenesse of renome foloweth of the forsaide thinges: he hath it all redy of his suffisaunce. *Boecius.* I maye not (qð I) denye it, but I mote graunten as it is, that this thinge is right celebrable by clerenesse of renome and noblesse. *P.* Than foloweth (qð she) that we adden clerenesse of renome to the foresaide thinges, so that there be amonges 'hem no difference. *B.* This is a consequence (qð I). *Philosop.* This thinge than (qð she) that ne hath nede of no foraine thyng, and that maye do all thyng by his strengthes, and that is noble and honourable, is it not a mery thinge and joyful?

joyful? *Boecius*. But whence (q^d I) that any sorowe might come to this thyng that is soche, certes I maye not thinke. *Philosophie*. Than mote we graunten (q^d she) that this thyng be full of gladnesse, yf the foresayde thynges be sothe. And certes, also mote we graunten, that suffisaunce, power, noblesse, reverence, and gladnesse be onelye divers by names, but ther substaunce hath no diversite. *Boecius*. It mote nedelye be so (q^d I). *Philosophie*. Thilke thyng than (q^d she) that is one and simple in his nature, the wickednesse of men departeth and divideth it: And whan they enforcen 'hem to getten partye of a thyng, that ne hath no parte, they ne getten 'hem neyther thilke partye that n'ys none, ne the thyng al whole that they desyre. *Boecius*. In whiche manere (q^d I). *Phi*. Thilke man (q^d she) that secheth richesse to flyen povertie, he ne travaileth hym not for to get power, for he hath lever be derke and vyle, and eke withdraweth from hymself many naturell delytes, for he n'olde lese the money that he hath assembled. But certes in thys maner he ne getteth him no suffisaunce, that power forleteth, and that molestie priketh, and that fylthe maketh outcaste, and that derkenesse hydeth. And certes he that desireth only power, wasteth and scattereth rychesse, and dispiseth delices and eke honour that is without power, ne he ne prayseth glory nothing. Certes this feest thou well that many thynges faylen to him: For he hath sometyme defaute of many necessities, and many anguyshes byten hym. And when he maye not don tho defautes away, he forletteth to be myghty, and that is the thyng that he moste desyareth. And right thus may I make semblable resons of honour, of glory, and of delyces. For so every of these forsaide thynges is the same that these other thynges ben, that is to saine, al one thing. Whosoever seketh to getten that one of these and not that other, he ne getteth not that he desireth. *Boecius*. What sayest thou than, if that a man covete to getten al these thynges togid^r? *Philosophie*. Certes (q^d she) I wold say that he woulde get him soverain blisfulnes, but that shall he not finde in tho thynges that I have shewed, that mowe not yeve that they beheten. *Boecius*. Certes no (q^d I). *Phi*. Than (q^d she) ne shullen men not by no way seken blisfulnesse in soch thynges, as men wenen that they ne mowe gyven but one thyng synglerly of al that men seken. *Boecius*. I graunt well (q^d I) ne non sother thing maye be sayde. *Philosophy*. Now hast thou than (q^d she) the forme and the cause of false welcfulnesse: Now turne and flytte agayn to thy thought, for there shal thou fene anon thylke very blisfulnesse, that I have behight The. *Boecius*. Certes (q^d I) it is clere and open, though it were to a blynde man: And that shewedest thou me a lytel here before, whan thou enforcedest The to shewe me the causes of the false welcfulnesse. For (but if I be begiled) than is that thilke very blisfulnesse and parfite, that parfitye maketh a man suffisaunt, myghtye, honourable, noble, and ful of gladnes. And for thou shalte wel knowe, that I have well understanden these thynges within my herte: I knowe well that thylke blisfulnesse that men verely yeven one of the forsaide thynges, sens they ben all one, I knowe doutlesse that thilke thyng is ful of blisfulnesse. *Philosophy*. O my norice (q^d she) by this opinion I say that thou arte blisful, yf thou put this therto that I shall sayne. *Boecius*. What is that? (q^d I). *Phi*. Trowest thou that ther be any thing in these erthlie mortal tomblinge thynges, that may bringen this estate? *Bo*. Certes (q^d I) I trow it not: and thou hast shewed me wel, that over thilk gode ther n'is nothyng more to ben desired. *P*. These thynges than (q^d she) that is to saine, erthly suffisaunce and power, and soch thynges erthely, they se-

men likenesse of very gode, or els it semeth that they yeven to mortall folke a maner of godenesse, that ne be not parfite, but thilke gode that is very and parfite, that may they not yeven. *Boe*. I accorde me well (q^d I). *Ph*. Than (q^d she) for as moche as thou hast knowen, which is thilke very blisfulnes, and eke which thilke thynges ben, that lien falsely blisfulnesse, that is to say, that they by discete fernen very godes: Nowe behoveth The to knowe whence and wher thou mow seke thilke very blisfulnesse. *B*. Certes (q^d I) that desyre I gretly, and have abyden longe time to herken it. *P*. But for as moch (q^d she) as it liketh to my disciple Plato in his boke of *Timæo*, that in ryght lytel thynges men shulden beseeche the help of God: What judgest thou that be nowe to done, so that we may deserve to finde that sete of thilke soverain gode? *B*. Certes (q^d I) Ideme that we shullen clepe to the father of all godes, for withouten him n'ys there nothing founded aright. *P*. Thou saiest aright (q^d she) and began anon to singen right thus.



Metrum novum.

*O qui perpetuū mundum ratione gubernas,
Terrarum Cœlique sator, qui tempus ab ævo
Ire jubes, stabilisque manens das cuncta moveri;
Quem non externæ pepulerunt fingere causæ,&c.*

O Thou father, soveraine and creatour of heven and of erthes, that governeest this world by pardurable reson, that commandest the tymes to gone, sythe that age had beginning, thou that dwellest thy selfe aye stedfaste and stable, and yevest al other thynges to be meved, ne foraine causes ne causeden The never to compounne werk of flitering matere, but onely the forme of soverain gode yset within The without envy, that meved The frely; thou that art alderfairest, beringe the fayre world in thy thought, formedest this worlde to thy likenesse semblable of that fayre world in thy thought. Thou draweste all thinge on thy soveraine ensampler, and commaundest that this worlde perfetliche ymaked, have frely and absolute his parfite parties. Thou byndest the elementes by nombres proporcionables, that the colde thynges mowen accorden with the hotte thynges, and the drie thynges with the moiste: That the fyre, that is purest, ne flye nat over hie, ne that the hevinelle ne draw nat adoun overlowe the yerthes, that be plonged in the waters. Thou knytest togid^r the mene soule of treble kinde moving al thynges, and dividest it by membres accordyng: And whan it is thus divided, it hath assembled a movyng into roundes, it gothe to turne agayn to himself, and environneth a full depe thoughte, and turneth the heven by a semblable ymage. Thou by evenlyke causes enhanceste the soules and the lesse lyves, and abling 'hem to height by lyght waines or cartes, thou soweste 'hem into heven and into yerthe, and whan they be converted to The by thy benigne lawe, thou makest 'hem retourne ayen to The by ayen-ledyng fire. O father yeve thou to the thoughte to flyen up into thy august sete, and graunt him to environne the well of gode. And the light yfounde, graunte him to fixen the clere syghtes of his corage in The, and scatter thou and to brake that weightes and the cloudes of erthely hevinelle, and shyne thou by thy brightnesse. For thou arte clerenesse, thou arte pefyble reste to debonayre folke, thou thy selfe arte beginninge, berer, leder, pathe, and terme; to loke on The that is our ende.

Prosa

Prosa decima.

Quoniam igitur, quæ sit imperfecti, quæ etiam perfecti boni forma vidisti, nunc demonstrandum reor, &c.

FORasmöche than, as thou hast sene which is the forme of gode, that n'ys not parfite, and the forme of gode, whiche that is parfite, nowe trowe I that it were gode to shewe in what this perfeccion of blisfulnes is set. And in this thing I trowe that we shal firste enquire, for to weten, if that any soch maner gode, as thilke gode as thou haste diffynished a litell here before, that is to saie, soveraine gode, maye be found in the nature of thynges. For that vayne imaginacion of thought ne desceve us not, and put us out of the sothefastnesse of thyke thyng that is submytted to us. But it maye not be denied that thyke ne is, and that is right as a wel of al godes. For al thyng that is cleped imparfite is proved imparfite, by the amensyfing of perfeccion of thyng that is parfite. And hereof cometh it that in every thyng generall, if that men seche any thinge that is imparfite, certes in thilke thyng generall, there mote be some thyng that is parfite. For if so be that perfeccion is don away, men may not thinke ne saye from whence thilke thyng is, that is cleped imparfite. For the nature ne toke not her beginninge of thinges amensyd and imparfite, but it procedeth of thynges that ben al whole and absolute, and descendeth so down into the utterst thynges, and into thynges empty and without frute. But as I have shewed a litell here before, that if that there be a blisfulnesse that be frele and vaine, and imparfite, there maye no man doubt that ther n'ys some blisfulnesse, that is sadde, stedfaste, and parfite. *Bo.* This is concluded (qð I) fermelye and sothfastelye. *P.* But consider also (qð she) in whome this blisfulnes inhabyteth. The comune accorde and concete of the corage of men proveth and graunteth, that GOD prince of all thynges is gode. For so as nothyng may be thought better than God, it may not be doutted than that he that nothyng n'is better than he n'is gode. Certes, reson sheweth that GOD is so gode, that it proveth by very force, that parfite gode is in him. For if God n'is soche, he ne maie not ben prince of al thing. For certes, some thing possiffyng in it self parfite gode, should be more worthie then God: and it should semen that thilk thing wer first and older than God. For we have shewed appertlie, that all thynges that ben parfite, ben firste or thinges that ben imparfite. And forthy, for as moche as that my reson, or my processe, ne go not awaie without an ende, we owen to graunt, that the soveraine God is right full of soveraine parfite gode. And we have established, that the soveraine gode is very blisfulnesse: then mote it nedes be, that verie blisfulnesse is set in soverain gode. *Bo.* This take I wel (qð I) ne this ne maie not be withsaid in no maner. *Phi.* But I praie The (qð she) se now how thou maiest proven holly, and withouten corrupcion, this that we have saied, that the soveraine God is full of right soveraine gode. *Bo.* In whiche maner? (qð I). *Phi.* Wenest thou aught (qð she) that the father of all thinges hath taken thilke soverain gode any where out of hymself, of whiche soveraine gode menne proveth that he is ful? Right as thou mightest think, that God, that hath blisfulnesse in hymself, and thilke blisfulnes that is in him, wer divers in substance. For if thou wene, that God hath receved thilke gode out of hymself, thou maiest wene, that he that yave thilke gode to

God be more worthie then God. But I am beknowe and confesse, and that right dignely, that God is right worthie above all thynges: And if so be that this gode be in him by nature, but that is diverse from hym by wenyng reson, sens we speken of God, prince of all thynges, saie, who so saie maie, who was he that conjoynd these thynges together? And eke at the last se well, that a thyng that is divers fro any thing, that thilk thing n'is not that same thing, for whiche it is understanden to ben divers. Then foloweth it well, that the ilke thyng that by his nature is diverse from soverain gode, that thing is not soverain gode. But certes, it were a felonous cursednesse, to thinke that of hym, that nothyng n'is more worthie. For alwaie of all thinges the name of hem ne maie not ben better then ther beginner. For whiche I maie concluden by right verie reson, that thilke that is beginning of all thynges, thilke same thyng is soverain gode in his substance. *Bo.* Thou hast saied rightfully (qð I). *Phi.* But we have graunted (qð she) that the soveraine gode is blisfulnesse. *Bo.* That is sothe (qð I). *Phi.* Then (qð she) we moten nedes graunt and confesse, that the ilke same soverain gode be God. *Bo.* Certes (qð I) I ne maie not denie, ne withstande the reasons proposed, and I se well that it foloweth by strength of the premisses. *Phi.* Loke now (qð she) if this be proved yet more firmelic thus; that there ne mowen not ben twb soveraine godes that ben divers emong hem self. For certes, the godes that ben divers emong hem self, that one is not that the other is. Then ne mowen neither of hem be parfite, so as either of hem lacketh to other, but that that n'is not parfite, menne maie sene apertlie, that it n'is not soveraine. The thynges then that be soverainlie gode, ne mowen by no waie be divers. But I have well concluded, that blisfulnesse and GOD, ben the soveraine gode, for whiche it mote nedes ben that soveraine blisfulnesse is soveraine dignite. *Bo.* Nothyng (qð I) is more sothefaste then this, ne more ferme by reson, ne a more worthie thyng then God maie not be concluded.

Phi. Upon these thynges then (qð she) right as these Geometriciens, when thei have shewed ther proposicions, ben wonte to bringen in thynges, that thei clepen aphorismes or declaracions of foresaied thynges, right so woll I yeve The here, as a Corallary or a mede of croune. For why? forasmoch as by the gettyng of blisfulnesse menne ben maked blisful, and blisfulnesse is dignite; then it is manifeste and open, that by the gettyng of dignite menne ben maked blisful, right as by the getting of justice, they ben maked just, and by the getting of Sapience thei be maked wise, right so nedes by the semblable reson, when thei have gotten divinite, thei be made goddes. Then is every blisfull man a God. But certes, by nature there n'is but one God, but by the participacion of the Divinite, there ne letteth ne distourbeth nothyng, that there ne be many Goddes. *Bo.* This is (qð I) a faire thyng and a precious, clepe it as thou wilt, be it Corallarie, or Porisme, or mede of Croune, or declaryng. *Phi.* Certes (qð she) nothyng n'is fairer, then is the thing, that by reson should be added to these foresaied thynges. *Bo.* What thyng (qð I). *Phi.* So (qð she) as it semeth that blisfulnesse containeth many thynges, it were for to weten, whether that al these thinges maken or conjoynen, as a maner bodie of blisfulnesse, by the diversitie of parties of members, or els if any of all these thinges be soche that it accomlishe by hymself the substance of blisfulnesse. So all these other things ben referred, and brought to blisfulnes, that is to saie, as to the chief of hem. *Bo.* I would (qð I) that thou madest me clerely to understande what

thou saiest, and what thou recordest me the foresaid thynges. *Phi.* Have I not judged (qð she) that blisfulnesse is gode? *Bo.* Yes forsothe (qð I) and that soveraine gode. *Phi.* Adde then (qð she) thilke gode that is made blisfulnesse, to all the foresaid thynges. For thilke same blisfulnesse, that is demed to be soverain suffisaunce, thilk self is soverain power, soveraine reverence, soveraine clerenesse or noblesse, and soveraine delite.

What saiest thou then of al these thynges, that is to saie, suffisaunce, power, and these other thynges? Ben thei then as members of blisfulnesse, or ben thei referred and brought to soveraine gode, right as all thynges that ben brought to the chief of hem? *Bo.* I understondewell (qð I) what thou purpolest to seke: But I desire for to herken, that thou shewe it to me. *Phi.* Take now thus the discrecion of this question (qð she). If all these thynges (qð she) weren members to felicitie, then weren thei divers that one from that other: and soche is the nature of partes or of members, that divers members compounen a bodie. *Bo.* Certes (qð I) it hath well ben shewed here beforne, that all these thynges ben al one thyng. *Phi.* Than ben thei no members (qð she). For els it shuld seme that blisfulnesse were conjoynd all of o member alone, but that is a thyng that maie not be doen. *Bo.* This thyng (qð I) then, n'is not doubtous, but I abide to herken the remnaunt of thy question. *Phi.* This is open and clere (qð she) that al other thynges ben referred and brought to gode. For therefore is suffisaunce required, for it is demed to be gode; and forthy is power required, for men trowen also that it be gode. And this same thyng mowen we thinken, and conjecten of reverence, of noblesse, and of delite. Then is soverain gode the somme and the cause, of al that ought to ben desired. For why? thilke thyng that withholdeth no gode in it self, ne semblaunce of gode, it ne maie not well in no maner be desired ne required. And the contrary: for though that thynges by ther nature ne ben not gode, algates if men wenen that thei ben gode, yet ben thei desired, as though thei were verely gode. And therefore it is said that men ought to wene by right, that bountie be the soveraine fine, and the cause of all the things that ben to requiren. But certes, thilke that is cause for whiche men requiren any thyng, it semeth that thilke same thyng be mooste desired, as thus: if that a wight would riden for cause of hele, he ne desireth not so moche the movyng to riden, as the effecte of his hele. Now then sens that al thynges ben required for the grace of gode, thei ne ben not desired of all folke, more then the same gode. But we have graunted that blisfulnes is that same thyng, for whiche that all these other thynges ben desired. Then is it thus, that certes onely blisfulnesse is required and desired. By whiche thing it sheweth clerelie, that of gode and blisfulnes is all one and the same substaunce. *Bo.* I se not (qð I) wherefore that men might discorden in this. *Phi.* And we have shewed, that God and verie blisfulnesse is all one thyng. *Bo.* That is sothe (qð I). *Phi.* Then mow we conclude sikelly, that the substaunce of God is set in thilke same gode, and in none other place.



Metrum decimum.

*Huc omnes pariter venite capti,
Quos fallax ligat improbis catenis
Terrenas hebetans libido mentes;
Hic erit vobis requies laborum, &c.*

COmeth all together now ye that ben icaught and bounde with wicked chaines, by the decevable delite of yerthly thynges, inhabityng in your thoughte. Here shall be the reste of your labour: here is the haven stable, in quiete perfible. This alone is the open refute to wretches, that is to sain, that ye that be combred and deceived with worldly affeccions, cometh now to this soverain gode, that is God, that is refute to hem that willen comen to him. All the thynges that the river Tagus yeveth you, with his golden gravels: or els al the thynges that the river Hermus, yeveth with his red brinke: or that Indus yeveth, that is next the hote partie of the world, that medleth the grene stoncs with the white: ne should not cleren the lokyng of your thought, but hidden rather your blind corage within her derknes; al that liketh you here, and exciteth and moveth your thoughtes, the yerth hath nourished it within his lowe caves. But the shining, by which the heven is governed, and whence that his strengthe cometh, that escheweth the derke overthrowng of the soule; and whosoever maie knowen thilke lighte of blisfulnesse, he will saine, that the white bemes of the Sonne ne be not clere.



Prosa undecima.

*Affentior, inquam; cuncta enim firmissimis
nexa rationibus constant. Tum illa, quanti,
inquit, aestimabis, si bonum ipsum, quid
sit agnoveris, &c.*

BO. I assent me (qð I) for al thynges ben stronglie bounden with right ferme resons. *Phi.* How moch wilt thou praisen it (qð she) if that thou knowe what the ilke gode is? *Bo.* I woll praise it (qð I) by price without ende, if it shal betide me to knowe also toghether God that is gode. *Phi.* Certes (qð she) that shall I doe The by very reson, if that tho thynges, that I have concluded a little here beforne, dwellen onely in ther graunting. *Bo.* Thei dwellen graunted to The (qð I) that is to sain, as who saith, I graunte to thy foresaid conclusions. *Phi.* I have shewed The (qð she) that the things, that ben required of many folke, ne ben not very godes ne perfite. For thei ben divers that one from that other. And so as eche of hem is lackyng to other, thei ne have no power to bring a gode that is full and absolute. But then at erst ben thei very gode, when thei ben gathered togheder all into one forme, and into one werk- ing: so that thilke thing that is suffisaunt, thilke same is power, and reverence, noblesse, and mirth. And forsothe, but if all these thynges be all one same thyng, thei ne have not whereby that thei mowe be put in the number of thynges, that ought to be required and desired. *Bo.* It is shewen (qð I) ne hereof maie there no manne doubt. *Phi.* The thynges then (qð she) that ne be no godes, when thei ben divers, and when thei begynnen to be all one thyng, then ben thei godes, ne cometh it not then, by the getting of unitie,

unitie, that thei be maked godes? *Bo.* So semeth it (q^d I). *Phi.* But all thyng that is gode (q^d she) grauntest thou that it be gode, by the participacion of gode or no? *Bo.* I graunt it (q^d I). *Phi.* Then must thou graunten (q^d she) by semblable reson, that one and gode be one same thyng. For of thynges, of whiche the effect n^{is} not naturelly divers, nedes ther substance must be one same thyng. *Bo.* I ne maie not denie it (q^d I). *Phi.* Hast thou not known well (q^d she) that all thyng that is, hath so long his dwellyng and his substaunce, as long as it is one, but when it forletteth to ben one, it must nedes di- en, and corruppen together. *Bo.* In whiche maner (q^d I). *Phi.* Right as in bestes (q^d she) when the soule and the bodie ben conjoined in one and dwel- lyng together, it is cleped a beste: and when ther unitie is destroyed, by the disceveraunce of that one from that other, then sheweth it well, that it is a dedde thyng, and it is no lenger no best.

And the bodie of a wight, while it dwelleth in one forme, by conjunccion of members, it is well seen, that it is a figure of mankinde: And if the par- ties of the bodie be divided and discevered that one from that other, that thei destroy the unitie, the bo- die forletteth to be that it was before. And whoso would renne in the same maner by al thynges, he should sene that without doubte, every thyng is in his substaunce, as longe as it is one, and when it forlet- teth to be one, it dieth and perissheth.

B. When I consider (q^d I) many thynges, I se none other. *Phi.* Is there any thing (q^d she) that in as moche as it liveth naturellie, that forletteth the talente, or appetite of his beyng, and desireth to come to deth and to corrupcion? *Bo.* If I consider (q^d I) the bestes that have any maner nature of wil- lyng, and of n^{il}lyng, I ne finde no beste, but if it be constrained fro without forthe, that forletteth or dis- piseth the intencion to liven and to duren, or that will his thanks hasten hym to dien.

For every beste travailleth hym to defende and kepe the salvacion of his life, and escheweth deth and destruccion. But certes I doubt me of herbes and trees, that ne have no felyng soules, ne no natu- rell workynges, servynge to appetites, as bestes have: whether thei have appetite to dwellen, and to du- ren.

Phi. Certes (q^d she) thereof dare The not doubt. Now loke upon the herbes and trees, for thei wexen firste in soche places, as ben convenable to hem: in whiche places thei mowe not dien ne drien, as longe as ther nature maie defende hem. For some of hem wexen in fieldes, and some wexen in moun- taignes, and other wexe in Mareis, and other cleven on rockes, and some wexen plenteous in sondes. And if any wighte enforce hym to bere hem into other places, thei wexen drie. For nature yeveth to every thyng that is conveniente to hym, and travail- eth that thei ne die, as long as thei have power, to dwellen and to liven. What wilt thou saie of this, that thei drawen all ther nourishynges by ther rotes, right as thei hadden ther mouthes iplounged within the yerthes, and sheden by ther mareis ther wode ther barke? And what wilt thou saie of this, that the ilke thyng that is right soft, as the Marie is, that is alwaie hidde in the sete all within, and that is de- fended from without, by the stedfastnesse of wode, and that the uttereste barks is put ayenst the dis- temperaunce of the heven, as a defendour, mightie to sufferen harme? And thus certes maiest thou wel seen, howe grete is the diligence of nature: for all thynges renovelen and publishen hem with sede imul- tiplied.

Ne there n^{is} no manne, that ne wote well, that thei ne ben right as a foundement, and edifice, for

to duren not bnelie for a tyme, but right as for to dure perdurable by generacion. And the thynges eke, that men wenen ne have no soules, ne desire thei not by semblable reson, to kepe that is his, that is to saie that is according to ther nature, in con- servacion of ther beyng and enduryng? For where- fore els bereth lightnes the flambes up, and the weight presseth the yerth adoun, but for as moche as thilke places, and thilke movynges be covenable to everiche of hem? And for sothe every thing kepeth thilke, that is accordynge and proper to hym, righte as thynges that ben contrarious, and enemies corrup- pen hem. And yet the hard thyngs (as stones) clev- en and holden ther parties together, right fast and hard, and defenden hem in withstanding, that thei ne departen lightly, and yeven place to hem, that breken or dividen hem: but nathelesse, thei retourne ayen sone into the same thynges, from whens thei be araced: But fire fleeth and refuseth all division. Ne I ne trete not now here, of wilfull movynges of the soule that is knowing, but of naturel entencion of thynges, as thus: right as we swalowen the mete that we receven, and ne thinke not on it, and as we drawe our breth in slepyng, that we wete not while we slegen. For certes in the bestes, the love of ther livinges, ne of ther beynges, ne cometh not of the wilnynges of the soule, but of the beginnynges of na- ture. For certes, through constraining causes, wille desireth and embraceth ful oft times the deth, that nature dredeth, that is to saie, as thus: That a man maie be constrained so by some cause, that his wille desireth, and taketh the deth, whiche that nature ha- teth and dredeth full fore. And sometyme we sene the contrary, as thus: that the wil of a wight dis- turbeth and constraineth that, that nature alwaie de- sireth and requireth, that is to saie, the werkes of generacion, by the whiche generacion onely dwel- leth, and is sustained the long durabilitie of mortall thynges, as thus. This charitie and this love, that every thyng hath to hymself, ne commeth not of the moving of the soule, but of the entencion of nature. For the purveiaunce of God hath yeven to thynges, that ben create of him this, that is a full grete cause to liven and to duren, for which thei desiren natu- rally ther life, as long as ever thei mowen: for which thou maiest not dreden by no maner, that all thynges that ben any where, that thei ne requiren naturelly the ferme stablenesse of perdurable dwellyng, and eke the eschewyng of destruccion.

Bo. I confesse (q^d I) that I se wel now, and cer- tainly withouten doubt, the thynges that a while ago semeden uncertaine to me. *Phi.* But (q^d she) thilke thing that desireth to be and dwell pardurable, he desireth to ben one: For if that one were destroyed, certes, being should there none dwellen to no wight. *Bo.* That is sothe (q^d I). *Phi.* Then (q^d she) de- siren all thyngs one. *Bo.* I assente (q^d I). *Phi.* And I have shewed (q^d she) that ilke same one is thilke that is gode. *Bo.* Ye forsothe (q^d I). *Phi.* All thynges then (q^d she) requiren gode, and thilke maist thou discriven thus: gode is thilke thyng, that every wight desireth. *Bo.* There ne maie be thought no more verie thyng (q^d I) for either all thynges be referred and brought to nought, and flotten without gover- nour dispoiled of one, as of ther proper hed, or els if there be any thyng, to which that all thynges ten- den and hien to, that thyng must be the soverain gode of all godes. *Phi.* Then said she thus: O my nourice (q^d she) I have grete gladnes of The, for thou hast fixed in thy herte the middle sothfastnesse, that is to saie the pricke, but this thing hath be dis- covered to The, in that thou saidest, that thou wist- est not a litle here before. *Bo.* What is that? (q^d I): *Phi.* That thou wistest not (q^d she) whiche was the

the ende of thynges, and certes, that is the thyng that every wight desireth. And for as moche as we have gathered and comprehended, that gode is thilke thyng, that is desired of all, then mote we nedes confesse, that gode is the fine of all thynges.

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*Metrum undecimum.*

*Quisquis profundâ mente vestigat verum,  
Cupitque nullis ille deviis falli,  
In se revolvat intimi lucem visûs, &c.*

**W**Hoso seketh sothe by a depe thought, and cove-  
teth to ben disceved by no miswaies, let hym  
rollen and treten within hymselfe the lighte of his  
inward sight: and let hym gatheren ayen, enclinyng  
into a compace, the long movinges of his thoughtes.  
And let him techen his courage, that he hath en-  
closed, and hidde in his tresours, all that he hath  
compassed or fought fro without: and then thilke  
thing, that the blacke cloudes of errour whilome had  
covered, shall light more clerely than Phoebus hymself  
ne shineth. *Glosa.* Whoso woll seke the depe groundes  
of sothe in his thought, and woll not be deceved,  
by false proposicions, that gone amisse from the troth,  
let hym well examine, and rolle within hymself, the  
nature and properties of the thyng. And let hym  
estefones examine and rollen his thoughtes, by gode  
deliberacion, or that he deme. And let hym techen  
his soule, that it hath by naturell principles, kind-  
liche ihidde within it self, all the trouthe, the which  
he imagineth to ben in thynges without: and then all  
the darkenesse of his misknowyng shall seme more evi-  
dentlie to the sight of his understandyng, than the  
Sonne ne semeth to the sight withoutforthe. For  
certes, the body bryngyng the weight of foryetyng  
ne hath not chafed out of your thought all the clere-  
nesse of your knowyng, for certainly, the sede of  
sothe holdeth and clevech within your corage, and it  
is awaked and excited by the windes, and by the  
blastes of doctrine.

For wherefore els demen ye of your owne will the  
rightes, when ye be asked, but if so were that the  
nourishyng of reson ne lived iplunged in the depe of  
your herte, that is to saine, how should men demen,  
the sothe of any thing that were asked, and if there  
n'ere a rote of sothfastnesse, that were iplunged and  
hid in naturell principles, the whiche sothfastnesse  
lived within the depenesse of the thought? And if so  
be, that the muse and the doctrine of Plato singeth  
sothe, all that every wight lerneth, he ne doeth no-  
thyng els then, but recordeth, as menne recorden  
thynges, that ben foryeten.

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Prosa duodecima.

*Tum ego, Platoni, inquam, vehementer assen-
tior; nam me horum jam secundò commemo-
ras. Primum quoddam memoriam corporeâ con-
tagione, &c.*

THen saied I thus. I accord me gretlie to Pla-
to, for thou recordest and remembrest me these
thynges, yet the seconde tyme, that is to saie, first
when I left my memorie, by the contrarious conjunc-

cion of the bodie with the soule: and eftsones after-
ward, when I losse it confounded by the charge, and
by the burden of my sorowe, and then saied she
thus. If thou loke (qð she) first the thynges that
thou haste graunted, it ne shall not ben right ferre, that
that thou ne shalt remembre the ilke thing, that thou
saidest that thou n'istest not. *Bo.* What thyng (qð I).
Phi. By whiche the governement (qð she) that this
worlde is governed. *Bo.* I remember it well (qð I)
and I confesse well, that I ne wist it naught. But
all be it so, that I se now from afarre, what thou pur-
posedest, algates I desire yet to harken it of The more
plainly. *Phi.* Thou ne wendest not (qð she) a little
here before, that menne should doubte, that this
worlde is governed by God. *Bo.* Certes (qð I) ne
yet ne doubte I it not, ne I n'ill never wene that it
were to dout, as who saith, but I wor wel that
God governeth this worlde. And I shall answeren
The by what resons I am brought to this. This
worlde (qð I) of so many divers and contrarious par-
ties ne might never have ben assembled in o forme,
but if there were one, that conjoynd so many di-
vers things. And the same diversitie of ther na-
tures, that so discorden, that one fro that other
must departen, and unjoynen the thynges, that ben
conjoynd, if there ne were one that contened, that
he hath conjoynd and ibound. Ne the certain or-
der of nature ne shuld not bring forthe so ordeine
movynges, by places, by tymes, by doynge, by
spaces, by qualities, if there ne were one, that wer
aie stedfast dwellyng, that ordained and disposed
these diversities of movynges. And thilke thyng,
what so ever it be, by whiche that all thynges be i-
maked and ladde, I clepe hym God, that is a worde
that is used to al folkes. *Phi.* Then saied she: Sithe
thou selest thus these thynges, I trowe that I have
little more to doen, that thou mightie of welfulnesse,
whole and sounde, ne se eftsones thy contrie. But
lette us loken these thynges. that we have purposed
here before. Have I not nombred and saied (qð
she) that suffisaunce is in blisfulnesse. And we have
accorded, that God is the ilke same blisfulnesse. *Bo.*
Yes forsothe (qð I). *Phi.* And that to governe this
worlde (qð she) ne shall he never have nede of no
helpe fro without. For els if he had nede of any
help, he ne should not have no full suffisaunce. *Bo.*
Yes thus it mote nedes be (qð I). *Phi.* Then or-
deined he by himself alone all thynges (qð she). *Bo.*
That maie not be denied (qð I). *Phi.* And I have
shewed that God is the same gode. It remembreth
me well (qð I). *Phi.* Then ordeineth he al things
by thilke gode (qð she) sith he which we han accord-
ed to be gode, governeth all thynges by himself.
And he is a * key and a steire, by whiche the edifice
of this worlde is kept stable, and without corrup-
pyng. *Bo.* I accord me gretly (qð I.) And I have
apperceved a little here before, that thou wouldest
saie thus. All were it so, that it wer by a thynne
suspeccion. *Phi.* I trowe well (qð she). For as I
trow thou ledest now more ententifly thine eye to
loken the very godes. But natheles, the thing that
I shall tell The, yet ne sheweth not lasse to token.
Bo. What is that (qð I). *Phi.* So as menne trowe
(qð she) and that rightfully, that God governeth all
thynges, by the † key of his godenes, and all these
same thyngs that I have taught The, hasten hem by
naturel contencion to come to gode, there maie no
man doute, that thei ne ben governed voluntarelie,
and that thei ne converten of ther owne gode wille
to ther ordeinour, as that thei ben accordyng, and
enclinyng to ther governor, and to ther kyng. *Bo.* It

* This seems to be a mistake. The Latin is, Et hic est veluti quidam Clavus, atque Gubernaculum; non Clavis.

† Here Clavis is again read instead of Clavus.

mote nedes be so (qð I) for the relme ne shuld not seme blisfull, if there were a yoke of misdrawynges in divers partes, ne the savyng of obedient thynges ne shou'd not be then. *Phi.* Is there nothing (qð she) that kepeth his nature, that enforceth hym to gon ayenst God? *Bo.* No (qð I). *Phi.* And if that any thyng enforced hym to withstande God, might it availen at last ayen hym, that we have graunted to be almightie, by the right of blisfulnesse? *Bo.* Certes (qð I) all utterlie it ne might not availe hym. *Phi.* Then is there nothyng (qð she) that either maie, or will withstande to his soveraine gode. *Bo.* I trowe not (qð I). *Phi.* Then (qð she) is thilke the soveraine gode, that all thynges governeth strongly, and ordeineth hem softelye. *Bo.* Then saied I thus, I delite me (qð I) not onelie in th' endes, or in the somme of the resons, that thou haste concluded and proved, but thilke wordes that thou usest, deliten me moche more, so that at laste soles, that sometyme renden gret thynges, oughten ben ashamed of hem self, that is to sain, that we soles that reprehenden wickedly the thynges, that touchen Godde's governaunce, we oughten ben ashamed of our self. As I, that saied that God refuseth onely the werkes of men, and ne entermeteth not of it. *Phi.* Thou haste well herde (qð she) the fables of the Poetes, how the Gyautes assaileden heven, with the Goddes: but forsoth the debonaire force of God disposed hem as it was worthie, that is to sain, destroyed the Gyautes, as it was worthie. But wilte thou that we rejoynen together thilke same resons? For peraventure of soche conjuncions maie sterten up some faire sparke of sothe. *Bo.* Doe (qð I) as The list. *Phi.* Wenest thou (qð she) that God ne be almightie? *Bo.* No man is in doubt of it certes (qð I). *Phi.* No wight ne doubteth it, if he be in his minde (qð she). But he that is almightie, there n'is nothyng that he ne maie. *Bo.* That is sothe (qð I). *Phi.* Maie God doe evill? (qð she). *Bo.* Naie forsothe (qð I). *Phi.* Than is evill nothyng (qð she) sith that he maie doen none evill, that maie doen al thynges. *Bo.* Scorneest thou me (qð I) or els plaieest thou, or discevest thou me, that haste so woven with thy reasons the hous of Dædalus so enterlasing, that it is unable to be unlaced, that thou otherwhile entrest there thou isuest, and otherwhile isuest there thou entrest? Ne foldest thou not together by replicacion of wordes a maner wonderfull circle, or environing of the simplicitie divine? For certes, a little here befor, when thou began at blisfulnesse, thou saideest that it is a soverain gode, and that God is the blisfulnesse, for whiche thou yave me as a covenable yeste, that is to sain, that no wight n'is blisfull, but if he be God also therewith. And saideest eke, that the forme of gode is the substaunce of God and of blisfulnesse. And saideest that the ilke one is thilke same gode, that is required and desired of al the kinde of thynges. And thou provedest in disputing, that GOD governeth al the thynges of the world, by the governaunce of bountie, and saideest that all thynges wold obein to hym, and saydest that the nature of yvell is nothinge. And these thynges shewedest thou not with no resons taken fro without, but by proves in cercles and homlich knowing. The whiche proves drawnen to hem selfe ther faith and ther accorde everiche of hem of other. *Phi.* Than saied she thus: I ne scorne not, ne plaie, ne disceve The, but I have shewed the thing that is grettest over all thynges, by the yest of God, that we whilom praiden. For this is the forme of divine substaunce, that is soche, that it ne slydeth not into utterest foraine thynges, ne receveth not no straunge thynges in him. But right as Parmenides saied in Greke, of thilke divine substaunce: He saied thus, that thilk di-

vine substaunce tourneth the world and the movable cercle of thynges, while the ilke divine substaunce kepeth it self without mowynges, that is to sayne, that he moveth never mo, and yet it moveth al other thynges. But nathelesse, if I have styred reson that be not taken fro without the compasse of the thing, of the whiche we treten, but resons that ben bestowed within compasse: there n'is not why thou shouldest mervailen, sith thou haste lerned by the sentence of Plato, that nedes the wordes mote ben consins to the thynges, of whiche they speken.



Metrum duodecimum.

*Felix, qui potuit boni
Fontem visere lucidum,
Felix, qui potuit gravis, &c.*

Blissed is that man that may sene the clere wel of gode: Blisfull is he that may unbinden him from the boundes of hevye yerth. The Poete of Thrace Orpheus, that whilome had right gret sorowe, for the deth of his wife, after that he had maked and constrained by his wepely songes the wodes movable to renne, and had maked the rivers to stonde still, and had maked the Hartes and Hyndes to joynen dredelesse ther sydes to cruell Lions, to herken his songe, and had maked that the hare was not agast of the hounde, which was plesed by song: So whan the moste ardaund love of hys wife brende the entrales of his breste, ne the songes that hadde overcome all thynges ne myghten not aswagen ther lorde Orpheus, he plained hym of the heven goddes, whiche that were cruell to hym, he wente him to the houses of the hell: And he tempered his blandishing songes, by resounding of stringes, and speke and songe in wepinge all that ever he had received and laved out of the noble welles of his mother Caliope the goddesse. And he sang with as moch as he might of wepinge, and with as moche as love, that doubled his sorow, might yeven him and teche him, and commoved the hell, and required and besoughte by swete prayer the lordes of soules in helle of releasing, that is to saye, to yelden him his wife. Cerberus the porter of hell with his thre hedes was caught and all abashed of the newe songe. And the thre goddeses, Furies and wengeresses of felonies, that tourmenten and agasten the soules by any, woxen sorowful and sory, and teres wepten for pite. Tho was not the hed of Ixion tourmented, by the overthrowinge whele. And Tantalus, that was destroyed by the wodenesse of long thirst, dispised the flodes to drinke. The foule that hight Vultur, that eteth the stomake or the giserne of Tityus is so fullylled of his songe, that it n'ill eten ne tyren no more. At the last the lorde and judge of soules was moved to misericordies, and cried: we ben overcome (qð he) yeve we to Orpheus his wife to bere hym companie, he hath well ybought her by his songes and his ditees: but we will putten a lawe in thys, and covenant in the yeste, that is to sain, that till he be out of hel if he loke behinde him, that his wife shall come agayne unto us. But what is he that maye yeve a lawe to lovers? love is a gretter lawe and stronger to himself than any lawe that men maye yeven. Alas! when Orpheus and his wife were almoste at the termes of the night, that is to sain, at the laste boundes of hel, Orpheus looked backwarde on Eurydice his wife, and loste her, and was dedde. This fable apertaineth to you all, whosoever desireth or seketh to lede his thought into the soverain daie,

daie, that is to saye, to clerenesse of soverain gode. For whosoever be so overcomen, that he fixe his eyen into the pitte of hell, that is to saine, whosoever set his thoughtes in yerthlie thynges, all that ever he hath drawen of the noble gode celestially, he leseth it, when he loketh to the helles, this is to saine, into low thynges of the erthe.

Thus endeth the thirde Boke.



Here foloweth the fourthe Boke.

Prosa prima.

Hec cum Philosophia, dignitate vultus & oris gravitate servata, leniter suaviterque cecinisset, tum ego nondum penitus infirmi maroris oblitus, &c.

WHan Philosophie had songen softly and delectably the forsaide things, keping the dignite of her chere, and the weight of her wordes, I than that ne had al utterlye forieten the wepinge and the mourninge that was sette in min herte, forbrake the entencion of her that entended yet to saine some other thynges.

O (qđ I) thou that arte gydereffe of very light, the thynges that thou hast saide me hitherto, ben to me so clere and shewing by the divine loking of hem, and by the resons, that they ne mowen ben overcomen. And thilke thynges, that thou toldest me, all be it so that I had whilom forieten hem, for the sorowe of the wronge that hath be done to me, yet neverthelesse they ne weren not utterly unknowen to me. But this same is namely a right grete cause of my sorowe, so that as the governour of thynges is gode, if that yvels mowen ben by any waies, or elles if that yvels passen without punishinge, the which thyng only how worthy is it to ben wondred upon? Thou confidest it wel thy self certainly. But yet to this thing there is yet another thyng joyned more to be wondred upon. For felonye is Emperesse, and flourereth full of riches, and vertue n'is not al onely without medes, but it is caste downe, and eke fortroden under the fete of felonous folke: and it abieth the turmentes in stede of wicked felons. Of al whiche thynges there is no wight may marvailen y-nough ne complainen, that soch thynges be done in the reigne of God, that all thynges wote, and all thynges maye, and ne will not only but gode thynges. Than saide she thus: Certes (qđ she) that were a grete marvayle, and an abashing without ende, and well more horrible than all the monsters, if it were as thou wenest, that is to saine, that in the right ordaine house of so moch a father, and an ordainour of meine, that the vesselles that ben foule and vile, shuld ben honoured and heried, and the precious vesselles, that shuld ben honoured and heried, shuld ben defouled and vile. But it is not so, for if the thynges that I have concluded a lytell here beforne, ben kept whole and unaraced, thou shalt wel know by the auctoryte of God, (of the whose reigne I speke) that certes the gode folke be alway mightie, and shrewes ben alway outcaste and feble. Ne the vices be nevermore without pain, ne the vertues ne be not without mede. And that blisfulnes cometh alway to gode folke, and infortune cometh alway to wicked folke.

And thou shalt well knowen many thynges of this kinde, that shulde cese thy playntes, and strengthen The with stedfastte sadnesse. And for thou hast sene the forme of verie blisfulnesse by me, that have whilom shewed it The, and thou hast knowen in whom blisfulnesse is sette; all thing trected, that I trowe be necessary, to put forthe, I shal shewen The the way, that shall bringen The ayen unto thin house, and I shall fyre fethers in thy thought, by which it may arisen in height, so that al tribulacion ydone away thou by my giding and by my pathe, and by my sledes, shalt mowen retourne whole and founde into thy countrie.



Metrum primum.

*Sunt enim pennae volucres mihi,
Quae celsa consendant Poli,
Quas sibi cum velox mens induit, &c.*

THan for thy swift fethers, that surmounten the height of the heaven, whan the swift thought hath clothed it in tho fethers, it dispiseth the hateful erthes, and surmounteth the roundenesse of the grete ayre, and it seeth the clouds behinde his backe, and passeth the heygth of the region of the fire, that enchaufeth by the swift movinge of the firmament, tyl that he aryseth into the houles, that beren the sterres, and joyneth the way with the sonne Phœbus, and felawshipeth the waye of the olde colde Saturnus, and he ymaked a knight of the clere sterre, that is to saine, whan the thought is made Godde's knight, by the seeking of clere trouthe to comen to the very knowledge of God. And thilke soule renneth by the cercle of sterres, in all the places thereas the shynynge nyght is ypainted, that is to saine, the nyght that is cloudlesse. For on nyghtes that be cloudlesse it semeth that the heaven were paynted wyth dyvers ymagines of sterres. And whan he hath done there ynoughe, he shall forleten the laste heaven, and he shal presen and wenden on the backe of the swifte firmamente, and he shall be makid parfit of the wurshipful light of God. There holdeth the lorde of thynges the septre of his might, and attempreth the governementes of the worlde, and the shining judge of thynges stable in hym self governethe the swifte carte or waine, that is to saine, the circular movinge of the sonne. And if thy way ledeth The ayen, so that thou be brought thider, than wylt thou saye, that is the countrie that thou requirest, of which thou ne haddest no mynde: But nowe it remembreth me well, here was I borne, here woll I fasten my degre, here woll I dwell. But if The lyketh than to loken on the derknesse of the yerthe, that thou hast forleten, than shalt thou sene, that these felonous tyrauntes, that the wretched peple dredeth now, shullen be exiled from thilke faire countrie.



Prosa secunda.

*Tum ego papa! inquam, ut magna promittis!
nec dubito, quin possis efficere; tu modò quem
excitaveris, ne moreris, &c.*

THan saide I thus. O wonder me that thou behest me so grete thynges! Ne I ne doute not that thou ne mayste well perfourme that thou behest: But I pray The this that thou ne tarie not, to tell

tell me thylke thynges, that thou haste moved. *Phi.* First (q^d she) thou muste nedes knowe, that gode folke ben alwaye stronge and myghtye, and the shrewes ben feble and deserte, and naked of all strengthes. And of these thynges certes everiche of hem is declared and shewed by other. For as gode and yvell ben two contraries, if so be that gode be stedfaste, than sheweth the feblese of yvil al openly. And if thou know clerely the freelnesse of yvell, the stedfastenesse of gode is knowen. But for as moche as the faithe of my sentence shall be the more ferme and haboundant, I wol gone by that one waye and by that other, and I woll confirme the thynges that ben purposed now on this syde, and now on that side. Two thynges ther ben, in whiche the effecte of al the dedes of mankind standeth, that is to sayne, wyll and power: and if that one of these two faileth, there n'is nothyng that maye be done. For if that wil lacketh, there n'is no wight that undertaketh to do that he wol not done: And yf power faileth, the wyll n'ys but ydle, and stante for naught. And thereof cometh it, that if thou se a wight that wolde gotten that he may not gotten, thou mayst not doute that power ne faileth him to haven that he wolde. *Bo.* This is open and clere (q^d I) ne it ne may not ben denyed in no maner. *Phi.* And yf thou se a wight (q^d she) that hath done that he would done, thou n'ylt not dout, that he ne hath had power to done it. *Bo.* No (q^d I). *Phi.* And in that that every wight may, in that men holden hem mighty to done a thing. In so moch as a man is myghty to done a thyng, in so moch men holde him mighty: and in that that he ne may, in that men demen him to be feble. *Bo.* I confesse it wel (q^d I). *Phi.* Remembre The (q^d she) that I have gathred and shewed by the forsaide resons, that all the entencion of the wyl of mankind, whiche that is ladde by dyvers studies, hasteth to comen to blisfulnesse. *Bo.* I remembreth me well (q^d I) that it hath bene shewed. *Phi.* And recordeth The naughte than (q^d she) that blisfulnesse is thilke same gode that men requiren, so that whan blisfulnesse is required of al, gode is required of all? *Bo.* It recordeth me nat (q^d I). For I have it alwaye in my memorie fyxed. *Phi.* All folke than (q^d she) gode and eke badde enforcen hem without difference of entencion to comen to gode. *Bo.* This is very consequence (q^d I). *Phi.* And certaine is (q^d she) that by getting of gode ben men maked gode. *Bo.* That is certaine (q^d I). *Phi.* Than gotten gode men that they desiren. *Bo.* So it semeth (q^d I). *Phi.* But wicked folke (q^d she) if they gotten the gode that they desiren, they ne mowen not be wicked. *Bo.* So it is (q^d I). *Phi.* Than so as that one and that other (q^d she) desiren the gode, and the gode folke gotten the gode, and not the wicked folke, than it is no doute that the gode folke ne be myghtye, and wicked folke be feble. *Bo.* Who so that ever douteth of this, he ne may not consider the nature of thynges, ne the consequence of resons. *Phi.* And over this (q^d she) if that there ben two thynges that have one same purpose by kynde, and that one of hem pursueth and perfourmeth that same thing by naturel office, and that other ne may not done thilke office naturel, but foloweth by other maner, than is covenable to nature, him that accomplisheth his purpose kindly, and yet he ne accomplisheth not hys owne purpose: whether of these two demest thou for more mighty? *Bo.* If that I conje^cte (q^d I) that thou woldest say, algates I desire yet to herken it more plainly of The. *Phi.* Thou n'ylte not than denye (q^d she) that the movement of goyng n'is in men by kynde. *Bo.* No forsothe (q^d I). *Phi.* Ne thou douteft not (q^d she) that thilke naturel office of goyng ne be the office of

fete. *Bo.* I ne doute it not (q^d I). *Phi.* Than (q^d she) yf that a wyght be mighty to move and gorhe upon his fete, and another to whom thilke naturel office of fete lacketh, enforceth hym to go crepyng on his hande, whiche of these two oughte to be holden the more mighty by ryght. *Bo.* Knytte forthe (q^d I) the remenaunte. *Phi.* For no wyght ne douteth, that he that maye gon by naturel office of fete, ne be more myghtye thanne he that ne maye not. But the soverayne gode (q^d she) that it evenlylke purposed to the gode and to the badde. The gode folke seken it by naturel office of vertues, and shrewes enforcen hem to gotten it by dyverse covetises of erthly thynges, whiche that n'is no naturel office to gotten thilke soverain gode. Trowest thou that it be any other wise? *Bo.* Nay (q^d I). For the consequence is open, and shewing of thynges that I have graunted, that nedes gode folke moten ben myghtye, and shrewes moten bene feble and unmyghty. *Phi.* Thou rennest aryght before me (q^d she) and this is the judgements, that is to saine, I judge of right, as these leches ben wont to hopen of sicke folke, whan they apperceven, that nature is redressed and withstandeth to the maladye. But for I se The nowe al redy to the withstanding, I shal shew The more thilk and continuel resons. For loke how gretly sheweth the feblenesse and infirmyte of wicked folke, that ne mowen not comen to that ther naturel entencion ledeth hem: And yet almost thylke naturel entencion constraineth hem. And what were to demen than of shrewes, yf thilke naturel helpe had forleten hem, the whiche naturel helpe of entencion gothe alway before hem, and is so grete, that uneth it may be overcomen? Consider than how grete defeaute of power, and how grete feblese there is in wicked felonous folke, as who saith, the greter thing that is coveted, and the desire not accomplished, of the lasse might is he that coveteth it, and may not accomplishe. And forthy philosophie saith thus by soverain gode. Ne shrewes ne requiren not light medes ne vaine games, whiche they ne maye not folowen ne holden, but they failen of thilke somme of the height of thynges, that is to saine, soverain gode. Ne these wretches ne comen not to th' effecte of soveraine gode, the whiche they enforcen hem onely to gotten by nightes and by dayes, in gettinge of which gode the strength of gode folke is ful wel ysene. For right as thou mightest demen him mighty of going, that goeth on his fete till he myght comen to thylke place, fro the whiche place there ne lay no way further to be gone: right so must thou nedes demen him for right myghty, whiche that getteth and atteineth to the ende of all thynges, whiche that bene to desire, beyonde the which ende there n'is nothinge to desire. Of the whiche power of gode folke men maye conclude, that wicked men semen to be bairaine and naked of al strength. For why forleten they vertues and folowen vices, n'is it not for that they ne knowen not the godes? But what thinge is more feble and more caytife, than is the blindnesse of ignorance? or ells they knowen wel, whiche thynges they oughten folowen, but lechery and covetise overthroweth hem misturned. And certes so doth distemperaunce to feble men, that mowe not wrastrlen ayen these vices. Ne know they not wel that they forleten the gode wilfully, and tournen hem wilfully to vices. And in this wise they ne forleten not only to be myghty, but they forleten all utterly in any wyse for to ben. For they that forleten the comune fine of al thynges that ben, they forleten also therewithall for to bene. And peraventure it shulde semen to some folke, that this were a mervayle to saine, that shrewes, which that containen the more partes of men, ne ben not, ne have no being. But nathelesse

lesse it is so, and thus stant this thinge. For they that be shrewes, I deny not, but that thei be shrewes, but I deny simplye and plainly that they ne be not, ne have no beinge. For righte as thou mightest sayne of the caraine of a man, that it were a ded man: so graunt I wel forsothe, that vicious folke ben wicked, but I ne may not absolutely and simply graunt that they ben. For thilke thing that withholdeth ordre, and kepeth nature, thilke thinge is and hath beinge. But what thyng failerth that, that is to saye, he that forleteth naturel ordre, he forleteth thilke beinge that is set in his nature. But thou wolt saine, the shrewes mowen. Certes that ne denie I not: but certes ther power ne descendeth not of strength, but of febleffe, for they mowen done wickednesse, the whiche they ne might not, if they mighten dwellen in the forme, and in the doyng of gode peple. And thilke power sheweth evidently, that they mowen righte naught. For so as I have gaðred and proved a litel here before, that yvel is not, and so as shrewes may onely but shrewednes, this conclusion is al clere, that shrewes ne mowen right naught, ne have no power. And for as moche as thou understondest whiche is the strength of this power, I have definished a lytel here before, that no thing n'is so mighty as soveraine gode. *Bo.* That is sothe (qð I). *Phi.* And thilke same soveraine gode maye done none yvel. *Bo.* Certes no (qð I). *Phi.* Is there any wight than (qð she) that weneth that men mowen done al thinges. *Bo.* No man (qð I) but if he be out of his wit. *Phi.* But certes shrewes mowen don yvels (qð she). *Bo.* Ye wolde God (qð I) that they ne mighten done none. *Phi.* Than (qð she) so as he that is mightie to done onelye gode thinges, he maie done all thynges, and they that ben mighty to done yvell thinges, ne mowen not all thynges. Than is it open thinge and manifeste, that they that mowen don yvel ben of lasse power. And yet to prove this conclusion there helpeth me this, that I have shewed here before, that al power is to be nombred amonge thinges that men oughten require. And I have shewed that all thinges that oughten ben desired be referred to God, right as to a maner height of ther nature: but for to mowen done yvell and felonie, ne may not ben referred to God. Than is not yvell of the nombre of thynges, that oughten to ben desired and required. Than is it open and clere that the power ne the movyng of shrewes n'is no power. And of all these thinges it sheweth wel that the gode folk ben certainly mighty, and the shrewes doutlesse unmighty. And it is clere and open that thilke sentence of Plato is very and sothe, that saithe, that onely wisemen may don that they desiren, and shrewes mowen haunten that hem liketh, but that they desiren, that is to saine, to come to soveraine gode, they ne have no power to accomplishe that. For shrewes done what hem lyst, whan by tho thinges in which they deliten, they wenen to attaine to thilke gode that they desyren, but they ne gotten ne attaine not therto, for vices ne comen not to blisfulnesse.

Metrum secundum.

*Quos vides sedere celfo
Solii culmine reges,
Purpurâ claros nitente, &c.*

WHoso that, the coverture, of ther vaine a-paraylles myght stripen of these proude kynges, that thou seest sitten an high in ther chaires,

glittering in shininge purple, environned with sorrowfull armures, manassynge with cruell mouth, blowinge by wodenesse of herte, he shulde sene that thilke lordes beren within ther corages full straite chaines: for lechery tourmenteth hem on that one side with gredy venimes and troublable ire, that arraifeth in hem the flode of troublings, tourmenteth on that other side ther thought, or sorow halt hem wery and ycaught, or sliding and disceving hope tourmenteth hem. And therefore sithe thou seest one hed, that is to saine, one tiraunte, beren so manye tyrannyes, than ne doth thilke tyraunt not that he desyreth, sythe he is caste downe wyth so manye wycked lordes, that is to saine, so many vices that have so wickedly lordships over him.

Prosa tertia.

Vides ne igitur quanto in cæno probra voluntur, quâ probitas luce resplendeat? in quo perspicuum est nunquam bonis præmiâ, &c.

Seeft thou not than, in howe grete sithe these shrewes ben ywrapped, and with whiche clerenesse these gode folke shinen? In this sheweth it well that to gode folke ne lacketh never mo ther medes, ne shrewes lacken never more tourmentes. For of al thinges that be done, thilke thinge for whiche any thinge is done, it semeth as by right, that thilke thing be the mede of that, as thus: If a man renneth in the stady or in the forlonge for the crowne, than lieth the mede in the crowne for which he renneth. And I have shewed that blisfulnesse is thilke same gode, for whiche that all thynges ben done. Than is thilke same gode purposed to the werkes of mankinde, right as a commune mede, whiche mede ne maye not be discovered from gode folke: For no wight as by right, from thenstorth that him lacketh godenesse, ne shall be cleped gode, for which thing folke of gode maners ther medes ne forsaken hem never mo. For albeit so that shrewes waxen as wode as hem liste against gode folke, yet neverthelesse the crowne of wise men ne shall not fallen ne faden fro foraine shrewdnesse, ne benimmen not fro the courage of gode people ther propre honour. But yf anie wight rejoyced him of godenesse, that he had taken fro without, as who saith, if a man had his godenesse of any other man than of him selfe, certes he that yave hym thylke godenesse, or elles some other wyght might bynome it him. But for as moche as to every wight his propre bounte yeveth him his mede, than at erste shal he failen of mede, whan he forleteth to be gode. And at the laste, so as all medes ben required, for men wenen that they be gode, who is he that n'old deme, that he that is ryght mightye of gode, were partlesse of mede? And of what mede shall he be reguerdoned? Certes of ryght fayre mede, and right gret, aboven all medes. Remembre The of thilke noble corallarie that I yave The a lytel here before, and gather it together in this maner. So as God him selfe is blisfulnesse, than is it clere and certain, that al gode peple ben maked blisful, for they ben gode, and thilke peple that ben blisful, it accordeth and is convenable to be Goddes. Than is the mede of gode peple soch, that no day ne shal empairen it, ne no wickednesse shall drinken it, ne power of no wight ne shal not amenuse it, that is to saine, that ben maked Goddes. And sithe it is thus, that gode men ne failen nevermore of ther mede, certes no man ne may doute of the undepartable paine

paine of shrewes, that is to saine, that the paine of shrewes departeth not from 'hemselfe nevermo. For so as gode and yvel, and paine and medes be contrarie, it mote nedes be, that ryght as we se betiden in guerdone of gode, that also mote the paine of the yvel answer by the contrary partes to shrewes. Nowe than so as bountie and prowesse ben mede to gode folke, also is shrewdnesse it selfe tourmente to shrewes. Than whosoever is entetched and defouled with paine, he ne douteth nor, that he is entetched and defouled with yvel. Yf shrewes than wollen praisen 'hemselfe, may it semen to 'hem that they ben wythouten partie of tourment, sithe they ben soch that the uttrest wickednesse, that is to saye, wicked thewes, whiche is the uttrest and worst kinde of shrewdnesse, nede fouleth, ne entetcheth not 'hem only, but ensceth and envenimeth gretly. And also loke on shrewes, that ben the contrarie partie of gode men, howe grete paine felowshipeth and fouleth 'hem! for thou hast lerned a litel here before, that all thing that is and hath beinge, is one, and thilke same one is gode: than is this the consequence, that it semeth well, that al thing that is and hath beyng, is gode, that is to saine, as who saithe that beinge, unite and godenesse is al one. And in this maner it foloweth than, that all thinge that faileth to be gode, it stinteth for to be and for to have any maner being: wherefore it is that shrewes stinten for to be that they weren. But thilke other forme of mankind, that is to saine, the fourme of the bodye without, sheweth that these shrewes weren whilom men, wherefore whan they bene perverted and tourned into malice, certes than they have forlorne the nature of mankind: But so as onelic bountie and prowesse maye enhaunfen everie man over men: than mote it nedes be that shrewes which that shrewdnesse hath caste out of the condicion of mankind, bene put under the merite and deserte of men. Than betideth it, that if thou seekest a wight whiche that is transfourmed into vices, thou maiest not wene that he be a man; for if he be ardaunte in avarice, and that he be a ravenour by violence of forain richesse, thou shalte saine that he is like a wolfe; and if he be felonous and withouten reste, and exercise his tonge to chidinges, thou shalte lyken him to the hound; and if he be a privie awaytour hydde, and rejoyfeth him to ravishe by wiles, thou shalte saine hym lyke to the foxe whelpes; and if he be distempred and quaked for ire, men shall wenen that he bereth the corage of a lion; and if he be dredeful and flyng and dredeth thinges, whiche that ne oughten not to be dredde, men shal holde him lyke to the hart; and if he be slowe and astonyed and lache, men shal holde him lyke to an asse; and yf he be lyghte and unstedfaste of corage, and chaungeth aye his studies, men shal holde him like to the birdes; and yf he be plounged in foule and unclene luxuries, he is withholden in the foule delycles of the foule sowe; than foloweth it, that he that forletteth bounte and prowesse, he forletteth to be a man, sithe he ne maye not passen in the condicion of God, he is turned into a beste.

Metrum tertium.

*Vela Neritii ducis,
Et vagas pelago rates,
Eurus appulit insula,
Pulchra quâ residens Dea
Solis edita femine, &c.*

Eurus the wind arived the sailes of Ulysses duke of the cowntre of Narice, and his wandringe

shyppes by the Se into the yle there as Circe the faire goddesse, doughter of the sunne dwelleth, that medleth to her newe gestes drinkes that ben touched and maked with enchauntementes. And after that hir hande mighty over the herbes had chaunged hir gestes into divers maners, that one of 'hem is covered his face with forme of a Bore, that other is chaunged into a Lion, of the cowntre of Marmorike, and his nailes and his tethe wexen. That other of 'hem is newlyche chaunged into a wolfe, and howlyth whan he wolde wepe, that other goth debonairly in the house as a Tygre of Inde. But al be it so that the godhed of Mercury, that is cleped that birde of Arcadie, hath had mercy of the duke Ulysses, bysegged wyth dyverse yvelles, and hath unbounden hym fro the pestilence of hys hostesse, algates the rowers and the mariners hadden by this ydrawen into ther mouthes, and dronken the wicked drinkes. They that weren woxen swine, hadden by this ychaunged ther mete of bred, for to eten akorne of Okes. None ther limmes ne dwelleth with 'hem whole, but they have lost the voyce and the body, only ther thought dwelleth with 'hem stable, that wepeth and bywaileth the monstuous chaunging that they sustren. O over light hande, as who saith, feble and light is the hand of Circe the enchaunteresse, that chaungeth the bodies of folke into bestes, to regarde and to comparyson of mutacion, that is maked by vices, ne the herbes of Circe ne be not myghty: for all be it so that they may chaungen the limmes of the body, algate yet they may not chaunge the hertes; for wythyn is pnyd the strength and the vigoure of men in the secretour of ther hertes, that is to saine, the strength of reson; but thilke venims of vices to drawen a man to 'hem more mightily than the venime of Circe, for vices ben so cruell that they persen and thorowepassen the courage within, and thoughe they ne anoye not the body, yet vices woden to destroyen men by wounde of thought.

Prosa quarta.

Tum ego, fateor, inquam, nec injuriâ dici video, vitiosos, tametsi humani corporis speciem servant, &c.

THan saide I thus: I confesse and am aknowe it (qđ I) ne I ne se not but that men may say, as by right, that shrewes ben chaunged into bestes, by the qualite of ther foules, all be it so that they kepen yet the forme of the bodye of mankynde: but I wolde not of shrewes, of whiche the thought cruel and wode, wodeth alwaye to the distrucion of gode men, that it wer lesful to 'hem to done that.

Certes (qđ she) ne it is not lesfull to 'hem, as I shall well shewe The in conyenable place: but nathelesse if so were that thilke, that men wene bene lesful to shrewes, were bynommed 'hem, so that they ne might not anoyen or don harme to gode men, certes a grete partie of the paine to shrewes shulde bene alleged and releved. For all be it so that it ne seme credible thyng peraventure to some folke, yet it mote nedes be that the shrewes ben more wretches and sely, whan they maye full done and parfourme that they coveten, than yf they might not accomplishe that they coveten. For yf so be that it be wretchednesse to wilnen to done yvel, than is it more wretchednesse to mowen done yvell, without whiche mowyng the wretched wyl shulde languishe without effecte. Than sithe every of these thinges hath his wretchednesse,

nesse, that is to faine, wil to done yvel, and mowinge to done yvel, it mote nedes be that the shrewes be constrained by ther unfelynesse, that wolen and mowen, and parformen felonies and shreudnesse. *Bo.* I accomde me (q^d I) but I desyre gretly, that shrewes loften sone thylike unfelynesse, that is to fayne, that shrewes weren dispoiled of mowynge to done yvell.

Phi. So shullen they (q^d she) soner paraventure than thou woldest, or soner than they hem selfe wene: for there n'ys nothinge so late in so shorte bondes of this life, that is long to abide, namely to a courage immortell. Of whiche shrewes the gret hope and the hie compassinges of shreudnesse, is oft destroyed by a fodein ende or they be war. And that thing establissheth to shrewes the ende of ther shrewdnes; for yf that shrewdnes maketh wretches, than must he nedes be most wretch, that longest is a shrewe, the whiche wicked shrewes wold I demin aldermoste caitifes and unfely, yf ther shrewdnes ne wer finished at lest waye by utterest deth: for yf I have concluded soth of the unfelynesse of shrewdnes, than sheweth it plainly, that thilke wretchednes is withouten ende, the which is certaine to be pardurable. *Bo.* Certes (q^d I) this conclusion is harde and wonderful to graunte. But I knowe well that it accordeth moche to thynges that I have graunted here before. *Phi.* Thou ha^t (q^d she) right estimation of this. But whosoever wene that it be a harde thing, to accomde him to a conclusion, it is right that he shewe that some of the premisses ben false, or els he mote shewe that the collacion of propositions n'is not spedeful to a necessary conclusion. And yf it ne be not so, but that the premisses ben igraunted, there n'is not why he shulde blame that argument. For this thing that I shal tel The now ne shall not seme lasse wonderfull, but of the thinges that bene taken also it is necessary, as who faith, it foloweth of that which that is purposed before. *Bo.* What is that (q^d I). *Phi.* Certes (q^d she) that is, that these wicked shrewes be more blisfull, or els lasse wretches that abien the tourmentes, that they have deserved, than if no paine of justice ne chastised hem. Ne this ne say I not now, for that any man myght thynke that the maners of shrewes bene coriged and chastised by vengeance, and that they be brought to the right way by the drede of tourmentes, ne for that they yeven to other folkes ensample to flyen fro vices.

But I understand yet in another maner, that shrewes ben more unfely whan they ne be not punished, all be it so that there ne be had no reson or lawe of correccion, ne none ensample of lokynge. *Bo.* And what maner shall that ben (q^d I) other than hath be tolde here before? *Phi.* Have we not graunted than (q^d she) that gode folke ben blisfull, and shrewes ben wretches? *Bo.* Yes (q^d I). *Phi.* Than (q^d she) if that anye gode wer added to the wretchednesse of any wight n'ys he not more welful, than he that ne hath no medling of gode in his solitary wretchednes? *Bo.* So semeth it (q^d I). *Phi.* And what sayest thou than (q^d she) of thilke wretche that lacketh all godes, so that no gode n'is medled in his wretchednesse, and yet over all his wickednesse, for whiche he is a wretche, that there be yet another yvell anexed and knit to him; shal not men demen him more unfely, than thilke wretche, of whiche the unfelins is releved by the participacion of some gode? *Bo.* Why should he not (q^d I). *Phi.* Than certes (q^d she) han shrewes whan thei ben punished somewhat of gode annexed to ther shrewdnesse, that is to faine, the same pain that they suffren, which that is gode, by the reson of Justice. And whan thilke same shrewes escapen without tourment, than have

they somwhat more of yvell, yet over the wickednesse that they han doen, that is to fain, default of paines; which defaute of paine thou haste graunted is yvel, for the deserte of felony. *Bo.* I ne may not denie it (q^d I). *Phi.* Moche more than (q^d she) ben shrewes unfely whan they bene wrongfullye delivered fro paine, than whan they ben punished by rightfull vengeance. But this is open thyng and clere, that it is right that shrewes ben punished, and it is wickednesse, and wronge that they escapen unpunished. *Bo.* Who might denye it (q^d I). *Phi.* But (q^d she) may any man deny that all that is right ne is gode and also the contrarie, that all that is wrong is wicked? *Bo.* Certes (q^d I) these thynges ben clere y-noughe, and that we have concluded a litell here before. But I pray The that thou tell me yf thou accomdest to letten no tourmente to the soules, after that the body is ended by the deth, that is to faine, understandeste thou aught, that soules have anye tourment after the deth of the body? *Phi.* Certes (q^d she) yea, and that right grete; of whyche soules (q^d she) I trowe that some ben tourmented by apprehenssion of paine, and some soules I trowe ben excercysed by a purgynge mkenesse, but my counsaile n'ys nat to determine of this paine. But I have travailed and tolde yet hi^certo, for thou shuldest know that the mowynge of shrewes, whiche mowing The semeth to be unworthy, n'is no mowynge, and eke of shrewes, of whyche thou playnedest that they ne weren not punished, that thou woldest se that they ne weren never mo withouten the tourmentes of ther wyckednesse. And of the lycence of the mowynge to doen yvell, that thou praidest that it mighte sone be ended, and that thou wouldest faine lerne that it ne shulde not longe endure. And that shrewes ben more unfely yf they were of lenger duringe, and moste unfely yf they weren perdurable. And after this I have shewed The that more unfely ben shrewes, whan they escapen without ther ryghtful paine, than whan they ben punished by rightfull vengeance. And of this sentence foloweth it, that than ben shrewes constrained at the last with most grevous tourment, whan men wene that they ne be not punished. *Bo.* Whan I consider thy resons (q^d I) I ne trowe nat that men faine any thyng more verely. And yf I tourne ayen to the studies of men, who is he to whome it shulde seme, that he ne should nat onely leven these thynges, but eke gladly herken hem? *Phi.* Certes (q^d she) so it is, but men maye nat, for they have their eyen so wont to the derkenesse of erthely thynges, that they ne may nat lyfte hem up to the lyght of clere sothfastnesse. But they ben lyke to birdes, of whiche the night lyghtneth ther lokynges, and the daye blindeth hem. For whan men loken not the ordre of thinges, but ther lustes and talentes, they wene that either the leve or the mowynge to doen wickednesse, or els the scapyng without payne, be welefull. But consyder the judgement of the perdurable law, for if thou confirme thy courage to the beste thynges, thou ne hast no nede of no judge, to yeven The price or mede, for thou haste joynd thy self to the moste excellent thinges. And if thou have enclined thy studies to the wicked thynges, ne seke no foraine wrekerie out of thy self, for thou thy self hast thrifte thy self into wicked thinges; right as thou mightest loken by divers tymes, the soule yerth and the heaven, and that all other thynges stinten fro without, so that thou were in neither, ne se nothyng more, then should it semen to The, as by onely reson of lokyng, that thou were now in the Sterres, and now in the yerth; but the peple loketh not on these thynges: What then? shall we then approche us to hem that I have shewed, that ben like to bestes? And what wouldest thou fain

faine of this, if that a manne had all forlorne his sighte, and had foryeten that he ever sawe, and wened that nothyng failed hym of perfeccion of mankind? Now we which mighten seen the same thynges, would we not faine, that he were blinde? ne also ne accordeth not the peple to that I shall faine, the whiche thyng is susteyned by as stronge foundementes of reson, that is to faine, that more unfele ben thei, that doen wronges to other folke, then thei that the wronge suffren. *Bo.* I would heren thilke same resons (qđ I). *Phi.* Deniest thou (qđ she) that all shrewes ne ben worthie to have tourment? *Bo.* Nay (qđ I). *Phi.* But (qđ she) I am certain by many resons, that shrewes ben unfele. *Bo.* It accordeth (qđ I). *Phi.* Then ne doubteth thou not (qđ she) that thilke folke, that ben worthie of tourmente, that thei ne be wretches. *Bo.* It accordeth well (qđ I). *Phi.* If thou were then set a Judge, or a knower of thinges, whither trowest thou that men should tourmenten him, that hath doen wronge, or els him that suffered the wrong? *Bo.* I doubt not (qđ I) that I n'olde doe sufficient satisfaccion to 'hem that have suffred wrong, by the sorowe of 'hem that have doen wrong. *Phi.* Then semeth it (qđ she) that the doer of wronge is more wretch, then he that suffered wrong. *Bo.* That foloweth wel (qđ I). *Phi.* Then (qđ she) by these causes, and by other causes, that ben enforced by the same rote, filth or synne, by the propre nature of it, maketh men wretches, and it sheweth well, that the wronges that men doen, n'is not the wretchednesse, of him that receiveth the wrong, but the wretchednesse of him that doeth the wrong. But certes (qđ she) these orators or advocates doen al the contrary, for thei enforcen 'hem to commove the Judges to have pitie of 'hem, that doen the grevaunces and the wronges, the whiche shrewes, it wer a more convenable thyng, that the accusours or advocates, not wroth, but pitieous and debonaire, ledden tho shrewes that have doen wronges, to the judgement, right as men leden sicke folke to the Leche, for that thei shoulde seken out the maladies of synne by tourment. And by this covenante, either the entent of advocates should cessen in all, or els if th' office of the advocates would better profiten to menne, it should be tourned into the habite of accusacion, that is to faine, thei shoulde accuse shrewes, and not excusen 'hem. And eke the shrewes 'hemself, if it were lesfull to 'hem to seen at any cliste the vertue that thei have forletten, and sawen that thei should putten adoune the filthes of ther vices, by the tourmentes of paines, thei ne oughten not, right for that recompensacion, for to getten 'hem bountie and prowesse, whiche that thei have losse, demen and hold that the ilke paines weren tourmentes to 'hem, and eke thei woulde refuse the attendaunce of ther advocates, and taken 'hemself to ther Judges, and to ther accusours; for the whiche it betideth, that as to the wise folkes, there n'is no place illetten to hate, that is to faine, that hate ne hath no place emonge wisemen. For no wight n'ill haten gode men, but if he were overmoche a sole, and for to haten shrewes, it n'is no reson; for right as languishyng is maladie of bodie, right so ben vices and sinne malady of courage. And so as we ne deme not that thei, whiche that ben sicke of ther bodie, ben worthie to ben hated, but rather worthie of pitie, well more worthie not to ben hated, but for to ben had in pitie ben thei, of whiche the thoughtes ben constrained by felonous wickednesse, that is more cruell, then any languishyng of bodie.



Metrum quartum.

*Quid tantos juvat excitare motus,
Et propria fatum sollicitare manu?
Si mortem petitis, propinquat ipsa
Sponte sua, volucres nec remoratur equos, &c.*

WHat deliteth you to exciten so grete moving of Hatredes, and to hasten and busien the fatall disposicion of your deth, with your propre handes, that is to faine, by batailles or contake? For if ye asken the dethe, it hasteth hym of his owne wille, ne dethe ne tarieth not his swifte horse. And the menne that the Serpentes, and the Lion, and the Tigre, and the Bere, and the Bore, sicken to sleen with their tethe, yet thilke same menne seken to sleen everich of 'hem other with swerde. Lo! for ther maners ben divers and discordaunt, thei moven unrightfull hostes, and cruell batailles, and wilnen to perishe by enterchaungyng of dartes, but the reson of crueltie n'is not inough rightfull. Wilt thou then yelden a convenable gnerdon to the desertes of men? Love rightfully gode folkes, and have pitie on shrewes.



Prosa quinta.

*Hinc ego video inquam, quæ sit vel felicitas
vel miseria in ipsis proborum atque impro-
borum meritis constituta. Sed in hac ipsâ
fortunâ populari, &c.*

THIS I se (qđ I) either what blisfulnesse, or els what unelines is establisshed in the desertes of gode menne, and of shrewes.

But in this ilke fortune of the peple I se somewhat of gode, and somewhat of evill. For no wiseman had not lever be exiled, pore, and nedie, and namelesse, then for to dwellen in his Cite, and flouren of richesse, and be redoutable of honoure, and strong of power. For in this wise more clerely and witnesfully is the office of wise menne treted, when the blisfulnesse of power, and governours, is as it were shad emonges the peple, that be neighbors and subiectes, sith that namely prison, lawe, and these other tourmentes of lawfull paines, be rather owed to felonous Citezeins: for the whiche felonous citezeins the paines be establisshed, more then for gode peple.

Bo. Then I marvaile gretly (qđ I) why that the things be so missecenterchaunged, that tourmentes of felonies pressen and confounden gode peple, and shrewes ravishen medes of vertue, and ben in honours, and grete estates. And I desire eke for to weten of The, what semeth The to be the reson of this so wrongfull a conclusion. For I would wonder wel the lasse, if that I trowed that all thinges wer medled with fortunous hap. But now crepeth and encreseth myne astonyinges, God governour of thyngs, that so as GOD yeveth oft times to gode menne godes and mirthes, and to shrewes, evil and aspre thynges: And yeveth ayen to gode folk hardnesse, and to shrewes he graunteth 'hem ther wille, and that thei desiren: What difference maie there be betwene that that God doeth, and happe of fortune, if menne knowe not the cause why it is?

Phi.

Phi. Ne it is no marveile (q^d she) though that men wenen, that there be somewhat folishe and confuse, when the reson of the order is unknowen: but although that thou ne knowe not the cause of so grete a disposicion, nathelisse, for as moche as God the gode governour attempreth and governeth the worlde, ne doubt The not, but all thynges ben doen aright.



Metrum quintum.

*Si quis Arcturi sidera nescit
Propinqua summo cardine labi,
Cur legat tardus plaustro Bootes,
Mergatque seras aequore flammis,
Cum nimis celeres explicet ortus, &c.*

WHoso that knowe not the sterres Arcture, tourned to the soveraine centre or point, that is to saine, tourned nigh to the Sovraigne Pole of the firmamente, and wote not why the sterre Bootes passeth, or gathereth his waines, and drencheth his late flambes in the Se, and why that Bootes the Sterre unfoldeth his overswift arisinges, then shall he wondren of the Lawe of the high aire. And eke, if that he ne knowe not why that the hornes of the full Mone waxen pale and infecte by the boundes of the darke night, and how the Mone darke and confuse discovereth the Sterres, that she had covered by her clere visage.

The common erreure moveth folkes, and maketh werie ther basins of Brasse by thilke strokes, that is to saie, that there is a maner peple, that hight Corybantes, that wenen, that when the Mone is in the Eclipse, that it be enchaunted, and therefore for to rescue the Mone, thei beten ther basins with the ilke strokes. Ne no man ne wondreth when the blastes of the winde Corus beten the strondes of the Se by quakyng flodes. Ne no man ne wondreth, when the weight of the Snowe, harded by the cold, is resolved by the brennyng hete of Phæbus the Sonne, for here seen menne redily the causes. But the causes ihidde, that is to sain in heven, troublen the brestes of men. The movable peple is astonied of all thynges, that comen selde and sodainlie in our age, but the trouble errour of our ignoraunce departeth fro us, so that if thei wisten the cause, why that soche thynges betiden, certes thei shoulde cese to seme wonders.



Prosa sexta.

Ita est inquam. Sed cum tui muneris sit latentium rerum causas evolvere, velatasque caligine explicare rationes: quæso uti hinc decernas, &c.

THus it is (q^d I) but so as thou haste yeven or behight me, to unwrappe the hidde causes of thynges, and to discover me the resons covered with darknesse, I praie The, that thou devise and judge me of this matter, and that thou do me to understand it, for this miracle of this wonder, troubleth me right gretly. And then she a little what smiling said. Thou clepest me (q^d she) to tell that is grettest of all thynges, that mowen ben asked, and to the which question unneth there is aught inough to laven it, as who saith, unneth is there any thyng to

answere perfitlie to thy question; for the matter of it is soche, that when o doubt is determined and cutte awaie, there waxen other doubttes without nomber, right as the heddes of Hydra the Serpente waxen, the whiche Serpente Hercules slough: ne there ne were no manere, ne none ende, but if a wight constrained the doubttes, by a right lively and quicke fire of thought, that is to saine, by vigour and strength of witte. For in this matter, men wenen wonte to maken questions, of the simplicitie of the purveiaunce of GOD, and of the order of Destinie, and of sodaine happe, and of knowing of predestinacion divine, and of the libertie of free-will, the whiche thynges, thou thy self appercedest wel, of what weight thei ben. But for as moche as the knowynges of these thynges is a maner porcion of medicine to The, all be it so, that I have little tyme to doen it; yet neverthelesse, I would enforcen me to shewen somewhat of it. But although the nourishinges of dite of Musike deliteth The, thou muste sufferen and forberen a litle of the ilke delite, while that I weve to The the resons knitte by ordre.

Bo. As it liketh to The (q^d I) so doe.

Phi. Tho spake she righte as by another beginnyng, and saied right thus. The engenderyng of all thynges (q^d she) and all the progressions of movable Nature, and all that moveth in any maner, taketh his causes, his order, and his formes, of the stableness of Divine thought: And the ilke Divine thought, that is sette, and putte in the Toure, that is to saine, in the height of the simplicitie of GOD, stablisseth many maner gises to the thynges that ben to doen, the whiche maner, when that menne loken it, in the pure clemesse of the Divine intelligence, is cleped purveiaunce.

But when the ilke maner is referred by menne to thynges that it moveth or disponeth, then of olde menne it was cleped Destinie, the whiche thynges, if that any wight loketh well in his thought, the strengthe of that one, and of that other, he shall lightlie mowe sene, that these two thynges ben divers. For purveiaunce is the ilke Divine reson, that is established in the Sovraigne Prince of thynges, the which purveiaunce disponeth all thynges. But certes, Destinie is the disposicion and the ordinance, clevyng to movable thynges, by the whiche disposicion the purveiaunce knitteth al thynges in ther order: For purveiaunce embraseth all thynges to hepe, although thei be divers, and although thei be infinite, but destinie certayne departeth and ordeineth all thynges singularly, and divideth in moving, in places, in formes, and in tymes, as thus: Let the unfolding of temporell ordinance, assembled and oned in the lokyng of the Divine thoughte, be cleped purveiaunce, and thilke same assemblyng and onyng, devided and unfolden, let that be called Destinie. And all be it so, that these thynges ben divers, yet neverthelesse, hangeth that one on that other, for why? the order destinably procedeth of the simplicitie of purveiaunce.

For right as a werkman perceveth in his thoughte the forme of thyng that he wolle make, and moveth the effecte of the werke, and ledeth that he had looked before in his thought simplie and presentlie by corporall ordinance: certes, right so GOD in his purveiaunce disponeth singulerly and stably the thynges that be to doen, but he administreth in maners, and in divers tymes by Destinie, the ilke same thynges that he hath disponed; then whether Destinie be exercised, either by some divine spirites, servauntes to the Divine purveiaunce, or elles by some soule, or els by all nature serving GOD, or els by the celestiall movynges of Sterres, or els by the vertue

tue of Angelles, or els by divers subteltie of Divilles, or els by any of 'hem, or elles by 'hem all, the destinable ordinaunce is woven and accomplished. Certes, it is open thyng, that the purveiaunce is an unmovable and simple forme of thynges to doen, and the movable bonde, and the temporalle ordinaunce of thynges; whiche that the Divine simplicite of purveiaunce hath ordained to doen, that is destinie. For whiche it is that al thinges that ben put under destinie, ben certes subjectes unto purveiaunce, to which purveiaunce destinie it self is subject and under, but some thinges ben put under purveiaunce, that surmounten th' ordinaunce of destinie: and tho ben thilke that stable ben fixed nigh to the first godhed, thei surmounten the order of destinable movabilitie. For right as circles turnen about a same centre, or about a point, thilke circle that is innerest or moſte within he joyneth to the simpleſſe of the middle, and is as it wer a centre or a point to that other circles, that turnen aboute him: and thilke that is utterest, compassed by larger environning, is unfolded by larger spaces, in so moche as it is ferthereste fro the middleſte simplicite of the pointe: And if there be any thyng that knitteth and felowshippeth himself to thilke middle pointe, it is constrained into simplicite, that is tosaie, into unmovabilitie, and it ceſeth to ben ſhad, and ſlit diverſly; Right so by ſemblable reſon, thilke thing that departeth furthereste fro the firste thought of God, it is unfolded, and also ſubmitteth to greter bondes of destinie, and in so moche is the thing more fre and loce fro dignitie, as it asketh and holdeth nere to thilke centre of thinges, that is to ſaine, to God. And if the thyng cleaveth to the ſtedfaſtneſſe of the thought of God, and be without movyng, certes it ſurmounteth the neceſſitie of destinie. Then ſoche compariſon as is ſkilling to underſtandyng, and of thinge that was engendred, to thinge that is of time to eternitie, and of the circle to the centre, right so is the order of movable destinie, to the ſtable ſimplicite of purveiaunce. Thilke ordinaunce moveth the heven and the ſterres, and attempereſh the elementes togyther emong 'hemſelf, and transformeth 'hem by enterchaungeable mutation. And thilk ſame order neweth ayen all thinges growing and falling adoune, by ſemblable progrefſiones of ſedes and of ſexus, that is to ſaine, male and female: and this ilke order conſtraineth the fortunes, and the dedes of men, by a bonde of cauſes, not able to be unbounden: the whiche destinable cauſes, when thei paſſen out fro the beginnynges of unmovable purveiaunce, it mote nedes be that thei ne be not mutable, as thus: be the things well governed, if that the ſimplicite dwellynge in the divine thought ſheweth forth the order of cauſes, unable to be bowed. And this order conſtraineth by the proper ſtabilitie, the movable thinges, or els thei ſhulden ſete foliie. For which it is, that thinges ſemen confuſe, and trouble to us men, for we ne mowen not conſider thilk ordinaunce. Nervertheleſſe, the proper maner of every thing dreſſyng hym to gode diſponeth 'hem all, for there n'is nothyng doen for evill, for thilke thyng that is doen by wicked folke, nis not doen for evill. The whiche ſhrewes, as I have ſhewed full plenteouſly ſeke gode, but wicked errour miſtouneth 'hem, ne the order coming fro the point of ſoveraine gode, ne enclineth not fro his beginnyng. But thou maiest ſaie, what innerest maiest ben a worſe confuſion, than that gode men have ſomtyme adverſitie, and ſomtyme proſperitie: and ſhrewes have now also thinges that thei deſiren, and now thinges that thei haten. Whether men live nowe in ſoche holineſſe of thought, as who ſaith be men now ſo wiſe, that ſoche folke as thei demen to be gode folke or ſhrewes, that it mote nedes be, that

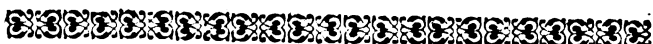
folk be ſoche as thei wenen. But in this maner domes of men diſcorden, that thilke men that ſome folke demen worthie of mede, other folke deme 'hem worthy of turment, but let us graunt: I ſuppoſe that ſome man maiest well deme or knowe the gode peple, and the bad, maiest he then knowe and ſe thilke innerest attemperaunce of courage, as it hath be wont to be ſaid of bodies, as who ſaith, maiest a man ſpeken of complexiones, and attemperaunce of bodies, ne it ne is not, as who ſaith, but it is like a mervaile or a miracle, to 'hem that ne know it not, why that ſwete thinges be convenable to ſum bodies, that ben whole, and to ſum peple bitter thinges be convenable: and also why ſum peple ben holpen with light medicines, and ſome peple ben holpen with bitter medicines: but natheleſſe tho that knowen the maner, and the temperaunce of hele and of malady, ne marvelleth it nothing. But what other thing ſemeth helth of corages but bountie, and what other thing ſemeth maladie of courage but vices? Who is els keper of gode, and driver awaie of evill, but God the governor and leder of thoughtes? the whiche God, when he hath beholden from the high toure of his purveiaunce, he knoweth what is convenable to any wight, and leneth 'hem that he wot well that is convenable to 'hem. Lo! herof cometh and hereof is doen this miracle of th' order destinable, when God that ail knoweth doth ſoche thing, of whiche thyng unknowing folke ben aſtonied; but for to conſtraine, as who ſaith, but for to comprehend and tell a fewe thinges of the divine depeneſſe, the which that manne's reſon maiest underſtand. Thilke manne that thou weeneſt to ben right juſte, and right kepyng of equitie, the contrarie of that ſemeth to the Divine purveiaunce that all wote. And Lucan my familier telleth, that the victorious cauſe liked to the Goddes, and the cauſes overcome liketh to Caton. Then whatſoever thou maiest ſeen, that is doen in this worlde unhoped, or els unknowen, certes, it is the righte order of thynges, but as to thy wicked opinion, it is a confuſion. But I ſuppoſe that ſome man be ſo welthewed, that the divine judgemente, and the judgemente of mankind, accorden 'hem togyther of hym: but he is ſo unſtedfaſt of courage, that if any adverſitie come to hym, he woll forſeten paraventure to continue innocencie, by the whiche he ne maiest not withholden fortune: than the wiſe diſpenſacion of GOD ſpareth hym, the whiche man adverſitie might enpairen, for that God will not hym to travaile, to whom that travaile n'is not convenable. Another manne is parſite in all vertues, and is an holy manne, and nigh to God, ſo that the purveiaunce of God would deme, that it were a felonie, that he wer touched with any adverſities, ſo that he would not ſuffre, that ſoche a man be with any bodily maladie moved. But ſo (as ſaied the Philoſopher) the more excellent is by me ſaid in grete, that vertues have edified the bodie of the holie manne. And oft tyme it betideth, that the ſomme of thinges, that ben to doen is taken to governe to gode folke, for that the malice habundant of ſhrewes ſhould ben abated. And God yeveth and departeth to other folke, proſperitees and adverſities, medled to hepe, after the qualitie of ther courages, and remordeth ſome folke by adverſities, for thei ne ſhould not waxen proude, by long welſuſneſſe, and other folke he ſuffereth to be travailed with hard thynges, for that thei ſhould conſerme the vertues of courage, by the exercitacion of uſage of patience. And other folk dreden more then thei oughten, the whiche thei mighten well beren, and ſome diſpiſe, that thei mowe not bere, and thilke folke GOD ledeth into experience of 'hemſelf, by aſpre and ſorowfull thynges. And many other folk have bought ho-

nourable renome of this worlde, by the price of glorious deth.

And some men that ne mowe not ben overcomen by tourment, have yeven ensample to other folke, that vertue maie not ben overcomen by adversities. And of al these thinges there n'is no doubt, that thei ne ben doen rightfullie and ordeinly, to the perfit gode of 'hem, to whom we seen these thinges beriden. For certes, that adversities cometh somtyme to shrewes, and somtyme that thei desiren, it cometh of these foresaied causes. And of sorowfull thinges that betiden to shrewes, certes, no man ne wondreth, for all menne wene that thei have deserved it, and that thei ben of wicked merite. Of whiche shrewes, the tourmente agasteth somtyme other to doen felonies: And somtyme it amendeth 'hem, that suffereth the tourmentes. And the prosperitie, that is yeven to shrewes, sheweth a grete argument to gode peple, what thing thei should demen of thilk welefulnesse, whiche prosperitie menne seen ofte serve to shrewes: In whiche thing, I trowe that God dispenseth, for paraventure, the nature of some man is so overthrowing to evill, and so unconvenable, that the nedy povertie of his housholde might rather agreve hym to doen felonies, and to the maladie of hym God putteth remedie, to yeven hym richesse. And some other manne beholdeth his conscience defouled with synnes, and maketh comparison of his fortune, and of himself: and dredeth paraventure that the blisfulnesse, of whiche the usage is joyfull to hym, that the lesyng of thilk blisfulnesse ne be not sorowfull to hym, and therefore he would chaunge his maners: and for he dredeth to lese his fortune, he forleteth his wickednesse. To other folkes welefulnes is yeven unworthilie, the whiche overthroweth 'hem into destruccion, that thei han deserved, and to some other folke, is yeven power to punisshen, for that it shall be cause of continuacion, and exercisying to gode folkes, and cause of tourmente to shrewes.

For so as there n'is none aliaunce betwene gode folkes, and shrewes, ne shrewes ne mowen not accorden emong 'hemself: and why not? For that shrewes discorden of 'hem self, by ther vices, the which vices, all to renden ther consciences, and doen oft tyme thynges, the whiche thinges, when thei have doen 'hem, thei deme that tho thinges, ne shuld not have be doen, for which thing the soverain purveiaunce hath maked oft time miracle: So that shrewes have maked shrewes to ben gode men. For when that some shrewes seen, that thei suffre wrongfully felonies of other shrewes, thei waxen eschaufed into hate of 'hem, that anoied 'hem, and retournen to the fruit of vertue. Then thei studien to be unlike to 'hem that thei have hated. Certes onely is this the divine might, to the which might ivels ben then gode, when it useth the ivelles convenable, and draweth out the effecte of any gode, as who saieth, that ivell is gode onely to the might of God, for the might of God ordeineth thilke ivell to gode: for one order embraceth all things, so that what wight departeth from the reson of thilke order, that is assigned to him, algates yet he slideth into an other order, so that nothing is lesfull to folie, in the relme of divine purveiaunce, as who saieth, nothing is without ordinaunce, in the relme of divine purveiaunce, sith that the right strong GOD governeth all thynges in this worlde; for it is not lesful for men to comprehend by wit, ne unfolden by worde, all the subtell ordinaunce, and the disposicion of the divine entent; for onely it ought to suffice to have loked that God himself, maker of al natures, ordaineth al thinges to gode, while that he hasteth to withholden the thynges, that he hath maked, into his semblaunce, that is to say

for to withholden the thinges into gode, for he hymself is gode, he chaseth out all ivells fro the bonde of his cominalties, by th' order of the necessitie destina- ble: for whiche it followeth, that if thou loke the purveiaunce, ordeinyng the thinges, that men wenen be outrageous, or haboundant in yerthes, thou shalt not seen in no place nothyng of ivell. But I se now that thou art charged with the weight of the question, and werie with lengthe of my reson, and that thou abidest some swetenesse of song, take than this draught, and when thou art wel refreshed and relect, thou shalt be more stedfaste to flie into higher questions or thinges.



Metrum sextum.

*Si vis celsi jura tonantis
Purâ solers cernere mente,
Aspice summi culmina Cæli, &c.*

IF thou wise wolt demen in thy pure thought, the rightes or the lawes of the hie thonder, that is to sain of God, loke thou and beholde the heightes of the soveraine heven: There kepen the Sterres, by rightfull aliaunce of thyngs, ther old pece. The Sonne imoved by his roddie fire ne distourbeth not the colde circle of the Mone, ne the sterre icleped the Bere, that enclineth his ravishing courses abouten the soveraine height of this worlde. Ne the same sterre Urfa n'is nevermo washen in the depe Westren Se, ne coveteth not to dien his flambes in the Se of the Ocean, although it se other Sterres iplonged in the Se: And Hesperus the Sterre bodeth, and telleth alwaie the late nightes: And Lucifer the sterre bringeth ayen the clere daie.

And thus maketh love enterchaungeable the perdurable courses, and thus is discordable bataille i- putte out of the countre of the Sterres. This accordaunce attempreth by evenlike maners the Elementes, that the moiste thynges strivying with the drie thynges yeven place by ffoundes: And that the colde thynges joynen 'hem by faithe to the hote thynges, and that the light fire ariseth into height, and the hevie yerthes availen by ther weightes: by the same causes, the flourie yere yeldeth swete smelles, in the first Sommer seson warmyng, and the hotte Sommer drieth the Cornes, and Autumpne cometh ayen of hevie Apples, and the fletyng Raine bedeweth the Winter; this attempraunce nourisheth, and bryngeth forthe all thynges, that bereth life in this worlde, and the ilke same attempraunce ravishyng, hideth, benimeth, and drencheth under the laste deth all thynges iborne.

Emong these thinges, sitteth the high maker, Kyng and Lorde, wele and beginnyng, Lawe and wile Judge, to doen equite, and governeth and enclineth the bridels of thynges: And tho thinges that he sterreth, to gone by movyng, he withdraweth and arresteth, and affirmeth the movable or wanderyng thinges. For if that he ne called not ayen the right goyng of thynges, and if that he ne constrained 'hem not este sones, into roundenesse enclined, the thynges that ben now continued by stable ordinaunce, thei shuld departen from ther wele, that is to saine, from ther beginnyng, and fallen, that is to saine, tournen into nought. This is the common love to all thynges, and all thynges asken to ben holden by the fine of gode, for elles ne mighten thei not fasten, if thei ne come not estones ayen by love, returned to the cause, that hath yeven 'hem beyng, that is to saine, God.

Prosa

Prosa septima.

Jamne igitur vides quid hæc omnia, quæ diximus, consequatur? Quidnam? inquam. Omnem, inquit, &c.

SEest thou not than, what thyng followeth all the thynges that I have saied. *Bo.* What thyng (*qð I*). *Phi.* Certes (*qð she*) all utterlie, that all fortune is gode. *Bo.* And how maie that be (*qð I*). *Phi.* Now understande (*qð she*). So as all fortune, whether so it be joyfull fortune, or aspre fortune, is yeven either bicause of guerdonyng, or elles of exercysing of gode folkes, or els bicause to punyssh, or els chastysen shrewes: then is al fortune gode, the which fortune is certain, that it be either rightfull, or els profitable.

Bo. Forsothe this is a full verie reson (*qð I*) and if I consider the purveiance and the destinie that thou taughtest me a litle here befor, this sentence is susteyned by stedfast reson. But if it like unto The, let us nombren hem emonges the ilke thynges, of whiche thou saiest a litle here befor, that thei ne wer not able to ben wened to the peple. *Phi.* Why so? (*qð she*). *Bo.* For that the common word of men (*qð I*) misuseth this maner speche of fortune, and saie ofte tymes, that the fortune of some wight is wicked. *Phi.* Wylte thou then (*qð she*) that I approche a litle to the wordes of the peple, so that it seme not to hem, that I be overmoche departed, as fro the usage of mankinde. *Bo.* As thou wilt (*qð I*). *Phi.* Wenest thou not (*qð she*) that all thyng that profiteth is gode? *Bo.* Yes (*qð I*). *Phi.* Certes all thyng that exerciseth or corrigeth, it profiteth. *Bo.* I confesse well (*qð I*). *Phi.* Then is it gode (*qð she*). *Bo.* Why not (*qð I*). *Phi.* But this is the fortune (*qð she*) of hem that either be putte in vertue, and battailen againste aspre thynges, or elles of hem that declinen fro vices, and taken the waie of vertue. *Bo.* This ne maie I not denie (*qð I*). *Phi.* But what saiest thou of the merie fortune, that is yeven to gode peple in guerdon, demeth ofte the peple that it be wicked?

Bo. Naie for soth (*qð I*), but thei demen as it is sothe, that it is right gode.

Phi. What saiest thou of the other fortune (*qð she*) that although that it be aspre, and restraineth the shrewes by rightfull turment, weneth aught the peple that it be gode?

Bo. Naie (*qð I*) but the peple demeth that it is moste wretched of all thynges, that maie be thought.

Phi. Ware now, and loke well (*qð she*) lest we in followyng the opinion of the peple have confessed and concluded thing, whiche that is unable to ben wened to the peple. *Bo.* What is that (*qð I*)?

Phi. Certes (*qð she*) it followeth or cometh of thynges that ben graunted, that all fortune whatsoever it be, of hem that ben either in possession of vertue, or in th' encrease of vertue, or els in the purchasyng of vertue, that thilke fortune is gode, and that all fortune is right wicked, to hem that dwellen in shreudnesse, as who saith, and thus weneth not the peple.

Bo. That is sothe (*qð I*). Albeit so that no man dare confesse it, ne knowe it. *Phi.* Why so? (*qð she*). For right as the strong man ne semeth not to abashen or disdainen, as oft tyme as he hereth the noise of the battail: ne also it semeth not to the wiseman to beren it greuously, as oft as he is ledde into strief of fortune. For bothe to that one man, and eke to that other, the ilke difficultie is the matter, to that one man of encrease of his glorious renome, and to that

other man, to conserve his sapience, that is to saie, to the asprenesse of his estate, for therefore is it called vertue, for that it susteineth and enforceth by his strengthes, so that it n'is not overcomen by adversities. Ne certes, thou that art putte in encrease, or in the height of vertue, ne haste not comen to fleten with delices, and for to walken in bodily lust. Thou slowest or plantest a full eigre bataille in thy courage, ayenst every fortune: for that the sorowfull fortune confounde The not, ne that the merie fortune ne corruppe The not, occupie the mene by stedfast strengthes. For all that ever is under the mene, or all that overpasseth the mene, dispiseth welesfulnes, as who saith, it is vicious, and ne hath no mede of his travaile, for it is set in your hand, as who saith, it lieth in your power, what fortune you is leveste, that is to saie, gode or ivell, for all fortune that semeth sharpe or aspre, if it ne exercise not the gode folke, ne chastise the wicked folke, it punyssheth.

Metrum septimum.

*Bella bis quinis operatus annis
Ultor Atrides, Phrygiæ ruinis, &c.*

THE wreker Atrides, that is to sain Agamemnon, that wrought and continued the batailles by x. yere recovered and purged in wreking by the distruction of Troie, the losse chambers of Mariage in his brother, that is to saie, that Agamemnon wan ayen Helene, that was Menelaus wife, his brother. In the mene while that thilke Agamemnon desired to yeven sailes to the Grekes navie, and brought ayen the windes by blode: He unclothed hym of pite of Father, and the sorie priest yeveth in sacrificyng, the wretched cuttyng of the throte of the doughter, that is to saie, that Agamemnon let cut the throte of his doughter by the priest, to maken aliaunce with his Goddes, and for to have wind, with whiche he might wenden to Troie. Ithacus, that is to saie Ulysses bewept his felowes ylorne, the whiche felowes the feirs Polyphemus, liggyng in his grete cave, had fretten and dreinte in his emptie wombe: But nathelless Polyphemus wode for his blind visage yeld to Ulysses joy, by his sorowfull teres, that is to saie, that Ulysses smote out the eye of Polyphemus, that stode in the forehed, for whiche Ulysses had joye, when he sawe Polyphemus weping and blind. Hercules is celebrable for his hard travaile, he daunted the proude Centaurus, halfe horse, halfe man, and biraft the dispoiling fro the cruell Lion, that is to saie, he slough the Lion, and birafted him his skin. He smote the birdes that hight Arpies, with certaine arowes. He ravished Apples fro the waking dragon: and his hande was the more hevie for the golden metall. He drough Cerberus the hound of hel, by the triple chaines. He overcomer, as it is saied, hath put an unmeke lord fodder to his cruell horse; that is to saie, Hercules slough Diomedes, and made his horse to fretten him: and he Hercules slough Hydra the serpente, and brente the venim. And Achelous the flode defouled in his forchedde dreint his shamefast visage in his stroudes, that is to saie, that Achelous could transfigure himself into divers likenes, and as he faught with Hercules, at last he tourned hym into a Bull, and Hercules brake one of his hornes: and he for shame hid hym in his River. And over that, he Hercules caste adoune Anthæus the Giaunt, in the strondes of Libye. And Cacus appeised the wrathes of Evander, that is to saie, that Hercules slough the monster Cacus and apeised with that deth the wrath of Evander. And the bristled Bore

Bore marked with vomes the shulders of Hercules, the whiche shulders the hie circle of heven should thrust: And the last of his labors was, that he susteined the heven upon his neck unbowed, and he deserved estiones the heven to be the last ende of travaile. Goerh nowe then ye strong men, there as the grete ensample ledeth you. O nice menne, why make ye your backes, as who saith: o ye slowe and delicate men, why se ye adversities, and ne fight not ayenst hem by vertue, to winnen the mede of heven: for the erthe overcomen yeveth the sterres, that is to sain, that when that yerthly lust is overcomen, a man is makid worthy to the heven.

Here endeth the fowerth Boke.



Here foloweth the fifthe Boke.

Prosa prima.

Dixerat, orationisque cursum ad alia quædam tractanda atque expedienda vertebat.
B. Tum ego, recta quidem, inquam, &c.

SHE had saied, and turned the course of her reson to some other thynges, to be treted and to be sped. Bo. Then saied I, certes rightful is thine amonesting, and full digne by auctorite. But that thou saidest whilom, that the question of the Divine purveiance is enlaced with many other questions, I understande well and prove it, by the same thing. But I aske, if that thou wenest, that hap be any thyng, in any waies, and if thou wenest, that happe be any thyng, what is it? Phi. Then (qð she) I haste me to yelden and assoilen to the debte of my beheft, and to shewen and open the waie, by which waie thou maiest come ayen to thy countre: but albeit so that the thynges, whiche that thou askest, ben right profitable to knowe, yet ben thei divers somwhat fro the pathe of my purpose, and it is to doubte, that thou ne be makid werie by misse waies, so that thou ne maiest not suffice to mesure the right waie.

Bo. Ne doubt The thereof nothyng (qð I). For to knowen thilke thynges togiðer, in the whiche thynges I delite me gretlie, that shall ben to me in stede of rest, sith it n'is not to doubten of the thynges folowing, when every thyng of thy disputation shall haven ben stedfast to me by undoubtous faithe.

Phi. Then (saied she) that maner woll I doen to The, and beganne to speken right thus. Certes (qð she) if any wight definishe hap in this maner, that is to saine, that hap is betidyng ibrought forthe by solishe moving, and by no knitting of causes, I confirme that hap n'is right naught in no wise, and I deme all utterlie, that happe n'is, ne dwelleth but a voyce, as who saith, but an idell worde, without any signification of thyng, committed to that voyce. For what place might ben leste, or dwellynge in folie, and to disordenaunce, sith that GOD ledeth and constraineth all thynges by order? for this sentence is very sothe, that nothyng hath his beyng of naughte, to the whiche sentence, none of these old folke ne withsaied never, al be it so, that thei ne understanden it not by GOD, Prince and beginner of workyng, but thei casten, as a maner foundement of

subiecte materiall, that is to saine, of the nature of al reson. And if that any thyng is waxen or comen of no causes, then shall it seme, that thilke thyng is comen or waxen of naught. But if this ne maie not be doen, then is it not possible that hap be any soche thyng, as I have definishe a little here before. Bo. Howe shall it then be (qð I); n'is there then nothyng, that by right maie ben cleped either hap, or els adventure, or fortune? Or is there ought, all be it so, that it is hid fro the peple, to whiche thyng these wordes ben convenable.

Phi. Myne Aristotle (qð she) in the boke of his Physike definiseth this thyng by short reson, and nigh to the sothe.

Bo. In whiche maner? (qð I).

Phi. As ofte (qð she) as men doen any thyng, for grace of any other thyng, and another thyng then thilke thyng, that men entenden to doen, betideth by some causes, it is icleped happe, right as a manne dalfe the yerth, bicause of tillyng of the field, and found there a gobet of golde bedolven, then wenen folke, that it is befall by fortunous betidyng. But forsothe it n'is not of naught, for it hath his proper causes, of which causes the cours unforeseen and unware semeth to have makid hap. For if the tiller of the fiede ne dolve not in the yerth, and if the hider of the golde ne had hid the golde in that place, the golde ne had not ben found. These ben then the causes of the abredgyng of fortuit hap, the whiche abredgyng of fortuit hap cometh of causes of encountring, and flowyng togither to hemself, and not by th' entencion of the doer. For neither the hider of the golde, ne the delver of the field, ne understanden not, that the golde should have ben founde. But as I saied, it betid and ran togither, that he dalfe there as the other had hid the golde. Now maie I thus definishe hap. Happe is an unware betiding of causes, assembled in thynges, that ben doen for some other thyng. But thilke order procedyng, by an uneschuable betidyng togither, whiche that discendeth from the well of purveiance, that ordeineth al thynges in ther places, and in ther times maketh that the causes rennen and assemblen togither.



Metrum primum.

*Rupis Achæmenia scopulis ubi versa sequentum
Pectoribus figit spicula, &c.*

Tigris and Euphrates, resolven and springen of o welle, in the craggies of the roche of the countre of Achemene, ther as the flying battailes fixen ther dartes, retournyng in the brestes of hem that folowen hem. And sone after the same rivers, Tigris and Euphrates unjoynen and departen ther waters, and if thei comen togither, and ben assembled, and cleped together into o course, then moten thilke thynges fieten togiðer, whiche that the water of th' enterchaunging flode bringeth. The shippes and the stockes araced with the flode moten assemblen, and the waters imedled wrappeth or emplieth many fortunell happes or maners, the whiche wandryng happes nathelesse thilke declining lownesse of the yerth and the flowyng order of the slidying water governeth. Right so fortune that semeth as it suffreth with slaked or ungoverned bridles, it suffreth bridles, that is to saine, to ben governed, and passeth by thilke lawe, that is to saine, by the divine ordenaunce.

Prosa

Prosa secunda.

Animadverto, inquam, idque uti tu dicis, ita esse consentio. Sed in hac, &c.

THis understande I wel (qð I) and I accorde me that it is right as thou saiest. But I aske if there be any libertie of frewill, in this order of causes, that cleven thus together in 'hemself, or els I would weten if that the destinall cheine constraineth the movyng of the courages of men.

Phi. Yes (qð she) there is libertie of frewill, ne there ne was never no nature of reson, that it ne had libertie or frewill. For every thing that maie naturally usen reson it hath dome, by whiche it discerneth and demeth every thing. Then knoweth it by it self thynges that ben to flien, and thynges that ben to desiren, and the ilke thyng that any wight demeth to ben desired, that asketh or desireth he, and flieth thilke thyng, that he troweth be to flien. Wherefore in all thynges that reson is, in hym also is libertie of willyng and of n'illyng, but I ne ordaine not, as who saith, I ne graunt not, that this libertie, be evenlike in al thynges. For why? in the Soveraines divine substaunces, that is to sain, in spirites, judgement is more clere and will not corruppe, and mightie redy to speden thynges that ben desired. But the soules of men moten nedes ben more fre, when thei loken 'hem in the speculacion, or lokyng of the divine thought, and lasse fre when thei sliden into the bodies, and yet lasse fre when thei ben gathered together, and comprehended in yerthly members, but the laste servage is, when that thei ben yeven to vices, and have ifall from the possession of ther proper reson. For after that thei have caste awaie ther eyen fro the light of the sveraine sothefastnesse, to lowe thynges and darke, anon thei darken by the cloude of ignorance, and be troubled by felonous talentes, to the whiche talentes when thei approchen and assenten, thei hepen and encrefen the servage, whiche thei have joyned to 'hem self. And in this maner thei ben caitives fro ther proper libertie, the whiche thing nathelesse the lokyng of the divine purveiaunce seeth, that al thynges beholdeth and seeth fro eterne, and ordeineth 'hem everiche in ther merites, as thei ben predestinate, and it is said in Greke, that all thynges he seeth, and al thynges he hereth.

Metrum secundum.

*Puro clarum lumine Phæbum
Melliflui canit oris Homerus, &c.*

HOmer with the Honie mouth, that is to saine, Homer with the swete ditees singeth, that the Sonne is clere by pure light. Nathelesse yet ne maie it not by the infirme light of his bemes, breken or perpen the inwarde entrailes of the yerth, or els of the Se. So ne seeth not God, maker of the grete worlde; to hym that loketh all thynges from an high, ne understandeth nothyng by heviness of the yerth, ne the night ne withstandeth not to hym by the black cloudes, thilke God seeth in o stroke of thought all thynges that ben, weren, or shull come: and thilke GOD, for he loketh and seeth all thynges alone, thou maist saine that he is the verie sonne.

Prosa tertia.

Tum ego, en! inquam, difficiliore rursus ambiguitate confundor, &c.

THen said I thus, now am I confounded by a more hard doubt then I was. *Phi.* What doubte is that? (qð she) for certes, I conjeete now by soch thyngs, thou art troubled. *Bo.* It semeth (qð I) to repugnen and to contrarie gretlie, that God knoweth beforne all thynges, and that there is any fredome or libertie, for if so be that God loketh all thynges beforne, ne God ne maie not ben deceived in no maner. Then mote it nedes be, that all thynges the whiche that the purveiaunce of God hath seen beforne to come, for which if that GOD knoweth toforne, not onely the werkes of men, but also ther counsailes and ther willes, then ne shall there be no libertie of arbitre, ne certes there ne maie be none other dede, ne no wille, but the ilke whiche that the divine purveiaunce (that ne may not ben deceived) hath feled beforne, for if that thei mighten writhen awaie, in other maner, then thei ben purveied, then ne should there be no stedfast prescience of thyng to comen, but rather an uncertaine opinion, the whiche thyng to trowen of God, I deme it felonie and unlesfull. Ne I ne prove not the ilke same reson, as who saith, I ne alowe not, or I ne praise not thilke same reson, by whiche that some men wenen, that thei mowen assoilen, and unknitten the knot of this question. For certes thei saine, that thyng n'is not to comen, for that the purveiaunce of GOD hath seen beforne that it is to comen, but rather the contrarie, and that is this, that for that the thyng is to comen, that therefore ne maie it not ben hid fro the purveiaunce of God. And in this maner, this necessitie slideth ayen into the contrarie partie, ne it ne behoveth not nedes, that thynges betiden that ben ipurveied, but it behoveth nedes, that thynges that ben to comen ben ipurveied, but as it wer itravailed, as who saith, that thilke answeere procedeth right as though menne travaileden or weren busie to enquiren, the whiche thyng is cause of the which thynges. As whether the prescience is cause of the necessitie of thynges to comen, or els that the necessitie of thynges to comen is cause of the purveiaunce. But I ne enforce me not now to shewen it, that the betidyng of thynges iwiste beforne is necessarie, how so or in what maner, that the order of causes hath it self, although that it ne seme not, that the prescience bryng in necessitie of betidyng to thynges to comen. For certes, if that any wight sitteth, it behoveth by necessitie, that the opinion be soth of hym that conjeeteth that he sitteth, and ayenwarde also is it of the contrarie; for if the opinion be sothe of any wight, for that he sitteth, it behoveth by necessitie that he sitte. Then is here necessitie in that one, and in that other: for in that one is necessitie of sittyng, and certes in that other is necessitie of soth. But therfore ne sitteth not a wight, for that the opinion of the sittyng is sothe, but the opinion is rather sothe, for that a wight sitteth beforne. And thus although that the cause of the sothe cometh of that other side, as who saith, that although the cause of sothe cometh of the sitting, and not of the true opinion, algates yet is there a common necessitie, in that one, and in that other. Thus semeth it, that I maie make semblable skilles, of the purveiaunce of God, and of thynges to comen. For although that for that thynges ben to comen, there-
fore

fore ben thei purveied, and not certes, for thei ben purveied, therefore ne betide thei not, nathelless it behoveth by necessitie, that either the thynges to comen ben ipurveied of God, or els that the thynges, that ben purveied of God, betiden. And this thyng onelie suffiseth inough, to destroi the freedom of our arbitre, that is to sain, of our frewill. But certes, nowe sheweth it well howe farre fro the sothe, and how up so doune is this thing, that we seen that the betidying of temporall thynges is cause of the eterne prescience. But for to wenen that God purveyeth the thynges to comen, for thei ben to comen, what other thyng is it but for to wene, that thilke thynges that betide whilom, ben causes of thilke soverain purveiaunce, that is in God. And hereto adde I this thinge, that right as when that I wote that a thyng is, it behoveth by necessitie, that thilk self thing be, and eke when I have knowen that any thyng shall betiden, so behoveth it by necessitie, that thilke same thyng betide. So followeth it then, that the betidying of the thynges iwisht before, ne maie not be eschewed, and at the laste, if that any wight wene a thyng to ben otherwise then it is, it n'is not onely unscience, but it is decevable opinion, full divers and farre fro the sothe of science. Wherefore, if any thyng be so to comen, that the betidying of it ne be not certaine, ne necessarie, who maie weten before, that thilke thing is to comen. For right as science ne maie not be medled with falsenesse, as who saith, that if I wote a thing, it ne maie not be false that I ne wote it, right of thilke thyng, that is conceived by science, ne maie not be none otherwise then as it is conceived, for that is the cause why that science wanteth lesing, as who saith, why that weting ne receiveth not lesing of that it wote, for it behoveth by necessitie, that every thyng be right, as science comprehendeth it to be. What shall I then sain, in whiche maner knoweth God, before all the thynges to comen, if thei ne be not certain? for if that he deme, that thei ben to comen uneschuably, and so maie be that it is possible, that thei ne shullen not comen, God is deceived, but not onely to trowen, that God is deceived, but for to speke it with mouthe, it is a felonous synne. But if that God wote, that righte so as thynges ben to comen, so shoulde thei comen, so that he mote egally, as who saith indifferently, that thyngs maie be doen, or els not idoen, what is thilke prescience, that ne comprehendeth no certaine thyng ne stable, or els what difference is there bitwene the prescience of thilke jape, worthy divinyng of Tiresie Devinour, that saied, all that I saie (quod he) either it shall be, or els it shall not be, or els how moche is worthe the Divine prescience, more then the opinion of mankinde, if so be that it demeth the thynges uncertaine, as men doen, of the whiche domes of men the betidying n'is not certaine? But if so be, that none uncertain thynges ne maie ben in him, that is right certaine well of all thynges, then is the betidying certaine of thilke thynges, whiche that he hath wiste beforen firmly to comen, for whiche it followeth, that the fredome of the counsailes, and of the werkes of mankind n'is none, sith that the thought of God, that seeth all thynges, without error of falsnesse, bindeth and constraineth hem to a betidying by necessitie. And if this thyng be ones igraunted and received, this is to saine, that there n'is no frewill, then sheweth it well, how grete destruction, and how grete damages there folowen of thynges of mankind, for in idell ben there then purposed, and behighte medes to gode folke, and paines to badde folke, sith that no movyng of fre courage voluntarie ne hath not deserved hem, that is to saine, neither mede ne paine. And it should seme

then, that thilke thing is alderworst, which that is now demed for aldermoste just, and moste rightful. That is to sain, that shrewes ben punished, or elles that gode folke be iguerdoned, the whiche folkes sene that ther proper wille ne sente hem to that one, ne to that other, that is to sain, neither to gode ne harme, but constraineth hem certain necessitie of thynges to comen, then ne shullen there never ben, ne never weren vice ne vertue, but it shullen rather be confusion of all desertes, medled without discrecion. And yet ther foloweth another inconvenience, of the whiche there ne maie be thought no more felonous, ne more wicked, and that is thus, that so as the order of thynges is idel, and cometh of the purveiaunce of God, ne that nothyng n'is lesfull to the counsailes of mankinde, as who saith, that men have no power to doen nothyng, ne will nothyng, then foloweth it that our vices ben referred to the maker of al gode, as who saith then foloweth it, that God ought to have the blame of our vices, sith he constraineth us by necessitie to doen vices; then n'is there no reson to hopen in God, ne to praien to God, for what should any wight hopen to God, or why should he praien to GOD, sith that the ordinance of destinie, whiche that ne maie not ben enclined, knitteth and streineth al thynges, that men maie desiren? Then should ther be doen awaie thilke onely aliaunce, betwen God and man, that is to saien, to hopen and to praien. But by the price of rightwisnesse, and of very mekenesse, we deserven the guerdon of Divine grace, whiche that is inestimable, that is to say, that is so grete, that it ne maie not ben full praised, and this is onely the maner, that is to saie, hope and praier. For whiche it semeth that men woll speke with God, and by reson of supplication ben conjoined to thilke clerenes, that n'is not approached no rather, or that men seken it and impetren it. And if men ne wene not the hope ne praier ne have no strengthes, by the necessitie of things to comen received, what thing is there then, by whiche we mowen ben conjoined, and cleven to thilke soverain prince of thynges? For whiche it behoveth by necessitie, that the linage of mankinde, as thou song a little here beforen, be departed and unjoined from his wele, and failen of his beginnyng, that is to saine God.

Metrum tertium.

*Quenam discors fœdera rerum
Causa resolvit? Quis tanta Deus, &c.*

WHat discordable cause hath to rent, and unjoined the bindyng or the aliaunce of thynges, that is to sain, the conjuncions of God, and of man? Whiche God hath established so grete battaile, betwene these two sothfaste, or verie thynges, that is to sain, betwene the purveiaunce of God, and frewill, that ben singuler, and divided, ne that thei ne wollen not be medled, ne coupled togider? But there n'is no discorde to the very thynges, but thei cleven alwaie certain to hem self. But the thought of man confounded and overthrowen, by the darke members of the body, ne maie not by fire of his darked lokyng, that is to saine, by the vigour of his insight, while the soule is in the bodie, knowen the thyn subtell knittynge of thynges. But wherefore eschaufeth it so by so grete love, to finden thilke notes of soth icovered, that is to saine, wherefore eschaufeth the thought of man, by so grete desire, to knowe thilke notificacions, that ben ihid under the covertures of sothe! Wote it ought thilke thynges, that

that it anguifhous desireth to knowe? As who faie-
eth naie. For no man ne travaileth for to weten
thynges that he wote. And therefore the texte
faieth thus.

But who travaileth to weten thynges yknowe?
And if that he ne knoweth 'hem not, what feke-
thilke blinde thought? What is he that desireth any
thynges, of whiche he wote right naught? As who
faith, who fo desireth any thynges, nedes fomwhat
he knoweth of it, or els he ne could not desiren it.
Or who maie followe thynges, that ne ben not i-
wiste, and though that he feke the thynges, where
shall he finde 'hem? What wight that is all uncon-
nyng and ignoraunt, maie knowe that for me, that
is ifounde.

But when the soule beholdeth, and seeth the high
thought, that is to faine God, then knoweth it to-
gether the somme and singularities, that is to fain, the
principles, and everiche of 'hem by hymself. But
now while the soule is hid in the cloude, and in
the darknesse of the membres of the bodie, it ne hath
not al foryeten it self, but it withholdeth the somme
of thynges, and lefeth the singularities. Than who-
fo that feke the sothenesse, he n'is in neither n'other
habite, for he wote not all, ne he ne hath not all
foryeten, but yet hym remembreth the somme of
thynges, that he withholdeth, and asketh counsaile,
and retreth depeliche thynges ifeen beforne, that is
to faine, the grete somme in his mind, so that he
mow adden the partes, that he hath foryetten, to
thilke parties, that he hath withholden.

Prosa quarta.

*Tum illa, vetus, inquit, hæc est de Providen-
tia querela, à M. Tullio, &c.*

THen faied she, this is (qð she) the olde que-
stion of the purveiaunce of GOD. And Mar-
cus Tullius, when he divided the Divinacions, that
is to faine, in his bokes that he wrote of divinacions,
he moved gretlie this question, and thou thy self
haste ifought it moche, and utterlie and long, but
yet ne hath it not ben determined, ne isped fermelie
and diligentlie of any of you; and the cause of this
darknesse, and of this difficultie is, for that the mo-
ving of the reson of mankinde ne maie not moven
to, that is to faine, applien or joynen to the simpli-
citie of the divine prescience, the which simplicitie
of the divine prescience, if that men mighten think
it in any maner, that is to faine, that if men mighten
thinke, and comprehend the thynges, that God se-
eth himself, then there dwelled utterly no doubt,
the whiche reson and cause of difficulties, I shall af-
saie at last to shewe and to speden, when I have firste
ispeded, and answered to thy resons, by whiche
thou art moved, for I aske why thou weneft, that
thilke resons of 'hem that assoilen this question, ne
be not spedfull inough ne sufficient, the whiche solu-
cion or the which reson, for that it demeth, that the
prescience is not of necessitie of thynges to come, as
who faith, any other waie then thus, but that the
ilke thynges, that the prescience wote beforne ne maie
not unbetiden, that is to faine, that thei moten be-
tide? But then, if that prescience ne putteth none
necessitie to thynges to comen, as thou thy self hast
confessed it, and bekowe a little here beforne, what
cause, or what is it, as who faith, there maie no
cause be, by whiche that the endes voluntarie of
thynges, mighten be constrained to certaine beti-
dynges. For by grace of posicion, so that thou maie

the better understand this that foloweth, I suppose
that there ne be no prescience: then aske I (qð she)
in as moche as apertaineth to that, shoulde then
thynges that comen of frewill, be constrained to be-
tiding by necessitie? *Bo.* Naie (qð I). *Phi.* Then
ayenwarde (qð she) I suppose that there be presci-
ence, but that it ne putteth no necessitie to thynges;
than trowe I that thilke same fredome of will shall
dwellen all whole and absolute, and unbounden.
But thou wilt faine, that albeit so that prescience n'is
not cause of the necessitie of betiding to thynges to
comen, algates yet it is a signe, that the thynges ben
to betiden by necessitie. By this maner then, al-
though that prescience had never be, yet algates or
at lest waie, it is certain thyng, that endes of beti-
dinges of thynges to comen shoulde be necessarie.
For every thing sheweth and signifieth onely, what
the thing is, but it ne maketh not the thing that it
signifieth. For which it behoveth, first to shew that
nothing ne betideth, that it ne betideth by necessi-
tie: so that it maie appere, that the prescience is
signe of necessitie: or els if there n'ere no necessitie,
certes thilke prescience ne might not be signe of thyng
that n'is not. But certes, it is now certain, that the
prove of this ifultened by stedfast reson, ne shall not
ben ladde, ne proved by signes ne by argumentes,
taken fro without, but by causes convenable and ne-
cessarie. But thou maieft faine, how maie it be that
the things ne betiden not, that ben purveied to comen?
But certes, right as we trowen that the thynges,
whiche that the purveiaunce wote beforne to comen,
ne be not to betiden. But that ne shold we not de-
men, but rather although thei shall betiden, yet ne
have thei no necessitie of ther kinde to betiden: and
this maieft thou lightly apperceven, by this that I
shall fain. For we seen many thynges, when thei
ben beforne our eyne, right as men seen the Carter
worchyng in the tournyng, and in the attemptyng or
adressing of his cartes or chariottes, and by this man-
ner, as who faieft, maieft thou understande of all
other werkemene. Is there then any necessitie, as
who faieft, in our lokyng, that constraineth or com-
pelleth any of thilke thynges to ben doen so? *Bo.*
Naie (qð I) for in idel and in vaine were all the ef-
fecte of crafte, if that all thynges weren moved by
constraining of our eyen, or of our sight. *Phi.* The
thynges then (qð she) that when that men doen
'hem, ne have no necessitie that men doen 'hem, eke
tho same thynges first or thei be doen, thei ben to
comen without necessitie: for why? ther ben some
thynges to betiden, of whiche the endes and the
betidynges of 'hem ben absolute and quite of all ne-
cessitie. For certes, I ne trowe not that any manne
would faine this, that the thynges that menne doen
now, that thei ne were to betiden first, er thei wer
doen. And thilke same thynges, although men had-
den wiste 'hem beforne, yet thei have fre betidynges.
For right as science of thynges present ne bryngeth
in no necessitie to thynges that menne doen, right
so to the prescience of thynges to comen ne bringeth
in none necessitie, to thynges to betiden. But thou
maieft fain, that of thilk same it is doubted, as
whether that of thilke thynges, that ne have non
issues and betidynges necessities, if thereof maie ben
any prescience. For certes, thei semen to discorden,
for thou weneft, that if that thynges ben seen before,
that necessitie followeth 'hem, and if necessitie faileth
'hem, thei ne might not ben wiste before, and that
nothyng maie be comprehended by science, but cer-
taine; and if tho thynges ne have no certain beti-
dynges, be purveighed as certain, it should be darke-
nesse of opinion, not sothfastnesse of science. And
thou weneft that it be divers fro the holinesse of sci-
ence, that any man should deme a thyng to be o-
therwise

therwise then it is it self, and the cause of this error is, that of al the thynges, that every wight hath knowe, thei wene that tho thynges ben knowe onely by the strengthe, and by the nature of the thynges, that ben wiste or knowe, and it is all the contrarie: for all that ever is knowe, it is rather comprehended and knowe, not after his strength and his nature, but after the facultie, that is to saie, the power and the nature of 'hem that knowen. And that this thing is sothe sheweth by a short ensample the roundnesse of a bodie, otherwise the sight of the eye knoweth it, and otherwise the touchyng. The lokyng, by castyng of his bemes, waiteth and seeth from a farre, all the bodie together, without movyng of it self, but the touchyng cleaveth to the rounde bodie, and moveth about the environnyng, and comprehendeth the parties by roundenesse, and the man hymself otherwise beholdeth hym, and otherwaies imaginacion, and otherwise reson, and otherwise intelligence: For the witte comprehendeth withoutforth the figure of the bodie of man, that is unestablished in the matter subject. But the imaginacion comprehendeth onelie the figure without the matter. Reson surmounteth imaginacion, and comprehendeth by universall lokyng the common species; but the eye of intelligence is higher, for it surmounteth the environnyng of the universitie, and loketh over by pure subtiltie of thought the ilke same simple forme of man, that is perdurable in the divine thought; in whiche this ought gretlie to be considered, that the hiest strength for to comprehend thynges embraseth and containeth the lower strength, but the lower strength ne ariseth not in no maner to the higher strength. For witte ne maie comprehendeth nothyng out of matter, ne the imaginacion ne loketh not the universalle species, ne reson ne taketh not the simple forme, so as intelligence taketh it. But intelligence that loketh al aboven, when it hath comprehended the forme, it knoweth and demeth all the thynges, that ben under the forme, but she knoweth 'hem in thilke maner in whiche it comprehendeth thilke same simple forme, that ne maie never be knowen of none of that other, that is to saie, to none of the thre foresaied strengthes of the soule, for it knoweth the universitie of reson, and the figure of imaginacion, and the sensible materiall conceived by wit, ne it ne useth not ne of reson, ne of imaginacion, ne of witte withoutforthe; but it beholdeth all thynges, so as I shall saie, by a stroke of thought fermely, without discours of collacion. Certes, reson when it loketh any thyng universall, it ne useth not of imaginacion ne witte, and algates yet it comprehendeth the thynges imaginable, and sensible, for reson is she that definiseth the universalle of her concepte, right thus: Man is a resonable twofored best: and how so that this knowyng is universall, yet n'is there no wight, that ne wote well, that a man is a thyng imaginable and sensible, and this same considereth well reson, but that n'is not by imaginacion, nor by witte, but it loketh it by resonable concepcion. Also imaginacion, albeit so, that it taketh of witte the beginnyng, to seen and formen the figures, algates although that witt ne were not presente, yet it environneth and comprehendeth all thynges sensible, not by reson sensible of demyng, but by reson imaginative. Seest thou not then, that all the thynges in knowyng usen more of ther facultie, or of ther power, then thei doen of the facultie, or of power of thynges that ben to knowen, ne that is no wronge, for so as every judgements, is that dede or doying of hym, that demeth, it behoveth that every wight performe his werke, and his entencion, not of foraine power, but of his proper power.

Metrum quartum.

*Quondam Porticus attulit
Obscuros nimium senes, &c.*

THE porche, that is to saie, a gate of the toun of Athenes, there as Philosophers hadden congregacion to dispute, thilk porche brought sometye olde men, full darke in ther sentences, that is to saie Philosophers, that highten Stoiciens, that wende that Images and sensibilities, that is to saie, sensible imaginacions, or els imaginacions of sensible thynges, were emprinted into soules, fro bodies withoutforthe; as who saith, thilke Stoiciens wenden that the soule had be naked of hymself, as a mirroure, or clene perchemine, so that all figures musten first comen fro thynges fro without into soules, and ben emprinted into soules, right as we ben wonte, sometye by a swifte pointell, to fixen letters emprinted in the smothnesse, or in the plainesse of the table of waxe, or in the parchemine, that hath no figure ne note in it. *Glosa.* But now argueth Boece against that opinion, and saith thus. But if the thrivyng soule ne unpliteth nothyng, that is to saie, ne doeth thyng by his proper moving, but suffreth and lieth subject to the figures, and to the notes of bodies withoutforthe, and yeldeth Images idell, evill and vaine, in the maner of a mirroure, whence thrive then, or whence cometh the ilke knowyng in our soule, that discerneth and beholdeth all thynges, and whence is the ilke strengthe, that beholdeth the singuler thynges, or els whence is the strengthe, that divideth thynges iknowe, and thilke strength that gathereth together thynges divided, and strength that choseth the enterchaunged waie: for sometye it heveth the hedde, that is to saie, that it heveth up the entencion to right high thynges, and sometye it discendeth into right lowe thynges, and when it retourneth into hymself, it reproveth and destroyeth the false thynges, by the true thynges.

Certes, this strength is cause more efficient, and moche more mightie, to seen and to knowen thynges, then thilke cause that suffreth and receveth the notes and figures, impressed in maner of matter. Algates the passion, that is to saie, the sufferance, or the witte in the quicke bodie, goeth before exitynge, and movyng the strengthes of the thought, right so as when that clerenesse smiteth the eyen, and moveth 'hem to seen, or right so as voyce or soun hurleth to the eres, and commoveth 'hem to herken, then is the strengthe of the thought moved and excited, clepeth forth to semblable movynges the species that it halte within it self, and addeth the species of the notes to thynges withoutforthe, and medleth the Images of thynges withoutforthe to thynges hid within hymself.

Prosa quinta.

Quod si, in corporibus sentiendis, quamvis afficiant instrumenta sensuum, &c.

BUT what is that in bodies to be feled, that is to saie, in the taking, and in the knowyng of bodily thynges? And albeit so that the qualities of bodies, that be objecte fro withoutforthe, moven and entalenten the instrumentes of the wittes, and

all be it so, that the passion of the bodie, that is to saie, the witte, or the suffraunce, goeth before the strength, or the worchyng courage, the whiche passion or suffraunce clepeth forthe the dede of the thought in it self, and moveth and exciteth in this mene while the formes that resten withinforthe, and insensible bodies, as I have said, our courages n'is not taught or emprinted by passion to knowe these thynges, but demeth and knoweth of his owne strength the passion or suffraunce subiecte to the bodie: moche more then tho thynges ben absolute, and quicke fro all talentes, or affections of bodies, as God or his Angels, ne folowen not in discernyng thynges object fro withoutforthe, but thei accomplisshen and speden the dedes of ther thought. By this reson then, there comen many maner of knowynges, to diverse and to diffryng substaunces.

For the witte of the bodie, the whiche wit is naked, and dispoiled of all other knowing, thilke witte cometh to bestes, the whiche ne mowen not moven 'hemself here and there, as Oysters and Muskelles, and other soche Shelifshe of the Se, that cleven and ben nourished to rockes, but the imaginacion cometh of remuable bestes, that semen to have talente to flien, or to desiren any thyng: but reson is al onelie the linage of mankinde, right as intelligence is al onelie the Divine nature, of whiche it followeth, that the ilke knowyng is more worthe then is either, sens it knoweth by his proper nature, not onelie his subiecte, as who saith, it ne knoweth not al onelie, that appertaineth properlie to his knowyng, but it knoweth the subiectes of all other knowynges. But how shall it than be, if that witte and imaginacion striven ayen reson, and saie that of the ilke univerfall thyng, that reson weneth to seen, that it n'is right naught, for witte and imaginacion saie, that that is sensible or imaginable, it ne maie not ben univerfall.

Then is there either the judgement of reson sothe, ne that there n'is nothyng sensible, or els for that reson wote well, that many thynges ben subiect to wit, and to imaginacion, then is the conception of reson vaine and false, whiche that loketh and comprehendeth that that is sensible and singuler, as univerfall. And if that the reson would answer ayenst these two, that is to saie, to witte and imaginacion, and saie that sothly she her self that is to saie reson, loketh and comprehendeth by reson of universalite, both that that is sensible, and that that is imaginable, and thilke two, that is to saie, witte and imaginacion, ne mowen not stretchen 'hemself to the knowyng of universalite, for that the knowing of 'hem ne maie not exceden, ne surmounten the bodily figures; certes, of the knowyng of thynges men oughten rather yeven more credence to the more stedfast, and to the more perfite judgemente, in this maner strivyng; then we that have strengthe of reson, and of imaginacion, and of witte, that is to saie, by reson and by imaginacion, we would rather praise the cause of reson, as who saith, then the cause of witte, and of ymaginacion. Semblable thing is it, that the reson of mankinde ne weneth not, that the Divine intelligence beholdeth or knoweth thynges to come, but right as the reson of mankinde knoweth 'hem: For thou arguiste thus, that if that it ne seme not to men, that some thynges have certaine betidynges, thei ne maie not be wiste before certainlie to betiden, and then is there no prescience of thilke thynges, and if we trowe, that prescience be in these thynges, then is there nothyng, that betideth not by necessitie. But if we might have the judgemente of the divine thought, as we ben parteners of reson, right so as we have demed, that it behoveth by imaginacion and witte, and be-

neth reson, right so would we demen, that it were rightfull thyng, that manne's reson ought to submitte it self to be beneth the divine thought, for whiche if we maie, as who saith, that if we maie, I counsaile, that we enhaunce us in the height of thilke soverain intelligence, for there shall reson well seen that, that it ne maie not beholde in it self, and certes, that is thus, in what maner the prescience of God seeth all thyngs and diffinissheth, although thei have no certain betidynges: ne this is none opinion, but rather the simplicite of the soverain science, that is not shet within no maner of boundes.

Metrum quintum.

*Quam variis terras animalia permeant figuris!
Namque alia extento sunt corpore, &c.*

THE bestes passen by the yerthes, by full divers figures, for some of 'hem have ther bodies straught, and crepen in the dust, and drawn after 'hem a trace, or a forough continued, that is to saie, as Neders and Snailles; and other bestes, by the wanderyng lightnesse of ther winges, beten the windes, and over swimmen the spaces of the long aire, by mozte flying.

And other bestes gladden 'hemself to diggen ther traces, or ther steppes in the yerthe, with ther goyng, or with ther fete, and to gon either by the grene fieldes, or els to waiken under the wodes. And all be it so that thou seest, that thei discorden by divers formes, algates ther faces enclined hevieth ther dulle wittes, onely the linage of manne heverth highest his hie hedde, and standeth light with his upright body, and beholdeth the yerthes under hym. And but if thou yerthlie manne waxeste evill out of thy wit, this figure amonesteth The that asketh the heaven with thy right visage, and hast areised thy forchedde, to beren up on high thy courage, so that thy thought ne be not heved, ne put lowe under fote, sith that thy body is so high areised.

Prosa sexta.

Quoniam igitur, uti paulò antè monstratum est, omne quod scitur, &c.

Therefore then, as I have shewed a little here before, that all thing that is wist, n'is not known by his nature proper, but by the nature of 'hem that comprehend it, let us loken now, in as moche as it is lesfull to us, as who saith, let us loken now as we maie, whiche that is the estate of the Divine substaunce, so that we maie well knowe eke what his science is. To common judgement of al creatures reasonables then is, that God is eterne: Let us consider then, what is eternite, for certes, that shall shewen us togidder, the divine nature, and the divine science. Eternite then is perfite possession, and all together of life interminable, and that sheweth the more clerelie, by the comparison or colacion of temporall thynges.

For all thyng that liveth in tyme, it is present, and procedeth fro preterities, into futures, that is to saie, from time passed, into time coming: ne there n'is nothing established in tyme, that maie embracen together all the space of this life, for certes, yet ne hath it not taken the tyme of to morowe, and it hath lost that of yesterdaie. And certes, in the

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life

life of this daie, ye ne liven no more, but right as in this movable, and transitorie moment. Then thilke thyng that suffereth temporall condicion, although that it never began to be, ne though it never cese to be (as Aristoteles demed of the world) and although the life of it be stretched with infinite of tyme, yet algates n'is it no soche thyng, as men might trowen by right that it is eterne. For although that it comprhende, and embrace the space of the life infinite, yet algates ne embraseth it not the space of the life all together, for it ne hath not the futures that be not yet: Ne it ne hath no lenger the preterities that ben done or passed. But thilke thing than, that hath and comprehendeth togidher all the plente of the life interminable, to whom there ne faileth nought of the future, and to whom there n'is nought of the preterite escaped or passed, thilke same is ywitnessed and proved by right to ben eterne. And it behoveth by necessite that thilke thing be alway presente to him selfe, and competent, as who faith, alway presente to himselfe, and so mighty, that all be right at his plesance, and that he have al present the infinite of the movable tyme. Wherefore some men trowen wrongfullye, that whan they heren that it semed to Plato, that this world had never beginninge of time, that it never shall have faylynge: they wene in thilke maner, that this worlde be makid eterne, wyth his maker, as who saythe, they wene that this worlde and God be makid togither eterne. And that is a wrongful wening, for other thing it is to be ladde by the life interminable, as Plato graunted to the worlde, and other thing it is to embrace together al the presence of the life that is interminable, which thing is clere and manifest to the dyvine thought. Ne it ne shulde not seme to us that God is elder than thinges that ben makid, by quantite of time, but rather by the prosperite of his simple nature. For this ylke infynyte movynges of temporal thynges foloweth thys presentary estate of thys lyfe immovable, and so as it ne maie not countrefeten ne faine it, ne be evenlike to it for the immobilitie, that is to say, that is in the eternite of God, it faileth and faileth into mowing fro the simplicitie of the presence of God, and disencreseth in the infinite quantite of future and preterite. And so as it may not have togydher all the plentie of the lyfe, algates yet for as moch as it cesech never for to ben in some maner, yet it semeth somdele to us, that it foloweth and ressembleth thilke thinge, that it ne may not attaine to ne fulfilen, and bindeth it selfe to some maner presence of thys lytel moment: the whiche presence of thys lytel and swifte moment for that it bereth a maner ymage of lykenesse of the ayedwelling of God, it graunteth to soche maner thinges, as it betideth to, that it semeth hem as these thynges have ben, and ben. And for that the presence of soche lytel moment ne may not dwell, therefore it ravished and toke th' infinite waie of time, that is to saye, by succession, and by this manere it is done, for that it shulde continue the life in goyng, of the whiche lyfe it ne might not embrace the plentie of dwelling. And forthy, if we wollen put worthy names to thinges, that folowen Plato, let us saye than sothelye, that God is eterne, and that the worlde is perpetuell. Than sithe every judgement knoweth and comprehendeth by his owne nature, thinges that ben subject unto hym, there is to God alwaies an eterne and a presentarie estate. And the scyence of hym that overpassech al temporal moment, dwelleth in simplicitie of his presence, and embraseth and consydereth all the infynite spaces of tymes preterities, and of tymes futures. And loketh in his simple knowing, al thynges of preterite, right as thei weren ydon presently right now.

If thou wolte than thynken and advise the prescience, by whiche it knoweth al thinges, thou ne shalt not demen it as prescience of thinges to comen, but thou shalt demen more rightfully that is science of presence or of instance that never ne faileth, for whiche it n'is not ycleped providence, but it shuld rather ben cleped purveiaunce, which is establiished full ferre fro right low thinges, and beholdeth from aserre al thinges, right as it were fro the hye hyght of thynges. Why askest thou than, or why disputest thou than that thilke thynges ben doen by necessite, whiche that ben yfene and yknownen by the divine sight, sythe that forsothe men ne maken nat thilke thynges necessary, whiche that they sene ben ydon in ther sight, for addeth thy beholding any necessite to thilke thinges whiche thou beholdest present? *Bo. Naye* (qđ I). *Phi. Certes* (qđ she) than, yf men mighten maken any digne comparison or collacion of the presence divine, and of the presence of mankind, right so as ye sene some thinges in this temporal presence, right so seeth God all thing by his eterne presence. Wherefore this divine prescience ne chaungeth not the nature of the propertie of thinges, but beholdeth soch thinges present to him warde, as they shuden betyden to you warde in tyme to comen. Ne it ne confoundeth not the judgement of thinges, but by one syght of his thought, he knoweth the thinges to comen, as wel necessary as not necessary. Right so whan ye sene together a man walke on the erthe, and the sonne arisen in the heven, al be it so that ye sene al togither that one and that other: yet nevertheles ye demen and discernen, that that one is voluntary, and that other is necessary: Right so than the divine lookinge, beholdinge al thinges under him, ne troubleth nat the qualite of thinges that ben certainly presente to him warde, but as to the condicion of tyme, forsothe they ben future, for whiche it foloweth that this n'ys none opinion, but rather a stedfaste knowing ystrengthened by sothenesse, that whan that God knoweth any thinge to be, he ne unwote nat that thilke thyng wanteth necessite to be, this is to faine, that whan that God knoweth any thyng to betide, he wote wel that it ne hath no necessite to betide. And yf thou seist here that thilke thing that God seeth to betide, it ne may nat unbetide, as who saythe it mote betyde, and thilke thinge that ne may nat unbetide, it mote betiden by necessite, and that thou streyn me to this name of the necessite, certes I will well confessen and bekowen a thyng of full sad trouthe, but uneth shall there anie wight mow sene it or come thereto, but if that he be beholder of the divine thought, for I wil answere The thus, that thilke thinge that is future when it is referred to the divine knowinge than it is necessary. But certes whan it is understanden in his owne kind, men sene it utterly fre and absolute fro all necessity. For certes there ben two maners of necessities, that one necessite is simple, as thus, that it behoveth by necessite that all men be mortall or dedlye. Another necessite is condicionell, as thus, yf thou wost that a man walketh, it behoveth by necessite that he walke, thilke thing than that any wight hath yknowe to be, it ne may nat ben none other wyse than he knoweth it to be. But this condicion ne draweth not with her thilke necessite simple, for certes this necessite condicionell, the propre nature of it ne maketh it nat, but the adjection of the condicion maketh it. For no necessite ne constraineth a man to gon, that goeth by his proper wil, al be it so, that whan he goth, that is necessary that he goth. Right on this same maner than, yf that the purveiaunce of God seeth any thinge present, than mote thilke thinge ben by necessity, although that it ne have no necessity

of his owne nature. But certes the futures that be-tyden by fredom of arbytrie, God seeth 'hem al togither present. These thynges than if they ben referred to the divine sight, than ben they maked necessarie by the condicion of the divine knowinge. But certes, if thilke thynges ben considred by 'hemselfe, they ben absolute of necessite, and ne forletten not, ne cessen not of the libertie of ther owne nature. Than certes, without dout all the thynges shullen ben don whiche that God wote before that they ben to comen and betiden of fre arbitrie, or of fre wyll, that al be it so that they betiden, yet algates ne lese they not ther proper nature in beyng, by the whiche firste or they weren don, they hadden power not to have betidde. *Bo.* What is this to saine than (q^d I) that thynges ne be not necessary by ther proper nature, so that they comen in al ther maners in the likenesse of necessite, by condicion of the divine science? *Phi.* This is the difference (q^d she) that tho thynges whiche that I propoed. The a lytel here before, that is to saine, the Sonne arisyng, and the man walkyng, that ther whiles that thilk thynges ben done, they ne might not ben undone. Nachelesse that one of 'hem or it was done, it behoveth by necessite that it was done, but not that other. Right so it is here that the thynges whiche that God hath present, withouten doute they shullen ben, but some of 'hem discendeth of the nature of thynges, as the sonne arisyng, and some discendeth of the power of the doers, as the manne walkyng. *Bo.* Then said I, no wronge, that if these thynges be referred to the divine knowinge, than ben they necessarie, and if they ben considred by 'hemselfe, than ben they absolute fro the bonde of necessite. Right so, as al thynges that apereth or sheweth to the wittes, if thou referre 'hem to reson it is universall, and if thou loke it or refer it to it self, than is it singuler. But nowe if thou saiest thus, that if that it be in my power to chaungen my purpose, than shall I voiden the purveiaunce of God, whan paraventure, I shall have chaunged the thynges whiche that he knoweth before.

Phi. Than shall I answeren The thus: Certes thou maiste wel chaunge thy purpose, but for as moche as the present sothnesse of the divine purveiaunce beholdeth that thou maiste chaunge thy purpose, and whether thou chaunge it or no, and whiderward that thou tourne it, thou ne maist not eschue the divine prescience, right so thou ne maiste not flid the sight of the present eye, although that thou tourne thy self by thy frewil into divers actions. But

thou maiste saine ayen to this thus: How shall it than be, shall not the divine science ben chaunge by my disposicion, whan that I will one thing now; and now another thing? And thilke prescience ne semeth it not to entrechaunge stoundes of knowinge, as who saithe, ne shal it not semen to us, that the divine prescience entrechaungeth his divers stoundes of knowinge, so that it knowe sometime one thing; and sometime it knoweth the contrarie of that thing?

Phi. No forsothe (q^d she) for the divine sight renneth before and seeth al the futures, and clepeth 'hem ayen, and retourneth 'hem to the propre prescience of his propre knowinge, ne he entrechaungeth not, so as thou wenest the stoundes of his foreknowinge, as nowe this, nowe that: but he dwelling aye cometh before, and embraseth at o stroke al the mutations. And this prescience to comprehend and to sene al thynges God ne hath not taken it of the betidinges of thynges to comen, but of his propre simplicite. And hereby is assoiled thilke thynges that thou puttest a litel here before, that is to saine; that it is unworthy thing to saie, that our futures yeven cause of the prescience of God. For certes strength of the divine science, whiche that embraseth al thynges by his presentary knowinge, establissheth maner to all thynges, and it ne oweth not to latter thynges. And lithe that these thynges ben thus, that is to saine, that necessite is not in thynges by the divine prescience, than is ther fredom of arbitrie that dwelleth whole and unwemmed to mortal men, ne the lawes ne purposen not wycked medes, and and paines to the willinges of men, that ben unboudent and quite of all necessite: And God beholder and foreweter of al thynges dwelleth above, and the presente eternite of sight renneth alwaye wyth the divers qualite of our dedes, dispensyng or ordeining medes to gode men, and tourmentes to wicked men. Ne in ydel ne in vaine ne ben ther not put in God hope and praiers, that ne mowen not ben unspedeful, ne without effecte, whan they ben rightful.

Withstande than and eschewe thou vyces, worshippe and love thou vertues, areyse thy corage to rightful hopes, yelde thou humble praiers and highe. Grete necessite of prowesse and of vertue is encharged and commaunded to you, if ye n'il not dissimulen, sith that ye worchen and done, that is to saine, your dedes and youre werkes before the eyen of the judge, that seeth and also that demeth al thynges.

Deo Gratias.

Thus endeth the Boke of BOECIUS of the Consolacion of Philosophie.



The

The Dreame of CHAUCER.

By the Person of a mourning Knight sitting under an Oak, is meant *John of Gaunt*, Duke of *Lancaster*, greatly lamenting the Death of one whom he entirely loved, supposed to be *Blanch* the Dutcheſs.

I Have grete wonder by this light
Howe that I lyve, for daye ne night
I maye not ſlepin welny nought,
I have ſo many an ydle thought,

Purely for the defaute of ſlepe,
That by my trouth, I take no kepe
Of nothing, howe it cometh or gothe,
Ne me n'ys nothing leſe nor lothe,
Al is ilichè gode to me
Joye or ſorowe, where ſo it be,
For I have felinge in nothing,
But as it were a maſid thing
Al day in pointe to fall adoun,
For ſo'rowful ymaginacioun
Is alway wholly in my minde.

And well ye wote that againſte kinde
It were to livin in this wiſe,
For nature ne wolde not ſuffiſe
Unto none erthy creature
Not longè tyme to endure
Withoutin ſlepe, and be in ſorowe,
And I ne may ne night ne morowe
Slepin, and this melancolye
And drede I havin for to die;
Defaute of ſlepe and hevineſſe
Hath ſlaine my ſpirite of quickneſſe,
That I have loſt al luſtihed
Soche fantasies ben in mine hed,
So I n'ot what is beſt to do.

But men might askin me whiſo
I may not ſlepe, and what me is?

But natheles, who askith thys
Leſeth his askyng trewily,
My ſelvin can not tellin why
The ſothe, but trewly as I geſſe
I holde it be a ſikeneſſe,
That I have ſuffrid this eyght yere,
And yet my bote is ner the nere,
For there is phiſicien but one
That may me hele, but that is done,
Paſſin we ovir until eſte,
That wil not be, more nedes be leſte,
Our firſt matir is gode to kepe.

So whan I ſawe I might not ſlepe,
Til now of late this othir night
Upon my bedde I ſate upright,
And bade one rechin me a boke,
A Romauncè, and it me toke
To rede, and drive the night away,
For why? me thought it betir play
Than play either at Cheſſe or tables.

And in this boke were writtin fables,
That Clerkis had in oldè time,
And othir poetes, put in rhyme,
To rede, and for to be in minde,
While men lovid the lawe of kinde.
This boke ne ſpake but of ſoche thinges
Of quenis livis, and of kinges,
And many othir thingis ſmale;
Amonge al this I fonde a tale,
Whiche that me thought a wondir thing.

This was the tale: There was a king

That hight Ceix, and had a wiſe
The beſt that mightin berin lyſe,
And this quenè hight Alcyone;
So it beſil, thereafter ſone
This king wol wendin ovir Se;
To tellin ſhortly, whan that he
Was in the Se, thus in this wiſe
Soche a tempeſt began to ryſe
That brake ther maſte, and made it fal,
10 And cleſte ther ſhip, and dreint 'hem al,
That nevir was founde, as it telles,
Ne borde ne man, ne nothing elles;
Right thus this king yloſte his life.

Nowe for to ſpekin of his wiſe,
This ladie, that was leſte at home
Hath wondir, that the kinge ne come
Home, for it was a longè terme,
Anon her herte began to yerne,
And for that her thought evirmo
20 It was not wele, her thoughtin ſo,
She longid ſo aſtir the king,
That certes it were a pitous thing
To tell her hertely ſo'rowful lyſe,
Whiche that ſhe had, this noble wiſe,
For him ſhe lovid aldirbeſt;
Anon ſhe ſent both eſt and weſt
To ſeke him, but they founde him nought.

Alas (qð ſhe) that I was wrought!
And where my lorde my love be ded,
30 Certis I n'yl nevir ete bred,
I make a vowe to my God here,
But I mowe of my lordè here.

Soche ſorowe this lady to' her toke,
That trewly I, that made this boke,
Yhad ſoche pite, and ſoche routhe
To rede her ſo'rowe, that by my trouthe
I ſarid the worſe al the morowe
Aſtir to thinkin on her ſorowe.

So whan that ſhe coude here no worde,
40 That no man myghtin finde her lorde,
Ful ofte ſhe ſwouned, and ſaide alas!
For ſorow ful nigh wode ſhe was,
Ne ſhe ne coude no rede but one,
But downe on knees ſhe ſate anone,
And wept, that pite was to here.

A mercy my ſwete lady dere,
Qð ſhe to Juno her goddeſſe,
Helpith me out of this diſtreſſe,
110 And yeve me grace my lorde to ſe
Sone, or to wete where ſo he be,
Or howe he fareth, or in what wiſe,
And I ſhal make you ſacrifice,
And wholly yours become I ſhal,
With gode wil, body, herte and al;
And but thou wolte this, lady ſwete,
Sendin me grace to ſlepe and mete
In my ſlepe ſome certaine ſwevin,
Where through that I may knowe evin
50 Whethir my lorde be quicke or ded.

With that worde ſhe hinge down the hed,
And fel in a ſwoune, as colde as ſtone,
Her women caught her up anone,

And

And broughtin her in bed al naked,
And she forwepid and forwaked
Was wery, and thus the ded slepe
Yfel on her, or she toke kepe,
Through Juno, that had herde her bone,
That madin her to slepe sone;
For as she praide, right so was don
In dede, for Juno right anon
Ycallid thus her messangere
To do' her eraunde, and he come nere:
Whan he was come, she bad him thus,

Go bet (qð Juno) to Morpheus,
Thou knowest him wel, the god of slepe,
Nowe understande wel, and take kepe,
Say thus on my behalfe, that he
Go fast into the gretè Se,
And bid him that on alle thinge
He take up Ceix body the kinge,
That lieth ful pale, and nothings rody,
Byd him crepin into the body,
And do it gone to Alcyone
The quene, there she lyith alone,
And shewe her shortely' it is no nay
Howe it was dreint this othir day,
And do the body speke right so
Right as it was wonnid to do
The whilis that it was alyve;
Goith nowe fast, and hye The blive.

This messanger toke leve and went
Upon his way, and nevre' he stente
Tyl he came to the darke valey,
That stante betwixtin rockis twey,
There nevir yet grewe corne ne gras,
Ne tre, ne nothing that ought was,
Ne best ne man, ne nothing elles,
Save that there werin a fewe welles,
Came renning fro the clyffes adowne,
That made a dedly slepinge fowne,
And rennin downe right by a cave,
That was undir a rocke ygrave
Amyd the valey wondir depe,
There as these goddis lay a slepe,
Morpheus and Eclympasteyre,
That was the god of slep'is heire,
That slepte, and did none othir werke.

This cave ywas also as derke
As hel pitte, ovr all aboute,
They had gode leysir for to route
To vye who mightin slepe best,
Some hinge ther chinne upon ther.brest,
And slepte upright ther hed yhed,
And some lay nakid in ther bed,
And sleptin whiles their dayis last.

This messaunger come renning fast,
And cried ho ho, awake anone;
It was for naught, there herde him none;
Awake (qð he) who lyith there?
And blewe his horne right in ther ere,
And cried awakith wondir hie.

This god of slepe with his one eye
Cast up, and asked who clepith there?
It am I (qð this messangere)
Juno bade that thou shouldist gone,
And toldin him what he should done,
As I have tolde you here before,
It is no nede reherse it more,
And wente his way whan he had saide:
Anone this god of slepe abraide
Out of his slepe, and gan to go,
And did as he had bidde him do,
He toke up the ded body sone,
And bare it forthe to Alcyone,
His wife, the quene, there as she lay,
Right even a quartir before day,

And stode right at her bedd'is fete,
And callid her right as she hete
By name, and said: My swetè wife,
Awake, let be your so'rowful lyfe,
For in your so'row there lyth no rede,
For certes, swete love, I am but dede,
Ye shall me ner on lyve yse,
But gode swete herte, I praye, that ye
Bury my body, soche a tide
Ye mowe it finde, the Se beside,
And farewell swete, my world'is blisse,
I pray that God your sorowe lyffe,
To lytel while our blisse ylasteth.

With that her eyin up she casteth,
And sawe naught; alas! for sorowe
She died within the thirde morowe.

But what she said more in that swowe
I may nat tellin you as nowe,
It were to longe for to dwel,
My first matere I wil you tel,
Wherefore I have ytoldè this thinge
Of Alcyone, and Ceix the kinge.

For thus moche dare I sayin well,
I had be dolvin everidel,
And ded, right through defaute of slepe,
Yf I ne had red, and take kepe
Of this ilke tale next before,
And I wil tellin you wherefore,
For I ne might for bote ne bale
Slepin, or I had redde this tale
Of this ydreinte Ceix the kinge,
And of the goddis of slepinge.

Whan I had red this tale wele,
And ovrlooked it everidele,
Me thought wondir, if it were so,
For I had ner herde speke or tho
Of no goddis, that couldin make
Men for to slepe, ne for to wake,
And I ne knewe ner God but one,
And in my game I said anone,
(And yet me lyst right il to pley)
Rathir than that I shuldin dey
Thorough defaute of slepinge thus,
I woldin gyve thilke Morpheus,
Or that goddesse hight dame Juno,

Or some wight els, I ne rought who,
To make me slepe, and have some rest,
I will give him the althir best
Yeste, that er he abode his lyve,
And herconwarde right now as blyve,
If he woll make me slepe a lite,
Of downe of pure Dovyis white

I wol yeve him a fethir bed,
Rayid with gold, and right wel cled
In fine blacke Sattin doutremere,
And many' a pilowe', and every bere
Of clothe of raines to slepe on softe,
Him thare not nede to turnin ofte,
And I wol yeve him al that falles
To his chambre and to his hailes,
I wol do painte hem with pure golde,
And tapite hem ful many folde,
Of one sute this shal he yhave,
If that I wiste where were his cave,
If he can make me slepin sone,

As did the goddesse, quene Alcyone,
And thus this ylke god Morpheus
May winnin of me mo fees thus
Than er he wanne; and to Juno
That 'is his goddesse, I shal so do,
I trowe, that she shal holde her paide.

I had unneth that worde ifaide,
Right thus as I have toldin you,
That sodeinly I ne wiste howe

Soche a luste anone me ytoke
 To slepe, that right upon my boke
 I fel aslepe, and therwith even
 Me mette so inly soche a sweven,
 So wondirfull, that nevir yet
 I trowe no man ne had the wit
 To connin wel my swevin rede,
 No nought Joseph withoutin drede
 Of Egypt, he which that rad so
 The king's metinge Pharao,
 No more than coude the leste of us,
 Ne nat scarfly Macrobeus,
 He that wrote al the' avision,
 Whiche that he met kinge Scipion,
 The noble man, the Affrican,
 Soche mervailis fortunid than
 I trowe arede my dremis even,
 Lo! thus it was, this was my sweven.
 Me thoughtin thus, that is was Maye,
 And in the dawning there I lay
 Me met thus in my bed al naked,
 And lokid forthe, for I was waked
 With smale foulis a gret hepe,
 That had affraid me' out of my slepe
 Through noise, and swetnesse of ther songe,
 And as me met, they fate amonge
 Upon my chambre rose without,
 Upon the tyles ovre' al about,
 And everiche songe in his wise
 The mosse swete and solempne servise
 By note, that evir man I trowe
 Had herde, for some of 'hem songe lowe,
 Some high, and al of one accorde,
 To tellin shortly, at o worde,
 Was nevir herde so swete a steven,
 But it had be a thinge of heven,
 So merie' a fowne, so swete entunes,
 That certis for the towne of Tewnes
 I n'olde, but I had herde 'hem singe,
 For al my chambre gan to ringe
 Through singing of ther harmony;
 For instrument, nor melody,
 Was no where herde yet halfe so swete,
 Nor of acorde halfe so mete,
 For there was none of 'hem that fained
 To singe, for eche of 'hem him painid
 To finde out many crafty notes,
 They ne ysparid nat ther throtis;
 And soth to faine, my chambre was
 Ful wel depaintid, and with glas
 Were al the windowes wel yglased
 Ful clere, and nat an hole ycrased,
 That to beholde it was grette joy,
 For wholly al the story' of Troy
 Was in the glaifinge ywrought thus,
 Of Hector, and kinge Priamus,
 Achilles, and kinge Lamedon,
 And eke Medea, and Jason,
 Of Paris, Heleine, and Lavine,
 And al the walles with colours fine
 Were paintid, bothe texte and glose,
 And al the Romaunte of the Rose;
 My wyndowes werin flet echone,
 And through the glasse the sunne yphone
 Upon my bed with bright bemis,
 With many glad gildy stremis,
 And eke the welkin was so faire,
 Blewe, bright, and clere ywas the ayre,
 And ful attempre', in sothe it was,
 For neithir coide, ne hote it n'as;
 Ne' in al the welkin was no clowde.

And as I lay thus, wondir lowde
 Me thought I herde an huntir blowe
 T' assay his gret horne, and to knowe

Whethre' it was clere, or horse of fowne.
 And I herde goynge up and downe
 Men, horsis, houndes, and othir thinge,
 And al men spekin of huntinge,
 How they wolde sle the harte with strength,
 And how the harte had upon length
 So moche enbosed, I n'ot nowe what.

280 Anon right whan I herdin that,
 How that they wolde on huntinge gone,
 I was right glad, and up anone
 I toke my horse, and forth I wente
 Out of chambre, I nevir stente
 Tyl I come to the felde without,
 There ovirtok I a grette rout

290 Of huntirs, and of foresters,
 And many relaies and limers,
 That hied 'hem to the forest fast,
 And I with 'hem, so at the last
 I askid one lad, a lymere,
 Say felowe, who shal huntin here,
 (Q^d I) and he answered ayen,
 Sir, the Emperour Octonyen,
 (Q^d he) and he is here faste by.

A goddes halfe, in gode tyme (q^d I)
 Than go we fast, and gan to ride;
 Whan we come to the forest side,
 Every man ydyd right sone
 300 As unto huntinge fel to done.

The maistir hunte anone fote hote
 With his clere horne yblewe thremote
 At the uncouplinge of his houndis,
 Within a while, the harte founde is,
 I halowed, and rechafid fast
 A longe time, and so at the last
 This harte rousid and stale away
 Fro al the houndes a privy way.

The houndes had ovirshot him all,
 310 And were on a defaute yfal,
 Therwith the hont full wondir fast
 Yblewe a forloyn at the laste,
 I was go walkid fro my tre,
 And as I went, there came by me
 A whelpe, that fawned me as I stode,
 That had folowed, and coude no gode,
 It came and crepte to me as lowe,
 Right as it had me wele yknowe,
 Helde down his hed, and joyned his eres,
 320 And laide al smothe adowne his heres.

I wolde have caught it up anone,
 It fled, and was fro me ygone,
 As I folowed, and it forth went,
 Downe by a floury grene it went
 Ful thick of grasse, ful softe and swete,
 With flouris fele fare undir fete,
 And lytil used, it semid thus,
 For bothe Flora, and Zephyrus,
 They two, that makin flouris growe,
 330 Had made ther dwelling there I trowe,
 For it was on for to beholde
 As though the erthe there envye wolde
 To be gayir than is the heven,
 To havin mo flouris soche seven
 As in the welkin sterris be,
 It had forget the povirte

340 Of wintir, through his coldè morowes
 That made it suffre, and his sorowes
 Al was torieten, and that was sene,
 For all the wode was woxin grene,
 Swetnesse of dewe had made it waxe.

It is no nede eke for to axe
 Where there were many grenè greves,
 Or thicke of trees, so ful of leves,
 And every tree stode by him selve
 Fro othir, wel ten fote or twelve,

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So

So grete trees, and so huge of strenght,
Of fourty' or fifti faðome length,
All clene withoutin bowe or sticke,
With croppis brode, and eke as thicke;
They werin not an ynche asonder,
That it was shadde ovir all under,
And many' an hart, and many' an hinde
Was both before me, and behinde,
Of fawnis, fowirs, buckis, does;
Was ful the wodde, and many roes,
And many squirrilis, that sete
Ful high upon the trees and ete,
And in ther manir madin festes,
Shortly, it was so ful of bestes,
That though Argus the noble countour
Yfate to rekin in his countour,
And rekin with his figures ten,
For by tho figures newe al ken,
If they be crafty, reken and nombre,
And tel of every thing the nombre,
Yet shulde he faile to rekin even
The wonders me met in my sweven;
But forthe I romed right wondir faste
Downe through the wode, so at the laste
I was ware of a man in blacke,
That fate, and had yturned his backe
Unto an ooke, and huge tre,
Lord! tho thought I, who may that be?
What eylich him to sittin here?
And anon right I went him nere,
Than founde I fitte evin upright
A wondir faire welaring knight,
By the manir me thoughtin so,
Of gode mokil, right yonge therto,
Of the' age of foure and twenty yere,
Upon his berde but litil here,
And he was clothid al in blacke;
I stalkid even unto his backe,
And there I stode, as stil as ought,
The sothe to say, he saw me nought;
For why? he hinge his hed adowne,
And with a dedly so'rowful sowne
He made of rime ten verses or twelve
Of a complainte unto himselfe,
The moste pite, and the most routhe,
That evir I herde, for by trouthe
It was grete wondir that nature
Might suffre any creature
To have soche sorow', and he not ded;
Ful pitous pale, and nothing red
He said a lay, a manir songe,
Withoutin note, withoutin songe,
And was this, for ful wel I can
Reherse it, right thus it began.

I have of sorowe so grete wone,
That joye ne get I nevyr none,
Nowe that I se my lady bright,
Which I have loved with all my might,
Is fro me ded, and is agone,
And thus in sorowe' leste me alone;
Alas! o dethe, what eylich The,
That thou n'oldist have takin me,
Whan that thou toke my lady swete?
Of all godenes she had none mete,
That was so faire, so freshe, so fre,
So gode, that men may wel yse.

Whan he had made thus his complainte,
His sorowful hert gan faste faine,
And his spiritis wexin dede,
The blode was fledde, for pure drede,
Downe to his herte, to maken him warme,
For wel it feled the herte had harme,
To wete eke why it was adradde,
By kinde, and for to make it gladdde,

For it is membre principal
Of the body, and that made al
His hewe ychaunge, and wexin grene,
And pale, for there no blode is sene
Within no manir lymme of his.

430 Anon therwith, whan I sawe this;
He farde thus yvil, there he sete,
I went and stode right at his sete,
And grette him, but he spake right nought,
But arguid with his owne thought,
And in his witte disputid faste
Bothe why, and howe his lyfe might laste,
Him thought his sorowes were so smerte,
And lay so colde upon his herte.

So through his sorowe', and holy thought
Made him that he ne herde me nought,
For he had welnye lost his minde,
Though Pan, that men clepe god of kinde,
Were for his sorowes ner so wrothe.

440 But at the last, to faine right sothe,
He was ware of me, howe I stode
Before him, and did of my hode,
And had gret him, as I best coude,
Debonairly, and nothing loude,
He said, I pray The be not wrothe,
I herde The not, to faine the sothe,
Ne I sawe The not, sir, truly.

450 Ah gode sir, tho no force (qð I)
I am right fory', if I have ought
Distroublid you out of your thought,
Forieve me, if I have myffetake.

Yes, the amindes is light to make,
(Qð he) for there lithe non therto,
There is nothing missaide, nor do.

Lo howe godely yspake this knight,
As it had be anothir wight,
And made it neithir tough ne queint!
And I sawe that, and gan me' aqueint
With him, and founde him so trectable;
460 Right wondir skylful and reso'nable,
As me thoughtin, for all his bale,
Anon right I gan finde a tale
To him, to loke where I might ought
Have more knowleging of his thought.

Sir (qð I) this game is ydone,
I holde that this hart be ygone,
These huntis can him no where se.

I do no force therof (qð he)
My thought is theron ner a dele;
470 By' our lorde (qð I) I trowe you wele;
Right so me thinkith by your chere;
But sir, o thing wollin ye here?
Me thinketh in gret sorowe' I you se,
But certis sir, and if that ye
Wolde aught discovir me your wo,

I wolde, as wise God helpe me so,
Amende it, if I can or may,
Ye mowin prove it by assay,
For by my trouthe, to make you whole
480 I wol do al my powir whole,
And telleth me of your sorowes smert;
Paraunter it may ese your herte,
That semeth ful syke undir your side.

With that he loked on me aside,
As who saithe nay, that n'yl not be.

Graunt mercy my gode frende (qð he)
560 I thanke The, that thou woldist so,
But it may ner the rather be do,
No man ne may my sorowe glade,
490 That maketh my hewe to fal and fade,
And hath myn understanding lerne,
That me is wo, that I was borne,
May nought make my sorowis flyde,
Not all the rem edies of Ovide,

Ne

Ne Orpheus, god of melodie,
 Ne Dædalus, with his playes flye,
 Ne hele me may no physicien,
 Nought Hippocrates, ne Galen,
 Me' is wo, that I live houris twelve,
 But whofo wol assaye him felve,
 Whether his hert can have pite
 Of any so'rowe, let him se me,
 I wretche, that dethe hath made al naked
 Of al the blisse that er was made,
 I wrothe, the werste of allè wightes,
 That hate my dayis, and my nightes,
 My lyfe, my lustis, be me lothe,
 For allè fare and I be wrothe,
 The pure deth is so ful my foe,
 That I wolde die, it wil not soe,
 For whan I folowe' it, it wil flye,
 I wold have him, it n'il not me;
 And this is paine withoutin rede,
 Alway dyinge and be not dede;
 That Sisyphus that lyeth in hel
 Ne may not of more sorowe tel,
 And who so wiste al, by my trouthe,
 All my sorowe, but he hadde routhe
 And pyte of my sorowes smerte,
 That man yhath a fendely herte;
 For whofo seeth me first on morowe,
 May sayne that he hath met with sorowe,
 For I am sorowe', and sorowe' is I,
 Alas! and I wyl tel The why,
 My sorowe' is tournid to playnyng,
 And al my laughtir to weping,
 My glad thought's to hevynesse,
 In travaile is myn ydlenesse,
 And eke my rest, my wele is wo,
 My gode is harme, and evirmo
 In wrathe is tournid my playing,
 And my delite in sorowing,
 Myn hele is turned into sickenesse,
 In drede is al my syckernesse,
 To derke is turnid al my lyght,
 My wytte is foly, my day night,
 My love is hate, my slepe wakyng,
 My mirth and melis is fasting,
 My countinaunce is nicete,
 And al abawed, where so I be,
 My pece is pleding, and in werre,
 Alas, howe might I fare in werre!

My boldenesse is turnid to shame,
 For false fortune hath played a game,
 At chesse with me, alas the while!
 The trayteresse false and ful of gyle,
 That al behotheth, and nothing halte,
 She gothe upright, and yet she halte,
 That baggith foule, and lokith fayre,
 The dispitous and debonaire,
 That scornith many a cature,
 An ydole of false purtraiture
 Is she, for she wol sonè wryen
 She is the monstri's hed ywryen,
 As filthe, ovir ystrowed with floures,
 Her mostè worship, and her floures,
 To lyen, for that is her nature
 Withoutin faith, lawe, or mesure,
 She false is, and evir laughing
 With one eye, and that othir weping,
 That is brought up, she set al downe,
 I likin her to the Scorpiowne,
 That is a false and flateryng best,
 For with his ded be makith fest,
 But al amynd his flateringe
 With his taile he wil forely styng,
 And envenim, and so wil she,
 She is the envious charite,

That is aye false, and semith wele,
 So turnith she her false whele
 About, for it is nothing stable,
 Nowe by the fyre, nowe at the table;
 Ful many' one hath she thus yblent,
 She is playe of enchauntement,
 That semith one, and is not so,
 The false thefe, what hath she do? 650
 Trowest thou? by' our Lorde I wil The say,
 At Chesse with me she gan to play,
 With her false draughtis ful divers
 She stalle on me, and toke my fers, 580
 And whan I sawe my fers away,
 Alas! I couth no lengir play,
 But sayid, farewell swete ywis,
 And farewell al that er there is,
 Therwith fortune ysaid, cheke here,
 And mate in the' myd poynt of the' checkere 660
 With a paunè errant, alas!
 Ful crastyir to play she was
 Than Athalus that made the game
 First of the Chesse, so was his name,
 But God wolde I had ones or twise
 Iconde, and knowe the jeoperdise,
 That coude the Greke Pythagores,
 I shulde have plaide the bet at ches,
 And kept my fers the bet therby,
 And though wherto? for trewily
 I holde that wishe not worthe a stre, 670
 It had ben er the bet for me,
 For fortune can so many' a wyle,
 Ther be but fewe can her begile,
 And eke she is the lasse to blame,
 My selfe I wolde have do the same,
 Before God, had I ben as she,
 She ought the more excusid be,
 For this I say yet more therto,
 Had I be God, and might have do 680
 My wyl, whan she my fers ycaught,
 I wolde have drawn the same draught,
 For al so wise God gyve me reste,
 I dare wel swere, she toke the beste,
 But throughe that draught I have ylorne
 My blyse, alas that I was borne!
 For evirmore I trowe trewily,
 For al my wil, my luste wholly
 Is turne, but wote ye, what to done?
 By' our Lorde it is to dyin sone, 690
 For nothings I ne leve it nought,
 But lyve and dye, right in this thought,
 There n'ys planet in firmamente,
 Ne' in ayre ne' in erthe none elemente,
 That they ne yeve me' a yeste echone
 Of wepyng, whan I am alone;
 For whan that I advise me wele,
 And bethinke me everydele,
 How that there lieth in rekininge
 In my sorowis for nothings, 700
 And howe there livith no gladnesse
 May gladdin me of my distresse,
 And howe I have losse suffisaunce,
 And therto I have no plesaunce,
 Than may I say, I have right nought,
 And whan al this falleth in my thought,
 Alas, than am I ovircome,
 For that is done, this not to come,
 I have more sorowe than Tantale.
 And whan I herde him tel this tale 710
 Thus pitously, as I you tell,
 Unnethis myght I lengir dwell,
 It did myn herte so mochill wo.
 A gode sir (qð I) say nat so,
 Have some pite on your nature,
 That fourmid you to a cature,

Remembrith

Remembrith you of Socrates,
For he ne countith not thre strees
Of nought that fortune coude ydo.

No. (qð he) I ne can not so.
Why gode sir, yes parde (qð I)
Ne say not so for truily
Though ye had lost the feris twelve,
And for sorowe murdrid your selve,
Ye shulde be dampnid in this case,
By as gode right as Medea was,
That slough her childrin for Jason,
And Phyllis, for Demophoon
That hing her self so welaway!
For he had brokin his terme day
To come to her! Anothir rage
Had Dido, the quene of Carthage,
That slough her self, for Æneas
Was false, for whiche a fole she was;
And Echo dyed for Narcissus
Ne wolde nat love her, and right thus
Hath many' an othir foly done,
And for Dalila died Sampson,
That sloughe him selfe with a pilere,
But there is no man alive here
Wolde for ther feris make this wo.

Why so? (qð he) it is not so,
Thou wotest ful lytil what thou menest,
For I have loste more than thou wenest.
And howe may that ybe (qð I)
Gode sir, tellith me al wholly,
In what wise, howe, why, and wherfore
That ye have thus your blisse ylore.

Blithely (qð he) come sit The down,
I tel The on condicioun,
Thou shalte wholly with all thy wit
Do thyne entente to herkin it.

Yes, sir; than swere thy trouthe therto,
Gladly to holdin The hereto.
I shal right blithe, so God me save,
Wholly with al the witte I have
Here you as wel as er I can.

A godde's halfe (qð he) and began.

Sir (qð he) fithins firste I couthe
Have any manir witte fro youthe,
Or kindly understandinge,
To comprehende in any thinge
What love was, in mine ownè wit
Dredileffe I have evir yet
Be tributary, and yeve rente
To love wholly, with gode entente,
And through plesaunce become his thral,
With gode wil, body, herte and al,
Al this I put in his servage,
As to my lorde, and dyd homage;
And full devoutly' I praide hym tho
He shulde beset myne hertè so,
That it plesaunce unto him were,
And worship to my lady dere.

And this was long, and many' a yere,
(Er that min hert was set o where)
That I dyd thus, and ne wist why,
I trowe it came me kindly,
Paraunter I was therto most able,
As a white wal, or a table,
For it' is redy to catche and take
Al that men wollin therin make,
Whethir men will portrey or painte,
Be the werkis nevir so quainte.

And thilke tyme I farid right so,
I was able to' have lernid tho,
And to have conde, as wel or better,
Parauntir, eithir arte or lettir,
But for love came first in my thought,
Therefore I ne forgate it nought,

I chees love to be my first crafte,
And therfore it is with me laste,
For why? I toke' it of so yonge age,
720 That malice ne had my corage
Not that time turnid to nothing
Thorowh to mokil knowleging,
For that tyme youth my maistresse
Governid me in ydilnesse,
For it was in my firstè youth,
And tho ful litil gode I couthe,
For al my werkis were flitting
That time, and al my thought varying,
Al thinges were to me yliche gode,
730 That knewe I tho, but thus it stode.

It happed that I came on a day
In to a place, there that I sey
Trewly the fairist companie
Of ladies, that er man with eye
Had sene togheters in o place,
800 Shal I clepe it happe, eithir grace,
That brought me there? nought but fortune,
That is to lyin ful comune,
The false traitresse perverse,

740 God wolde that I coude clepe her werse,
For now she worchith me ful wo,
And I wol tel The sone why so.

Amonges these ladies thus echone,
The sothe to sayin, I sawe one,
That ne was lyke none of the route,
For I dare swere, withoutin doute,
820 That as the sommer's sonne bright
Is fairer, clerer, and hath more lyght
Than any other planet in heaven,

750 The monè, or the sterris seven,
For al the worlde right so had she
Surmountin 'hem al of beaute,
Of manir, and of comlynesse
Of stature, and wel set gladnesse,
Of godelyhede, and so wel besey,
Shortly, what shal I more ysey,
830 By God and by his holowes twelve,
It was my swete right al her selve:
She had so stedfast countenaunce,
So noble porte, and maintenaunce;
And Love, that wel yherde my bone
Yhad espyid me thus sone,
That she fill sonè in my thought,
As helpe me God, so was I cought
So sodainly, that I ne toke
No maner counsaile, but at her loke,
840 And at min herte, for why? her eyen
So gladly I trowe myn herte seyne,
That purely tho min ownè thought
Said, it were bet serve her for nought,
Than with anothir to be wele,
And it was sothe, for every dele
I wil anone right tel The why.

I sawe her daunce so comily,
Carol and sing so swetily,
And laugh, and play so womanly,
850 And lokin so debonairly
So godely speke and so frendely,
That certes I trowe that evirmore
780 N'as sene so blisful a tresore,
For every here on her hed
The sothe to say it was not red,
Ne neithir yelowè ne browne it n'as,
Me thought moste like to golde it was,
And whiche eyin my lady had,
Debonaire, gode, and glad, and sad,
860 Simple', of gode mokil, not to wide!
Therto her loke n'as not aside,
Ne' ovirthwart, but beset so wele,

790 It drewe and toke up everydele

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Al whiche that on her gan beholde,
 Her eyin semed anone she wolde
 Have mercy, folly wendin so,
 But it was ner the rathir do,
 It n'as no counterfetid thinge,
 It was her ownè pure loking,
 Whiche that the goddesse dame Nature
 Had made 'hem opin by mesure,
 And close, for were she ner so glad,
 Her loking was not folishe sprad,
 Ne wildily, though that she plaide,
 But er me thought her eyin saide
 By God my wrathe is al forieue;
 Therwith her lifte so well to live,
 That dulnesse was of her adrad,
 She n'as to sobre ne to glad,
 In allè thingis more mesure
 Ne had nevir I trowe creature,
 But many' one with her loke she herte,
 And that sate her full lyte at herte,
 For she knewe nothinge of ther thought,
 But wher she knewe, or knewe it nought,
 Algate she ne' wrought of 'hem a stre,
 To get her love no nere n'as he,
 That woned at home, than he in Inde,
 The formist was alway behinde;
 But gode folke ovir al othir
 She loved, as man may his brothir,
 Of whiche love she was wondir large,
 In skilful placis that bere charge;
 But whiche a visage had she therto!
 Alas! my herte is wondir wo,
 That I ne can discrivin it,
 Me lackith both Englishe and wit
 For to undo it at the ful,
 And eke my spirites ben so dull,
 So gret a thinge for to devise,
 I have not wyt that can suffyse
 To comprehendin her beaute;
 But thus moche I dare saine, that she
 Was white, rody, freshe, lifely hewed,
 And every day her beaute newed,
 And nyghe her face was aldirbeste,
 For certis nature had soche leste
 To make that faire, that trewly she
 Was her chefe patron of beaute,
 And chefe ensample' of al her werke
 And monstre, for be' it ner so derke
 Me thinketh I se her evirmo,
 And yet moreovir, though al tho
 That ever lived, were now a lyve,
 Ne wolde thei have founde to discrive
 In al her face a wickid signe,
 For it was sad, simple, and benigne.
 And soche a godely swete speche
 Yhad that swete, my lyv'is leche,
 So frendely, and so well ygrounded,
 Upon reson so wel ifounded,
 And so trefable to al gode,
 That I dare swere wel by the rode,
 Of eloquence was nevir fonde
 So swete a fowning and faconde,
 Ne trewir tonged, ne scornid lasse,
 Ne bet coude hele, that by the masse
 I durste swere, though the Pope it songe,
 That ther was ner yet through her tonge
 Man ne woman gretly harmid,
 As for her was al harme yhid,
 Ne lasse flatiring in her worde,
 That purely her simple recorde
 Was founde as trewe as any bonde,
 Or trouthe, of any mann'is honde.
 Ne chide she coude nevir a dele,
 That knowith al the worlde ful wele;

But soche a fairenesse of a necke
 Yhad that swete, that bone nor brecke 940
 N'as there none sein, that misselatte,
 It was white, smothe, streight, and pure flatte,
 Withoutin hole, or canel bone,
 And by seming, she ne had none.
 Her throte, as I have nowe memoite,
 Semed as a rounde tour of yvoire,
 Of gode gretnesse, and not to grete,
 And Faire white ywas she hete,
 That was my ladies namè right,
 And she was therto faire and bright, 950
 She ne had not her namè wronge,
 Right faire sholdirs, and body longe
 She had, and armis evir lith,
 880 Fattishe, fleshy, nat grete ther with,
 Right white handis, and nailis rede,
 Rounde brestis: And of a gode brede
 Her hippis were, a streight flatte backe,
 I knewe on her none othir lacke
 That al her limmis n'ere pure sewing,
 In as ferre as I had knowing; 960
 Therto she coude so wel yplaye
 What that her lyst, that I dare saye
 That she was lyke to torchè bright,
 890 That every man may take of light
 Ynough, and it hath ner the leste
 Of manir and of comlynese.
 Right so farid my lady dere,
 For every wight of her manere
 Moght catche ynough, if that he wolde, 970
 Yf he had eyen her to beholde,
 For I dare swere wel, if that she
 Had among tenne thousande ybe,
 She woldin have be at the beste,
 900 A chefe myroure of al the feste,
 Though they had stondin in a rowe
 To mennis eyen, that coude have knowe;
 For where so men had plaide, or waked,
 Me thought the felowshippe as naked
 Withoutin her, that I sawe ones,
 As a corowne withoutin stones; 980
 Trewly she was to min eye
 The' solein Phœnix of Arabye,
 For there livith nevir but one,
 910 Ne suche as she ne knowe I none:
 To speke of godenesse, trewly she
 Had as mochil debonaire
 As er had Hester in the Bible,
 And more, if more were possible;
 And sothe to sayin, therwithal
 She hadde a witte so general, 990
 So whole enclinid to al gode,
 That al her witte was sette by the' rode
 Without malyce, upon gladnesse,
 920 And therto' I sawe ner yet a leste
 Harmful, than she was in doing,
 I say not that she n' hadde knowyng
 What harme ywas, or ellis she
 Had coude no gode, so thinkith me;
 And trewly, for to speke of trouthe,
 But she had had, it had be routhe, 1000
 Therof she had so moche her dele,
 And I dare saine, and swere it wele,
 That trouthe him selfe over al and al
 930 Had chose his manor principal
 In her, that was his resting place;
 Therto she had the moste grace
 To have stedfaste perseveraunce,
 And esy' attempre govirnaunce,
 That evir I knewe, or wiste yet,
 So pure sufferaunt was her wit,
 And reson gladly she understode,
 It folowid wel, she coude gode, 1010
 She

She usid gladly to do wele,
These were her manirs every dele.

Therwith she lovid so wel right,
She wronge do wouldin to no wight,
No wight ne might do her no shame,
She lovid so wel her owne name.

Her lust to holde no wight in honde,
Ne be thou siker, she wolde not fonde,
To holdin no wight in balaunce
By halfe worde, ne by countinaunce,
But if men wolde upon her lye,
Ne sende men into Walakye;
To Pruise, and to Tartarie,
To Alisaundrie, ne Turkye,
And bidde him fast, anon that he
Go hodelesse into the drie Se,
And come home by the Carrenare;

And sir, be ye nowe full ryght ware
That I may of you here men faine
Wurshippe, or that ye come againe.

She ne used no soche knackis finale.

But therfore that I tel my tale,
Right on this same, as I have saide,
Was wholly al my love ylaide,
For certis she was that swete wife,
My suffisaunce, my luste, my life,
Min hope, min hele, and al my blesse,
My worlde's welfare, and my goddesse;
And I wholly' hers, and every dele.

By' our Lorde (qð I) I trowe you wele,
Hardly your love was wel beset,
I n'ot howe it might have do bet.

Bettir! ne not so wel (qð he)

• I trowe it fir (qð I) pardè.

Nay leve it wel: Sir so do I,
I leve you wel, that trewily
You thought that she ywas the best,
And to beholde the alderfairest,
Who so had loked her with your eyen.

With myn! nay al whiche that her seyen,
Sayid and swore that it was so,
And though they ne had, I wolde tho
Have lovid best my lady fre,
Though I had had al the beaute
That er had Alcibiades,
And al the strength of Hercules;
And thereto had the worthinesse
Of Alisaundre', and al the' richesse
That evir was in Babyloine,
In Carthage, or in Macedoine,
Or in Rome, or in Ninivè,
And therto al so hardy be
As was Hector, so have I joye,
That Achilles yslough at Troye;
And therfore was he slayne also
In a temple, for bothè two
Were flaine, he' and Antilegius,
And so saithe Dares Fregius,
For the love of Polyxena,
Or ben as wife as Minerva,
I wolde evir, withoutin drede
Have lovid her, for I muste nede.

Nede! Nay trewly I gabbe nowe,
Nought nede, and I wol tellin howe,
For of gode wil min herte it wolde;
And eke to love her I was holde,
As for the fairist and the beste,
She was as gode, so have I reffe,
As was Penelope of Grece,
Or as the noble wife Lucrece,
That was the beste, he tellith thus,
The Romane Titus Livius,
She was as gode, and nothing like,
Though ther stories be autentike,

Algate she was as trewe as she.

But wherfore that I tellin The;
Whan that I first my lady sey,
I was right yonge, the sothe to sey, 1095

And ful gret nede I had to lerne,
Whan that myn hertè woldin yerne;
To love it was a gret emprise,

1020 But as my wite wolne beste suffise,
Aftir my yonge and childely wit,
Withoutin drede I beset it

To lovin her in my beste wife,
To do' her wurship, and the servise,
Whiche that I coude tho, by my trouthe;

1100 Withoutin faining, eithir slouthe,
For wondir faine I wolde her se,
So mokill it amendid me,

1030 That whan I sawe her a morowe,
I was warished of al my sorowe
Of al day aftir, tel' it were eve,

Me thoughtin nothings might me greve;
Were my sorowes nevir so smerte,
And yet she syt so in min herte,

That by my trouthe, I n'oldè nought
For al this worlde out of my thought 1110
Yleve my lady, no trewly.

Nowe by my trouthe sir (qð I)

1040 Me thinkith ye have soche a chaunce
As shrifte, withoutin repentaunce.

Repentaunce, nay nay fye (qð he)

Shuldin I nowe repentin me

To love, nay certes than were I wel

Worse than ywas Achitophel,

Or Antenor, so have I joye,

The traitour that betrayid Troye, 1120

Or than the false Ganelion,

He that purchasid the traifon

Of Roulande, and of Oliver,

1050 Nay, while that I am alive here

I n'yl foriet her nevir mo.

Nowe gode sir (qð I) to him tho

Ye have wel tolde me here before,

It' is no nede to reherse it more,

Howe that ye sawe her first, and where, 1130

But wolde ye tel me the manere

To her, whiche was your firste speche,

Therof I woldè you beseche,

1060 And howe that she knewe first your thought,

Whethir ye lovid her, or nought,

And telleth me eke, what ye have lore,

I herde you tellin here before,

Ye saide, thou n'otist what thou menest,

For I have losse more than thou wenest!

And what losse is that (qð I tho) 1140

N'il she not love you, is it so?

Or havin ye ought done amis,

That she hath leste you, is it this?

For Godd'is love tellith me al.

1070 Before God (qð he) and I shal,

I say right as I have ysaide,

On her was al my love ylaide,

And yet she n'iste it ner a dele,

Not longè tyme, levith it wele,

For be right sykir, I durst nought

For al this worlde tel her my thought, 1150

Ne' I wolde have wrathid her trewly,

For wost thou why? she was lady

Of the body that had the herte,

1080 And who? hath that may not afterte.

But for to kepe me fro' ydlenesse

Trewly I dyd my businesse

To make songis as I best coude,

And oftin time I songe 'hem loude,

And made songis this a grete dele,

Although I coude nat make so wele 1160

Songis,

Songis, ne knewe the arte so al
As coude Lamek's sone Tubal,
That founde out first the arte of songe,
For as his brothir's hamirs ronge
Upon his anvelt up and downe,
Therof he toke the firste sowne.

But Grekes faine of Pythagoras,
That he the first findir ywas
Of the arte, Aurora tellith so;
But therof no force of 'hem two,
Algatis songis thus I made
Of my felyng, min herte to glade,
And lo! this was the althir first,
I n'ot whethir it were the werst,

Lorde! it makith min hertè light,
Whan that I thinke on that swete wight,
That is so semely on to se,
And wishe to God it might so be
That she wolde holde me for her knight,
My lady, that' is so faire and bright.

Nowe have I tolde The, soth to say,
My firste songe, upon a day
I bethought me what mochil wo
And sorowe that I suffrid tho
For her, and yet she wiste it nought,
Ne tel her durst I not my thought,
Alas! thought I, I can no rede,
And but I tel her, I' am but dede;
And if I tel her, to say sothe,
I am adradde she wol be wrothe,
Alas! what shal I than ydo?
In this debate I was so wo,
Me thought myne hertè braut atwaine;
So at the laste, sothe for to saine,
I bethought me that Dame Nature
Ne formid nevir in cature
So mochil beaute trewily
And bountie, withoutin mercy.

In hope of that, my tale I tolde
With sorowe, as that I ner sholde,
For nedis, and maugre myne hed
I must have tolde her, or be ded:
I n'ot wel howe that I began,
Ful yvil reherce it I can,
And eke as helpe me God withal
I trowe it was in the dismal
That was the ten woundes of Egypte,
For many' a worde I ovirskipte
In telling my tale, for pure fere
Lest that my wordis mylfeset were:
With sorowful hert, and woundes dede,
Softely and quaking for pure drede
And shame, and stinting in my tale,
For ferde and min hewe allè pale,
Ful ofte I wexte bothe pale and red,
Bowing to her I hinge the hed,
I durst not onis loke her on,
For wit, manir, and al was gone,
I saide: mercy swete, and no more,
It n'as no game, it fate me fore.

So at the laste, the sothe to saine,
Whan that myne herte was come againe,
To tellin shortly al my speche,
With whole herte I gan her besече,
That she wolde be my lady swete,
And swore, and hertely gan her hete
Evir to be stedfaste and trewe,
And love her alway freshly newe,
And nevir othir lady have,
And all her worship for to save
As I beste coude, I swere her this,
For yours is al that er ther is,
For evirmore, myne hertè swete,
And ner to false you, but I mete,

I n'yl, as wise God helpe me so.

And whan I had my tale ydo,
God wote she' acompid not a stre
Of al my tale, so thoughtin me,
To tel shortly, right as it is,
Trewly her answer it was this,
I can not nowe wel countrefete
Her wordis, but this was the grete
Of her answer: she sayid nay
1170 Al utterly; alas that day

The sorowe' I suffrid and the wo!
That trewly Cassandra, that so
Bewaylid the distruccion
Of Troye, and of Ilion,
Had ner soche sorowe as I tho,
I durstin no more say therto
For pure fere, but ystale away,
And thus I lyved ful many' a day,
That trewily I had no nede
1180 Firthir than at my bedd'is hede
Nevir a day to sechin sorowe,
I founde it redy every morowe,
For why? I loved her in no gere.

So it befell an othir yere
I thought onis I wouldin sonde
To doe her knowe, and undirstonde
My wo, and she well undirstode
That I ne wilnid thyng but gode,
And worship, and to kepe her name
1190 Ovir all thynges, and drede her shame,
And was so busie her to serve,
And pitie were I shouldin sterve,
Sithe that I wilned none harme iwis.

So when my Ladie knewe all this,
My Ladie yave me all whollie
The noble yest of her mercie,
Savyng her worship by al waies,
Dredelesse, I mene none othir waies,
And therewith she yave me a ryng,
1200 I trowe it was the firste thyng,
But if myne hertè was iwaxe
Glad, that it is no nede to axe.

As helpe me God, I was as blive
Yraisd, as fro deth to live,
Of all happis the aldirbest,
The gladdist, and the moste at rest,
1280 For truilie that swete wight,
When I had wrong, and she the right
She wouldin alwaie so godelie
Foryeve me so debonairlie,
1210 In all my youth, in allè chaunce
She toke me in her govinaunce,
Therewith she was alwaie so true,
Our joye was evir iliche newe,
Our hertis werne so even a paire,
That nevir n'as that one contraire
1290 Unto that othir for no wo,
For sothe iliche thei suffrid tho.

O blisse, and eke o sorowe bothe,
1220 Illiche thei were bothe glad and wrothe.

All was us one, withoutin were,
And thus we lived full many' a yere
So well, I can not tellin how.

Sir (qð I) and where is she now?
Now qð he and ystinte anone,
Therewith he woxe as dedde as stonè,
1300 And saied, alas that I was bore!
That was the losse, that here before
I tolde The, that I had ylone.

Bethinke The how I saied beforene,
1230 Thou wost full lityl what thou menest,
For I have losse more then thou wenest.

God wot alas! right that was she.
Alas sir how! what maie that be?

1240

1250

1260

1270

1280

1290

1300

She

She is dedde: Naie! Yes by my trouthe.
 Is that your losse? by God it is routhe. 1310
 And with that wordè right anone
 Thei gan to strake forthe, all was done
 For that tyme, the Hart huntynge.
 With that me thoughtin that this kyng
 Began homewardis for to ride
 Unto a place was there beside,
 Whiche that was from us but a lite,
 A long castil with wallis white,
 By saint John on a richè hill,
 As me mette, but thus it befill. 1320
 Right thus me mette, as I you tell,
 That in the castell there was a bell,
 As it had smittin houris twelve,
 And therewith I awoke my felve,
 And found me lying in my bedde,
 And the boke whiche that I had redde
 Of Alcyone, and Ceix the kyng,
 And of the Goddis of slepyng,
 I found it in myne hond ful evin,
 Thought I, this is so queint a swevin, 1330
 That I would by processe of tyme
 Fonde to put this swevin in rime,
 As I can best, and that anon
 This was my swevin, now it is doen.
Explicit.

This seems an Envoy to the Duke of *Lancaster*
 after his Loss of *Blanch*.

MY master. &c. When of Christ our kyng
 Was askid, what is trothe or sothfastnesse,

He not a worde answerde to that askyng,
 As who saieth, no manne is all true I gette,
 And therefore, though I hight for to expresse
 The sorowe' and woe that is in Mariage;
 I dare not writen of it no wickidnesse,
 Lest I my self fall eft in soche dotage.
 I woll not faie how that it is the chaine
 Of Sathanas, on whiche he knowith ever, 10
 But I dare saine, were he out of his paine,
 As by his will he would be boundin never,
 But thilke dotid sole, that eft hath lever
 Ichainid be. than out of prisone crepe,
 God let hym nevir fro his woe discover,
 Ne no man hym bewailin, though he wepe.
 But yet lesse thou do worse, takith a wife,
Bet is to wedde, than brennin in worse wife,
 But thou shalt have so'rowe on thy fleshe thy life;
 And ben thy wiv'is thraile, as saine these wife, 20
 And if that ho'y writte maie not suffise,
 Experience shall The teche, so maie happe,
 Take the waie levir to be taken in Frise,
 Then eft to fall of Weddyng in the trappe.
 This lityl writte, proverbis or figure,
 I sende you, takith kepe of it I rede,
Unwise is he, that can no wele endure,
If thou be fikir, put The not in drede,
 The wife of Bathe I praeie you that ye rede
 Of this matter which that we have on honde, 30
 God grauntin you your life frely to lede
 In fredome, for foule is it to be bonde.
Explicit.

The Assemble of Foules.

All Fowles are gather'd before Nature on *St. Valentine's Day*, to chuse their
 Mates. A formal Eagle being beloved of three Tercels, requireth a Year's
 respite to make her choice, upon this Triall, *Qui bien aime, tard oublie*,
 he that loveth well, is slow to forget.

THE life so short, the craft so long to lerne,
 The assaye so hard, so sharp the conquere-
 ryng,
 The dredefull joy, alwaie that flit so yerne,
 All this mene I by love, that my felyng
 Astonieth with his wondirfull werkyng
 So fore iwis, that when I on him thinke,
 Naught wete I well, whether I flete or sink!

For all be that I knowe not love in dede
 Ne wot how that he quitith folke ther hire,
 Yet happith me full ofte in bokis rede 10
 Of his miraclis, and his cruill ire,
 There rede I well he woll be lorde and fire,
 I dare not faie, his strokis be so fore,
 But God save soche a lorde, I can no more.

Of usage, what for lust and what for lore,
 On bokis rede I oft, as I you tolde,
 But wherfore that I speke all this, naught yore
 Agon, it happid me for to beholde
 Upon a boke iwrite with lettirs old,

And thereupon a certain thing to lerne 20
 The longe daie full fast I radde and yerne;
 For out of the olde feldis, as men saieth,
 Comith all this newe corne, fro yere to yere,
 And out of oldè bokis, in gode saieth
 Comith all this newe science, that men lere;
 But now to purpose, as of this mattere
 To redin forthe, it gan me so delite,
 That all that daie me thought it but a lite.

This boke, of whiche I makin mencion,
 Entitlid was right thus, as I shall tell, 30
 Tullius of the drame of Scipion,
 Chapters seven it had, of heven and hell,
 And yerth, and foulis that therein do dwell,
 Of whiche, as shortly as I can it trete,
 Of this sentence I woll you saine the grete.

First tellith it, when Scipion was come
 In Affrike, how he metith Massinisse,
 That hym for joie in armis hath inome,

5 N

Then

Then tellith he her speche, and all the blisse,
That was betwixt 'hem, til the daie gan misse, 40
And how his auncester Affrikan so dere
Gan in his slepe that night till hym appere.

Then tellith it, that from a sterrie place
How Affrikan hath hym Carthage yshewed,
And warnid hym beforne of all his grace,
And saied hym what man, lerid eithir leude,
That lovith common profite, well itheude,
He should into a blisfull place ywende,
There as joye is, that last withoutin ende.

Then askid he, if folke that here ben dede 50
Have life, and dwellyng in an othir place.
And Affrikan saied ye, withoutin drede,
And how our present worldly liv'is space
N'is but a manir deth, what waie we trace,
And rightfull folke shull gon aftir thei die
To heven, and shewid hym the Galaxie.

Then shewed he him the little yerth that here is
To regarde of the hevin's quantite,
And after shewid he hym the nine speris,
And aftir that the melodie herd he, 60
That comith of thilke speris thryis thre,
That welles of Musike ben, and melodie
In this worlde here, and cause of harmonie.

Then saied he him, sens that yerth was so lite,
And full of tourment, and of hardè grace,
That he ne shuld hym in this worlde delite,
Then tolde he him in certain yeris space
That every sterre should come into his place
There it was first, and all should out of mind,
That in this worlde is doen of all mankynd. 70

Then praied hym Scipion, to tell hym all
The waie to come into that hevin blisse
And he saied: First knowe thy self immortal,
And loke aie busely that thou werche and wisse
To common profite, and thou shalt not misse
To come swiftly, unto that place dere,
That full of blisse is, and of foulis clere.

And brekirs of the lawe, the sothe to saine,
And likerous folke, aftir that thei ben dede,
Shull whirle about the world, alwaie in pain, 80
Till many' a worlde be passid, out of drede,
And then foryevin all ther wickid dede,
Then shullin thei come to that blisfull place,
To whiche to comin God sendin The grace.

The daie gan failin, and the darkè night,
That revith bestis from ther businesse,
Berafte me my boke for lacke of light,
And to my bedde I gan me for to dresse
Fulfilled of thought, and busie hevinesse,
For bothe I had thyng, whiche that I ne wolde 90
And eke I ne had that thyng that I wolde.

But finally my spirite at the laste
For werie of my labour all that daie
Toke rest, that madin me to slepin faste,
And in my slepe I met, as that I laie,
How Affrikan, right in the self araie,
That Scipion hym sawe, before that tide,
Was come, and stode right at my bedd'is side.

The werie huntir slepyng in his bedde,
The wodde ayen his minde goith anone, 100
The Judge ydremith how his plees be spedde,
The Cartir dremith how his cartis gone,
The rich of gold, the knight fight with his fone,

The sicke ymette he drinkith of the tonne,
The lovir mette he hath his ladie wonne.

Can I not saine, if that the cause ywere
For I had radde of Affrikan beforne,
That madin me to mete that he stode there,
But thus saied he: thou hast The so wel borne
In lokyng of myne olde boke all to torne, 110
Or whiche Macrobie ne raught not a lite,
That somedele of thy labour would I quite.

Thou Citherea, blisfull Ladie swete,
That with thy fire brond dauntist when The lest,
That madist me this swevin for to mete,
Be thou my helpe in this, for thou maist best,
As wisely as I seigh the North Northwest
When I began my swevin for to write,
So yeve me might to rime it and endite.

This foresaid Affrikan me hent anone, 120
And forthe with hym unto a gate ybrought
Right of a Parke, ywallid with grene stone,
And oer the gate with lettirs large ywrought
There werin versis writtin, as me thought,
On eithir halfe, of full grete difference,
On which I shall you saie the plain sentence.

Through me men gon into that blisful place,
Of hertis hele, and dedly woundis cure,
Through me men gone into the well of grace,
There grene and lustie Maie shall er endure, 130
This is the waie to all gode avinture,
Be glad thou reder, and thy sorowe' of cast,
All open am I, passe in, and spede The fast.

Through me men gon, then spake that othir side,
Unto the mortall strokis of the spere,
Of whiche disdain and daungir is the gide,
There nevir tre shall fruit, ne levis bere,
This streme you ledith to the so'rowfull were,
There as the fishe in prison is all drie,
The' eschewyng is onely the remedie. 140

These versis of gold andASURE writte were,
Of whiche I gan astonied to beholde,
For with that one encrefid all my fere,
And with that othir gan my herte to bolde,
That one me het, that othir did me colde,
No wit had I, for errour for to chese
To entre' or flie, or me to save or lese.

Right as betwixtin Adamantis two
Of evin weight a pece of yron set
Ne hath no might to movin to ne fro, 150
For what that one maie hale, that othir let,
So fared I, that I n'ist where me was bet
To entre' or leve, til Affrikan my gide
Me hent and shovin, at the gatis wide.

And saied, it standith writtin in thy face
Thyne errour, though thou tell it not to me,
But dred The not to come into this place,
For this writyng is nothyng mente by The,
Ne by none, but he Lov'is servaunt be,
For thou of Love hast lost thy rast I gesse, 160
As sicke man hath of swete and bittirnesse.

But nathèles, although that thou be dull,
That which thou canst not doe, yet maifest thou se,
For many' a man, that maie not stande a pull,
Yet liketh it hym at wrestlyng for to be,
And demith whethir he doe bet, or he,
And if thou haddist connyng for t' endite,
I shall The shewin mattir of to write.

With

With that my hand in his he toke anon,
Of whiche I comfort caught, and went in fast, 170
But Lorde! so I was glad, and well begon,
For ovir all, where I myne eyin cast,
Were treis clad with leves, that aie shal last,
Eche in his kinde, with colour freshe and grene,
As Emeraude, that joie it was to sene.

The bildir Oke, and eke the hardie Ashe,
The pillir Elme, the coffir unto caraine,
The Boxe pipetre, the Holme to whippis lashe,
The sailing Firre, the Cypres deth to plaine,
The shortir Ewe, the Aspe for shaftis plaine, 180
The Olive of pece, and eke the dronkin vine,
The victor Palme, the Laurir to divine.

A gardein sawe I, full of blofomed bowis,
Upon a Rivir, in a grenè Mede
There as swetenesse evirmore inough is,
With flouris white, and blew, yelow, and rede,
And colde and clere Welleftremis, nothyng dede,
That swomminfull of smalè fishis light,
With finnis rede, and scalis silvir bright.

On every bough the birdis herd I syng 190
With voice of angell, in ther harmonie
That busied 'hem, ther birdis forthe to bryng,
The little pretie Conies to ther plaie gan hie;
And furthir all about I gan espie
The dredfull Roe, the Buck, the Hart, and Hind,
Squirils, and bestis small of gentle kind.

Of instrumentes of stringis in accorde
Herd I so plaie a ravishyng swetnesse,
That God, that makir is of all and Lorde,
Ne herd nevir a bettir, as I gesse, 200
Therewith a winde, unneth it might be lesse,
Made in the levis grene a noise soft
Accordant to the foulis song on loft.

The aire of the place so attempre was,
That ner was ther grevaunce of hot ne cold,
There was eke every wholsome spice and gras,
Ne no man maie there waxin like ne old,
Yet was there more joie a thousande fold
Then I can tell, or evir could or might, 210
There is evir clere daie, and nevir night.

Undir a tre beside a well I feye
Cupide our lorde his arrowes forge and file,
And at his fete his bowe all redie laye,
And well his doughtir temprid all the while
The heddis in the well, and with her wile
She couchid 'hem aftir as thei should serve,
Some for to flea, and some to wound and carve.

Tho was I ware of plesance anon right,
And of arraie, luste, beaute, and curtise,
And of the craft, that can yhave the might 220
To doen by force a wight to doen folie,
Disfigurid was she, I will not lie,
And by hymself, undir an Oke I gesse,
Sawe I Delite, that stode with Gentilnesse.

Then sawe I beauteie, with a nice atire,
And youth, all full of game and jolite,
Fole hardinesse, flattirie, and desire,
Messagerie, and mede, and othir thre,
Ther namis shall not here be tolde for me,
And upon pillirs grete of Jaspir long 230
I sawe a temple of Brasse ifoundid strong.

And about the temple dauncid alwaie
Women inow, of which some there ywere

Faire of 'hemself, and some of 'hem were gaie,
In kirtils all disheveled went thei there,
That was ther office er, fro yere to yere,
And on the temple sawe I white and faire
Of Dovyis fittyng many a thousande paire.

Before the temple dore full sobirlye
Dame Pece ysat, a curtaine in her honde, 240
And her besidis wondir discretlye
Dame Pacience ysittyng there I fonde,
With face pale, upon an hill of sonde,
And althir nexte, within and eke without
Behest and Arte, and of ther folke a rout.

Within the temple of sighis hote as fire
I herd a swough, that gan about to ren,
Whiche sighis were engendrid with desire,
That madin every herte for to bren 250
Of newè flambe, and well espied I then
That all the cause of sorowes, that thei drie,
Come of the bittir Goddis jelousie.

The God Priapus sawe I as I went
Within the temple in soveraine place ystonde
In soche arraie, as when the Assie hym shent
With crie by night, and with sceptre in honde,
Full busilie men gan assaie and fonde
Upon his hedde to set of sondrie hewe
Garlandis, full of freshe flouris newe.

And in a privie corner, in disport 260
Founde I Venus, and her portir Richeffe,
That was full noble, and hautin of her port,
Darke was that place, but aftirward lightnesse
I sawe a lite, unnethes it might be lesse,
And on a bed of golde she laie to reste,
Till that the hote Sonne began to Weste.

Her gildid heris with a goldin threde
Iboundin were, untressid as she laie,
And nakid from the brest unto the hede
Men might herse, and sothly for to saie 270
The remenaunt covired well to my paie
Right with a lityl kercheffe of Valence,
There n'as no thickir clothe of no defence.

The place gave a thousande favours sote,
And Bacchus God of Wine fate her beside,
And Ceres next, that doeth of hunger bote,
And as I faied, amidis laie Cypride,
To whom on kneis the yong folkis cride
To be ther helpe, but thus I let her lie,
And farthir in the temple I gan espie, 280

That in dispite of Diana the chaste
Full many a bowe ibroke hing on the wall
Of maidins, soche as gone ther tymis waste
In her service, and paintid ovir all
Of many a storie, of whiche I touchin shall
A fewe, as of Calisto and Atalante,
And many a maide, of which the name I want,

Semiramis, Candace, and Hercules,
Biblis, Dido, Thisbe, and Pyramus, 290
Tristram, Isoude, Paris, and Achilles,
Helaine, Cleopatra, and Troilus,
Scylla, and eke the mother of Romulus,
All these were paintid on that othir side,
And all ther love, and in what plite thei dide.

When I was comen ayen into the place
That I of spake, that was so sote and grene,
Forthe walked I tho, my selvin to solace,
Tho was I ware, where there ysate a Quene,
That

That as of light the Sommir Sonnè shene
Passith the Sterre, right so ovir mesure 300
She fairir was then any other cature.

And in a launde, upon an hill of floures,
Was set this Quene this noble Goddesse Nature,
Of braunchis were her hallis and her boures
Iwrought, after her craft, and her mesure,
Neither n'as foule, that cometh of engendrure,
That there ne were yprest, in her presence,
To take her dome, and yeve her audience.

For this was on sainct Valentin's daie,
When every foule comith to chese her make 310
Of every kinde, than men ythinkin maie,
And that so huge a noise gan thei to make,
The yerth, the se, and tre, and every lake
So full was, that unnethis there was space
For me to stande, so full was all the place.

And right as Alaine, in the plaint of kinde,
Deviseith Nature of soche araie and face,
In soche araie men mightin her there finde,
This noble Empreffe full of allè grace 320
Bad ev'ry foule takin her owne place,
As thei were wont alwaie, fro yere to yere,
On sainct Valentines daie to standin there.

That is to saie, the foulis of ravine
Were highist set, and then the foulis smale,
That etin, as them Nature would encline,
As worme or thing, of whiche I tell no tale,
And watirfoule sate lowist in the dale,
And foules that liveth by fede, sat on the grene,
And that so fele, that wondir was to fene.

There mightin men the roiall Egle finde, 330
That with his sharpe loke persith the son.
And othir Eglis of a lowir kinde,
Of whiche that clerkis well devisin con,
There was the tirant with his fethirs don
And grene, I mene the goshaue that doth pine
To birdes, for his outrageous ravine.

The gentle faucon, that with his fete distreineth
The kyng's hand, the hardie Sperhauke eke
The Qual's foe, the Merlion that peineth
Hymself full oft, the Larkè for to seke, 340
There was the Dove, with her eyin so meke,
The jelous Swan, ayenst his deth that singeth,
The Oule eke, that of deth the bode ybringeth,

The Crane, the Geant, with his tromp's foune,
The thief the Chough, and eke the chattring Pie,
The scornynge Jaie, the Ele's foe the Heroune,
The false Lapwing, alle full of trechirie,
The Starling, that the counsaile can bewrie,
The tame Ruddocke, and the cowarde Kite, 350
The Cocks, that horologe is of thropes lite.

The Sparow Venus son, the Nightingale
That clepith forthe the freshe levis newe,
The Swalowe murdrer of the Beis smale,
That maken honie of flouris freshe of hewe,
The weddid Turtell, with his herte true,
The Pecocke, with his angell fethirs bright,
The Fesaunt, scornir of the Cocks by night.

The waker Gose, the Cuckowe er unkinde,
The Poppingeie full of delicacie, 360
The Drake destroyir of his owne kinde,
The Storke, the wrekir of advouterie,
The hote Cormeraunt, full of glotonie,
The Ravin wife the Crowe, with voice of care,

The Throstill olde, and Frostie feldèfare.

What should I saie? of foules of every kind,
That in this worlde have fethirs and stature,
Men mightin in that place allembliid finde
Before that noble Goddesse of Nature,
And eche of them ydid his busie cure 370
Benignèlie to chese, or for to take
By her accorde, his formell or his make.

But to the point, Nature held on her hond
A formell Egle, of shape the gentillest
That evir she emong her workis fonde,
The moiste benigne, and eke the godeliest,
In her was every vertue at his rest
So farforthe, that nature her self had blisse
To loke on her, and oft her becke to kisse.

Nature, the vicare of the' almightie Lorde,
That hote and colde, hevie, light, moiste, and drie
Hath knit, by evin nombir of accorde,
In esie voice began to speke and saie,
Foulis, take hede of my sentence I praie,
And for your ese, in forðring of your nede,
As fast as I maie speke, I will me spede.

Ye know well, how on S. Valentine's daie,
By my statute, and through my govirnaunce
Ye chese your makes, and attir sie awaie
With 'hem, as I doe pricke you with plesauce, 390
But nathelesse, as by rightfull ordinaunce
Maie I not let, for all this worlde to win,
But he that moiste worthiest is, shall begin.

The tercell Egle, as ye knowe full wele,
The foule roiall, above you' all in degre,
The wise and worthie, secret, true as stele,
The whiche I have formid, as ye maie se,
In every parte, as it best likith me,
It nedith not this shape you to devise,
He shall first chese, and spekin in his gise.

And after hym, by ordir shall ye chese, 400
Attir your kinde, everiche as you likith,
And as your hap is, shall ye win or lese,
But whiche of you, that love most entrikith,
God sende hym her, that forest for hym sikith,
And therewithall the Tercell gan she call,
And saied, my sonne, the choise is to The fall.

But nathelesse, in this condicion
Muste be the choice of everiche that is here,
That she agre to his eleccion,
Who so he be, that should yben her fere, 410
This is our usage aye, fro yere to yere,
And who so maie at this time have his grace,
In blisfull tyme he came into this place.

With hed enclined, and with full humble chere,
This roiall Tercell spake, and taried nought,
Unto my soveraine Ladie, and not my fere,
I chose and chese, with will, and hert, and thought
The formell on your hand, so well iwrought,
Whose I am all, and evir will her serve, 420
Doe what her luste, to doe me live or sterve.

Besechyng her of mercie, and of grace,
As she that is my Ladie soverain,
Or let me die here present in this place,
For certis long maie I not live in pain,
For in my herte is corvin every vain,
Havyng regarde onily to my trouthe,
My dere herte, havith on my wo some routhe.

And

And if that I be founde to her untrue,
Disobeysaunt, or wilfull negligent,
Avauntour, or in proceffe love anewe,
I praie to you this be my judgement,
That with these foulis I be all to rent
That ilke daie, that she me evir finde
To her untrue, or in my gilte unkinde.

And sith none lovith her so well as I,
Although she nevir of love me behet,
Then ought she to be mine, through her mercie,
For othir bonde can I none on her knet,
For for wele nor wo nevir shall I let
To servin her, how far so that she wende,
Saie what you list, my tale is at an ende.

Full right as the sote and freshe redde Rose newe
Against the Sommir Sunne ycoloured is,
Right so for shame all waxin gan the hewe
Of this Formell, when that she herd all this,
Neithir she answerde well, ne saied amis,
So sore abashed was she, till that Nature
Saied, doughtir drede you not, I you assure.

An othir Tercell Egle spake anon,
Of lowir kind, and saied that should not be,
I love her bet then ye doe, by saint John,
Or at the lest I love as well as ye,
And lengir have served her in my degre,
And if she should have loved for long lovyng,
To me alone had be the guerdonyng.

I dare eke saie, if she me findin false,
Unkinde, jangler, rebell in any wise,
Or jelous, doe me hangin by the halfe,
And but I berin me in her servise
As well aye as my wit can me suffice,
Fro point to point, her honour for to save,
Take she my life, and all the gode I have.

The thirde Tercell Egle answerid tho,
Now sirs, ye se the lityl lesir here,
For every foule crieth out to be ago
Forthe with his make, or with his Lady dere,
And eke nature her self ne will not here,
For taryng her, not half that I would seie,
And but I speke, I must for sorowe deie.

Of longe service avaunt I me nothing,
But as possible' is me to die to day
For wo, as he that hath be languishing
This twenty wintre', and wel it happin may,
A man may serve bettir, and more to pay,
In halfe a yere, although it were no more,
Than some man doth, that hath servid ful yore.

I say not this by me, for I ne can
Do no servise, that may my lady plesse,
But I dare say, I am her trewist man,
As to my dome, and fainist wolde her plesse,
At shorte wordis, til that dethe me cese
I wil be hers, whethir I wake or winke,
And trewe, in al that herte may bethinke.

Of al my lyfe syth that day I was borne
So gentle ple, in love or othir thinge
Ne herdin nevir no man me beforen,
Who so that had right lesir and conninge
For to reherse ther chere, and ther spekyng,
And from the morowe gan this speche laste
Till downward went the sonne wondir faste.

The noife of foulis for to be deliverde
So loudè range, have don and let us wende,

That wel wende I, the wode had all to shiverd,
Come of they cried, alas! ye wil us shende,
Whan shal your cursid pleding have an ende?
How shulde a judge on eithir partie leve
For ye or nay, withoutin any preve.

The gofe, the cuckowe, and the ducke also
So cryid keke keke, cuckow, queke queke hye,
Thorough myne eris the noyse wente tho,
The gofe sayde than al this nys worthe a flye,
But I can shape herof a remedye,
And wil ylay my verdite, faire and swithe,
For watir foule, who so be wrothe or blithe.

And I for worme foule, saied the sole cuckow,
For I wil of min owne autorite,
For common spede, take on me the charge now,
For to deliver us is grete charite,
Ye may abydin a while, yet perde.
(Qd the the turtel) if that it be your wil
A wight may speke, it were as gode be stil.

I am a fede foule, one the unworthiest
That wote I wel, and the lest of connyng,
But bettir is, that a wight is tonge rest
Than entremetin him of soche doynge,
Of whiche he neithir redin can nor singe,
And who so' it doth, ful foule him self acloyeth,
For office uncommittid ofte anoyeth.

Nature, whiche that alway yhad an ere
To murmure of the leudeneffe behinde,
With faconde voice saied, hold your tongis there,
And I shal sone, I hope a counsaile finde
You to deliver, and fro this noyse unbynde,
I charge of every flocke ye shall one cal,
To say the verdite of you foulis all.

Assentid were to this conclusyon
The birdis al, and foulis of ravine
Have chosin first, by plaine election,
The Tercet, of the faucon to define.
Al ther sentence, and as him lust to termine,
And to Nature him gan they to presente,
And she acceptith him with glad entente.

The Tercet sayd than in this manere,
Ful harde it were to preve it by reson
Who lovith best this gentil Formel here,
For everiche hath soche replicacion,
That by skillis may non be brought adoun,
I cannat se that argumentes availe,
Than semith it there must be a bataille.

Al redy, qd this Egle tercelles tho;
Nay sirs (qd he) if that I durst it say,
Ye do me wronge, my tale is not ydo,
For sirs, ne takith nat a grese I pray,
It may not be as ye wolde in this way,
Ours is the voice, that have the charge in hande,
And to the Judg is dome ye muste ystande;

And therefore pece I say, as to my wit
Me woldin thinke, how that the worthiest
Of knyghthode, and lengist had usid it,
Molt of estate, of blode the gentillest,
Were fittingest for her, if that her lest,
And of these thre she wote her selfe I trowe
Whiche that he be, for it is light to knowe.

The watir foulis have ther heddis laide
Togithir, and of shorte avisement
Whan everiche had his verdite ysaide,
They saidin sothely al by one assent,

Howe that the gose, with the facondè gent
That so desirith to pronounce our nede,
Shal tel our tale, and prayed to God her spede.

And for these watir foulis tho began
The gose to speke, and in her cakelynge
She said, pece nowe, take kepe every man,
And herken whiche a reson I shal forth bring,
My witte is sharpe, I love no taryng,
I say I rede him, tho he were my brother,
But she wil love him, let him love another.

Lo here a parfite reson of a gose!
Tho (qð the sperhauke) nevir mote she The,
Lo soche a thing it is to have a tonge lose! 570
Nowe parde sole, yet were it bet for The
Have holde thy pece, than shewde thy nicete,
It lyeth nat in his wit, nor in his wil,
But sothe is saide, *a sole can nat be still.*

The laughtir arose of gentil foulis al,
And right anone the fede foules chosin had
The Turtel trewe, and gan her to hem call,
And prayid her to say the sothe sad
Of this matir, and askid what she rad,
And she answered that plainly her entent 580
She wolde shewe, and sothly what she ment.

Nay, God forbede a lovir shuldè change
The Turtel said, and wexte for shame al rede,
Though that his lady evirmore be strange,
Yet let him serve her ay, tyl he be dede,
Forsothe, I ne praise not the gos'is rede,
For tho she dyed, I wolde none othir make,
I wil be hers, tyl that the dethe me take.

Welybourdid (qð the ducke) by my hat
That men shouldin love alway causelesse, 590
Who can a reson finde or wit in that
Dauncith he mery, that is mirthlesse,
Who shuldin recke, of that is rechelesse?
Ye queke yet (qð the ducke) ful wel and faire,
There be no sterres in the skye than a paire.

Nowe fye churle (qð the gentil Terclet)
Out of the dounghil came that word aright,
Thou canst not se which thinge is wel beset,
Thou farell by love, as owlis do by light,
The day hem blindeth, ful wel they se by night, 600
Thy kinde is of so lowe a wretchidnelle
That what love is, thou canst not se nor gesse.

Tho gan the cuckow put him forthe in prece
For foule that etith worme, and sayid blyve,
So I (qð he) may have my make in pece
I ne wretche nought howe longè that ye strive,
Let eche of hem be soleine al ther lyve,
This is my rede, sens they may nat acorde,
This shortè lesion nedith not recorde.

Ye, have the glutton filde inow his paunche, 610
Then are we wel, sayid the Emerlon,
Thou murdrir of the heifugge, on the braunche,
That brought The forth, thou most rufull glutton,
Live thou solen, wormis corrupcion,
For no force is of lacke of thy nature,
Go, leude be thou, while that the world may dure!

Nowe pece (qð Nature) I commaundin here,
For I have herde al your opinion,
And in effeete yet be we ner the nere,
But finally, this is my conclusion, 620
That she her selfe, shal have her election
Of whom her list, who so be wroth or blithe,

Him that she cheseth, he shal her have as swithe.

For sithe it may not here discussid be
Who loveth her best, as said the Terclet,
Than wol I done this favour to her, that she
Shal have right him, on whom her hert is set,
And he her, that his hert hath on her knet,
This judge I nature, for I may not lye
To none estate, I have none othir eye. 630

But as for counsaile for to chofe a make,
Yf I were reson, certis than woulde I
Counsaillin you, the royal Tercel take,
As sayd the Terclet ful skilfully,
As for the gentilist, and most worthy,
Which I have wrought so wel to my plesance,
That to you it ought ben a suffaunce.

With dredfull voice the Formell her answerde,
My rightfull lady, goddesse of Nature,
Soth is, that I am er undir your yerde, 640
As is als' evèriche othir cature,
And must be yours, while that my life may dure,
And therfore grauntith me my firste bone,
And myne entent you wol I say right sone.

I graunt it you (qð she) and right anone
This Formel Egle spake in this degre.
Almighty quene, unto this yere be done
I aske respite for to avysin me,
And aftir that to have my choyce all fre;
This al and some, that I wold speke and sey, 650
Ye get no more, although ye do me dey;

I wol not servin Venus, ne Cupide,
Forsothe as yet, by no manir of way;
Nowe sens it may none othir wayes betide
(Qð Dame Nature) here is no more to say,
Than wolde I that these foulis were away
Eche with his make, for taryng lengir here,
And said hem thus, as ye shal aftir here.

To you speke I, ye Terclets (qð Nature)
Beth of gode herte, and servith alle thre, 660
A yere is not so longe for to endure,
And eche of you paine him in his degre
For to do wel, for God wote quit is she
Fro you this yere, what aftir so befall,
This entremes is dressid for you all.

And whan this werk ybrought was to an ende,
To every foule Nature yave his make
By even acorde, and on ther way they wende,
And lorde the blisse and joye which that they make!
For ech gan othir in his wingis take, 670
And with ther neckis eche gan othir winde,
Thankynge aye the noble goddesse of kinde.

But first were chosin foulis for to singe,
As yere by yere was alway ther usauce
To singe a roundel at ther departing,
To do to Nature honour and plesance,
The note, I trowe, ymakid was in Fraunce,
The wordis were soche, as ye may here find
The nextè vers, as I nowe have in minde.

Qui bien aime tard oublie.

Now welcom somir, with thy sonnis soft, 680
That haste this wintir wethirs ovirshake,
Saint Valentine, thou arte full hye on losfe,
Which drivist away the longe nightis blake,
Thus singin smale foulis for thy sake,
Well havin thy cause for to gladin ofte.

Sens

Sens eche of 'hem recovered hath his make,
Ful blisful maie they sing when they awake.

And with the shouting when ther songe was do
That the foulis made at ther flight away,
I woke, and othir bokis toke me to

690

To rede upon, and yet I rede alway,
I hope ywis to redin so some day
That I shal metin some thinge for to fare
The bet, and thus to rede I n'il not spare.

Explicit.



The Floure of Courtesie, made by JOHN LIDGATE.

In this Book are set forth the rare Vertues of a certain Lady; made by
John Lidgate, as some think, in the behalfe of some Gentlewoman in
the Court.

IN Feverier, when that the frostie Mone
Was hornid, full of Phæbus fierie light,
And that she gan to raise her stremis sone,
St. Valentine, upon thy blisfull night
Of dutie, when that glad is every wight,
And foulis chese, to voide ther oldè sorow,
Everiche his make upon the nextè morow,

The samè time I herde a Larke yfing
Full lustily againe the morow gray,
Awake, ye Loveres, out of your slumbring
This glade morow, in alle the haste ye may,
Doith some observaunce unto this day,
Your choise agen of hertè to renew
In confirming, for evir to be true.

And ye that be of chesing at your large
This lustie day, by custome of nature;
Take upon you the blisful holie charge
To fervin Love while that your Life may dure,
With body, herte, and alle your besy cure
For evirmore, as Venus and Cypride
For you disposith, and the God Cupide.

For joy owin ye plainly to obey
Unto this Lord's mighty ordinaunce,
And mercilesse full rathir for to dey,
Than evre' in you be founding variaunce,
And though your Life be medli'd with grevaunce,
And at your hert's closet be your wound,
Beth alway one, there as ye are ybound.

That when I herdin had and listid long
With devout herte the lusty melody
Of this hevinly comfortable Song,
So agreable, as by harmony,
I rose anone, and fast I gan me hie
Toward a grove, and the way ytake
Foulis to fene everiche chese his Make.

And yet I was full thirsty' in languishing,
Mine Ague was so fervent in his herte,
When Aurora for drerie complaining
Gan to distill her christall teris wete
Upon the Soyle, with Silver dew so swete,
For she ne durstin not for Shame appere
Undir the light of Phæbus bemis clere.

And so for anguish of my painis kene,
And eke for constraint of my fighis sore,
I set me downe undir a laurir grene
Full pitously, and alwey more and more
As I beheld into the holtis hore,
I gan complaine mine inward dedely smerte

That aye so fore crampisnith at mine herte.

And whilis that I in my drery paine
Sate, and beheld about on every tre
The foulis sitt alway by twaine and twaine,
Then thought I thus, 'alas! what may this be,
That every foule hath his libertie
Frely to chesin aftir his desire
Everiche his make thus fro yere to yere:

The fely Wren, the Tytemose also,
The little Redbreast, have fre election
To flyin yfere, and togethir go
Whereas them list, aboutin environ,
As they of kind have inclination
And as Nature, the empress and the guide
Of every thing, list for them to provide;

But man alone (alas the hardè stound)
Full cruilly by kind's ordinaunce
Constrainid is, and by statute ybound
And debarrid from all such gode plesaunce?
What menith this, what is this purveiaunce
Of God above againe all right of kind,
Withoutin cause so narowe man to bind?

Thus may I seïn and complaine, alas!
My wofull hour, and my disavinture,
That dolefully stonde in the samè case,
So ferre behinde from allè helthe and cure,
My wound abidith like a surfanure,
For me Fortune so felly list dispose,
My harme is hid, that I dare not disclose.

For I my herte have sett in soche a place,
Where I am nevir likely for to spede,
So ferre I am yhindrid from her grace,
That save daungir I have none othir mede;
And thus, alas! I n'ote who shall me rede,
Ne for myn helpè shapin remedie,
For malebouche, and for false envie.

The whichè twaine aye stondith in my wey
Maliciously, and false suspeccion
Is verry cause also why that I die,
Ginning and rote of my destruccion,
So that I felin in conclusion
That with ther trainis they wollin me shende
That dethe more of my labour make an ende.

Yet or I die, with hertè, will, and thought
To God of Lovè this avowe I make,
As I best can, how dere that it be bought,
Where so it be that I or slepe or wake,

Whilis

Whilis that Boreas doth the levis shake,
As I have hight, plainly untill I sterue,
For wele or wo, that I shall her yserue.

And for her sake, now on this holie time,
St. Valentine, somewhat shullin I write,
Although so be it that I can nat rime,
Nor curiously by no craft endite,
Yet levir I have that she put the wite
In my unconning, than in negligence,
Whatevir I fay of her excellence.

Whatevir I fay it is of dutie,
In sothefastnes, and no presumption,
This I ensure to you that shall it se,
That it is all undir correction
What I reherse in commendation
Of her, that I shall to you as belive,
So as I can, her vertues here describe.

Right by example, as the summir sunne
Passith the steris with his bemis shene,
And Lucifer among the skyis dunne
A morow shewith to voide night's tene,
So verily, withoutin any wene,
My lady passith, whoso takith hede,
All tho alive, to speke of womanhede.

And as the Rubie hath the soveraintie
Of richè stonis, and the regalie,
And as the Rose of swetenesse and beauteie
Of freshe flouris, without any lie,
Right so in sothe, with her so godely eye
She passith alle in bountie and fairenesse
Of mannir eke and of her gentilnesse.

For she is both the fairist and the best,
To rekin all, in verry sothefastnes,
For every vertue is in her at rest;
And furthirmore to speke of stedfastnes,
She is the rote, and of semelimesse
The very mirrour, and of govirnaunce
To all example, without variaunce.

Of port benigne, and wondir glade of chere,
Evirmore having her true advertence
Alway to reson, so that her desire
Is bridlid ay by wit and providence;
Thereto of wit and also of high prudence
She is the well, yet aye devoid of pride,
That unto vertue her self is the guide.

And ovir all this, in her dalliaunce
Lowly to all she is, discrete, and wise,
And godely glade, by right temperaunce,
That every wight, of high and low degre,
Are rightfull glade in herte with her to be,
So that shortly, if that I shall not lie,
She namid is the Floure of Curtisie.

And thereto, to speke of Feminitie,
She' is the leste mannish in comparison,
Godely abashid, having ay pitie
Of them that ben in tribulation,
For she alone is consolation
To all that arne in mischefe and in nede,
To comfortin them, of her womanhede.

And aye in vertue is her besy charge,
Sad and demure, and but of wordis few,
Dredefull also of tonguis that ben large,
Eschewing aye them, that listin to hew
Above ther hedde, ther wordis for to shew,
Dishonestly to speke of any wight,

She deddely hatith of them to' have a fight.

The herte of whome so honest is and clene,
And her entent so faithfull and entere,
That she ne may for all the world sustene
To suffir her eres any word to here
Of frend nor foe, neithir ferrè ne nere,
Amisf resowne, that hindir shulde his name,
And if she do, she wexith redde for shame.

So truly in her mening she is sette
Without chaunging, or any doublenesse,
For bountie' and beauteie are togethir knet
In her person, undir firm faithfulnessse,
For devoid she is of newfanglenesse,
In herte ay one for evir to persever
There she is sette, and nevir to dislever.

I am to rude, her vertues everychone
Connyngly to discrivin and to write
For well ye wote that colour have I none
Like her discretion, craftely to endite,
For what I saying all it is to lite,
Wherefore unto you thus I me excuse,
That I acquaintid am not with no muse,

By Rhetorike my stile for to governe,
And all her preise and commendacion
I am to blynde so hylde to description,
Of her grete godenes for to make discerne,
Save thus I sayin in conclusion
If that I shal her shortly commende,
In her is naught, that nature can amende.

For gode she is, lyke to Polyxene,
And in farenesse like to the quene Helaine,
Stedfast of herte, as was Dorigene,
And wisely trouth, if that I shal nat faine,
In constaunce eke and faith, she maye attaine.
To Cleopatre', and therto as setrone
As was of Troye the white Antigone.

As Hester mekè, lyke Judith of prudence,
Kynde as Alcest, or Marcia Catoun,
And to Griside lyke in paciencè,
And Ariadne of discrecioun,
And to Lucrece, that was of Rome toun
She may be likened as for honeste,
And for her faith, unto Penelope.

To faire Phillis, and to Hypsipyle
For innocence, and eke for womanhede,
For simlimesse unto Canace,
And ovir this to speke of godelihede,
She passith al whiche that I can of rede,
For worde and dede, so that she naught ne fal,
Acorde in vertue, and her werkis al.

For though that Dido with her wittefull sage
Was in her time right stedfast to Enee,
Of hastinesse nathless she dyd outrage,
And so for Jason dyd also Medee,
But this my lady is so avisee,
That bountie and beauteie both in her demaine,
She makith bountie alway soveraine.

This is to mene, bountie goith afore
Lad by prudence, and hath the soverainte,
And beaute foloweth, ruled by her lore,
That she ne fendin her in no degre
So that in one this godely freshe fre,
Surmounting all, withoutin any were,
Is gode and faire, in one persone yfere.

And

And though that I for very ignoraunce
Ne may discrive her vertues by and by,
Yet on this day for a remembraunce,
Onely supportid undir her mercy,
With quakinge honde I shal ful humbily
To her hienefs my rudenesse for to quite, 230
A lytil balade here beneth endite.

Evir as I can supprize in myne herte
Alway with fere, betwyxtin drede and shame,
Lette out of lose any worde shulde afterte
In this metre, to make it femin lame,
Chaucer is dede, which that had soche a name
Of faire making, that was withoutin wene
Fayrist in our tonge, as the Laurir grene.

We may assayn for to countrefete
His gay style, but it ne wol not ybe, 240
The welle is drie, with the lycoure so swete
Both of Clio, and of Calliope;
And first of all, I woll excusin me
To her that is the ground of godelihede,
And thus I say until her womanhede.

Balade simple.

With al my myght, and alle my best entent,
Wyth all the faithe that mighty God of kinde

Me yave, sith he me soule and knowing sent,
I chese, and to this bonde evir me binde,
To love you best, while I have life and minde. 250
Thus herdin I foulis in the dauninge
Upon the day of sainte Valentine singe.

Yet chese I at beginning this entent,
To lovin you, though I no mercy finde,
And if you lyst I died I wolde assent,
As evir twinne I quick from of this line,
Suffisith me to sene your fethirs ynde.
Thus herde I foulis in the morowninge
Upon the day of sainte Valentine singe.

And ovir this mine hert'is luste to bente 260
In honour onily of the wodde binde
Wholy I yevin, nevir to repente,
In joye or wo, where ere so that I winde,
Tofore Cupido, with his eyin blinde,
The foulis all, when Titan did yspringe
With devout hert me thought I herdin singe.

L'envoye.

Princesse of beautie to you I present
This symple dyte, rude as in makeinge,
Of hert, and will faithfull in mine entent,
Like as this day, the foulis herde I singe. 270

Here endeth the Floure of Curtesy.

Hereafter foloweth how pyte is dede and buried in gentyle herte.



Yte, that I have fought so yore ago
With hertè fore, and full of besy paine,
That in this worlde was nevir wight so wo
Withoutin dethe, and yf I shal nat faine,
My purpose was to pite to complaine
Upon the crueltie and tyrannye
Of love, that for my trouth doth me to die.

And whan that I by length of certaine yeres
Had evir in one fought a time to spcke 10
To pite ran I all bespreint with teres
To prayn her on Cruelte me' a-wreke,
But or I might with any worde out breke,
Or tel her any of my painis smerte,
I found her ded, and buried in an herte.

A downe I fel, whan that I saw the herse,
Ded as a stone, while that the swonne me laste,
But up I rose, with coloure ful diverse,
And pitously on her myne eyen I cast,
And nerir the corse I gan presin fast,
And for the soule I shope me for to pray, 20
I was but lorne, there was no more to say.

Thus am I flaine, sith that Pite is ded,
Alas that day that evir it shulde fal!
What manir man dare nowe hold up his hed?
To whom shal now any foro'wfull hert call,
Nowe Cruelte hath cast to fle us al,
In ydle hope folke redelless of paine,
Sith she is ded, to whom shal we complaine?

But yet encrefith me this wondir newe,
That no wight wote that she is ded but I, 30
So many men as in her tyme her knewe,
And yet she dyid all so sodainly,

For I have fought her er full besily
Sithins that I had firste witte or mind,
But she was ded er that I coude her find.

Aboute her herse there stodin lustily,
Withoutin any mo, as thoughtin me,
Bountie, perfetely well armed and richely,
And frische beaute, and lust, and jolite, 40
Assurid manir, youthe, and Honeste,
Wisdome, estate, with drede and governaunce,
Confedrid both by bonde and aliaunce.

A complainte had I writin in my honde
To have yput to Pyte, as a byl,
But I there al this company yfonde,
That rathir wouldin all my causè spill,
Then do me help, I held my plaintè still,
For to those folke withoutin any faile
Without pite there maie no bill availe.

Then leave all vertues, save onely pitie, 50
Keping the corse, as ye have herd me faine,
Confedrid by bonde unto Crueltie,
And be assentid when I shall be flaine,
And I have put my compleinte up againe,
For to my foes my bill I dare not shewe,
The' effect which sayith thus in word is fewe.

Humblist of herte, hyist of reverence,
Flowir benigne, Coroune of Vertues alle,
Shewith unto your roiall excellence
Your servaunt, if I durstin me so call, 60
His mortall harme, in which he is ifall,
And nought all onely for his wofull fare,
But for your renome, as he shall declare.

It standeth thus that your contrary' crueltie
 Allyid is ayenst your regalie,
 Undir colour of womanly beautie,
 For men shoulidin not knowe her tyrannie,
 With bountie Gentillesse, and Curtesie,
 And hath deprivid you thus of your place,
 That is hie Beaute' apertenant to your grace. 70

For kindly by your heritage and right,
 Ye be annexid evir to bountie,
 And verily ye ought to doe your might
 To helpin trouthe in his adversitie,
 Ye be also the coroune of beautie,
 And certis if that ye want in these twaine,
 The worlde is lore, there is no more to saine.

Eke what availeth manir and gentillesse
 Withoutin you, O most benigne cature,
 Shall crueltie ybe your governess? 80
 Alas! what herte maie it long endure?
 Wherefore but ye rathir ytakin cure
 To brekin that perillous aliaunce
 Ye fleen 'hem that ben in your obeisance.

And furthir ovir, if ye suffir this,
 All your renome is fordoe in a throwe,
 There shall no man ywete what pitie is,
 Alas that your renome is fall so lowe!
 Ye be' also fro your heritage ithrowe
 By crueltie that occupieth your place, 90
 And we dispairid that sekin your grace.

Have merceie on me, thou Herenus Quene,

That you have fought so tendirly and fore,
 O let some streame of light on me be sene,
 That love and drede you er longir the more,
 For sothily to saine, I bere so fore,
 And though I be not connyng for to plaine,
 For God's love have mercie on my paine.

My paine is this, that what so I desire
 That have I not, ne nothyng like thereto, 100
 And evir setteth desire mine herte on fire,
 Eke on that othir side, where that I go,
 What manir thing that may encrese my wo,
 That have I redy unfought every where,
 Me lackith but my deth, and then my bere.

What nedith to shewe percel of my paine,
 Sith every wo, that herte maie bethinke,
 I suffir, and yet dare not to you plaine,
 For well I wote, though that I wake or winke,
 Ye recke not whethir that I flete or sinke, 110
 And nathelesse yet my trouth I shall susteine
 Unto my deth, and that shall well be sene.

This is to saine that I will be yours ever,
 Though ye me flea by crueltie your fo,
 Algate my spirite shall nevir discevir
 Fro your service, for any paine or wo,
 Sith ye be dedde, alas that it is so!
 Thus for your deth I maie wepin and plain,
 With herte fore, and full of belie pain.

Explicit.

La belle Dame sans mercy.

M. Aleyne, Secretary to the King of France, framed this Dialogue between a Gentleman, and a Gentlewoman, who finding no mercy at her hand dyeth for Sorrow.

H Alse in a dreme, not fully well awaked,
 The goldin slepe me wrapped undir his
 wyng
 Yet not forthy I rose, and well nigh naked
 Al sodainly my felt rememberyng
 Of a mattir, levyng all othir thyng,
 Which I must doe withoutin more delaie
 For them, whiche I ne durst not disobaie.

My charge was this, to translate by and by,
 (All thyng forgive) as parte of my penaunce,
 A boke callid *La bel Dame sans mercy*, 10
 Whiche Maistr Aleine made of remembrance,
 Chief secretarie with the kyng of Fraunce:
 And hereupon a while I stode musyng,
 And in my self greatly imaginynge,

What wife I should perform the said processe
 Confidiryng by gode advisement
 My unconnyng, and my grete simpleness,
 And ayenward the straite commaundement
 Whiche that I had, and thus in myne entent
 I was vexid and tournid up and doune, 20
 And yet at last, as in conclusioun,

I cast my clothis on, and went my waie
 This foresaid charge having in remembrance,
 Till I came to a lustie grene valaie

Full of flouris, to se a grete plesaunce,
 And so boldly with ther benigne suffraunce,
 Which redin this boke touching this matere
 Thus I began if it plese you to here.

NOT long ago, ridyng an esie paas,
 I fell in thought of joyful desperate, 30
 With grete disese and pain, so that I was
 Of all lovirs the most unfortunate,
 Sith by his darte moste cruill full of hate
 The deth hath take my ladie and maistresse,
 And left me sole, thus discomfite and mate,
 Sore languishyng, and in waie of distresse.

Then said I thus, it fallith me to cesse
 Eithir to rime, or ditees for to make,
 And surely to makin a full promesse
 To laugh no more, but wepe in clothis blake 40
 My joyfull tyme (alas) now doeth it slake,
 For in my self I fele no manir ese,
 Let it be written, soche fortune (as I take)
 Which neithir me, nor non othir doth plese.

If it were so, my wyll or myne entent
 Constrainid were a joyfull thing to write,
 My penne could nevir knowing what it ment,
 To speke thereof my tongue hath no delite,

Who

Tho with my mouthe I laugh mochil or lite,
Mine eyin should make a countenance untrue, 50
My herte also, would have therof despite,
The wepyng teris have so large issue.

These sike lovirs I leve, that to hem longes,
Which lede ther life in hope of alegeaunce,
That is to saie, to make Balades and songes,
Every of hem, as thei fele ther grevaunce,
For she that was my joye, and my plesaunce
Whose soule I prae God of his mercie save,
She hath my will, myne hert's ordinaunce,
Which lyith here, within this tombe igrave. 60

Fro this tyme forth, tyme is to hold my pces,
It werieth me this mattir for to trete,
Let othir lovirs put hem selfe in prees,
Their soun is, my tyme is now forgere,
Fortune by strength the forcir hath unfhete,
Wherein was sperde all my worldly richesse,
And all the godis which that I have gete,
In my best tyme of youth and lustinesse.

Love hath me kept undir his govirnaunce,
If I misdid, God graunt me forgivnesse, 70
If I did well, yet felt I no plesaunce,
It causid neither joye nor hevinesse,
For when she dyid that was my maistres,
My Welfare then ymade the same purchase,
The deth hath shette my bondis of witnesse,
Which for nothing myne hert shal nevir pase.

In this grete thought fore troublid in my mind,
Alone thus rode I all the morrow tide,
Till at the last it happid me to finde 80
The place, wherein I cast me to abide,
When that I had no furthir for to ride,
And as I went my lodgyng to purvaie,
Right sone I herd, a little me beside,
In a gardin, where minstrels gan to plaie.

With that anonc I went me backir more,
My self and I, me thought we were inow,
But twaine that wer my frendis here before
Had me espied, and yet I wote not how,
Thei came for me, awaiewarde I me drowe,
Somwhat by force, somewhat by ther request, 90
That in no wise I coud my self rescowe,
But nedes I must come in and se the fest.

At my commyng, the Ladies everichone
Bad me welcome, God wote, right gentillie,
And made me chere, every one by one,
A grete dele bettir than I was worthie,
And of ther grace shewed me grete curtisie
With gode disport, bicause I should not mourne,
That daie I bode still in ther companie,
Whiche was to me a gracious sojourn. 100

The bordis were spred in right lityl space
The Ladies sat, eche as she semid best,
There were no dedly servautes in the place,
But chosin men, right of the godelyest,
And some there wer, peraventure most freshest,
That sawin ther Judgis right full demure,
Without semblaunt, eithir to moste or lest,
Notwithstanding thei had hem undir cure.

Emong all othir one I gan espie,
Which in grete thought ful oftin came and went,
As one that had ben ravished uttirly,
In his language not gretly diligent,
His countinaunce he kept with grete turment,
But his desire farre passid his reson,

For er his eye went aftir his entent,
Full many a tyme, when it was no soun.

To makin chere sorely hymself he pained,
And outwardly he fainid grete gladnesse,
To sing also by force he was constrained, 120
For no plesaunce, but verie shamefastnesse,
For the complainte of his moste hevinesse
Came to his voice, alwaie without request,
Like as the soun of birdis doeth expresse,
When thei sing loude, in fritte or in forest.

Othir there were, that servid in the hall,
But none like hym, as aftir myne advise,
For he was pale, and somewhat lene withall,
His speche also tremblid in ferfull wise,
And er alone, but when he did servise,
All blacke he ware, and no devise but plain, 130
Me thought by him, as my witte coud suffise,
His herte was nothyng in his owne demain.

To fest hem all he did his diligence,
And well he coud, right as it semid me,
But evitmore when he was in presence
His chere was doen, it n'olue none othir be,
His Scholemaistir had soche auctorite,
That all the while he bode still in the place
Speke cou'd he not, but upon her beaute
He lokid still, with a right pitous face. 140

With that his hedde he tournid at the last
For to beholde the Ladies everichone,
But er in one he set his eye stedfast
On her, whiche that his thought was moste upon,
For of his eyen the shot I knewe anone,
Which ferfull was, with right humble requestes;
Then to my self I saied, by God alone,
Soche one was I, or that I sawe these jstes.

Out of the prese he went full esly,
To make stable his hevie countinaunce, 150
And wote ye well, he sighid wondirly,
For his sorowes and wofull remembrance,
Then in hymself he made his ordinance,
And forthwithall came to bryng in the messe,
But for to judge his moste wofull penance,
God wote, it was a pitous entremesse.

Aftir dinir anone thei hem avaunced
To daunce above the folke everychone,
And forthwithal this hevie man he daunced,
Somtime with twaine, and somtimes with one, 160
Unto hem all his chere was aftir one,
Now here, now there, as fell by avinture,
But er emong he drewe to her alone,
Whiche that he moste drede, oi livyng cature.

To mine advise gode was his purveiaunce,
When he her chose to his maistrille alone,
If that her herte were set to his plesaunce,
As moche as was her beauteous persone,
For who so evir setteth his trust upon
The report of the eyen, withoutin more, 170
He might be dedde, and gravin undir stone,
Or er he should his hert's ese restore.

In her failid nothyng, that I coud gesse,
One wise nor othir, privie nor aperte,
A garison she was of godelinesse,
To make a frontier for a lovirs herte,
Right yong and freshe, a woman full coverte,
Aflurid wele of porte, and eke of chere,
Wel at her ese, withoutin wo or smerte,
All underneth the standerde of dangere. 180

To

To se the fest it wried me full fore,
 For hevie joye doeth fore the herte travaille,
 Out of the prese I me withdrawe therfore,
 And set me doune alone behinde a traile
 Full of levis, to se a grete mervaille,
 With grene wrethis iboundin wondirly,
 The levis were so thicke withoutin faile,
 That thoroughout no man might me espie.

To this Ladie he came full curtisly,
 Wher he thought time to daunce with her a trace,
 Set in an herbir, made full plesantly,
 Thei restid 'hem fro thens but lityl space,
 Nigh 'hem were none of a certain compace,
 But onely thei, as farre as I could se,
 Save the traile, there I had ychose my place,
 Ther was no more bitwene 'hem two and me.

I herd the lovir sighyng wondir fore,
 For aie the more the sorir it hym fought,
 His inward paine he coud not kepe in store,
 Nor for to speke so hardie was he nought, 200
 His leche was nere, the gretir was his thought,
 He musid fore to conquere his desire,
 For no man maie to more penaunce be brought,
 Then in his hete to bryng hym to the fire.

The herte began to swell within his chest,
 So fore strainid, for anguishe and for pain,
 That all to pecis almoste it to brest,
 When both at ones so fore it did constrain,
 Desire was bolde, but shame it gan refrain,
 That one was large, the othir was full close, 210
 No little charge was laied on hym certain,
 To kepe soche werre, and have so many fose.

Full oftin times to speke himself he pained,
 But shamefastnesse and drede saied evir naie,
 Yet at the last so fore he was constrained,
 When he full long had put it in delaie,
 To this Ladie right thus then gan he saie,
 With dredefull voice, wepyng, halfe in a rage,
 For me was purveied an unhappie daie,
 When I first had a sight of your visage: 220

I suffre pain, God wote, full hote brenning,
 To cause my deth, all for my true servise,
 And I se well, ye recke thereof nothing,
 Nor take no hede of it, in no kinde wise,
 But when I speke astir my best advise,
 Ye reke it nought, but make thereof a game,
 And though I sewe so grete an entirprise,
 Yet peirith not your worship nor your fame.

Alas! what should it be to' you prejudice,
 If that a man doe love you faithfully? 230
 To your worship, eschewyng every vice,
 So am I yours, and will be verily,
 I chalenge nought of right and reson why,
 For I am whole submit to your service,
 Right as you list it be, right so will I,
 To binde my self, where I was in fraunchise.

L'amant.

Though it be so, that I can not deserve
 To have your grace, but alwaie live in drede,
 Yet suffre me you for to love and serve,
 Without maugre of your moste godelihede, 240
 Both faith and trouth I give your womanhede,
 And my service without any callyng,
 Love hath me bound, withoutin wage or mede
 To be your man, and leve all othir thyng.

La dame.

When this ladie had herd al this language,
 She gave answere, full soft and demurely
 Without chaungyng of colour or courage,
 Nothyng in hast, but full mesurably.
 Me thinkith, sir, your thought is grete folly;
 Purpose ye nought your labour for to cese, 250
 For thinkith not, whilis ye live and I,
 In this mattir to set your herte in pefe.

L'amant.

Ther maie none make the pece, but onely ye;
 Which are the ground and cause of all this war,
 For with your eyen the lettirs writtin be,
 By whiche I am defied and put as farre,
 Your plesaunt loke, my very lodestarre,
 Was made heraude of thulke same defiaunce,
 Whiche uttirly behight me for to barre
 My faithfull trust, and all myne affyaunce. 260

La dame.

To live in wo he hath grete fantasie,
 And of his hert also but slippir holde,
 That onely for beholdyng of an eye
 Can not abide in pece, as reson wolde,
 Other or me, if ye list ye maie beholde,
 Our eyen are made to loke, why should we spare?
 I take no kepe, neithir of yong ne olde,
 Who felith smart, I counsaile hym beware.

L'amant.

If it be so, one hurte an othir fore
 In his defeaute, that felith the grevaunce, 270
 Of very right a man maie do no more,
 Yet reson would it were in remembrance,
 And sith fortune onily by her chaunce
 Hath causid me to suffre all this pain
 By your beautie, with all the circumstaunce,
 Why list ye have me in so grete disdain?

La dame.

To your persone ne have I no disdain,
 Nor nevir had truelie, ne nought will have,
 Nor right grete love, nor hatred in certain,
 Nor your counsaile to knowe, so God me save, 280
 If that soche love be in your minde igrave,
 That lityl thyng maie doe you displeaunce,
 You to begile, or make you for to rave,
 I will not causin no soche encombraunce.

L'amant.

What er it be, that me hath thus purchafed,
 Wenying hath not decevid me certain,
 But fervent love so fore hath me ichafed,
 That I unware am castin in your chaine,
 And sith so is, as fortune list ordaine, 290
 All my welfare is in your handis fall,
 In eschewyng of more mischevous paine,
 Who sonist dieth, his care is left of all

La dame.

This sicknesse is right esie to endure,
 But fewe peple it causith for to die,
 But what thei mene I knowe it very sure,
 Of more comfort to drawe the remedie,
 Soche be there now plainyng full pitoussie,

That

That fele, God wote, not althir gretist pain, 300
And if so be love hurte so grevoullie,
Lesse harme it wer, one sorowful then twain.

L'amant.

Alas! Madame, if that it might you plesse,
Moche bet it were, by waie of gentillesse,
Of one sorie to make twain well at ese,
Then hym to destroie that liveth in distresse,
For my desire is, neithir more nor lesse,
But my service to doe for your plesaunce,
In eschewyng all manir doublenesse,
To make two joies, in stede of one grevaunce.

La dame.

Of love I seke neithir plesaunce nor ese,
Nor have I therein no grete affiaunce,
Though ye be sick it doeth me nothing plesse,
Also I take no hede of your plesaunce,
Chese who so will ther hertis to avaunce,
Free am I now, and fre will I endure,
To be rulid by mann's govirnaunce
For yerthly gode, naie, that I you ensure.

L'amant.

Love, which that joy and sorow doth depart,
Hath set the Ladies out of all servage, 320
And largely doeth graunt 'hem for ther part
Lordship and rule of every maner of age,
The pore servaunt nought hath of advantage,
But what he maie get onely by purchesse,
And he that ones to love doeth his homage,
Full oftin tymes dere bought is the richesse.

La dame.

Ladies be not so simple, thus I mene,
So dull of witte, so sottid in folie,
That for wordis, which said be of the splene,
In faire language paintid full plesauntlie, 330
Whiche ye and mo holde scholis of dailie,
To make 'hem all grete wondirs to suppose,
But sone thei can awaie their heddis wrie,
And to faire speche lightly ther eris close.

L'amant.

There is no man, that janglith busilie,
And setteth his herte, and al his minde therfore,
That by reson maie plain sopitoullie,
As he that hath moche hevinesse in store;
Whose hedde is whole, and saieth that it is sore,
His fainid chere is harde to kepe in mewe, 340
But thought, whiche is unfainid evirmore,
The wordis previth, as the wordis shewe.

La dame.

Love is subtile, and hath a grete awaite,
Sharp in working, in gabbing grete plesaunce,
And can hym venge of soche as by disceite
Would fele and knowe his secrete govirnaunce,
And makith 'hem to obeie his ordinaunce,
By cherefull waies, as in 'hem is supposed,
But when thei fallin into repentaunce,
Then in a rage ther counsaile is disclosed. 350

L'amant.

Sith for as moche as God and eke nature
Hath avauncid love to so hie degre,

Moche sharp is the point, thus am I right sure,
Yet grevith more the faute, where er it be,
Who hath no colde, of hete hath no deinte,
The' one for that othir askid is expresse,
And of plesaunce knowith none certainte,
But it be one in thought and hevinesse.

La dame.

As for plesaunce, it is not alwaie one,
That you think swete, I think it bittir pain, 360
Ye maie not me constrain, nor yet right none,
Aftir your luste to love, that is but vain,
To challenge love by right was never sein,
But herte assent, before bonde and promise,
For strength and force ne maie not er attain
I will that standeth enfeffid in franchise.

L'amant.

Right faire ladie, God mote I never plesse,
If that I seke othir right in this case,
But for to shewe you plainly my disese,
And your mercie to abide, and eke your grace, 370
If I purpose your honour to deface,
Or evir did, God and fortune me shende,
And that I ner unrightfully purchase
One onelie joye, unto my liv's ende.

La dame.

Ye and othir, that swere soche othis faste,
And so condempne, and cursin to and fro,
Full sikirly ye wene your othis laste
No lengir then the wordis ben ago,
And God, and eke his sainctis laugh also;
In soche sweryng there is no stedfastnesse, 380
And these wretchis, that have ful trust therto,
Aftir thei wepe and wailin in distresse.

L'amant.

He hath no courage of a man truelie,
That sechith plesaunce, worship to dispise,
Nor to be callid, for he' is not worthie
The yerth to touch, the aire in no kind wise,
A trustie herte, a mouthe without feintise,
Thus by the strength of every manir name,
And who that laieth his faithe for little prise,
He lesith both his worship and his fame. 390

La dame.

A curfid herte, a mouthe that is curteise,
Full well ye wote thei be not accordyng,
Yet fainid chere right sone maie 'hem apeise,
Where of malice it set all ther workyng,
Full false semblant thei bere, and true femyng,
Ther name, ther fame, ther tonguis ben but fained,
Worship in 'hem is put in forgettyng,
Nought repentid, nor in no wise complained.

L'amant.

Who thinkith ill, no gode maie him befall,
God of his grace graunt eche man his desert, 400
But for his love, emong your thoughtis all,
As thinke upon my wofull sorowes smert,
For of my paine whethir your tendir hert
Of swete pitie be not therewith agreved,
And of your grace, to me were discovert,
That by your mene sone should I be releved.

La dame.

A lightfome herte, a folie of plesaunce,
 Are moche bettir, the lesse while thei abide,
 Thei make you think, and bring you in a traunce,
 But that sikenesse will sone be remedide, 410
 Respite your thought, and put all this aside,
 Full gode disporte ywerieth me all daie,
 To helpe nor hurte my will is not aplide,
 Who troweth me not, I let hym passe awaie.

L'amant.

Who hath a birde, a faucon, or a hounde,
 That foloweth hym for love in every place,
 He cheriseth him, and kepith him ful sound,
 Out of his sight he will not hym enchace,
 And I that set my wittis in this cace, 420
 On you alone, withoutin any chaunge,
 Am put undir, moche farthir out of grace,
 And lesse set by, then othir that be straunge.

La dame.

Though I make chere to every man about,
 For my worship, and for myne owne fraunchise,
 To you I n'll doe so, withoutin doubt,
 In eschewyng all manir prejudise,
 For wote ye well, love is so little wise;
 And in bileve, so lightly will be brought,
 That he takith all at his owne devise,
 Of thing, God wote, that servith him of nought.

L'amant.

If I by love, and by my true servise
 Lefe the gode chere that straungirs have alwaie,
 Whereof shall serve my trouthe in any wise,
 Lesse then to him, that cometh and goeth al daie,
 Whiche holdeth of you nothyng, that is no naie,
 Also in you is lost, as to' my semyng,
 All curtise, whiche of reson will faie
 That love for love were lawfull desyryng.

La dame.

Curtise is aliyd wondir nere
 To worship, whiche hym lovith tendirly, 440
 And he will not be bounde for no praiere,
 Nor for no giftes, I saie you verily,
 But his gode chere depart full largily
 Where hym lykith, as his concept will fall,
 Guerdon constrained, a gift doen thankfully,
 These twain can ner accord, nor nevyr shal.

L'amant.

As for guerdon, I seke none in this cace,
 For that deserte to me it is to hie,
 Wherefore I aske your pardon and your grace,
 Sith me behovith deth, or your mercie, 450
 To give the gode where it wantith truly
 That were reson, and a curtise manere,
 And to your own moche bettir were worthy
 Then to straungirs, to shew hem lovely chere.

La dame.

What cal ye gode, fain would I that I wist,
 That plesith one, an othir smertith fore,
 But of his owne to large is he, that list
 Give moche, and lesin his gode name therfore,
 One should not make a graunt, little ne more,

But the request were right well accordyng, 460
 If worship be not kept and set before,
 All that is lefte, is but a little thyng.

L'amant.

Into this worlde was foundin nevyr none,
 Nor undir hevin creature ibore,
 Nor nevyr shall, save onely your persone,
 To whom your worship touchith halfe so fore,
 But me, whiche have no seson lesse ne more,
 Of youth ne age, but still in your service,
 I have no eyen, no wit, nor mouthe in store,
 But all be givin to the same office. 470

La dame.

A ful grete charge hath he withoutin faile,
 That his worship kepith in sikirnesse,
 But in daungir he settith his travaile,
 That feffith it with othirs businesse,
 To hym that longith honour and noblesse,
 Upon none othir should not be awaite,
 For of his owne so moche hath he the lesse,
 That of othir moche foloweth the conceite.

L'amant.

Your eyen hath set the print, which that I fele
 Within my herte, that where so er I go, 480
 If I doe thyng, that founith unto wele,
 Nedes must it cum from you, and fro no mo,
 Fortune will this, that I for wele or wo
 My life endure, your mercy abidyng,
 And verie right will, that I thinke also
 Of your worship above all othir thyng.

La dame.

To your worship se well, for that is nede,
 That ye spende not your seson all in vain;
 As touchyng myne, I rede you take no hede,
 By your follie to put your selfe in pain,
 To overcome is gode, and to restrain
 An herte, whiche is decevid follilie, 490
 For worse it is to breke then bowe certain,
 Bettir to bowe, then to fall sodainly.

L'amant.

Now, faire Ladie, thinke, sith it first began,
 That love hath set mine herte undir his cure,
 It nevyr might, ne truelie I ne can
 None othir serve, while I shall here endure,
 In most fre wise thereof I make you sure,
 Which maie not be withdraw, this is no naie,
 I must abide all manir advinture,
 For I ne maie put to, nor take awaie. 500

La dame.

I holde it for no gift in sothfastnesse,
 That one offirith, where it is forsake;
 For soche a gifte' is abandonyng expresse,
 That with worship ayen maie not be take;
 He hath an herte full fell that list to make
 A gift lightlie, that put is to refuse,
 But he is wise, that soche concept will flake,
 So that hym nede neithir studie ne muse.

L'amant.

He should not muse, that hath his service spent
 On her, whiche is a Ladie honourable, 510
 And

And if I spende my time to that extent,
Yet at the lest I am not reprovabie
Of fainid harte, to thanke I am unable;
Or I mistoke, when I made this request,
By whiche love hath of enterpryse notable
So many bertis gottin by conquest.

La dame.

If that ye liste doe astir my counsaile,
Seche a fairir, and of more highir fame,
Whiche in service of love will you prevaile,
Astir your thought, accordyng to the same, 520
He hurtith bothe his worship and his name,
That follily for twain himself will trouble,
And he also lesith his astir game,
That surely can not set his poinctis double.

L'amant.

This your counsaile, by ought that I can se,
Is bettir saied than doen, to myne advise,
Though I beleve it not, forgive it me,
Mine herte is soche, so whole without feintise,
That I ne maie give credence in no wise
To thyng, whiche is not sounyng unto truth, 530
Othir counsaile I se' is but fantasie,
Save of your grace to shewe pitie and ruth.

La dame.

I holde hym wise that workith no folie,
And when hym list, can leve and part therfro,
But in connyng he is to lerne truelie,
That would himself conduite, and can not so,
And he that will not astir counsaile doe,
His sute he puttith into desperaunce,
And all the gode that should yfall hym to,
Is lost and dedde, clene out of remembraunce. 540

L'amant.

Yet woll I shewe this mattir faithfullie,
Whilis I live, what evir be my chaunce,
And if it hap, that in my truthe I die,
Then deth shall doe to me no displeaunce,
But when that I, by your harde sufferance
Shall die so true, and with so grete a pain,
Yet shall it doe me moche the lesse grevance,
Then for to live a false lovyr certain.

La dame.

Of me get ye right noight, this is no fable;
I will to you be neithir hard nor strait, 550
And right will not no man customable,
To thinke ye should be sure of my conceite,
Who sechith sorowe, his be the restite,
Othir counsaile can I not fele nor se,
Nor for to lerne I cast me not to awaite,
Who will thereof, let hym assaie for me.

L'amant.

Ones must it be assaied, that is no naie,
With soche as be of reputacion,
And of true love, the right honours to paie
Of he hartis gottin by due raunsome, 560
For frowil holdith this opinion,
That it is grete duresse and discomforte,
To kepe a herte in so strait a prison,
That hath but one bodie for his disporte.

La dame.

I knowe so many causis marveilous,
That I must nede of reson thinke certain
Soche avinture is wondir perilous,
And yet well more the coming backe again,
Gode or worship thereof is seldome sene,
Where I ne will make any soche araie, 570
As for to finde a plesaunce but baraine,
When it shall cost so dere the first assaie.

L'amant.

Ye have no cause to doubt of this matter,
Nor you to meve with no soche fantasie,
To put me farre all out as a straunger,
For your godenesse can thinke and well advise
That I have made aprise in every wise,
By whiche my truthe sheweth opin evidence,
My long abidyng, and my true service
Maie well be knowen by plain experience. 580

La dame.

Of verie right he maie be callid true,
And so must he be take in every place,
That can discerne, and let as he ne knewe,
And kepe the gode, if he it maie purchase,
For who that praieth, or swereth in any case,
Right well ye wote, in that no trouth is preved,
Soch hath there ben, and ar, that gettin grace,
And lese it sone, when thei have it acheved.

L'amant.

If truthe me cause, by vertue soverain,
To shewe gode love, and alwaie find contrarie, 590
And cherishe The, whiche sleeth me with the pain,
This is to me a lovely adversarie,
When that pitie, whiche long on slepe doth tase,
Hath set the fine of all my hevynesse,
Yet her comfort to me moste necessarie
Shall set my will more sure in stablenesse.

La dame.

The woful wight, what maie he think or say,
The contrarie of all joye and gladnesse,
A sicke bodie, his thought is ferre alwaie
From hem that felia no fore nor sicknesse, 600
Thus hurtis ben of divers businesse,
Whiche love hath putt unto grete hinderaunce,
And truthe also put in forgetfulnesse,
When thei full fore begin to sigh askaunce.

L'amant.

Now God defende, but he be harmelesse
Of all worship or gode that maie befall,
That to werst tournith by his leudenesse
A gift of grace, or any thyng at all,
That his Ladie vouchsafe upon hym call,
Or cherishe hym in honourable wise, 610
In that defaute what er he be that fall,
Deservith more then deth to suffre twise.

La dame.

There is no judge iset on soche trespase,
By whiche of right love maie recovered be,
One cursith fast, an othir doth manace,
Yet dyith none, as faine as I can se,
But kepe ther course alwaie in one degre,

And

And evirmore ther labour doeth encrese
To bryng Ladies by ther grete subtilte,
For othirs gilte, in sorowe and disefe.

620

L'amant.

All be it so one doeth so grete offence,
And is not dedde, nor put to no justice,
Right well I wote hym gainith no defence,
But he must ende in full mischevous wise,
And all evir saied, God will hym dispise,
For falsheid is all full of cursidnesse,
That his worship may ner have entirprise,
Where it reignith, and hath the wilfulnesse.

La dame.

Of that have thei no grete fere now a daise,
Soche as will saie and maintain it thereto,
That stedfast truthe is nothyng for to praise
In 'hem that kepe it long in wele or wo,
Their busie hertis paffin to and fro,
Thei be so well reclaimid to the lure,
So well lernid 'hem to withholde also,
And al to chaunge, when love should best endure.

630

L'amant.

When one hath set his herte in stable wise
In soche a place as is bothe gode and true,
He should not flit, but doe forthe his service
Alwaie withoutin chaunge of any newe,
As sone as love beginnith to remewe
All plesauce goeth anone in lityl space,
As for my partie that shall I eschue
While that the soule abidith in his place.

640

L'amant.

To love truely, there as it ought of right,
Ye maie not be mistakin doutileffe,
But ye be foule discevid in your sight
By your light understandyng, as I gesse,
Yet maie we well repele your businesse,
And unto reson have some attendaunce,
Moche bettir than to abide by simplenes
The feble foccouris of disperaunce.

650

L'amant.

Reson, counsaile, wisedome, and gode advise
Ben undir love arrestid everichone,
To whiche I can accorde in every wise,
For thei ben not rebell, but still as stone,
Ther will and myne be medlid all in one,
And therwith boundin with so strong a chain,
That as in 'hem departyng shall be none,
But pitie breke the mightie bonde atwain.

660

La dame.

Ye love not your self, what evir ye be,
That in love stande subject in every place,
And of your wo if ye have no pite,
Othirs pite bileve not to purchase,
But be fullie assured, as in this cace,
I am alwaie undir one ordinaunce,
To havin bettir trust not afir grace,
And all that levith, take to your plesauce.

L'amant.

I have my hope so sure and so stedfast,
That soche a Ladie should not lacke pitie,

670

But now alas! it is shit up so fast
That daungir sheweth on me his crueltie,
And if she se the vertue faile in me
Of true service, though she doe faile also
No wondir were, but this is my surete
I must suffre, whiche waie that er it go.

La dame.

Leve this purpose, I rede you for the best,
For the lengir ye kepe, it is in vain,
The lesse ye get, as of your hertis rest,
And to rejoyce it shall you ner attain,
When ye abide gode hope to make you fain
Ye shall be founde asottid in dotage,
And in the ende ye shall knowe for certain,
That hope shall paie the wretchis for ther wage.

680

L'amant.

Ye saie as fallith moste for your plesauce,
And your powir is grete, all this I se,
But hope shall ner out of my remembrance,
By whiche I fele so grete adversite,
For when nature hath set in you plente
Of all godenesse, by vertue and by grace,
He ner assemblid 'hem, as semid me,
To put pitie out of his dwellyng place.

690

La dame.

Pitie of right ought to be resonable,
And to no wight do grete disavauntage,
There as is nede, it should be profitable,
And to the pitous shewyng no damage,
If a Ladie will doe so grete outrage
To shewe pitie and cause her owne debate,
Of soche pitie comith dispitous rage,
And of soche love also right dedly hate.

700

L'amant.

To comfort 'hem that live all comfortlesse
That is no harme, but comfort to your name,
But ye that have a herte of soche dureffe
And a faire Ladie I must affirme the same,
If I durst saie, ye winne all this defame
By crueltie, whiche sittith you full ill,
But if pitie, whiche maie all this attain,
In your high herte maie rest and tary still.

La dame.

What er he be that saith he lovith me,
And paraventure I leve well it be so,
Ought he be wrothe, or should I blamid be,
Though I did not as he would have me doe?
If I medlid with soche or othir moe
It might be callid pitie mercilesse,
And afterward if I should live in wo,
Then to repent it were to late I gesse.

710

L'amant.

O marble herte, and yet more harde parde,
Whiche mercie maie not perce for no labour,
More strong to bowe then is a mighty tre,
What availeth you to shewe so grete rigour!
Pleseth it you more to se me die this hour
Before your eyen, for your disport and plaie,
Then for to shewe some comfort and foccour
To respite deth, whiche chasith me alwaie?

720

La

La dame.

Of your disease ye may have allegeaunce,
And as for myne, I let it ovr flake,
Also ye shall not die for my plesaunce,
Nor for your hele I can no suretie make,
I will not hurte my self for othirs sake,
Wepe thei, laugh thei, or sing thei, I waraunt 730
For this mattir, so will I undirtake
That none of 'hem shall make therof avaunt.

L'amant.

I can not skill of love by God alone,
I have more cause to wepe in your presence,
And well ye wote, avauntour am I none,
For certainly I love bettir silence,
One should not love by his hert's credence,
But he were sure to kepe it secretlie,
For avauntour is of no reverence,
When that his tongue is his moste enemye. 740

La dame.

Male bouch in court hath grete commaundement,
Eche man studieth to saie the worst he maie,
These false lovirs in this tyme now present
Thei servin best to jangle as a Jaie,
The moste secrete iwys, yet some men saie
How he mistrustid is in some partise,
Wherefore to ladies when men speke or saie,
It should not be bilevid in no wise.

L'amant.

Of gode and ill shall be, and is alwaie,
The world is soche, the yerth is not al plain, 750
Thei that be gode, the prose sheweth every daie,
And othir wise grete villonie certain,
It is not reson, though one his tongue disdain
With cursid speche to doe hymself a shame,
That soche refuse should wrongfully remain
Upon the gode renomid in ther fame.

La dame.

Soch as be nought, when thei here tidinges new
That eche trespas shall lightly have pardon,
Thei that pursuin to be gode and true
Will not set by none ill disposicion, 760
To continue in every gode condicion
Thei are the first that fallin in damage,
And full frely the hertis habandon
To lityl faithe, with soft and faire language.

L'amant.

Now knowe I well of verie certainte
If one doe truelie, yet shall he be shente,
Sith all manir of justice and pite
Is banished out of a Ladies entente,
I can not se, but all is at one stente,
The gode, the ill, the vice, and eke the vertue, 770
Soche as be gode, soche have the punisshmente,
For the trespas of 'hem that live untrue.

La dame.

I have no powir you to do grevaunce,
Nor for to punishe none othir creature,
But to eschewin the more encombraunce,
To kepe us from you all, I holde it sure,
For false semblaunce hath a face full demure

Lightlie to catche these Ladies in a waite,
Wherefore we must, if we will here endure,
Make right gode watch, lo! this is my conceite.

L'amant.

Sith that of grace a godely worde not one
Maie now be had, but alwaie kept in store,
I appele to God, for he maie here my mone,
Of the duresse, which grevith me so fore,
And of pite I complaine furthir more,
Whiche he forgate in all his ordinaunce,
Or els my life to have endid before,
Whiche so sone am put out of remembraunce.

La dame.

My herte nor I have doen you no forfeite,
By whiche ye should complaine in any kinde, 790
Nothyng hurtith you, but your own conceite,
Be judge your self, for so ye shall it finde,
Thus alwaie let this sinke into your minde,
That your desire shall ner recovered be,
Ye noye me sore in wastyng all this winde,
For I have saied inough, as semith me.

This wofull man rose up in all his paine,
And departid with wepyng countinaunce,
His wofull herte almoste to braft in twaine,
Full like to die, walkyng forthe in a traunce, 800
And sayid deth come forthe, thy self avaunce,
Or that myne herte forget his propertie,
And make shortir all this wofull penaunce
Of my pore life, full of adversitie.

Fro thens he went, but whithir wist I nought,
Nor to what part he drewe in sothfastnesse,
But he no more was in his ladie's thought,
For to the daunce anone she gan her dresse,
And aftirward one tolde me thus expresse,
He rent his heer, for anguyshe and for pain, 810
And in hymself toke so grete hevinesse
That he was dedde within a daie or twain.

L'envoy.

THE true lovits thus I beseeche you all,
Soche adventurs sie 'hem in every wise,
And as peple defamid ye 'hem call,
For thei truelie do you grete prejudice
His castelles strong stoffid with ordinaunce,
For thei have had long tyme by their office
The whole countrey of love in obeisaunce.

And ye Ladies, or what estate ye be, 820
Of whom worship hath choise his dwellyng place,
For Godd's love doe no soche crueltie,
Nor in no wise ne folowe not the trace
Of her that here is namid right wisely,
Whiche by reson me semith in this cace
Maie be callid, *La belle dame sans mercy.*

Go lityl boke, God sende The gode passage,
Chese well thy waie, be simple of manere,
Loke thy clothyng be like thy pilgrimage,
And specially let this be thy priere
Unto 'hem all, that The will rede or here,
Where thou art wrong after ther helpe to call
The to correcte in any parte of all.

Praie 'hem also with thine humble servise
 Thy boldnesse to pardon in this cace,
 For els thou art not able in no wise
 To make thy self appere in any place,
 And furthir more beseeche 'hem of ther grace
 By ther favour and supportacion
 To take in gre this rude transacion. • 840

The which God wote standith full destitute
 Of eloquence, of metre, and colours,
 Like as a best nakid without refute
 Upon a plain to' abide all manir showers;

I can no more, but aske of 'hem socours,
 At whose request thou wer made in this wise,
 Commaundying me with body and servise.

Right thus I make an ende of this proses,
 Beseeching hym, that all hath in balaunce,
 That no true man be vexid causelesse 850
 As this man was, whiche is of remembraunce,
 And all that doen ther faithfull observaunce,
 And in ther trowth purpose 'hem to endure,
 I praie God fende 'hem bettir avinture.
Explicit.



Of Quene ANNELIDA, and false ARCITE.

ARCITE a *Theban* Knight forsaketh Queen ANNELIDA, who lov'd him entirely,
 and taketh a new Lady; whereupon ANNELIDA maketh this great Complaint.



Thou fiers God of armis Mars the rede,
 That in thy frostie countrey callid Thrace
 Within thy grisly templis full of drede
 Honourid art as patrone of that place,
 With The Bellona Pallas full of grace
 Be present, and my song continue' and gie,
 At my beginnyng, thus to The I crie.

For it full depè is sonkin in mynde
 With pitous herte in Englishe to endite
 This olde storie, in Latine whiche I finde, 10
 Of Quene Annelida and false Arcite,
 That elde, whiche all thingis can frete and bite,
 And it hath fretin many' a noble storie,
 Hath nigh devourid out of our memorie.

Be favourable' eke thou Polymnia,
 On Parnassus that with thy sustirs glade,
 By Helicon, and not ferre from Cirrha,
 Singist with voice memoriall in the shade,
 Undir the Laurir, which that maie not fade,
 And doe that I my ship to havin winne, 20
 First followe' I Stace, and aftir him Corinne.

*Jamque domos patrias, Scythica post aspera gentis
 Prælia, laurigero subeuntem Thesea curru
 Latifaci plausus, missusque ad sidera vulgi, &c.*

When Theseus with warris long and grete
 The aspre folke of Scythe hath ovircome,
 The Laurir crounid in his chaire golde bete
 Home to his countre housis is icome,
 For whiche the peple blisfull all and some
 So cridin, that to the Sterris it went,
 And hym to' honourin did all ther entent.

Before this Duke, in signe of victorie,
 The Trompis come, and in his banir large 30
 The Image of Mars, and in token' of glorie
 Men mightin se of trefure many' a charge,
 Many' a bright helme, and many' a spere and targe,
 Many' a freshe knight, and many' a blisfull rout,
 On horse and fote, in all the field about.

Hyppolyta his wife, the hardie Quene
 Of Scythia, that he conquerid had,
 With Emelie her youngè sustir shene,

Faire in a chare of golde he with him lad,
 That al the ground about her chare she sprad 40
 With brightnesse of the beautie in her face,
 Fulfillid all of largesse and of grace.

With his triumph and laurir corouned thus
 In all the floure of Fortun's yevyng
 Lete I this noble prince this Theseus
 Toward Athenis in his waie ridyng,
 And fonde I woll in shortly for to bryng
 The flie waie of that I began to write,
 Of quene Annelida and false Arcite.

Mars that through his furious course of ire, 50
 The oldè wrathe of Juno to fulfill,
 Hath set the peplis hertis bothe on fire
 Of Thebes and Grece, everich othir to kill
 With blodie speris, restid never still,
 But throng now here now there emong 'hem both,
 That everiche othir flue, so were thei wroth.

For when Amphiorax and Tydeus
 Hippomedon and Parthenope' also
 Were dedde, and slain was the proude Capaneus,
 And when the wretchid Thebans brethrin two 60
 Were slain, and kyng Adrastus home ago,
 So desolate stode Thebis, and so bare,
 That no wight could remedie of his care.

And when that the old Creon gan espie
 How that the blode roiall was brought adoun,
 He helde the cite by his tyrannie,
 And did the gentils of that regioun
 To ben his frendis, and dwell in the toun,
 So what for love of him, and what for awe,
 The noble folke were to the toun idrawe. 70

Emong all these Annelida the quene
 Of Ermonie was in that toun dwellyng;
 That fairir ferre was then the Sonnè shene,
 Throughout the worlde so gan her name to spryng,
 That her to se had every wight likyng,
 For as of trouthe ne is there none her liche,
 Of all the women in this worldè riche.

Yong was this quene, of twentie yeris olde,
 Of middle stature, and of soche fairenesse
 That nature had a joye her to beholde, 80
 And for to spekin of her stedfastnesse,

She

She passid hath Penelope, and Lucrese,
And shortlie if she shall ben comprehended,
In her there mightin nothyng ben amended.

This Theban knight Arcite eke sothe to saine
Was yong, and therewithal a lustie knight,
But he was double in love, and nothing plaine,
And subtil in that crafte ovr' any wight,
And with his connyng wan this ladie bright,
For so ferforthe he gan her trowth assure,
That she hym trustith o'er any cature. 90

What should I saine? she lovith Arcite so,
That when that he was absent any throwe,
Anone her thought her herte braut a two,
For in her sight to her he bare hym lowe,
So that she wende have all his herte iknowe,
But he was false, it n'as but fainid chere,
As nedith not soche craftis men to lere.

But nerthelesse full mikill businesse
Had he, er that he might his ladie winne, 100
And swore that he would dyin for distresse,
Or from his witte he sayid he would twinne;
Alas the while! for it was routhe and smne,
That she upon his sorowis would rue,
But *nothing thinketh the fals. as doth the true.*

Her fredome found Arcite in soche manere,
That al was his, that she hath moche or lite,
Ne to no manir cature made she chere
Furthir then as it likid to Arcite,
Ther was no lack, with which he might her wite,
She was so fertorthe yevin him to plesse,
That all that likid hym did her to ese.

There n'as to her no manir lettir sent,
That touchid love, from any manir wight,
That she ne shewid hym or it was brent,
So plain she was, and dyd her fulle might
That she n'ill hidin nothyng from her knight,
Lest he of any untrouthe her upbreide,
Withoutin bode his herte she obeide. 120

And eke he made hym jelous ovir her,
That what that any man had to her saied
Anon he would yprayin her to swere
What was that worde, or make him ill apaid.
Then wenid she out of her witte have braied,
But all was nought but sleight and flattirie,
Withoutin love he fainid jelousie.

And all this toke she so debonairely,
That al his wil her thought it skilful thing,
And er the lengir loved hym tendirly, 130
And did hym honour as he were a kyng,
Her herte was to hym weddid with a ryng,
For so ferforthe on trouthe is her entent
That where he goith, her hert with him went.

Whan she shal ete, on him is so her thought,
That wel unnethis of mette toke she kepe,
And whan that she was to her rest ybrought,
On him she thought alway tyl that she slepe,
Whan he was absent, prively dothe she wepe.
Thus livith faire Annelida the quene, 140
For false Arcyte, that dyd her al this tene.

This false Arcyte, of his newfanglenesse,
For she to him so lowly was and trewe,
Ytoke lesse deintè for her stedfastenesse,
And sawe anothir lady proude and newe,
And right anon he clad him in her hewe,
Wote I not whethir in white, red, or grene,

And falsid faire Annelida the quene.

But nerthelesse, grete wondir was it none
Though he were false, for it is the kinde of man,
Sithe Lamech was, that is so longe agone,
To be in love as false as er he can,
He was the firste fathir that began
To lovin two, and was in bigamie,
And he founde tentis first, but yf men lye.

This false Arcite, fomwhat must he nede saine,
Whan he was false to coveren his traitourie,
Right as an horse, that can both bite, and plaine,
For he bare her in honde of trechirie,
And swore he coude her doubleness espye, 160
And al was fallenesse that she to him ment,
Thus swore this thefe, and forth his way he went.

Alas what herte might endurin it,
For routhe or wo, her sorowe for to tel,
Or what man hath the conning or the wit,
Or what man might within the chambre dwel,
If I to him reherfin shall the hel,
That suffrith faire Annelida the quene,
For falsa Arcite, that did her al this tene.

She wepith, wailith, swounith pitoufly, 170
To grounde as ded she fallith as a stōne,
She crampisith her limmis crokidly,
She spekith as her witte were al agone,
Othir colour than ashin hath she none,
Ne none othir worde speketh she moch or lite,
But *mercy cruil herte mir Arcite.*

And thus endureth, til that she was so mate,
That she ne hath fote on which she may sustene,
But forth languishing er in this estate
Of which Arcite hath neithir rothe ne tene, 180
His herte was elliswhere sette new and grene,
That on her wo ne deinet him not to think,
Him reckith ner whethir she flete or sinke.

This newe lady holdith him so narowe
Up by the bridil, at the slav's ende,
That every worde he dred it as an arowe,
Her daungir made him bothè bowe and bende,
And as her luste, madin him turne or wende,
For she ne grauntid him in her living, 190
No grace, why that he hath thereof to singe,

But drove him forth, unneth list her to knowe
That he was servaunt to her ladyship,
But lestè that he were proude, she held him lowe,
Thus servith he, withoutin mete or sip,
She sente him nowe to lande, and nowe to ship,
And for she yave him daungir al his fil,
Therefore she had him at her owne wil.

Ensampl' of this, ye thriftie women al,
Take hede of Annelida and false Arcite,
That for her list him her dere herte call, 200
And was so meke, therefore he loved her lite,
The kinde of mann's herte is to delite
On thing that straunge is, al so God me save,
For what they may not get, that wold they have.

Nowe turne we to Annelida ayen,
That pinith day by day in languishing,
But whan she sawe that her ne gate no geyn,
Upon a day ful sorowfully weping
She cast her for to make a complaining,
And with her owne hande she gan it write, 210
And sente it to her Theban knight Arcyte.

The

The Complaint of ANNELIDA to false ARCITE.

SO thirlid with the point of remembraunce
 The swerde of sorowe, whette with false
 pleasaunce,
 Myne herte bare of blisse, and black of hewe,
 That turnid is to quaking all my daunce,
 My swertye in wapid countinace,
 Sens it availith nothing to ben trewe,
 For who so trewe is certes it shall her rewe
 That servith love, and dothe her observaunce, 220
 Alway to one, and chaungith for no newe.

I wote my selfe as well as any wight,
 For I loved one with al min hert and might,
 More than my self, an hundred thousande sith,
 And callid him my hert's lyfe, my knight,
 And was al his, as ferre as it was right,
 And whan that he was glad, than was I blithe,
 And his disese ywas my dethe as swithe,
 And he ayen his trouthe hath to me plight 230
 For evirmore his lady me to kithe.

Nowe is he false alas! and caufcles,
 And of my wo he is so routheles,
 That with a worde him list not onis daine
 To bring ayen my sor'owful herte in pees,
 For he is caught up in an othir lees,
 Right as hym lyst he laughith at my paine,
 And I ne can min herte not restraine
 For to love him yet alway nertheles,
 And of all this I n'ot to whom to plaine. 240

And shulde I plain, alas the hardè ffounde!
 Unto my foe that yave myn herte a wounde,
 And yet desirith that myn harme be more,
 Now certis ierthir woll I nevir founde
 None othir helpe my foris for to founde,
 My destiny hath shapid so ful yore,
 I woll none othir medecyne ne lore,
 I woll ben aye there I was onis bounde,
 That I have said, be said for evirmore.

Alas! where is become your gentillnesse, 250
 Your wordes full of pleasaunce and humblenesse,
 Your observaunce in so lowe a manere,
 Your awaitinge, and eke your besinesse
 On me, that ye tho callid your maistresse,
 Your soveraine lady in this worlde here?
 Alas! is there now neithir worde ne chere
 Ye vouchsafin upon myn hevinesse?
 Alas your love, I bye it al to dere!

Nowe certis swete Arcite, though that ye
 Thus causclesse the rusull Cause ybe 260
 Of all my pyne, and dedly' Adversite,
 Your manly reason ought it to respite,
 To fle your sothefast frende, and namely me,
 Which that have nevir yet in no degre
 Offendid you in ought, as wisly he,
 That all thinges wote of wo my soule quite.

But for I was so plain to The Arcite,
 In all my wordes and workis moche and lite,
 And was so besy aye you to delite,
 Myne honour only save meke, kinde, and fre, 270
 Therefore Arcite ye put in me this wite,
 Alas! Alas! ye rechin not a mite
 Though that the percing swerde of sorow byte
 My woful hert, thorough your cruilte.

My swete foe, why do ye so for shame?

And thinkin ye that furthered be your name
 To lovin a newe, and ben untrew e aye,
 And putin you in flaundir now e and blame,
 And do to me adversyte and grame,
 That love you most, God thou wotist alwaye 280
 Yet turne ayen, and yet be plaine some daye,
 And then shall this that now is mis ben game,
 And al forgevin, whilis I lyve maye.

Lo herte myne, al this is for to saine,
 As whethir shal I praye or ellis plaine,
 Which is the way to done you to be trewe?
 For eithir mote I have you in my chaine,
 Or with the deth ye mote depart us twayne,
 There beth none othir mene ne wayis newe,
 For God so wysely on my soule rewe, 290
 As verily ye slaine me with the paine,
 That mowe ye se unfainid on mine hewe.

For thus ferforth have I my deth ysought,
 My selfe I murdir with my privie thought,
 For sorowe and routh of your unkindenesse
 I wepe, I waile, I fast, al helpith naught,
 I voide alle joy that is to speak of aught,
 I voide alle company, I flye gladnesse,
 Who may avaunt her bet of hevinesse
 Than I, and to this plite have ye me brought, 300
 Withoutin gilte, me nedith no witnesse.

And shoulde I pray, and weivin womanhede?
 Nay rathir deth, than do so soule a dede,
 And aske mercy, and giletesse, what nede?
 And if that I complaine what life I lede
 You reckith not, that know I out of drede;
 And if I unto you mine othis bede
 For mine excuse, a scorne shal be my mede,
 Your chere ysourith, but it woll not fede,
 Ful longe agon I might have takin hede. 310

For though I had you to morowe againe,
 I might as wel holde Aprilis from raine,
 As holdin you to makin you stedfast,
 Almyghty God, of trouthe the soveraine,
 Wher is the trouthe of man, who hath it slaine?
 She that hem lovith, shall hem finde as fast
 As in a tempest is a rottin mast,
 Is that a tame best, that is evir faine
 To renne away, when he is left agast?

Nowe mercy swete Arcite, if I mislay 320
 Whethir have I aught said out of the way
 I n'ot, my witte is wastid al away,
 I fare as doth the songe of chantepleure,
 For nowe I plaine, and now e agen I pley
 I am so masid that I dey, I dey,
 Arcite, Arcite hath born away the key
 Of al my wele, and my gode avinture.

For in this world there ne is no cature,
 Walking alas! in more discomfiture
 Than I, ne that more sorowe doth endure, 330
 For yf I slepe a furlonge way or twey,
 Than thinkith me anon that your figure
 Suppliant before me stante clad in asure
 Redy este to profre a newe asure
 For to ben trewe, and mercyme to prey.

The longè night this wondir syght I drie,
 That on the day, for soche Affray I dye,
 And of al this right naught iwys ye retche,

Ne

Ne nevirmore myne eyin two ben drye,
And to your routhe, and to your trouthe I crye, 340
But wel away! to ferre ben they to fetche,
Thus holdith me my destiny a wretche,
But me to rede out of this drede or gye
Ne may my wit (so weke is it) not stretche.

Than ende I thus, sithe I may do no more,
I yeve it up for nowe and evirmore,
For I shall nevir este putten in balaunce
My sikirnes ne lerne of love the lore,
But as the swan, I have herde say ful yore,
Ayenst his deth wol sing in his penance,

So singe I here the destinie and chaunce,
Howe that Arcite Annelida so fore
Hath thrillid with the poynt of remembraunce.

Whan that Annelida this woful quene
Hath of her hande ywrittin in this wise,
With face all ded, betwixin pale and grene
She fel a swoune, and sithe she gan to rise,
And unto Mars avowith sacrifice
Within the temple, with a so'rowfull chere,
That shapin was, as ye may plainly here.

Explicit.

The Assemble of Ladies.

A Gentlewoman dreameth that she seeth a greate number of Ladies put up their Billes of Complaint before a Judge; who promisseth to relieve their Grievances.



In Septembre' at the fallinge of the lefe,
The freshe ceson was altogidir done,
And of the corne was gathirid the thefe,
In a gardine aboute twayne astir none
Ther were ladies walking, as was ther wone
Foure in nombre, as to my minde dothe fall,
And I the fiftie, the simplist of 'hem al.

Of gentilwomen faire there were also
Disporting 'hem, everiche astir her gife,
In crosse aleis walking by two and two;
And some alone, astir ther fantasies,
Thus occupied we were in diverse wise,
And yet in trouthe we were not al alone,
There werin knightes and squiris many one.

Wherof I served, one of 'hem askid me,
I said ayen, as it fel in my thought,
To walke aboute the mase in certainte,
As a hedeless woman that nothing rought.
He askid me ayen whom that I fought,
And of my colour why I was so pale? 20
Forsothe (q'ð I) and therby lithe a tale.

That must me wete (q'ð he) and that anone
Tel on, let se, and make no rarying.
Abide (q'ð I) ye ben a hastie one,
I let you wete it is no lityl thing,
But for bicause ye have a grete longing
In your desire this processe for to here,
I shal you tel the plaine of this matere.

It happid thus, that in an astirnone
My felauship and I by one assent, 30
Whan al othir besineffis were done,
To passe our time, into this mase we went,
And toke our waies, eche astir our entent,
Some went inward, and went they had gon out.
Some stonde in the mid, and loked all about.

And soth to say, some were ful ferre behinde,
And right anon as ferforthe as the best,
Othir there were so masid in ther minde
Al waies were gode for 'hem both est and west,
Thus went they forth, and had but lityl rest, 40
And some ther courage dyd 'hem fore assaile,
For very wrathe, they dyd step o'er the raile.

And as they fought 'hem selvin to and fro,
I gate my self a lityl avauntage,
Al forweried I might no furthir go,
Though I had won right grete for my viage,
So came I forthe into a straite passage,
Which brought me to an herbir faire and grene,
Ymade with benchis ful crafty and clene.

That as methoughtin, there might no cature 50
Devise a bette by dewe proporcioun,
Safe it was closid wel I you ensure,
With masonrye of compace envirooun,
Ful secretly with stairis goyng down,
In myddes the place, with turning whele certain,
And upon that a potte of Margelaine.

With margetettes growinge in ordinaunce
To shewe 'hem selfe, as folke went to and fro,
That to beholde it was a grete plesaunce,
And how they were accompainid with mo, 60
Ne momblisnesse and sonèness also,
The poure pensis were not dislogid there,
Ne gode wote ther place was every where.

The flore and bench was pavid faire and smothe
With stonis square, of many divers hewe,
So wel joynid, that for to say the soth
Al semid one, that no one othir knewe,
And undirnith the stremis newe and newe,
As silvir bright, springing in soche a wise,
That whence it came, ye coude it not devise. 70

A lityl while ywas I al alone
Beholding wel this delectable place, 30
My felauship were coming everichone,
So muste we nedis abyde for a space,
Remembiring of many divers cace
Of tyme ypaffid yore with sighis depe,
I set me downe, and there I fel allepe.

And as I slept, me thought there came to me
A gentylwoman, metely of stature,
Of grete worship she semid for to be, 80
Atryd wel, not high, but by mesure,
Her countinaunce full sad was and demure,
Her colours blewe, al that she had upon,
Ther ne came no mo but her selfe alone.

§ S

Her

Her gowne wel was embraudrid certainly
 With stonis sette aftir her owne devise
 In her purfillis, her worde by and by,
Bien & loyalement, as I coude devise:
 Than praide I her in any manir wise
 That of her name I might have remembraunce, 90
 She said she was callid Perseverance.

So furthirmore to spekin was I bolde,
 Where she dwellid, I prayd her for to say?
 And she againe ful curtillly me tolde,
 My dwelling is, and hath be many a day,
 With a lady: what lady I you pray?
 Of gret estate, thus warne I you (qð she)
 What cal ye her? Her name is Loyalte.

In what office stande ye, or what degre?
 (Qð I to her) that would I wete right faine? 100
 I am (qð she) unworthy though I be,
 Of her chambre her ushir in certaine,
 This rodde I bere, as for a token plaine,
 Lyke as ye knowe the rule in soche service,
 Apertaining is to the same office.

She chargid me by her commaundement
 To warne you, and your felawes everichone,
 That ye shulde come there as she is present,
 For a counsaile, whiche shall be nowe anone,
 Or sevin dayis be comin and gone, 110
 And furthirmore, she bad that I shulde say,
 Excusis there might be none nor delay.

Anothir thing was not forget behinde,
 Whiche in no wise I wolde but that ye knewe,
 Remembre wel, and bere it in your minde,
 Al your felawes and ye must come in blewe
 Everilyche, your matirs for to sewe,
 With more, whiche I pray you to thinke upon,
 Your wordis on your selvis everychon.

And be not abashed in no manir wise, 120
 As many ben, in soche an high presence,
 Make your request, as ye can best devise,
 And she gladly wol yeve you audience,
 There is no grete, nor no manir offence,
 Wherin ye fele that your herte is displeed,
 But with her help right sone ye shal be esed.

I am right glad (qð I) ye tel me this,
 But there is non of us that knoweth the waie;
 As of your way (qð she) ye shal not mis,
 Ye shal have one to gyde you day by day 130
 Of my felawes, I can not bertir say,
 Soche one as shal tel you the way ful right,
 And Diligence this gentilwoman hight.

A woman of right famous govirnaunce
 And wel cherished, I tel you in certaine,
 Her fellowship shal do you grete plesaunce,
 Her porte is soch, her manirs trewe and plaine,
 She with glad chere wold do her besy paine
 To bring you there, now farewell, I have done,
 Abyde said I, ye may not go so sone. 140

Why so (qð she) and I have ferre to go,
 To yeve warning in many divers place
 To your felawes, and so to othir mo,
 And well ye wote I have but lytil space?
 Now yet (qð I) ye must tel me this cace,
 If we shal any men unto us cal;
 Not one (qð she) may come amonges you all.

Not one than said I, eigh *Benedicite*!
 What have I done? I pray you tel me that?

Nowe by my lyfe, I trowe but wel (qð she) 150
 But er I can byleve there is somewhat,
 And for to saye you trouthe more can I not,
 In questions I may nothing be to large,
 I meddle must no furthir then my charge.

Than thus (qð I) do me to undirstande
 What place is there this lady is dwelling?
 Forsothe (qð she) and one sought al this lande
 Fairir is none, though it were for a king,
 Devysid wel, and that in every thing,
 The touris hie ful plesaunt shal ye finde, 160
 With phanis fresli, turning with every wynde.

The chambris and the parlirs of a sorte,
 With bay windowes, godely as may be thought,
 As for daunsing, and othir wise disporte,
 The galleries be all right well ywrought,
 That wel I wote, if ye were thysir brought,
 And take gode hede therof in every wise,
 Ye wol it thinke a very paradise.

What hight the place (qð I) now say me that?
 Plesaunt Regarde (qð she) to tel you plaine; 170
 Of very trouthe (qð I) and wote ye what,
 It may right wel be callid so certaine,
 But furthirmore this wold I wit right fain,
 What I shulde do as sone as I come there,
 And aftir whom that I may best enquire?

A gentilwoman, portir of the yate,
 There shal ye finde, her name is Countinaunce,
 If ye so hap ye come erly or late,
 Of her wer gode to have some acquaintaunce,
 She can you tel howe ye shal you avaunce, 180
 And howe to come to her ladye's presence,
 To her wordis I rede ye geve credence.

Nowe it is time that I shulde parte you fro,
 For in gode faithe I have grete businesse.
 I wote right wel (qð I) that it is so,
 And I thanke you of your grete gentilnesse,
 Your comforte hath yevin me hardinesse,
 That nowe I shal be bolde withoutin faile
 To do' aftir your advice and gode counsaile.

Thus partid she, and I lefte all alone, 190
 With that I sawe (as I behelde aside)
 A woman come a verie godely one,
 And forth withal as I had her aside
 Me thought anone it should be the gide,
 And of her name anone I did enquire.
 Ful womanly she yave me this answere,

I am (qð she) but a simple cature,
 Sent from the courte, my name is Diligence,
 As sone as I myght come, I you ensure,
 I taried not atir I had licence, 200
 And nowe that I am come to your presence,
 Loke what service I can you do or may,
 Commaundith me, I can no furthir say.

I thankid her, and prayed her to come nere,
 Bycause I woulde se how she was araide,
 Her gown was blew dresid in gode manere,
 With her devise, her worde also that saide
Tant que je puis, and I was wel apaide;
 And than wist I, withoutin any more,
 It was ful trewe that I had herde before. 210

Though we toke nowe before a litil space
 It were ful gode (qð she) as I coude gesse,
 Howe farre (qð I) have we unto the place?
 A daye's journey (qð she) but litil lesse,

Wherefore

Wherefore I rede that now we outwarde dresse,
For I suppose our felawship is past,
And for nothings I wolde not we were the last.

Than departid we' at springing of the daye,
And forthe we wente a softe and esy pace,
Til at the last we were on our journey 220
So far outwarde, that we might se the place;
Nowe let us rest (qð I) a litil space,
And say we as devoutly as we can
A *Pater noster* for saint Julian.

With al my herte I assent with gode wil,
Moch bettir shal we spede, whan we have done,
Than taryed we, and said it every dyl,
And whan the day was past farre aftir none,
We sawe a place, and thiðir came we sone,
Whiche rounde aboute was closid with a wal, 230
Semyng to me full like an hospitall.

There found I one had brought all min aray,
(A gentil woman of mine acquaintaunce)
I have mervaile (qð I) what manir way
Ye had knowlege of al this ordinaunce.
Yes yes (qð she) I herde Perseveraunce
Howe she warnid her felawes everichone,
And what aray ye shouldin have upon.

Nowe for my love (qð I) this I you praye,
Sith ye have take upon you all the paine, 240
That ye wolde helpe me on with mine araye,
For wit ye wel I wolde be gone right faine,
Al this prayir us nedith not certaine:
(Qð she) againe, come of and hye you sone,
And ye shal se anone it shal be done.

But this I doute me gretly, wote ye what,
That my felawes be passid by and gone?
I warnè you (qð she) that are they nat,
For here they shall assemble everichone,
Notwithstandinge I counsaile you anone 250
Make you redy, and tary you no more,
It is no harme though ye be there before.

So than I dressid me in mine araye,
And asked her whethir it were wel or no:
It is right well (qð she) unto my pay,
Ye nede not care to what place er ye go,
And whiles that she and I debatid so,
Came Diligence, and sawe me al in blewe,
Sistir (qð she) right wel broke ye your newe.

Discrecion purveour.

Than wente we forth and met at avinture 260
A yonge woman, an officir seminge,
What is your name (qð I) tell gode cature?
Discrecion (qð she) without lesinge.
And where (qð I) is your most abidinge?
I have (qð she) this office of purchase,
Chefe purveyour that longith to this place.

Acquayntaunce herbyger.

Faire love (qð I) in al your ordinaunce,
What is her name that is the herbigere?
Forsothe (qð she) her name is acquaintaunce,
A woman of right gracious manere; 270
Then thus (qð I) what straungirs have ye here?
But fewe (qð she) of high degre ne lowe,
Ye be the first, as ferforth as I knowe.

Countinaunce porter.

Thus with talis we came streight to the yate;
This yonge woman departid was and gone,
Came Diligence, and knockid fast thereat,
Who is without (qð Countinaunce) anone?
Truly (qð I) fayre sistir here is one.
Which one (qð she) and therewithal she lough?
I Diligence, ye knowe me wel ynoughe. 280

Than opened she the gate, and in we go,
With wordis faire she saide full gentilly,
Ye are welcome ywis, are ye no mo?
Nat one (qð she) save this woman and I;
Now than (qð she) I pray you hertily,
Takith my chaumbre for a while to rest,
Til your felawis come, I holde it best.

I thanked her, and forth we go everichone
Til her chambre withoutin wordis mo,
Came Diligence and toke her leve anone, 290
Where er ye lyst (qð I) nowe may ye go,
And I thanke you right hertily also
Of your labour, for whiche God do you mede,
I can no more, but Jesu be your spede.

Than Countinaunce thus askid me anone,
Your felawship, where be they all (qð she)?
For sothe (qð I) they are cominge everichone,
But where they are I knowe no certainte,
Without I may 'hem at this windowe se,
Here wil I stande a waiting here amonge, 300
For wel I wote they wil not hence be longe.

Thus as I stode musing ful busily,
I thought to take gode hede of her aray,
Her gowne was blewe, this wote I verily,
Of gode facyon, and furrid wel with gray,
Upon her sleve her worde this is no nay,
Whiche said thus, as my pennè can endite,
A *moy, qui voy* writin with lettirs white.

Then forth withal she came streight unto me,
Your wordes (qð she) fain wold I that I knewe, 310
Forsothe (qð I) ye shal wel knowe and se,
And for my worde I have none, this is trew,
It is ynough that my clothing be blewe,
As here before I had commaundement,
And so to do, I am right well content.

Largeffe stewarde.

But tel me this I pray you hertiye
The steward here say me, what is her name?
She hight Largeffe I say you furily,
A faire lady and of right noble fame,
Whan ye her se ye wil reporte the fame, 320
And undir her to byd you welcome al
There is Belchier marshal of the hal.

Now al this while that ye here tary still,
Your own matirs ye may wel have in mind,
But tel me this, have ye brought any bill?
Ye ye (qð I) and els I were behinde,
Where is there one tel me that I may finde
To whom that I may shewe my matirs plaine?
Surely (qð she) unto the chambirlaine.

Remembraunce chamberlaine.

The chambirlaine (qð I) and say ye trewe? 330
Ye verily (said she) by myne advise,
Ben nat aierde, unto her lowlye sewe,

It

It shal be done (qð I) as ye devyse,
But I must knowe her name in any wise:
Trewly (qð she) to shewe you in substaunce
Withouten fainyng her name is Remembraunce.

The secretar ye may not be forget,
For she dothe right moche in every thinge,
Wherfore I rede, when ye have with her mete,
Your matere whole tel her without fainyng, 340
Ye shal her fynde ful gode and ful lovinge.
Tel me her name (qð I) of gentilnesse?
By my gode sothe (qð she) Avisenesse.

That name (qð I) for her is passing gode,
For every byl and schedule she must se,
Nowe gode (qð I) come stande there as I stode,
My felawes be cominge, yondir they be.
Is it in jape, or say ye sothe (qð she)?
In jape, nay nay, I say you for certayne,
Se how thei come togethir twain and twaine. 350

Ye say ful sothe (qð she) that is no nay,
I se coming a godely company:
They ben soch folke (qð I) dare I to say
That lyst to love, thinkith it verily,
And for my love I pray you faythfully
At any tyme, whan they upon you call,
That ye wol be gode frende unto hem all.

Of my frenship (qð she) they shal not misse,
And for their ese to put therto my paine.
God yelde it you (qð I) but take you this, 360
Howe shal we know who is the chambirlayne?
That shal ye wel know by her word certaine.
What is her worde systir, I pray you say?
(Plus ne purroye) thus writith she alwaye.

Thus as we stode togyðir she and I,
Even at the yate my felawes were echone,
So met I hem (as me thought was godely)
And bade hem welcome al by one and one:
Then came forth Countinaunce to us anone,
Ful hertily, faire sistirs al (qð she) 370
Ye be right welcome into this cowntre.

I counsayle you to take a litil rest
In my chambre, if it be your plessaunce,
Whan ye be there, me thinketh it for the best
That I go in, and cal Perseveraunce,
Bycause she is one of your acquaintaunce,
And she also wil tel you every thinge,
Howe ye shal be ruler of your cominge.

My felawes al and I, by one advise,
Were wel agreed, to do lyke as she sayde, 380
Than we began to dresse us in our gise,
That folke shoulde say we were not unpurveide,
And gode wagirs among us there we laide
Whiche of us was atirid moste godeleft,
And of us al whiche shulde be praisid best.

The portir came and brought Perseveraunce,
She welcomid us in curteise manere,
Thinke not long (qð she) of your attendaunce,
I wil go speke unto the herbigere,
That she may purvey for your lodging here, 390
Than wil I go unto the chambirlaine,
To speke for you, and come anone againe.

And whan that she departid was and gone,
We sawe folkis coming without the wal,
So gret peple, that nombre coude we none,
Ladies they were, and gentil women al,
Clothid in blewe, echone her worde withal,

But for to knowe her worde or her devyse
They came so thicke, I ne might in no wise.

With that anone came in Perseveraunce, 400
And where I stode, she came streight unto me,
Ye ben (qð she) of min olde acquaintaunce,
You to enquire the boldir wolde I be,
What worde they bere eche aftir her degre,
I you pray tel it me in secret wise,
And I shall kepe it close on warrantise.

We ben five ladies (qð I) al in fere,
And gentil women four in company,
When they begin to opin ther matere,
Than shal ye knowe ther wordis by and by, 410
But as for me I have none verily,
And so I tolde Countinaunce here before,
Al min aray is blewe, what nedith more?

Nowe then (qð she) I wol go backe againe,
That ye may have knowlege, what ye shuld do,
In soth (qð I) if ye wolde take the paine,
Ye dyd right moche for us, if ye dyd so,
The rathir spede, the sonir may we go,
Grete cosse alway there is in taryng,
And longe to sewe it is a wery thinge. 420

Then partid she, and came againe anone,
Ye must (qð she) come to the chambirlaine:
We be nowe redy (qð I) everychone,
To folowe you, whan er ye list certaine,
We have none eloquence to tel you plaine,
Beseching you we may be so excused
Our trewe meaning, that it be not refused.

Than went we forth aftir Perseveraunce,
To se the prees it was a wondir cace,
There for to passe it was a grete combraunce, 430
The peple stode so thicke in every place,
Nowe stande ye stil (qð she) a litil space,
And for your ese somewhat I shal assay,
Yf I can make you any bettir way.

And forth she gothe among hem everychon,
Making a way, that we might thorough passe,
More at our ese, and whan she had so done
She beckende us to come, where as she was,
So aftir her we folowed more and las,
She brought us streight unto the chambirlayne,
There lefte she us, and than she went againe.

We salued her, as reson woulde it so,
Ful humble beseching her gret godenesse
In our mattirs, that we had for to do,
That she wolde be gode lady and maistresse.
Ye be welcome (qð she) in fothfastenesse,
And se what I can do, you for to plesse,
I am redy, that may be to your ese.

We folowed her unto the chambir dore,
Sistirs (qð she) come ye in aftir me, 450
But wete ye wel, there was a pavid flore,
The godlyist, that any wight might se,
And furthir more about than lokid we,
On eche cornir, and upon every wal,
Whiche was ymade of Burel and Crystal.

Wherein was graven of stories many one,
Firste howe Phyllis, of womanly pite
Dyed piteously for love of Demophone,
Next aftir was the story of Thisbe,
Howe that she slewe her selfe undir a tre, 460
Yet sawe I more, howe in ryght pitous caas
For Antony was slaine Cleopatras.

Upon

Upon that othir side was Hawes the shene,
Ful untrewly discevid in her baine.
There was also Annelida the quene,
Upon Arcite howe fore she did complaine!
Al these stories were gravid there certaine,
And many mo, than I reherse you here,
It were to longe to tel you al in fere.

And bicause that the wallis shone so bright 470
With fine umple they were al ovir sprad,
To the entent folke shulde not hurte ther sight,
And thorough it the stories might be radde,
Than furthirmore I went, as I was lad,
And there I sawe withoutin any faile
A chaire yset, with ful riche aparaile:

And five stagis it was set fro the grounde,
Of Cassidony ful curiously wrought,
With foure pomelles of golde, and very rounde,
Set with saphirs, as gode as coude be thought, 480
That wot ye what, if it wer thorough sought
As I suppose, fro this countre to Inde,
Anothir soche it were right harde to finde.

For wete ye wel, I was right nere to that,
So as I durst, beholding by and by,
Above there was a riche clothe of estate
Ywrought with the nedle ful straungely,
Her worde thercon, and thus it said truely,
En Dieu est to tel you in wordis fewe,
With grete lettirs, the bettir I 'hem knewe. 490

Thus as we stode, a dore opened anone,
A gentilwoman, femely of stature,
Bering a mace, came out her selfe alone,
Sothely me thought her a godely cature,
She spake nothinge to lowde, I you ensure,
Nor hastily, but with godely warninge,
Make rome (qð she) my lady is cominge.

With that anone I sawe Perseveraunce
Howe she helde up the tapet in her hande,
I sawe also in godely ordinaunce 500
This gret lady within the tapet stande,
Comyng outwarde, I wol ye undirstande,
And aftir her a noble company,
I coude not tel the nombre fikirly.

Of ther namis I wolde nothing enquire,
Furthir than soche as we wolde sewe unto,
Save a lady whiche was the chauncellere,
Attemperaunce, sothely her name was so,
For us nedith with her have moche to do
In our mattirs, and alway more and more, 510
And so forthe to tellin you furthirmore,

Of this lady, her beaute to discrive,
My conninge is to simple verily,
For nevir yet the dayis of my live
So inly faire I have sene none trewly,
In her estate assurid uttirly,
There wantid nought, I dare you wel assure,
That longid to a most godely cature.

And furthirmore to speke of her araye, 520
I shal tel you the manir of her gowne,
Of clothe of golde ful riche, it is no nay,
The colour blewe of right godely facyoun,
In taberde wise, the sleeves hanging adown,
And what purfil there was, and in what wise,
So as I can I shal it you devise.

Aftir a sorte, the collir and the vente,
Lyke as Armine is made in purfilinge,

With grete perlis ful fine and orient,
They were couchid all aftir one worching, 530
With diamondes in stede of powdiring,
The flevis and the purfill of a sife,
They werin made alike in every wise.

Aboute her necke a forte of faire rubyes,
In white flouris of right fine enamaile,
Upon her hed set in the fairist wise
A circle of grete balais of entaile,
That in earnest to speke withoutin faile,
For yonge and olde, and every manir age,
It was a worlde to loken on her visage.

Thus coming forth to sit in her estate, 540
In her presence we kneled down everychone,
Presenting our byllis, and wote ye what,
Ful humbly she toke 'hem by one and one,
Whan we had done, than came they al anone,
And did the same eche aftir her manere,
Kneling at ones, and risinge al in fere.

Whan this was don, and she set in her place,
The chambirlaine she did unto her cal,
And she godely coming to her apace,
Of her entent knowinge nothing at al, 550
Voyde backe the prese (qð she) up to the wall,
Make large rome, but loke that ye do not tary,
And take these byllis to the secretery.

The chambirlaine did her commaundement,
And came againe, as she was byd to do,
The secretery there beyng present,
The byllis were delivered her also,
Not onely ours, but many othir mo,
Than the lady with gode advise againe
Anone with al callid her chambirlaine. 560

We wol (qð she) the first thing that ye do
The secretery ye make come anone,
With ther billis, and thus we wil also
In our presence she rede 'hem everychon,
That we may takin gode advise theron,
Of the ladies that ben of our counsaile,
Loke this be done, withoutin any faile.

Whan the chambirlaine wiste of her entent,
Anone she did the secretery call,
Let your billis (qð she) be here present, 570
My lady' it wil: Madame (qð she) I shal,
And in presence she wil that ye 'hem call,
With right gode wil I am redy (qð she)
At her plesure, whan she commaundith me.

And upon that was made an ordinaunce,
They that came first ther byllis shulde be red,
Ful gentilly than said Perseveraunce,
Reson it wil that they were sonist spedde;
Anone withal, upon a tapet spredde, 580
The secretery layde 'hem downe echone,
Our byllis first she redde tho one by one.

The first lady bering in her devise,
Sans que jamays, thus wrote she on her byl,
Complaining fore, and in ful pitous wise
Of promise made, with faithful hert and wyll,
And so brokin ayenst al manir skil,
Without deserte alwaies on her partie,
In this matir desiring remedye.

Her next fol'owing, her word was in this wise,
Un sans changer, and thus she did complaine, 590
Though she had be guerdoned for her service,
Yet nothing like as she that toke the paine,

Wherefore she coude in no wise her restraine,
But in this case sewe until her presence,
As reson wolde to havin recompence.

So furthirmore, to speke of othir twaine,
One of 'hem wrote aftir her fantasy,
Onques puis lever, and for to tel you plaine,
Her complaint was ful pitous verily,
For as she said, there was grete reson why, 600
As I can remembre in this matere,
I shal you tell the processe al in fere.

Her byl was made complaininge in her gife,
That of her joye, her comferte, and gladnesse,
Was no suretie, for in no manir wise
She said therin no point of stablenesse,
Nowe yl, now wele, out of al sikirnesse,
Ful humbly desiring of her high grace
Sone to shewe her remedy in this case.

Her felawe made her bil, and thus she said, 610
In plaining wise, there as she lovid best,
Whethir that she were wrothe or wele apaide,
She might not se whan that she wole faintest,
And fulle wrothe she was in very ernest,
To tel her worde, as ferforth as I wote,
Entierement vostre, right thus she wrote.

And upon that she made a grete request
With hert and wil, and al that might be done,
As until her that might redresse it best,
For in her minde there might she find it sone, 620
The remedy of that whiche was her bone,
Reherfing that that she had saide before,
Beseeching her it might be so no more.

And in like wise as they had done before
The gentylwomen of our company
Put ther byllis, and for to tell you more,
One of 'hem wrote (*C'est sans dire*) verily,
And her matere wholly to specyfy,
Within her byl she put it in writinge,
And what it said, ye shall yhave knowinge. 630

It said, God wote, and that ful pitously,
Lyke as she was disposid in her herte,
No misfortune that she toke grevously,
Al one to her was the joy and the smerte,
Sometime no thanke for al her gode deserte,
Othir comferte she wantid none coming,
And so usid, it grevid her nothing,

Desiring her, and lowly beseeching,
That she wolde for her seke a bettir way,
As she that had yben her daies lyving 640
Stedfast and trewe, and wil be so alway,
Of her felawe somewhat I shal you say,
Whose byl was red the nexte forthe withal,
And what it ment, reherfin you I shal.

En Dieu est she wrote in her devise,
And thus she said withoutin any faile,
Her trouthe ne might be takin in no wise,
Like as she thought, wherfor she had mervaille,
For trouth somtyme was wont to take availe
In every matere, but al that' is ago, 650
The more pyte that it is suffrid so.

Moche more there was, wherof she shulde complain,
But she thought it to gret an encombraunce,
So moche to write, and therefore in certain
In God and her she put all her affiaunce,
As in her worde is made a remembraunce,
Beseeching her, that she wolde in this case

Shewe unto her the favour of her grace.

The thirde she wrote reherfing her grevaunce,
Ye, wote ye what, a pitous thing to here, 660
For as me thought she felt grete displeaunce,
One might ryght wel perceve it by her chere,
And no wondir, it fate her passyng nere,
Yet lothe she was to put it in writinge,
But *nede wol havin course in every thinge*.

Soyes assuré, this was her worde certain,
And thus she wrote within a litil space,
There she lovid, her labor was in vaine,
For he was set al in anothir place,
Ful humilly desiring in that case 670
Some gode comferte her sorowe to appese,
That she might livin more at hert'is ese.

The fourth surely me thought she likid wele,
As in her porte, and in her behavinge,
And *bien moneste*, as ferre as I coude sele,
That was her worde, tyl her wel belonging,
Wherefore to her she praied above al thing
Ful hertily, to say you in substaunce,
That she wold sendin her gode countinaunce.

Ye have reherfid me these byllis all, 680
But nowe let se somewhat of your entent;
It may so hap, paravinture ye shal;
Nowe I pray you while I am here present;
Ye shal have knowlege parde what I ment,
But thus I say, in trouth and make no fable,
The case it selfe is inly lamentable;

And wel I wote that ye wol thynke the same,
Lyke as I say, whan ye have herde my byl;
Now gode tel on, I hate you by saint Jame;
Abyde a while, it is not yet my wil, 690
Yet must ye wete by reson and by skil,
Sith ye' have knowlege of that was don before,
And thus it is said, without wordis more:

Nothing so lese as deth to come to me,
For final ende of my sorowes and paine,
What shuld I more desire as semith ye,
And ye knewe al aforne it for certaine,
I wote ye wolde, and for to tel you plaine,
Without her helpe, that hath al thinge in cure,
I can nat thinke that it may longe endure. 700

As for my trouth it hath be provid wele,
To say the sothe, and I can say no more,
Of ful longe tyme, and suffrid every dele
In pacience, and kepe it all in store,
Of her godenesse beseeching her therfore,
That I might have my thanke in soche a wise,
As my deserte yfervith of justise.

Whan these billis were rad everychone,
The ladie toke a gode advisement,
And 'hem to answerin by one and one 710
She thought it was to moche, in her entent,
Wherefore she yave to 'hem commaundement
In her presence to come both one and al,
To yeve 'hem her answeere in generall.

What dyd she than suppose ye verily?
She spake her selfe, and said in this manere:
We have wel sene your byllis by and by,
And some of 'hem be pitous for to here,
We wol therfore ye knowe al this in fere,
Within shorte tyme our court of parliment 720
Here shal be holde in our palays presente.

And
;

And in al this, wherin you find you greved,
 There shall ye finde an opin remedy,
 In soche a wise as ye shal be releved
 Of al that ye reherfin here throughly,
 As for the date ye shal knowe verily,
 That ye may have a space in your coming,
 For Diligence shal tel you by writing.

We thankid her in our most humble wise,
 Our felawship eche one, by one assent, 730
 Submittinge us lowly til her service,
 For as we thought, we had our travaile spent
 In soche wise as we heldin us content,
 Than eche of us toke othir by the sleve,
 And forth withal, as we shulde take our leve.

Al sodainly the watir sprange anone
 In my visage, and therewithal I woke,
 Where am I now? thought I, al this is gone,
 Al masid, and up I began to loke;
 With that anon I went and made this boke, 740

Thus simply reherfing the sustaunce,
 Bicause it shulde not be' out of remembraunce.

Now verily your dreame is passing gode,
 And worthy to be had in remembraunce,
 For though I stand here as longe as I stode,
 It shulde not to me be none encombraunce,
 I toke therin so inly grete plesaunce;
 But tel me now what ye the boke do cal,
 For I muste wete: Wyth right gode wyl ye shal:

As for this boke, to say you very right, 750
 And of the name to tel you' in certainte,
L'assemble de dames, thus it hight,
 How thinkin ye, that name is gode parde,
 Nowe go, farewell, for they cal aftir me
 My felawes al, and I must aftir sone,
 Rede wel my dreame, for now my tale is done.

Finis.



The Conclusions of the Astrolabie.

This Book (written to his Son in the Year of our Lord 1391, and in the 14 of King *Richard II.*) standeth so good at this Day, especially for the Horizon of *Oxford*, as in the Opinion of the Learned it cannot be amended, says the last Edit. of *Chaucer*.

L Ytel Lowys my sonne, I perceve well by certaine evidences thyne abylyte to lerne scyences, touching nombres and proporcions, and also well consydre I thy besye prayer in especyal to lerne the trefyfe of the Astrolabye. Than for as moche as a Philosopher saithe, he wrapeth hym in his frende, that condiscendeth to the ryghtfull prayers of his frende: Therefore I have given The a sufficient Astrolabye for oure orizont, compownd after the latitude of Oxenforde: Upon the whiche by mediacion of this lytell trefyfe, I purpose to teche The a certaine nombre of conclusions, pertainynge to this same instrument. I say a certaine nombre of conclusions for three causes, the first cause is this. Truste wel that al the conclusions that have be founden, or ells possiblye might be founde in so noble an instrument as in the Astrolabye, ben unknowen perfytely to anye mortal man in this region, as I suppose. Another cause is this, that sothely in any cartes of the Astrolabye that I have yfene, ther ben some conclusions, that wol not in al thinges perfourme ther behestes: and some of 'hem ben to harde to thy tender age of ten yere to conceve. This trefyfe devided in five partes, wil I shewe The wondir light rules and naked wordes in Englishe, for Latine ne canst thou nat yet but smale, my litel sonne. But neverthelesse suffiseth to The these trewe conclusyons in englishe, as well as suffiseth to these noble clerkes grekes these same conclusions in greke, and to the Arabines in Arabike, and to Jewes in Hebrewe, and to the Latin folke in Latyn: whiche Latyn folke had 'hem firste out of o-ther divers langages, and write 'hem in ther owne tonge, that is to saie in Latine.

And God wote that in all these languages and in manye mo, have these conclusyons ben sufficiently lerned and taught, and yet by divers rules, right as

divers pathes leden divers folke the right waye to Rome.

Now wol I pray mekely every person discrete, that redeth or hereth this lityl trefyfe to have my rude ententing excused, and my superfluite of wordes, for two causes. The first cause is, for that curious endityng and harde sentences is ful hevvy at ones, for soch a childe to lerne. And the seconde cause is this, that sothely me semeth better to written unto a childe twise a gode sentence, than he foriete it ones. And, Lowis, if it be so that I shewe The in my lith Englishe, as trewe conclusions touching this mater, and not only as trewe but as many and subtil conclusions as ben yshewed in latin, in any comon trefyfe of the Astrolabye, conne me the more thanke, and praye God save the kinge, that is lorde of this langage, and all that him faith bereth, and obeieth everiche in his degre, the more and the lassé. But consydreth well, that I ne usurpe not to have founden this werke of my labour or of myne engin. I name but a leude compilatour of the laboure of olde Astrologiens, and have it translated in myn englishe onely for thy doctrine: and with this swerde shal I slene envy.

The first party.

THE firste partye of this trefyfe shall reherce the figures, and the membres of thyne astrolaby, bycause that thou shalte have the greter knowinge of thine owne instrument.

The seconde party.

THE seconde partye shall teche The to werken the very practike of the foresaid conclusions, as ferforthe and also narowe as may be shewed in so smale

smale an instrumente portatife aboute. For wel wote every Astrologien, that smallest fractions ne wol not be shewed in so smal an instrument, as in subtil tables calculated for a cause.

The thirde partye.

THE thirde partye shal containe divers tables, of longitudes and latitudes of sterres, fixe in the Astrolabie. And tables of the declinations of the Sonne, and tables of the longitude of cities and townes. And tables as wel for the governacion of the clocke, as for to finde the altitude meridian, and many an other notable conclusion after the kalenders of the reverent clerkes frere John Som, and frere N. Lenne.

The fourth partye.

THE fourth partye shall be a theorike, to declare the meninge of the celestiall bodyes, wyth the causes, the whiche the fourth partie in special shal shew in a table of the very mevinge of the mone, from one to one, every daye and every signe, after thin almanacke. Upon the which table there foloweth a canon, sufficyent to tech as wel in maner of workynge in the same conclusions, as to knowe in our Orizont, with which degre of zodiack the mone ariseth in any latitude, and the arisinge in any planete after his latitude fro the eclyptyke lyne.

The fyfte partye.

THE fyfte partye shall ben an introductorye, after the statutes of our doctours, on whiche thou mayste lerne a grete parte of the generall rules of theorike in Astrologie. In whiche fyfte partie thou shalt finde tables of equacions of houses, after the latitude of Oxenforde, and tables of dignitees of planettes, and other noteful thinges, if God vouchsafe and his mother the mayden, mo than I behete.

The ryng.

THY Astrolabye hath a ringe to putten on thy thomb on thy right honde, in takinge of the heyght of thinges. And take kepe, from hence forward I wol clepe the heyght of hevy thing, that is take by the rule, the altitude withouten mo wordes.

The turet.

THis ringe ronnet in a maner of a turet, fastened to the moder of thin Astrolabye, in a rounge or space, that it distroubeleth not the instrument to hangen after his right centure. The moder of thin Astrolabye is thickest by the brinks, that is the utmost ring with degrees, and al the myddle within the ryng shall be thynner, to receve the plates for divers clymates, and also for the rethe, that is shape in maner of a net, or els after the webbe of a loppe.

The moder.

THE moder of thin Astrolabye is the thickest plate perced with a large hole, that receveth in her wombe the thinne plates compowned of divers clymats, and thy rete shapen in maner of a net or of a web of a lope.

Of the foure lynes.

THis moder is divided on the backhalfe with a line, that cometh discendynge fro the ryng down

to the netherest bordure, the which line, fro the foresaid ring unto the centre of the large hole amidde, is cleped Southe line, or els the line Meridionall: and the remenaunt of this line doune to the bordure is cleped the North line, or all the line of the Mid-night.

Of fower lines, East, West, Northe, and Southe,

OVerthwarte this foresaid long line there crosseth hym an other line of the same length, fro Este to West, of the which line, from a little crosse in the bordure unto the centre of the large hole, is cleped the Est line, or els the line Oriental: and the remenaunte of the line, fro the foresaid Orientall unto the bordure is cleped the Weste line, or the line Occidentall.

Now hast thou here the fower quarters of thin Astrolabie, divided after the fower principall plages or quarters of the firmament.

Whiche is the right side, and which is the left.

THE Este side of the Astrolabie is cleped the right side, and the Weste side is cleped the lefte side. Foryet not this little Lowis. Put the ring of thyne Astrolabie uppon the thombe of thy right hande, and then woll his right side be towarde thy left side, and his left side woll be towarde thy right side. Take this rule generall, as well on the backe, as on the wombe side. Uppon the ende of this Este line (as I first saied) is imarked a little crosse, where as evermore generally is considered, the entryng of the Este degre, in the whiche the Sonne ariseth.

The degrees fro the Est line, to the Southe.

FRO the little crosse up to the ende of the Meridionall lyne under the ryng shalt thou finde the bordure, divided with xc. degrees, and by that same proporcion is every quarter of thyn Astrolabie divided, over the whiche degrees, there ben numbers of Augrim, that deviden thilke same degrees fro five to five, as sheweth by longe strikes bitwene: of the whiche by long strikes the space bitwene containeth a mile waie, and every degre of thilke bordure containeth fower Minutes, that is to saie, fower minutes of an houre.

Of the twelve signes, Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, and the other.

Under the Compasse of thilk degrees ben written the names of the twelve signes, as Aries, Taurus, Gemini, Cancer, Leo, Virgo, Libra, Scorpio, Sagittarius, Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces. And the nombres of the degrees of the signes ben written in Augrime above, and with long divisions, from five to five, devideth from the tyme that the signe entreth unto the laste ende. But understande well, that these degrees of signes ben everiche of hem considered of lx. Minutes, and every Minute of lx. secondes, and so forthe into small fractions infinite, as saith Alcabucius. And therefore knowe well, that a degre of the bordure containeth fower Minutes, and a degre of a signe containeth lx. minutes, and have this in minde.

The circle of the daies.

NExte this followeth the circle of the daies, that ben figured in maner of the degrees that containen in number thre hundred, threscore and five, divided

devided also with longe strikes, from five to five, and the numbers of Augrime, written under the circle.

The circle of the twelve monethes.

NExte the circle of daies followeth the circle of the twelve names of the Monethes, that is to saie, Januarius, Februarius, Marcius, Aprill, Maius, Junius, Julius, August, September, October, November, December.

The names of these Monethes taken ther names, some for properties, and some by statutes of Emperours, and some by other Lordes of Rome. Eke of these Monethes, as liked to Julius Cæsar, and Cæsar Augustus, some were icompounded of divers numbers of daies, as July and August. Then hath Januarius xxxi. dayes, Februarius xxviii. Marcius xxxi. April xxx. Maie xxxi. Junius xxx. August xxxi. September xxx. October xxxi. November xxx. December xxxi. Nathelesse although that Julius Cæsar toke two daies out of Feverire, and put 'hem in his Monethe of July, and Augustus Cæsar cleped the Monethe of Auguste after his name, and ordained it of one and thirtie daies, yet trust well that the sonne dwelleth therfore never the more, ne the lasse in one signe, then in an other.

The names of the holie daies.

Then followeth the names of the holie daies in the Kalender, and next 'hem the letters A. B. C. on whiche thei fallen.

The scale of the Astrolabie.

NExt the foresaied circle of the A. B. C. under the crosse line is marked the scale, in maner of two Squires, or els in maner of ledders, that serveth by his xxii. pointes, and his divisions of full many a subtell conclusion of this foresaied scale: For the crosse line unto the verie angle, is cleped *Umbra recta*, or els *Umbra extensa*, and the nether partie *Umbra versa*.

The Rule.

Then hast thou a brode rule, that hath on every ende a square plate, parted with certaine holes, some more, and some lesse, to receven the stremes of the sonne by daie, and eke by mediacion of thyne eye, to knowe the altitude of the sterres by night.

The pin, whiche is imagined to be pole artike and the horse.

Then is there a large pin, in maner of an exiltre, that goth through the hole that halte the tables of the climathes in the rete, in the wombe of the moder, thorowe whiche pin there goeth a little wedge, the whiche is cleped the Horse, that straineth all these partes together. This foresaied grete pin, in maner of an exiltre, is imagined to be the pole artike in thyne Astrolabie.

For lines on the wombe side.

THE wombe side of thyne Astrolabie is also divided, with a longe crosse in fower quarters, from the Est to Weste, and from the Southe to Northe, from right side to left side, as is the backside.

The degrees of the wombe side.

THE border of whiche wombe side is divided fro the point of the Est line, unto the point of the South line, under the ryng in xc. degrees, and by the same proporcion is every quarter divided, as is the backside, that amounteth thre hundred lx. degrees. And understande well, that the degrees of this border ben aunfwerynge and consentyng to the degrees of Equinoctiall, that is divided in the same number, as every other circle is in the hie heven.

This border is divided also with xxiii. letters, and a small crosse about the South line, that sheweth the xxiii. houres equales of the clocke. And I have saied five of these degrees maken a mile waie, and thre mile waie maken an houre, and every degre of this border containeth fower Minutes, and every Minute fowertie secondes. Nowe have I tolde The twise, and for the more declaracion.

Of the principall circles.

THE plate under the rete is discribed with thre circles, of whiche the left is cleped the Circle of Cancer, because that the hedde of Cancer tourneth ever more concentrike, uppon the same Circle. In this halfe of Cancer is the gretest declinacion Northward of the sonne and therefore is he icleped *Solsticium* of Sommer, whiche declinacion after Ptholome is xxiii. degrees and fiftie Minutes, as well in Cancer, as in Capricorne. This Signe of Cancer is cleped the Tropike of Sommer, of Tropos, that is to saie, ayenward. The middell circle in wideness of these thre, is cleped the circle Equinoctiall, upon whiche turneth ever more the heddes of Aries and Libra. And understande well, that evermore this circle Equinoctiall tourneth justlie fro very Este, to very Weste, as I have shewed in the sphere solid. This same circle is cleped also the wayer of the daie. For when the Sonne is in the hed of Aries and Libra, then ben daies and nightes like of lengthe, in all the worlde, and therfore ben these two signes called Equinoctis. And al that meveth within these beddes of Aries and Libra, is icalled Northward, and all that meveth without these heddes, his mevyng is cleped Southward, as for the Equinoctiall take kepe of the latitudes Northe and South, and forget it not: but this circle Equinoctiall ben considered the xxiii. houres of the clocke. For evermore the ariling of xv. degrees of the Equinoctiall maketh an hour equall of the clocke. This Equinoctiall is cleped the midwaie of the first mevyng, or els of the Sonne. And note that the first mevyng is cleped mevyng of the first movable of the eight Sphere, whiche mevyng is fro Est to West, and again into Est. Also it is cleped girdell of the first mevyng. For it departeth the first mevable, that is to saie, the sphere, in two, like parties, even distaunte fro the Poles of this worlde. The widest of these thre circles principall, is cleped the circle of Capricorne, and tourneth evermore concentrike, upon the same circle. In the hedde of this foresaied Capricorne is the gretest declinacion Southwarde of the Sonne. And therefore it is cleped *Solsticium* of Winter. This signe of Capricorne is also cleped the Tropike of Winter. For then beginneth the sonne to come again to us warde.

Of the almicanteras, the signet, and what is thine Orizont.

UPon this foresaied plate ben compassed certain circles, that highten almicanteras: of whiche some of 'hem semen parfite circles, and some semen

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imparfite

imparfite. The centure that standeth a middest the narrowest circle, is cleped the signet. And the nextest circle, that devideth the two emispheres, that is the partie of the heven above the yerthe, and the partie beneth. These almicanteras ben compounded by two and two, all be it so that on divers Astrolabies some almicanteras ben devided by one, and some by two, and some by thre, after the quantite of the Astrolabie. This foresaied signet is ymagined to be the very point over the crowne of thy hedde, and also this signet is the very pole of the orizont in every region.

What been thyne Azimutes.

FROM this signet (as it semeth) there comen crooked strikes, like to the clawes of a loppe, or els like to the werke of a womans calle, in kerving overthwart the almicanteras, and these same strikes or divisions ben cleped Azimutes, and thei deviden the Orizontes on thine Astrolabie in xxiiii divisions. And these Azimutes serve, to knowe the costes of the firmamente, and to other conclusions, as for to knowe the signet of the Sonne, and of every sterre.

Of the xii houres of the Planettes.

NEXTE these Azimutes, undir the circle of Cancer ben the twelve divisions embolite, moche like to the shappe of the Azimutes, that shewen the spaces of houres of Planettes.

Thy Rete or els thy Zodiake.

THY rete of thyne Astrolabie, whiche is thy Zodiake shapen in maner of a Nette, or of a lop webbe, after the olde descripcion, whiche thou maicst tourne up and doune, as thy self liketh, containeth certaine number of Sterres fixe, with ther longitudes and latitudes determinate, if so be that the maker have not erred. The names of the Sterres ben written in the margin of thy Rete, there thei sit, of the whiche Sterres the small pointe is cleped the Centure. And understande, that all the Sterres sitting within the zodiake of thyne Astrolabie, ben cleped Sterres of the North, for thei arisen by the North Est line, and all the remenaunt fixed out of the zodiake ben icleped Sterres of the South, but I saie not that thei arisen all by the Southe Est line, witnesse of Aldeberan and also Algomisa. Generally understonde this rule, that thilke Sterres, that ben cleped Sterres of the Northe, arisen rather then the degree of ther longitude, and all the Sterres of the South arisen after the degree of ther longitude, that is to saie, Sterres in thyne Astrolabie.

The mesure of longitude of Sterres is itaken in the line ecliptike of heven, under the whiche line when the Sonne and the Mone ben line righte, els in the superficie of this line, then is the eclips of the Sonne or of the Mone, as I shall declare and eke the cause why: but sothely the Ecliptike line of the zodiake is the uttereste bordure of the zodiake, there thy degrees ben marked. The zodiake of thy Astrolabie is shapen as a Compasse, whiche that containeth a large brede, as after the quantite of thy Astrolabie, in ensample that the zodiake of heven is imagined to be a superficies, conteinyng the latitude of twelve signes, where as all the remenaunte of circles in heven ben imagined verie lines, withouten any latitude; amiddes the celestial zodiake is imagined a line, which that is cleped the Ecliptike line, under the whiche line, is evermore the waie of the sonne. Thus ben there fixe degrees of the zodiake, on that one side of the line, and fixe degrees on that other. The Zodiake is

devided in twelve principall divisions, that departen the xii signes, and for the straitnes of thine Astrolabie then is every small devision in a signe iparted by two degrees and two, I mene degrees conteinyng lx Minutes, and this foresaied hevenishe Zodiake is cleped the circle of the Signes, or the circle of bestes: For Zodiake in language of Greke souneth bestes in Latin tongue, and in the Zodiake ben the xii Signes, that have names of bestes, bicause when the Sonne entreth in any of the Signes, he taketh the propertie of soche bestes, or els for that the sterres that ben there, ben fixed, ben disposed in signe of bestes, or shape like bestes, or els when Planettes ben under the Signes thei transmue us by ther influence, operations, and effectes. And understande also, that when an hotte Planette cometh into an hote Signe, then entereth his hete, and if a Planette be cold, then amenuseth his coldnesse, bicause of the hotte Signe. And by this conclusion maicst thou taken ensample in all Signes, be thei moiste or drie, movable or fixe, rekenyng the qualitie of the Planettes, as I first saied. And everich of these xii signes, hath respect to a certaine parcell of the bodie of a man, and hath it in governaunce! as Aries hath thyne hed and Taurus thy necke and thy throte, Gemini thyne arme holes and thyne armes, and so forthe, as shall be shewed more plainlie in the fifth parte of this tretise. The Zodiake, the whiche his partie of the eight Sphere, overkerveth the Equinoctial, and he overkerveth hym again in even partes, and that one halfe declineth Southwarde, and that other Northwarde as plainlie declareth the tretise of the Sphere.

The Labell.

THEN haste thou a labell, that is shapen like a rule, save that it is strait, and hath no plates on either ende, but with the smal point of the foresaied labell shalt thou calcule the equacions in the bordure of thyne Astrolabie, as by thin almurie.

The Almurie, the denticle of Capricorne, or els the calculere.

THyne almurie is cleped, the denticle of Capricorne, or els the calculere, this same almurie set fixe in the hed of Capricorne, and it serveth of many a necessarie conclusion in equacion of thynges, as shall be shewed.

Here beginneth the conclusions of thine Astrolabie, to finde the degree in the whiche the Sonne is daie by daie, after his course about.

RECKEN and knowe, whiche is the daie of the moneth, and lay thy rule uppon the same daie, and then woll the verie point of thy rule verely sitten on the bordure, uppon the degree of the Sonne. Ensamble as thus. The yere of our Lorde a thousande thre hundred ninetie and one the xii daie of Marche at middaie, I would knowe the degree of the Sonne, I sought in the back halfe of myne Astrolabie and founde the circle of the daies, the whiche I knewe by the names of the Monethes, written under the same Circle: Tho laied I my Rule over the foresaied daie, and founde the point of my Rule in the border, uppon the first degree of Aries, a litle within the the degree: and thus knewe I this conclusion.

An other daie I would knowe the degree of my Sonne, and this was at Middaie in the xiii daie of December, I founde the daie of the moneth in manner as I saied: tho laied I my Rule uppon the foresaied xiii daie, and founde the point of my Rule, uppon the first degree of Capricorne, a litle within the degree;

gre, and then had I of this conclusion the verie Experience.

To knowe the altitude of the Sonne either of celestiall bodies.

PUT the ryng of thyne Astrolabie uppon thy right thombe, and tourne thy lifte side again the light of the Sonne, and remeve thy Rule up and doune, till the streame of the Sonne shine through bothe holes of the Rule: loke then how many degrees this Rule is areised fro the little crosse upon the Est line, and take there the altitude of thy Sonne: and in this same wise maiest thou knowe by nighte the altitude of the Mone, or of the bright Sterres. This Chapter is so generall ever in one, that there nedeth no more declaracion; but forget it not.

To knowe the degree of the Sonne, and of thy Zodiacke, by the daies in the backside of thine Astrolabie.

THen if thou wilt wete the reckenyng to knowe whiche is the daie in thy Kalender of the moneth, that thou art in, laie thyne Astrolabie, that is to saie the allidatha, upon the daie in the Kalender of thyne Astrolabie, and he shal shewe The thy degree of the Sonne.

To knowe every tyme of the daie, by light of the Sonne, and every tyme of the nighte, by the Sterres fixe, and eke to knowe by night or by daie the degree of the signe that ascendeth on th' est Orizont, which is cleped comenly ascendent.

TAKE the altitude of the Sonne, when The lifte, as I have said, and set the degree of the Sonne (in case that it be before the middle of the daie) among thin almicanteras, on the Este side of thyne Astrolabie: and if it be after the middle of the daie, sette the degree of the Sonne upon the Weste side. Take this maner of setting, for a generall rule ones for ever.

And when thou haste ifette the degree of the Sonne uppon as many almicanteras of height, as was the Sonne, taken by thy rule, laie over thy labell uppon the degree of the Sonne, and then woll the pointe of the labell sitten in the bordure, upon the very tide of the daie. Ensampl of this.

The yere of our Lorde a thousande, thre hundred, ninetie and one, the twelveth daie of Marche, I would knowe the tide of the daie, I toke the altitude of my Sonne, and found that it was xxv degrees, and xxx Minutes of height of the bordure in the backside, tho' tourned I myne Astrolabie, and bicause it was before middaie, I tourned my rete, and set the degree of the Sonne, that is to saie, the firste degree of Aries, in the right side in myne Astrolabie, uppon the xxv degree, and xxx minutes of height, among my almicanteras: Tho laied I my label uppon the degree of my Sonne, and found the point of my labell in the bordure, on the capital letter, that is cleped an X. Tho reckened I all the capital letters fro the line of Midnight, unto the foresaid letter X, and founde it was nine of the Clocke of the daie. Tho loked I over my Est Orizont, and found there the twelveth degree of Geminus ascendyng, whiche that I toke for myne ascendente, and in this wise had I the experience for evermore, in whiche maner I should knowe the tide of the daie, and eke myne ascendente. Tho would I wete that same night following the houre of the nighte, and wrought in this wise: among an hepe of Sterres, it liked me to take the altitude of the faire white Sterre, that is cle-

ped the Alhabor, and founde her sitting on the Weste side of the line of Middaie, eightene degrees of heighte taken by my Rule on the backside. Tho sette I the Centure of this Alhabor, upon eightene degrees, among my almicanteras, upon the Weste side, bicause that he was founde upon the Weste side: tho laied I my Labell over the degree of the Sonne, that was descended under the Weste Orizont, and reckened all the letters, capitalles, fro the line of Middaie, unto the pointe of my label in the bordure, and founde that it was after none, passed seven of the clocke the space of eleven degrees. Tho loked I doune uppon my Este Orizont, and founde there twentie degrees of Libra ascendyng, whom I toke for myne ascendente, and thus lerned ones for ever, to knowe in whiche maner, I should come to the houre of the nighte, and to myne ascendent, as verelie as maie be taken, by so small an instrumente. But nathelesse, this rule in generall will I warne thee for ever: ne make thou never none ascendente at none of the daie. Take a iuste ascendente of thyne Astrolabie, and have set iustlie a cloke when any celestiall bodie, by the whiche thou weneest governe thilke thynges, ben nie the Southe line; for trust well, when the Sonne is nere the Meridionall line, the degree of the Sonne remaineth so long concentrike upon thyne almicanteras, that sothelie thou shalt erre fro the iuste ascendente. The same conclusion saie I by my centure of my Sterre fixe by the night, and moreover by experience, I wote wel that fro our Orizont, fro eleven of the clocke, unto one, in takyng of the iuste ascendente, in a portatife Astrolabie, it is to harde to knowe, I mene from eleven of the clocke before none, till one of the clocke next following: and for the more declaracion, loe here thy figure nexte after this rule that followeth.

To knowe the degree of the Sonne in thy Zodiacke, by the daies, in the backside of thine Astrolabie.

THen thou wolte weten to reckon and knowe whiche is the daie of the moneth, that thou art in, and lay the rule of thy Astrolaby, that is to saie, the allidatha, upon the daie, in the Kalender of thine Astrolabie, and he shal shewe The thy degree of Sonne.

Speciall declaracion of the ascendente.

THE ascendente sothelie is as well in all Nativities, as in questions, and as in eleccions of tymes, is a thyng, whiche that these Astrologiens gretlie observen, wherefore me semeth convenient, sens I speke of the ascendent, to make it of a speciall declaracion. The ascendent sothelie, to take it at the largeste, is thilke degree that ascendeth, at any of these foresaid tymes, on the Este Orizon: and therefore, if that any Planet ascende at thilk same time, in the foresaid same degree of his longitude, men saie that thilke Planet is in Horoscopo, but sothelie the hous of that ascendent, that is to saie, the firste hous or the Est angle, is a thyng more brode and large, for after the statutes of Astrologiens, what celestiall body, that is v. degrees above thilke degree, that ascendeth on the Orizont, or within that number, that is to saie, nere the degree that ascendeth, yet reckon thei thilk planete in the ascendent, and what Planet that is under thilke degree, that ascendeth the space of xv. degrees, yet saie thei that Planet is like to hym, that is the houre of the ascendent. But sothelie, if he passe the boundes of the foresaid spaces, above or beneth, thei saie that thilke Planet is fallyng fro the ascendent: yet saie these Astrologiens, that the ascendent, and eke the Lorde of the ascendent, maie be shapen for to be fortunate,

fortunate, or infortunate: as thus. A fortunate ascendent clepen thei, when that no wicked Planette of Saturne or Mars, or els the taile of the Dragon, is in the hous of the ascendente, ne that no wicked Planette have no aspekte of enemitie uppon the ascendente: But thei woll caste, that thei have fortunate Planet in ther ascendente, and yet in his felicitie, and then saie thei that it is well. Furthermore, thei saie that Fortune of an ascendente is the contrary of these foresaid thinges. The Lorde of the ascendente saie thei, that he is fortunate, when he is in gode place for the ascendent, and eke the Lorde of the ascendent is in an angle, or in a succedent, where he is in his dignitie, and coumforted with frendly aspektes receved, and eke that he maie seen the ascendent not retrograde ne combust, ne joined with no shrewe in the same signe, ne that he be not in his discencion, ne reigned with no Planette in his discensions, ne have uppon hym none aspekte infortunate, and then they saie that he is well.

Nathelesse these ben observaunces of judiciall matter, and rites of Painims. in whiche my spitite hath no faithe, ne knowyng of ther horoscopum, for thei saie, that every signe is departed in thre even partes by x degrees, and the ilke porcion thei clepen a face. And although a Planette have a latitude fro the Ecliptike, yet saie some folke, so that the planette arise in that same signe, with any degree of the foresaid face, in whiche his longitude is reckened: And yet is the Planette in horoscopo, be in nativities or in eleccion.

To knowe the verie equacion of the degrees of the Sonne, if it so be that it fall betwixt ii almicanteras.

FOR asmoche as the almicanteras of thyne Astrolabie ben compouned by two and two, where as some almicanteras in sondrie Astrolabies be compouned by one, or els by two, it is necessarie to thy lernyng, to teche The firste to knowe, and wirche with thyne instrumente: wherfore when that the degree of the Sonne falleth betwene two almicanteras, or elles if thyne almicanteras ben graven with over grete a pointe of a Compase, for bothe these thynges maie cause erreure, as wel in knowyng of the tide of the daie, as of the verie ascendente: Thou must werken in this wise: set the degree of the Sonne uppon the higher almicanteras of bothe. And waite well, where the almurie toucheth the bordure, and set there a pricke of ynke, set adoune again the degree of the Sonne upon the nether almicanteras of bothe, and sette there an other pricke: remeve then thy almurie in the bordure, even amiddes bothe prickes, and this woll leden justlie the degree of the Sonne to sit betwene bothe the almicanteras in his right place. Laie then the label on the degree of the Sonne, and finde in the bordure the very tyde of the day or of the night. And also verely shalt thou fynde upon thy Est orizonte thin ascendent.

To knowe the sprynge of the dawning, and the ende of the evening, the whiche ben cleped the two crepusculis.

Sette the nadire of thy sonne upon 18. degrees of height amonge thyn almycanteras on the west fyde, and lay thy labell on the degree of the Sonne, and than shall the pointe of the label shewe the springe of the daye: also sette the nadire of the sonne upon the 18. degrees of height among thin almicanteras on the est side, and lay over thy label upon the degree of the sonne, and wyth the point of thy labell fynde in the bordure the ende of thin eveninge, that is very night. The nadyre of the sonne is thylke de-

gre that is opposyte to the degree of the sonne in the 320. signe, as thus. Every degree of Aries by order, is nadire to every degree of Libra by order, and Taurus to Scorpion, Gemini to Sagittarius, Cancer to Caprycorne, Leo to Aquary, Virgo to Pisces. And yf any degree in thy zodiake be derke, hys nadire shall declare hym.

To knowe the arche of the day, that some folke callen the day artificial, fro the sonne rising tyl it go downe.

Sette the degree of the sonne upon thin Est orizonte, and lay thy label on the degree of the sonne, and at the poynte of thy label in the bordure sette a pricke: turne than thy rete aboute, tyll the degree of the sonne syt upon the Weste orizonte, and laye the label upon the same degree of the sonne, and at the poynte of the labell sette another pricke. Reken than the quantite of time in the bordure betwix both prickes, and take there thine arche of the daye: the remnaunt of the bordure under the orizonte is the arche of the night. Thus maist thou reken bothe arches of every porcion where that thou likeste, and by this maner of werking maist thou se how longe that any sterre fyxe dwelleth above the erthe, fro the time that he riseth tyll he go to reste. But the daye naturell, that is to sayne 24. houres, is the revolution of the equinoctiall, with as moche partye of the zodiake, as the sonne of his proper mowinge passethe in the mene while.

To turne the houres inequalles, and the houres equalles.

TO knowe the nombre of the degrees in the houres inequalles, and departe hem by 15. and take there thyne houres equalles.

To knowe the quantite of the day vulgare, that is to say, fro springe of the day unto the very night.

KNowe thy quantyte of thyne crepusculis, as I have it taught in the chapter before, and adde hem to the arche of the day artificial, and take there thy space of al the whole day vulgare unto the very nyght. In the same maner mayste thou werke to knowe the vulgare nyght.

To knowe the houres inequales by daye.

Understande well that these houres inequales ben cleped houres of the planettes: And understonde wel that sometye ben they longer by daye than they be by nyght, and sometye contrarie. But understand thou well, that evermore generally the houres inequale of the daye, with the houres inequale of the night, containeth 30. degrees of the bordure, the whiche bordure is evermore answeringe to the degrees of the equinoctiall, wherfore depart the arche of the daye artificial in 12. and take there the quantite of the houre inequale by daye, and if thou abate the quantite of the houre inequale by daye out of 360. degrees, than shall the remnaunt that leaveth performe the houre inequale by night.

To knowe the quantite of houres equales.

THE quantytes of houres equales, that is to sayne the houres of the clocke, ben departed by 15. degrees alreedy in the bordure of thy Astrolabie, as wel by night as by daye, generally for evermore. What nedeth any more declaracion? wherfore whan The lyste to knowe how many houres of the clocke

clocke ben passed, or any parte of any of these houres ben to comen, fro soch a time to soche a time, by day or by nyght, knowe the degre of thy Sonne, and laye thy labell on it: than turne thy rete aboute joyntly with thy label and with the point of it reckon in the border fro the Sonne arisyng, into the same place there thou desirest by day as by night. This conclusion woll I declare in the fourthe partye of the laste chapter of this tretyse, so openly that there shal lacke no worde that nedeth declaracion.

Speciall declaracion of the houres of the planettes.

Understand wel that evermore fro the arising of the Sonne tyl it go to reste, the nadyre of the Sonne shal shewe the houre of the planet, and fro that time forward al the nyght tyll the Sonne arise, than shall the very degre of the Sonne shewe the houre of the planet. Ensampl as thus. The 13. day of Marche fel upon a saturday paraventure, and at the arising of the Sonne I founde the second degre of Aries sitting upon min Est orizonte, al be it was but lytel. Than founde I the seconde degre of Libra nadire of my Sonne discendynge on my West orizonte, upon whiche west orizont every day generally at the Sonne arisyng entrethe the houre of any planet, under the forsaide weste orizonte, after the whiche planete the day bereth his name, and endeth in the nexte strike of the planet, under the forsaide weste orizonte: and ever as the Sonne clymbeth upper and upper, so gothe his nadire downer and downer, and echinge fro soch strikes the houres of planettes by order, as they sitten in heven. The fyrst hour inequale of every saturday is Saturne, and the seconde to Jupiter, the thirde to Mars, the fourth to the Sonne, the fyfth to Venus, the sixt to Mercurius, the seventh to the Mone, and than ayen the eight to Saturne, the nineth to Jupiter, the tenth to Mars, the eleventh to the Sonne, the twelfth to Venus. And nowe is my Sonne gon to rest as for that saturday; than shewethe the very degre of the Sonne the houre of Mercury, entring under my weste orizont at even. And nexte him succedeth the Mone, and so forthe by order planete after planet, in houre after houre al the night longe til the Sonne arise. Now riseth the Sonne the sonday by the morowe, and the nadyre of the Sonne upon the weste orizont, shewethe me the entrynge of the houre of the forsaide Sonne. And in this maner succedeth planete under planete fro Saturne unto the Mone, and fro Mone up againe to Saturne, houre after houre generally, and thus knowe I this conclusion.

To knowe with which degre of the zodyake any sterre fixe in thin Astrolabie ariseth upon the Est orizonte, although the orizonte be in an other signe.

Sette the centure of the sterre upon the Est orizonte, and loke what degre of anye signe that sitteth upon the same orizonte at the same tyme: And understande wel that with the same degre ariseth the same sterre. And this mervailous arisyng with a stronge degre in another sygne, is bycause that the latitude of the sterre fyxe is either Northe or Southe fro the equinoctial. But sothly the latitudes of planettes ben comenly reckened fro the ecliptike, bycause that none of hem declineth but few degrees out fro the brede of the zodiake. And take gode kepe of this chapter of arisyng of celestiaall bodyes, for ther trusteth wel, that neither mone neither sterre in our ambolife orizont, that ariseth with the same degre of his longitude, save in one case, and that is whan they have no longitude fro the eclyp-

ticke lyne. But never the lesse somtime is everyche of these planettes under the same lyne.

To knowe the declinacion of any degre in the zodiake, fro the equinoctiall circle.

Sette the degre of any sygne upon the lyne meridional, and reken his altitude in the almicanteras, fro the Est orizonte up to the same degre sette in the forsaide lyne, and sette there a pricke: Turne up than thy rete and sette the hed of Aries or Libra in the same meridional line, and set there another pricke. And whan that this is done, consider the altitudes of hem bothe: for sothly the difference of thilke altitude is the declinacion of thilke degre fro the equinoctial. And yf it so be that thilke degre be northwarde fro the equinoctial, than is his declinacion North, and if it be southward, than it is south.

To knowe for what latitude in any region the almicanteras in my tables ben compowned.

Reken how many degrees of almicanteras in the meridional line, be from the circle equinoctial, unto the signet, or els from the pole artike unto the North orizont, and for so gret a latitude or so smale a latitude, is the table compowned.

To knowe the latitude of the Sonne, in the myddes of the day, that is cleped the altitude meridian.

SET the degre of thy Sonne upon the lyne meridional, and reken how many degrees of almicanteras ben bytwixe thin Est orizonte, and the degre of thy Sonne, and take there thin altitude meridian, that is to sayn, the highest degre of the Sonne, as for that daye. So mayst thou knowe in the same line the highest lyne that any starre fyxe clymbeth by nyght, this is to sayn, that whan any starre fyxe is passed the lyne meridional, than beginneth it to dissende, and so doth the Sonne.

To knowe the degre of the Sonne, by the rete for a maner curyofyte.

SEke busely with thy rule the highest of the Sonne in myddes of the daye, tourne than thyn Astrolabye, and with a pricke of ynke marke the nombre of the same altitude, in the lyne meridional. Tourne than thy rete aboute tyl thou finde a degre of thy zodiake, accordyng with the pricke, this is to sayn, sitting on the pricke, and in sothe thou shalt finde but two degrees in al the zodiake of that condicion. And yet thilke two degrees ben in divers sygnes. Than mayst thou lightly by the feson of the yere knowe the signe in whiche is the Sonne.

To knowe whiche day is like to other in length throughout the yere.

LOke whiche degrees ben lyke from the hedes of Cancer and Capricorne, and loke whan the Sonne is in any of thilke degrees, than ben the dayes lyke of length, that is to sayn, that as longe is that day in that moneth, as was soche a daye in soche a moneth, there varieth but lytell. Also if thou take two dayes naturelles in the yere, ylike farre from eyther points of the equinoctial, in the opposite parties, than as long is the day artificial on that one day as on that other, and eke the contrarie.

This chapter is a maner declaracion to conclusions that foloweth.

Understande well, that thy zodiake is departed into halfe circles, from the hed of Caprycorne unto the hed of Cancer, and ayenwarde from the hed of Cancer unto the hed of Capricorne. The hed of Capricorne is the lowest point, wher as the sonne goth in winter, and the hed of Cancer is the highest point, in which the sonne goth in sommer. And therefore understande wel, than any two degrees that ben ylyke far from any of these two hedes, trust wel that thilke two degrees ben lyke declinacion, be it Southward or Northwarde, and the dayes of hem ben lyke of length, and the nyghtes also, and shadowes ylyke, and the altitudes ylyke at mydday for ever.

To knowe the very degree of any maner starre straunge after his latitude, though he be indeterminate in thyn Astrolaby, sothly to the trowth thus he shal be knowen.

Take the altitude of thy starre, whan he is on the Est side of the lyne meridional, as nygh as thou mayste gesse, and take that ascendent anone right by some maner starre fyxe, which thou knowest, and forget not the altitude of the first starre ne thin ascendent. And whan that this is done, aspie dyligently whan this same first starre passeth any thing to the south westward, and catche him anone right in the same nombre of the altitude on the west syde of thys lyne meridional, as he was caught on the Est syde, and take a newe ascendent anone right by some maner fyxe, the whiche that thou knowest, and forgete not this seconde ascendent. And whan this is done, reken than howe many degrees ben bytwixt the first ascendent, and the seconde ascendent, and reken wel the middel degre bytwyxt bothe ascendentes, and set thilke myddel degre upon thin Este orizonte, and than loke what degre sit upon the line meridional, and take there the very degre of the ecliptike, in whiche the starre standeth for the tyme. For in the ecliptyke is the longitude of a celestiall body, rekened even fro the halfe of the hed of Aries, unto the ende of Pisces, and his latitude is rekened after the quantyte of hys declynacion Northe or South, towarde the poles of thys werke. As thus, if it be of the sonne or any fix starre, reken his latitude or his declinacion fro the equinoctial circle, and if it be of a planete, reken than the quantite of his latitude from the ecliptike line, al be it so that from the equinoctial may the declinacion or the latitude of any body celestiall be rekened, after the sight Northe or Southe, and after the quantite of his declinacion. And yet so may the latitude or the declinacion of anye body celestiall, save onelye of the Sonne, after his sight Northe or Southe, and after the quantite of his declinacion be rekened from the ecliptike line, fro whiche lyne all planettes somtime decline, North or Southe, save only the forsaide Sonne.

To know the degrees of longitudes of fyxe sterres, after that they ben determinate in thin astrolabye, if it so be that they ben trewly set.

Sette the centre of the sterre upon the lyne meridional, and take kepe of thy zodiake, and loke what degre of anye signe sitte upon the same lyne meridional at the same tyme, and there the degre in whiche the sterre standeth, and with the same degre cometh the same sterre unto the same line from the orizonte.

To know in special the latitude of our centre, I mene after the altitude of Oxenforde, and the hight of our Pole.

Understande wel that as farre is the hed of Aries or Libra in the equinoctial, from our orizonte, as is the synet from the pole artike, and as hie as the pole artike from the orizonte, as the equinoctial is ferre from the synet, I preve it thus by the latitude of Oxenforde, understande wel that the height of our pole artike from our North orizont is 51. degrees, and 50. minutes, than is the sinet from the pole artike 38. degrees and 10. minutes, than is the equinoctial from our sinet 51. degrees, and 50. minutes, than is our southe orizonte from our equinoctial 38. degrees, and 10. minutes. Understande well this rekening, also forget not that the sinet is 90. degrees of height from the orizont, and our equinoctial is 90. degrees from our pole artike. Also this shorte rule is soth that the latitude of any planet in a region, is the distaunce from the sinet unto the equinoctial.

To prove the latitude of any place in a region by the preffe of the height of the pole artike in that same place.

In some winter's nyght, whan the fyrmamente is clere and thicke sterred, waite a time tyll that every ster fix sit line right perpendicular over the pole artike, and clepe that ster A. and wayte another ster that sit lyne right under A. and under the pole, and clepe that ster F. and understand wel that F. is not confidred but onely to declare that A. that syt ever on the pole. Take than anone right the altitude of A. from the orizonte and forget it not, let A. and F. go farwel tyl againste the dawning a gret while, and come than again, and abyde tyll that A. is even under the pole under F. for sothely than wil F. sit over the pole, take than estones the altitude of A. from the orizonte, and note as wel the seconde altitude as the firste altitude. And whan that thys is done, reken how many degrees that the first altitude A. exceded his altitude, and take halfe the ilke porcion that is exceded, and adde it to his seconde altitude, and take there the elevacion of the pole, and eke the altitude of thy region. For these two ben of one nombre, that is to sayn, as many degrees as thy pole is elevat, so moche is the latitude of thy region. Ensample as thus. Paraventure the altitude of A. in the eveninge is 92. degrees of height, than wil the seconde altitude or the dawning be 21. that is to sayn, lesse than 92. that was his first altitude at even. Take than the halfe of 92. and adde to it 21. that was his seconde altitude, and than hast thou the height of the pole and the latitude of thy region. But understande wel to preve this conclusion, and many another faire conclusion, thou maiste have a plomet hanginge on a lyne hygher than thy hed on a perche, and that lyne mote hange even perpendicular bytwixe the pol and thine eye, and than shalte thou se yf A. syt even over the pole and over F. at even. And also if F. syt even over the pole and over A. at daye.

Another conclusion to preve the hyght of the pole artike from the orizont.

Take any sterre fyxe that ever descendeth under the orizont in thilk region, and consyder his hyghest altitude and his lowest altitude from the orizont, and make a number of these altitudes, take than and abate halfe that nombre, and take there the

the elevacion of the pole artike in that same region, and for the more declaracion, &c.

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Another conclusion to preve the latitude of a region that ye ben in.

Understande well that the latytude of any place in a region, is verely the space betwyxe the sygne of 'hem that dwellen there, and the equinoctial circle, North, or Southe, takinge the mesure in the merydyonall line, as sheweth in the almicanteras of thin astrolaby, and thilke space is as moch as the Pole artike is hie in the same place fro the orizont. And than is the depressiyn of the pole Antartike beneath the orizonte, the same quantite. of space, neither more ne lesse, than if thou desire to know this latitude of the region, take the altitude of the Sonne in the myddle of the daye, when the Sonne is the hed of Aries or of Libra, for than movethe the Sonne in the lyne equinoctial, and abate the nombre of that same Sonnes altitude out of 90 degrees, and than is the remnaunt of the nombre that levethe, the altitude of the region, as thus. I suppose that the Sonne is thilke daye at noone 38 degrees of heygth, abate than 38 degrees out of 90, so levethe ther 52, than is 52 degrees the latitude, I saye not this, but for ensample, for wel I wote the latitude of Oxenforde is certain minutes lesse. Nowe if it so be that The thinketh to longe a taryng to abyde til that the Sonne be in the hed of Aries or of Libra, than waite whan that the Sonne is in anye other degre of the zodiake, and consider the degre of this declinacion be Northward from the equinoctial, abate than from the Sonnes altytude at none the nombre of his declinacion, and than hast thou the highest of the hedes of Aries and Libra, as thus. My Sonne peraventure is in the 10 degre of Leo almoste 56 of height at none, and his declinacion is almost 18 degrees northward from the equinoctial, abate than thilke 18 degrees of declinacion out of the altitude at none, than levethe 38 degrees, so there the hed of Aries or Libra, and thin equinoctial in that region. Also if it so be that the Sonnes declinacion be southwarde from the equinoctial, adde than thilke declinacion to the altitude of the Sonne at none, and take there the hedes of Aries and Libra and thyn equinoctiall, abate than the height of the equinoctial out of 90 degrees, and than levethe there 38 degrees, that is the distaunce of the region from the equinoctial of any sterre fixe that thou knowest, and take the nether elongation lengthning from the same equinoctial lyne, and werke after the maner aforesaid.

Declaracion of the ascencion of signes as well in the circle directe, as in oblique.

THE excellence of the sphere solid amonges other notable conclusions, sheweth manifest the divers ascencions of signes in divers places, as wel in right circles as in embolyfe circle. These auctours writen that thilke sygne is cleped of right ascencion with which the more part of the circle equinoctiall and the lesse part of the zodiake ascendeth, and thilke sygne ascendeth embolyfe, with which the lesse of the zodiake equinoctial, and the more parte of the zodiake ascendeth, and ever mo the arche of the daye, and the arche of the night is there ylike longe, and the sonne twise every yere passing through the signet of ther hed and 2 sommers and 2 winters in a yere have these forsaide people, and the almycanteras in ther Astrolabie ben streight as a line, so hathe shewed in this fygure. The utilities to knowe the ascencions of sygnes in the right circle is this. Trust wel that by mediacyons of thilke

ascencions, these Astrologiens by ther table and ther instrumentes, knowen verely the ascencion of every degre and minute in al the zodiake, in the embolyfe circle, as shal be shewed. And note that this forsayd right orizonte that is cleped orizont rectum, devideth the equinoctial into right angles, and embolyfe orizonte, where as the pole is enhaunced upon the orizonte, overcometh the equinoctial embolyfe angles.

This is the conclusion to knowe the ascencions of sygnes in the right circle, that is *circulus directus*.

Sette the hed of what sygne The lyst to knowe the ascencion on the right circle, upon the lyne meridionall, and wayte where thin almurie toucheth the bordure, and set there a pricke, tourne than thy rete westwarde til the ende of the forsaide sygne, sette upon the meridional lyne, and eftsones waite where thine almurie toucheth the bordure, and set there another pricke. Reken than the nombres of degrees in the bordure betwixe bothe prickes, and take than the ascencion of the sygne in the right circle, and thus maist thou werke with every porcion of the zodiake.

To knowe the ascencyons of signes in the embolyfe circle in every region, I mene in *circulo obliquo*.

Sette the hed of the sygne, which as The liste to knowe his ascencion upon the Est orizonte, and wayte where thine almurie toucheth the bordure, and sette there a pricke, tourne than thy rete upwarde til the ende of the same sygne, set upon the Est orizont and waite eftsones where as thine almurie toucheth the bordure, and set there another prycke, reken than the nombre of the degrees in the bordure bytwixe both prickes, and take there the ascencion of the sygne in the embolyfe circle. And understand wel that al the signes in the zodiake, from the hed of Aries unto the ende of Virgo, ben cleped signes of the Northe from the equinoctial, and these signes arisen betwixe the very Est and the verye Northe in our orizont generally for ever: and all the signes from the hed of Libra, unto the ende of Pisces ben cleped signes of the southe fro the equinoctial, and these signes arisen evermore betwixe the very Est and the very southe in our orizonte; also every sygne betwixe the hed of Capricorne unto the ende of Gemini, ariseth in our orizonte in lesse than two houres equalles and these same signes from the hed of Capricorne unto the ende of Gemini, ben called tortuous signes or croked signes, for they risen embolyfe in our orizonte, and these croked signes ben obedient to the signes that ben of the right ascencion. These signes of right ascencion ben fro the hed of Cancer unto the hed of sagittary, and these signes arisen more upright than dothe the other, and therefore they ben called souveraine signes, and everye of 'hem ariseth in more space than in two houres, of which sygnes Gemini obeyeth to Cancer, and Taurus to Leo, and Aries to Virgo, Pisces to Libra, Aquarius, to Scorpio, and Capricorne, to Sagitarie, and thus evermore two signes that ben like ferre from the hed of Capricorne obeyeth everiche of 'hem to other.

To knowe justly the foure quarters of the worlde, as Est, West, South, and North.

TAKE the altitude of thy sonne whan thou liste, and note well the quarter of the worlde in which the sonne is from the tyme by the asymutes, tourne than thin Astrolaby, and set the degre of the sonne in the almicanteras of his altytude, on thilke syde that the Sonne standeth, as is in maner of taking of houres, and ley thy labell on the degre of the Sonne

Sonne, and reken howe many degrees of the Sonne ben bytwene the lyne meridional, und the point of thy label, and note wel the nombres. Tourne than agayne thyne Astrolabie, and set the point of thy grete rule there thou takest thin altitudes, upon as many degrees in hys bordure from his meridional, as was the pointe of thy labell from the lyne meridional on the wombe syde. Take then thyne Astrolabye with both handes sadly and flyly, and let the sonne shine through bothe holes of thy rule, and flyly in thilke shyning laye thine Astrolabye couche adoune even upon a playne grounde, and than wyl the meridional lyne of thin Astrolabye be even south, and the Est lyne will lye even Est, and the West lyne West, and the Northe lyne Northe, so that thou werke softly and avisely in the couchynge, and thou haste thus the foure quarters of the firmament, &c.

To knowe the altitude of planettes from the way of the sonne, whether they ben Northe or Southe fro the way aforesayde.

LOke whan a planette is on the line meridional, yf that her altitude be of the same heighte, that is the degre of the Sonne for that daye, and than is the planette in the very way of the Sonne, and hath no latitude. And yf the altitude of the planette be hyer than the degre of the Sonne, than is the planette Northe from the way of the sygne Southe, a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thine Almicanteras, and yf the altitude be lesse than the degre of the Sonne, than is the planette South from the waye of the Sonne, soche a quantite of latitude as sheweth by thine Almicanteras. This is to saie from the waye of the Sonne in everye place of the zodiake, for on the morowe the Sonne wyll be in another degre.

For to knowe the signet for the arising of the Sonne, this is to saie the party of the orizonte in whiche the Sonne ariseth.

THou muste first consider that the Sonne ariseth not in the verie Este signet, sometye by North Este, and sometye by Southe Este, sothely the Sonne ariseth evermore in the verie Este in our Orizonte, but if he be in the hedde of Aries or Libra. Now is thine Orizonte departed into xxiiii parties, of thy Minutes in significacion of xxiiii partes of the worlde, though it be so, that shipmen reken all that parties in xxxii. Then is there no more but waite in the whiche minute, that the Sonne entreth at his arising, and take there the signet of the rising of the Sonne.

The maner of devision of thine Astrolabie, is thus enjoined, as in this case.

First, it is devidid in fower places principallie, with the line that cometh fro the Est to the Weste, and then with an other line, that goeth fro the South to the North, then is it divided in smal parties of minutes, as Est and Est by Southe, where that is the firste minute above the Est line, and so forthe fro partie to partie, till that thou come again to the Este line. Thus thou might understand the signet of every sterre, in whiche partie he ariseth.

To knowe in whiche partie of the firmament is the conjuncion.

Consider the tyme of the conjuncion, by the Kalender, as thus: howe many houres that the conjuncion is fro middaie of the daie before, as sheweth the Canon of the Kalender. Reken then that number in the bordure of thine Astrolabie, as thou

were wont to doe in knowyng of the houres of the daie, or of the night, and lay thy labell over the degre of the sonne, then will the point of the labell sit upon the houre of the conjuncion. Loke then in whiche minute the degre of the Sonne sitteth, and in that partie of the firmamente is the conjuncion.

To knowe the signet of the altitude of the Sonne.

THis is no more to saie, but any time of the daie take the altitude of the sunne, and by the minutes in whiche he ascendeth thou might se in whiche partie of the Firmamente he is, and in the same wise might thou se by night any Sterre, whether he sit Este, Weste, or Southe, or any parte bitwixe, after the name of the minutes, in whiche the Sterres standeth.

To knowe sothlie the longitude of the Mone, or any Planette, that hath no latitude, fro the tyme of the Ecliptike line.

TAke the altitude of the Mone and reken thyne altitude up, emong thyne almicanteras, on whiche side that the Mone standeth, and set there a pricke. Take then anone right upon the Mone's side, the altitude of every sterre fixe that thou knowest, and set his circle upon his altitude, emong thyne almicanteras, there the Sterre is founden, waite then of whiche degre the zodiake is, to whiche the pricke of the altitude of the Mone, and there take the degre in whiche the Mone standeth. This conclusion is verie sothe, of the Starres in thine Astrolabie, and standeth after the trowth. Some tretise of the Astrolabie maketh non excepcion, whether the Mone have latitude or none, nor whether side of the Mone the altitude of the Sterre be founde. And note if the Mone shewe her self by daie, then thou maicste worche the same conclusion by the Sonne, as well as by the Sterre fixe.

This is the werching of the conclusions to knowe whether any Planette be directe, or retrograde.

TAke the altitude of any sterre, that is cleped a Planette, and note it well, anone righte take the altitude of some Sterre fixe, that thou knowest, and note it well also, and come againe the thirde or the fowerth night next folowyng, for then thou shalt perceve well the mevyng of the Planet, whether he meve forward, or backward, and waite well then when the Sterre fixe is in this same altitude that she was, when thou toke her firste altitude, of the foresaied Planet, and note it well, for truste well, if so be that the Planet be in the right side of the meridional line, so that his seconde altitude be lesse then the firste altitude was, then is the Planet directe, and if he be in the West side in that condition, then is he retrograde, and if so be that this Planet be in the Est side, when his altitude is take, so that the seconde altitude be more then his firste altitude, then is he retrograde, and if he be in the West side of the line meridional, then is he direct, but the contrary moving of these parties is the cours of the Mone, for sothlie the Mone moveth the contrary fro either Planettes, in her ecliptike line, but in none other maner.

The conclusion of equacions of houses, after the Astrolabie.

SET the beginning of the degre that ascendeth upon the ende of the viii. houre inequall, than will

will the line of the second house sit upon the line of Midnight, remeve then the degre that ascendeth, and set hym upon the ende of the x. houre inequall, then will the beginnyng of the iii. house sitte upon the Midnight line, bring up again the same degre that ascendeth firste, and set hym upon the Este Orizonte, and then will the beginning of the iiiii. hous sit upon the Midnight line. Take then the nadire of the degre, that ascendeth firste, and set hym upon the ende of the ii. houre inequall, and then will the beginnyng of the v. house sit upon the Midnight line. Take then the nadire of the ascendent, and set him upon the ende of the iiiii. houre inequall, and then will the beginnyng of the vi. house sit upon the Midnight line. The beginnyng of the seventh house is nadire of the ascendente, and the beginnyng of the viii. house is nadire of the seconde, and the beginnyng of the ninth house is nadire of the thirde, and the beginnyng of the tenth house is nadire of the iiiii. and the beginnyng of the leventh house is nadire of the fiveth, and the beginning of the xii. house is nadire of the vi. house.

An other maner of equacions of houses, by the Astrolabie.

TAke thyne ascendente, and then thou haste the fower angles, for well thou woteste, that th' opposite is of thine ascendente, that is to saie, the beginnyng of the seventh hous, sit upon the West Orizont, and the beginnyng of the tenth house, upon the line Meridionall, and his opposite upon the line of Midnight, then laie thy labell uppon the degre that ascendeth, and reken then fro the point of thy labell all the degrees in the bordure, till that thou come to the Meridionall line, and departe all thilke degrees into thre even partes, and take there the even porcions of thre other houses, for to laie thy labell over every of these thre parties, and then thou might see by the labell in the Zodiake the beginning of these thre houses fro the ascendent, that is to saie, the twelveth next above the ascendente, and then the eleventh house and the x. house, upon the Meridional line, as I first saied, the same wise werche, fro the ascendent, doune to the line of Midnight, and thus thou haste thre houses, that is to saie, the beginning of the seconde, the thirde, and the fowerth house: then is the nadire of these thre houses, the beginnyng of these iii. houses that foloweth.

To finde the line Meridionall, to dwell fixe in any certain place.

TAke a rounde plate of metall, for warpyng the border the better, and make thereupon a iuste compace, a little within the bordure, and laie this rounde plate upon an even grounde, or some even stone, or on a even stocke fixe in the ground, and laie it even by a rule, in the centre of the compace sticke an even pinne or a wire upright, the smaller the better, and set thy pinne or thy wire, by a plomme rule's ende upright even, and let this pinne be no longer then a quarter of thy diameter of the compace fro the pinne, and waite busilie aboute tenne or eleven of the clocke, when the Sonne sheweth, when the shadow of the pinne entereth any thing, within the circle of the compace one here brede, and make there a pricke with ynke: abide then still waityng on the Sonne, after one of the cloke, til that the shadowe of the pinne, or of the wire, passe any thyng out of the circle or compace be it never so little, and sette there a pricke. Take then a compace and mesure even the middle, betwixt bothe prickes, and set there a pricke: Take then a Rule and drawe a strike, even

fro the pinne unto the middle prick, and take there the line Meridional for evermore, as in the same place. And if thou draw a crosse overthwarte the compace, justly over the line Meridionall, then haste thou Est and West, and per consequens the oppositife, that is Southe and North.

Discripcion of the Meridionall line, and of the longitudes and latitudes, of citees and tounes, as well as of climates.

THis line Meridionall, is but a maner discripcion of a line ymaged, that passeth upon the poles of the worlde, and by the signette of our hedde: and it is cleped the signet, for in what place that any manne is at any tyme of the yere, when the Sonne by mevyng of the Firmamente cometh to his Meridionall place, then is it the verie Middaie, that we clepe None, and therefore it is cleped the line of Middaie. Then take hede that evermore of two Citees, or of two Tounes, of whiche the one approacheth nerer the Est, then doeth the other Toune, trust well that thilke two Tounes have divers Meridians. Take kepe also, that the arche of the Equinocciall, that is contained and bounded betwene the two Meridians, is cleped the Longitude of the Toune. And if so be that two Tounes have Meridian like; or one Meridian, then is the distaunce of hem bothe like farre: and in this maner thei chaunge not ther Meridian, but sothelie thei chaunge ther Almicanterras, for the haunsyng of the Pole, and the distaunce of the Sonne. The longitude of a climate maie be cleped the space of the yerth, fro the beginnyng of the firste climate, unto the laste ende of the same climate, even directe against the Pole artike, thus saie some aucthours. And some clerkes saie, that if men clepe the latitude of a center the arche Meridian, that is conteined or intercepte, betwixe the signet and the Equinocciall, then thei saie, that the distaunce fro the Equinocciall unto the ende of the climate, even ayenst the pole artike, is the longitude of the climate for Southe.

To knowe with what degree of the Zodiake, that any Planet ascendeth on the Orizonte, where his latitude be North, or South.

KNowe by thyne Almanacke the degre of the Ecliptike of any signe, in which that the planette is rekened for to be, and that is cleped the degre of his longitude. And knowe also the degre of his latitude, fro th' ecliptike, North or South, and by these ensamples folowing in especialle, thou maieste wirc with every signe of the Zodiake. The longitude peraventure of Venus, or of an other planet was of Capricorne, and the latitude of hem Northward degrees, fro the Ecliptike line, then toke I subtil compas, and cleped the one point of my compace A, and that other F. then toke I the point of A. and set in the ecliptike line, and my zodiake in the degre of the Longitude of heddes, that is to saie in the ende of Capricorne, and then set I the point of F. upward in the same signe, bicause that the altitude was North, upon the latitude of Venus, that is to saie, in the degre fro the hed of Capricorne, and thus have I the degrees betwixe my two prickes, then laid I doune softlie my compace, and set the degre of the longitude upon the Orizont, then toke I and waxed my label, in maner of a paire of tables to receve distinctly the pricke of my compace, then toke I this forsaied label, and laied it fixe over the degre of my longitude, then toke I up my compace, and the point of A. in in the waxe of my label, as I could gesse, over th' ecliptike line, in th' ende of the longitude I set the point

point over endlonge on the labell, upon the space of the latitude inwarde, and on the zodiake, that is to say, Northward fro the ecliptike: then laied I down my compasse, and loked well in the waie upon th' ecliptike of A. and F. then tourned I my rete, till that the pricke of F. sate upon the Orizont, then sawe I well, that the bodie of Venus in her latitude of degrees septentrionals, ascendeth in the ende of degre, fro the hed of Capricorne. And note that in this manner, thou mightest werch with any latitude septentrionall in al signes: but sothly the latitude Meridionall of a planet in Capricorn maie not be take, because of the little space betwixe the ecliptike, and the bordure of the Astrolabie, and sickerly in al other signes it maie be take. Also the degre peraventure of Jupiter, or of any other planette, was in the first degre of Pisces in longitude, and his latitude was degrees Meridionall. Then toke I the point of A. and set it in the first degre of Pisces on th' ecliptike, then set I the point downward of F. in the same signe, because that the latitude was South degrees that is to saie, fro the hed of Pisces, and thus have I degrees betwixe both prickes. Then set I the degre of the longitude, upon the Orizont, then toke I my labell, and laied him fixe upon the degre of longitude, then sette I the point of A. on my labell even over the ecliptike line, in the ende of the degre of the longitude, and I sette the point of F. endelong on my labell, the space of degrees of the latitude outwarde fro the Zodiake, that is to saie, Southwarde fro the Ecliptike towarde the bordure, and then tourned I my rete, til the point of F. sate upon the Orizont, then sawe I well that the bodie of Jupiter, in his Latitude of degrees Meridionall, ascendeth with the degre of Pisces in horoscopo. And in this maner thou maiest werche, with any Latitude, as I saied first, save in Capricorne. And thou wilt plie this crafte, with the arifing of the Mone, loke thou reken well the course of houre by houre, for she dwelleth in a degre of her Longitude but a little while, as thou wolste well: but neverthelesse, if thou legen well her verie mevyng by the tables, or after her course houre by houre, thou shalte doe well inough.

Umbra recta.

IF thou wilt wirche with *Umbra recta*, if thou might come to the base of the toure, in this maner shalt thou wirche: take the altitude of the Toure with bothe holes, so that the rule lie even on a point. Ensam- ple, as thus. I se hym through the point of fower then mete I the space betwixe me and the Toure, and I finde it twentie fote, then behold I how fower is to twelve, and I find it is the third part of twelve. Right so the space betwixe The and the Toure is the thirde parte of the altitude of the Toure: then thrise twentie fote is the highest of the toure, with th' addicion of thine owne bodie fro thyne eye. If the Rule fall on five, then is five times twelve, the highest of the Toure.

Umbra versa.

IF thou maiest not come to the base of the toure, and thou fixe hym through the number of one, set there a pricke at thy fote, then go nere the Toure and se hym through at the point of two, and set there an other pricke, and then beholde howe one hath hym to twelve, and thou shalte finde that he hath hym twelve fithes, then behold how two have hym to xii, and thou shalte finde it sixe fithes, and therefore the space betwixe two prickes, is sixe times thyne altitude. And note that at the first altitude of one, thou setteest a prick, and afterward when thou seest

hym through at two, there thou setteest a pricke, then thou findest betwene lxxx fote, then thou shalte finde that tenne is the 8th parte of lxxx. then is a fote the altitude of the Toure, but if it fall upon an other point, as thus. It falleth on fixe at the seconde tak- yng it, when it falleth on fower, then shalt thou find that fixe is the second part of twelve, and fower is the third parte of twelve, by the thirde parte, that is to say, the space betwixe two prickes, twice the height of the Toure, and if the difference wer three, then would it be thre times the height. *Et sic de singulis.* An other maner werchyng by *Umbra recta*. If thou maiest not come by the base of the Toure, wirche in this wise: Sette thy rule upon one, till thou se the the altitude, and set at thy fote a pricke, and then set thy rule upon two, and so doe in the same maner: then loke what is the difference betwixe one and two, and thou shalte finde that it is one. Then mesure the space betwixe the two prickes, and that is the twelveth part of the altitude of the Toure, and so of all other.

Umbra recta.

IF thy Rule fall upon the eighte point, on the right shadowe, then make the figure of eight, than loke howe moche space of the fete is, betwixe The and the Toure, and multiplie that by twelve, and when thou hast multiplied it by the same number then devide it by the number of eight, and kepe the residue, and adde thereto thy height unto thyne eye, to the residue, and that shall be the verie height of the Toure. And thus maiest thou worche on the same side, from one to twelve, &c.

Umbra recta.

AN other maner of working upon the same side. Loke upon what point thy rule falleth, when thou seest the toppe of the Toure, through the two holes, and then mete the space from thy fote, to the base of the Toure, and right as the number of the point hath hymself to twelve, right so the measure, betwixt The and the Toure, hath hym self to the height of the same Toure. Ensam- ple as thus. I sette case thy rule fall upon eight, then is eight two thirde partes of twelve, so is the space two thirde partes of the Toure.

Umbra versa.

TO knowe the heighte, by the point of *Umbra versa*. If the rule fall upon iii. when thou seest the toppe of the toure set a pricke there thy fote standeth, and go nere till thou maiest se the same toppe, at the point of iii. and sette there an other prick: then mete howe many fote is betwixe the two prickes, and the height up to thine eye, and that shall be the height of the toure. And note, that iii. is the fowerth part of xii. and iii. is the thirde parte of xii. Now passeth iii. the number of iii. by distance of i. therefore the same space with thy height to thy eye is the height of the toure. And if it were so that there were two or thre distances in the numbers, so should the mesure betwixe the prickes be twice or thrise the height of the toure.

Umbra recta.

TO know the height, if thou maiest not come to the base of the thing, set thy rule upon what point thou wilt, so that thou maist se the toppe of the thing through the two holes, and make a marke, there as thy fote standeth, and go nere or farther,

ferther, till thou maieste se it through an other point, and make there an other marke, and loke what difference is betwixe the two poinctes in the scale, and right as that difference hath hym to xii. right so the spaces betwixe the two markes hath hym to the height of the thing. Ensample. I set the case, that thou seest it through the point of iiii. and after at the point of iii. Now passeth the number of iiii. the number of iii. the distance of i. and right as this difference of one, hath hymself to xii. right so the mesure betwixe both the markes hath him to the height of the same thing puttyng thereto the height of thy self to thine eye. And thus maiest thou werke from i. to xii.

Umbra versa.

FErthermore, if thou wilt knowe in *Umbra versa*, by the crafte of *Umbra recta*, I suppose to take thine altitude at the point of iiii. and makest a marke, and then thou goest nere, till thou haste it at the point of iii. and makest there an other marke, then must thou devise 144. by 4, the number that cometh thereof shall be 36. and after divide 144. by 3. and the number that cometh thereof is 48. then loke what difference is betwixe 36. and 48. and that shalt thou finde 12. and right as 12. hath hym to 12. so the space betwixe the two prickes hath him to the altitude of the thyng.

Here endeth the conclusions of the Astrolabie.



The Complaint of the blacke Knight.

The heavy Complaint of a Knight, for that he can not win his Lady's Grace.



IN Maie when Flora the freshe lustie Quene
The soile hath cladde, in grene, and red,
and whight,

And Phœbus gan to shede his stremis shene
Amidde the Bulle, with al the bemis bright,
And Lucifer to chace awaie the night
Ayen the morowe our Orizont hath take,
To bid all lovirs out of slepe awake.

And hertis hevie for to recomforte
From drieried of hevie night's sorowe,
Nature bad 'hem rise, and 'hem disporte
Ayen' the godelie and the glad greie morowe,
And hope also with saint Ihon to borowe,
Bad in despite of daungir and dispaire
For to takin the wholsome lustie aire.

And with a sigh I gan for to abreide
Out of my slombre, and sodainly up sterter;
As he (alas) that nigh for sorowe deide,
My sikenesse fate aye so nie my herte,
But for to findin soccours of my smerte,
Or at the lest some relese of my paine
That me so fore yhalte in every veine.

I rose anone, and thought I would' gone
Into the wodde, to here the birdis syng,
When that the mistie vapour was agone,
And cleare and faire ywas the morownyng;
The dewe also like silvir in shinyng
Upon the levis, as any Baume swete,
Till firie Titan with his persaunt hete

Had dryid up the lustie licour newe,
Upon the herbis in the grenè mede;
And that the floures of many divers hewe
Upon ther stalkis gonin for to sprede,
And for to splaie out ther levis in brede
Again the Sonne, golde burnid in his spere,
That doune to 'hem ycast his bemis clere.

And by a rivir forthe I gan costei
Of watir clere as birell or cristall,
Till at the last I founde a little weie
Toward a parke, enclosid with a wall,
In compace rounde, and by a gate small,

Who so that would he frelie mightin gone
Into this parke, ywallid with grene ston.

And in I went to here the birdis song,
Which on the braunchis both in plain and vale;
So loude ysang, that all the wode yrong,
Like as it should shivir in pecis smale,
And as methoughtin that the Nightingale
With so great might her voice began out wrest,
Right as her harte for love would all to brest.

10 The soile was plain and smoth, and wondir soft, 50
All oversprad with tapettes that Nature
Had made her self: covirid eke aloft
With bowis grene, the flouris for to cure;
That in ther beautie thei maie long endure
From all assaute of Phœbus fervent fere,
Whiche in his sphere so hotte yshone and clere:

20 The aire attempre, and the smothè winde
Of Zephyrus among the blofomes white
So wholsome was, and nourishing by kinde,
That smale buddis, and round blofomis lite, 60
In maner gan of her brethe to delite,
To yeve us hope that there fruit shall ytake
Ayenist Autumpne redy for to shake.

I sawe the Daphne closid undir rinde
With the grene Laurir and the wholsome Pine
The Mirre also that wepith ever' of kinde,
The Cedris hie, as upright as a line,
The Filbert eke, that lowe doith encline
Her bowis grene unto the yerth adoun,
Unto her knight callid Demophoon. 70

30 There sawe I growing eke the freshe Hawthorne
In white Motley, that so sote doeth ysmell,
Ashe, Firre, and Oke, with many a yong acorn;
And many a tre mo then I can tell,
And me beforne I sawe a little well
That had his course, as I could wele beholde
Undir an hill, with quicke stremis and colde.

40 The gravill gold, the watir pure as glasse,
The bankis rounde, the well invironing
And soft as Velvet was the yongè grasse

80
That

That thereupon lustilie came springyng,
The fute of trees aboutin compasyng
Ther shadowe cast, clofying the well arounde,
And all the herbis growyng on the grounde,

The water was so wholfome, and so vertuous
Through might of herbis growyng it beside
Not like to the welle where as Narcissus
Iflain was, through the vengeance of Cupide
Where so wondir covertly he did hide
The grain of deth upon eche fatal brinke, 90
That deth mote folowe, who that ever drinke.

Ne like unto the pitte of the Pegace
Undir Parnassus where Poëtis slept,
Nor like to the welle of pure chastite
Which that Diana with her nymphis kept,
When she nakid into the watir lepte,
That slowe Actæon with her handis felt,
Only for he came so nigh the well.

But this welle which that I now here reherse
So wholfome was, that it wouldin aswage 100
Wightes bollin hertis, and the venim perce
Of pensifed, withall the cruill rage,
And ovir more refreshin the visage
Of them that were in any werinesse
Of grete labour, or fallin in distresse.

And I that had through daungir and disdain
So drie a thurst thought that I would assaie
To tastin a draught of this Welle or twain,
My bittir langour if it might alaie, 110
And on the banke anone me doune I laie,
And with mine hed unto the Welle I raught,
And of the watir dranke I a gode draught.

Whereof me thought I was refreshid wele
Of the brennyng that sate so nigh my herte,
That verily anone I gan to fele
An huge parte relefid of my smerte,
And therewithall anone up I asterte,
And thought that I would walkin and se more,
Forthe in the parke, and in the holtis hore.

And thorough a launde as I yede apace, 120
And gan aboutin fast for to beholde,
I founde anone a delectable place,
That was beset with treis young and olde,
Whose namis here for me shall not be tolde,
Amidde of whiche there stode an herbir grene,
That benchid was with colours new and clene.

This herbir was all full of flouris gende,
Into the whiche as I beholde began,
Betwixt an Hulfere, and a Wode bende,
As I was ware, I sawe where laie a man 130
In blacke, and of white colour pale and wan,
And wondir dedly also of his hewe,
Of hurtis grene, and freshe woundis newe.

And ovirmore distrainid with sicknesse
Beside all this he was full grevoufflie,
For upon hym he had an hote accesse,
That daie by daie hym shoke full pitoufflie,
So that for constraint of his maladie 140
And hertely wo, thus lying all alone,
It was a deth for one to here hym grone.

Whereof astoined, my fote I gan withdrawe,
Full gretly wondiring what it might be,
That he so laye and haddin no felawe,
Ne that I coude no wight with him yfe,
Wherof I had grete routhe, and eke pite,

And gan anone, so softely as I coude,
Amonge the busshis prively me to shroude,

If that I myght in any wise aspie
What was the cause of this his dedly wo, 150
Or why that he so petouffly gan crie
On his fortune, and on his ure also,
With al my myght I layid an ere to
Every worde, to marke wel what he saide,
Out of his swough anon as he abraide.

But first, if I shulde makin mencion
Of his persone, and plainly him discrive,
He was in sothe, without excepcion,
To speke of manhode, one the best one live, 160
There may no man ayen the trouth ystrive,
For of his time, and of his age also
He provid was, there men shuld have ado.

One of the best therto of brede and length,
So wel ymade by gode proporcion,
If he had be in his delivir strength,
But thought and sicknesse were occasyon
That he thus lay in lamentacyon
Grouffe on the grounde, in place so desolate,
Sole by him self, awhapid and amate.

And for me semith that it is fitting 170
His wordis al to put in remembraunce,
To me that herdin all his complaining,
And al the grounde of this his woful chaunce,
If there withall I maye you do plesaunce,
I wol to you so as I can anone
Lyke as he saide, reherce everichone.

But who shal helpin me nowe to complaine,
Or who shal nowe my stile gie or lede?
O Niobe, let nowe thy teris rayne
Into my penne, and helpe me eke in nede 180
Thou woful Myre, that felist mine hert blede
Of pitous sorowe, and myn hande eke quake,
Whan that I writin for this mann's sake.

For unto wo accordith complaining,
And doleful chere unto hevinesse,
To sorowe also sighing and weping,
And pitous mourning unto drerinesse,
And whoso that shall writin of distresse,
In party nedith to knowe felingly
The cause and rote of al soche malady. 190

But I alas! that am of witte but dul,
And that have no knowing of soche matere
For to discrive and writin at the ful
The woful complainte, which that ye shal here,
But evin like as doth a skrivinere
That can no more tell what that he shal write,
But as his maistr beside dothe endite,

Ryght so fare I, that of no sentement
Can sayin right naught in conclusioun,
But as I herde whan that I was present 200
This man complainin with a pitous soun,
For even like without addicioun
Or disacrese eythir of more or lesse,
For to reherse anone I wol me dresse.

And if that any nowe be in this place,
That felith in love breninge or fervence,
Or hindirid were to his ladie's grace,
With false tongis, that with pestilence
Sle trewe men, that nevir did offenc 210
In worde nor dede, ne yet in ther entent,
If any soche there be here nowe present,

Let

Let him of routhe lay him to audience
With doleful chere, and sobre countinaunce,
To herin this man by ful hye sentence
Hys mortal wo, and his dire perturbaunce
Complaining and now lying in a traunce
With lokis upcast, and with ruful chere,
Th' effecte of which was as ye now shal here.

The thought oppressed with inward fighis fore,
The painful lyfe, the body languishing; 220
The woful goft, the herte rent and tore,
The pitous chere all pale in complaining,
The dedly face, like ashis in shining,
The salte teris, that from min eyin fall,
Percel declare grounde of my painis al.

Whose herte is grounde to blede in heviness, e,
The thought receite of wo, and of complainte,
The brest is cheft of dole and dreriness, e,
The body eke so feble and so fainte, 230
With hote and colde mine axis is so mainte,
That nowe I chivir for defaute of hete,
And hote as glede nowe sodainly I fwete.

Nowe hote as fire, nowe cold as ashis ded,
Now hote for colde, now cold for hete again,
Now cold as yfe, and now, as colis red,
For hete I brenne, and thus betwixin twaine
I possid am, and al forcaste in paine,
So that my hete full plainly as I fele
Of grevous colde is cause every dele.

This is the colde of inward hie disdaine, 240
Colde of despite, and colde of cruil hate,
This is the colde that doth his besy payne
Ayenist trouthe to fight and to debate,
This is the colde that doth the fyre abate
Of trewe mening, alas the hardè while,
This is the colde that wol me begile.

For er the bettir that in trouth I mente
With al my myght her fathfully to serve,
With hert and al to be right diligent,
The lesse thanke, alas! I can deserve, 250
Thus for my trouthe daungir doth me sterue,
For one that shuld my deth of mercy let,
Hath made despite anew his swerde to whet

Against me, and his arowis to fyle,
To take vengeaunce of wilful cruilte,
And tongis false thorough ther sleightly wyle
Han gone a werre, that wil not stintid be,
And false envie, with wrathe and envyte
Have conspirid against al right and lawe,
Of ther malyce that trouth shal be yslawe. 260

And malebouche gan first the talè tel
To sclaudir trouth of indignacion,
And false reporte so loud yrange the bel,
That misbylese and false suspection
Have trouthe ybrought to his dampnacion,
So that alas! wrongfully he dyith,
And falsenesse nowe his place occupyith,

And entirid is into trouth's londe,
And hath thereof the ful possession,
O rightful God, that first the trouthe fonde, 270
Howe maie thou suffre soche oppressyon,
That falsshed shulde have jurisdiction
In troth's right to sle him giltiles!
In his fraunchise he may not live in pees.

Falsly accused, and of his Fone forjuged,
Withoutin answere, while he was absent,

He damnid was, and maie not be excused,
For cruilte yfate in judgèment,
Of hastinesse without advisèment;
And badde disdaine do execute anone, 280
His judgèment in presence of his fone.

Attourney there maye none admittid ben
To excuse trouthe, ne a worde to speke,
To faith or othe the judge ne lyfte not sene,
There ne is no gaine, but he will be wreke.
O Lorde of trouthe, to The I cal and clepe,
Howe may thou sein thus in thy presence
Withoutin mercy murdrid innocence!

Nowe God, that art of trouthe soveraine,
And seist how I lie for trouthe bounde, 290
So fore yknitte in lov's fyrie chaine,
Even at the deth through gyrtte with many'a wounde,
That lykily are nevir for to sounde,
And for my trouthe am dampnid to the deth,
And not abyde, but drawe along the breth:

Confidre' and se in thine eternal right
Howe that min herte professid whilom was
For to be trewe with al my ful myght
Onily to one, the whiche nowe alas!
Of volunte without any trespas 300
Myne accusours hath takin unto grace,
And cherishith 'hem, my deth to purchase.

What menith this? what is this wondir ure
Of purveiaunce, yf so I shal it cal,
Of God of love, that false 'hem so assure,
And trewe alas! downe of the whele ben fall!
And yet in sothe, this is the worst of al,
That falsshed wrongfully' of troth hath the name,
And trouth ayenward of falsshed the blame.

This blindè chaunce, this stormy avinture, 310
In love hath mostely his experience,
For who that doth with trouthe most his cure
Shal for his mede yfindin moste offence,
That servith love with al his diligence;
For who can fainin undir lowlyhede,
Ne failith not to findin grace and spede.

For I lovid one ful longe sythe agone
With all mine herte, and body, and ful might,
And to be ded my herte can not gone,
From his beheste, but hold that he hath hyght, 320
Though I be banishid out of her syght,
And by her mouth dampnid that I shall dey,
To my beheste yet I will er obey.

For evir sithins that the worlde began
Who so lyfte lokin, and in story rede,
He shal aye findin that the trewe man
Was put abacke there, where as the falshe
Yfurthered was, for love takith none hede,
To sle the trew, and hath of 'hem no charge,
Where as the false gothe frely at ther large. 330

I take recorde of true Palamedes
The giltless man, the noble worthy knight,
That evir lovid, and had no reles,
Notwithstanding his manhode and his might
Yet love unto him dyd ful gret unright,
For aye the bet he dyd in chivalrye
The more he still was hindrid by envye.

And aye the bett he did in every place
Thorough his knighthode and his busy paine,
The ferdir was he from his ladye's grace, 340
For to her mercy might he ner attaine,

And to his deth he coude it not refraine
For no daungere, but aye obey and serve,
As he beste coude, plainly tyl that he sterue.

What was the fyne also of Hercules,
For al his conquest and his worthinesse,
That was of manly strength alone pereles;
For lyke as bokis of him liste expresse
He set pillers thorough his hye prowesse
Away at Gades, for to sygnifie 350
That no man might him passe in chivalrye;

The whichè pilliris ferre beyonde Inde
Beset of golde for a remembraunce,
And for al that yet was he set behinde
With 'hem that love lyst feebly to avaunce,
For him alas! set last upon a daunce
Against whom there helpe may no strife;
And so for al his trouthe he losse his life:

Phœbus also for al his plefant lyght
Whan that he wouid here in yerthe belowe, 360
Unto the verry herte with Venus sight
Ywoundid was thorough Cupidis bowe,
And yet his lady lyst him not to knowe,
Though for the love of her his herte dyd blede,
She let him go, and toke of him no hede:

What shal I sayin of yonge Pyramus?
Of trewe Tristram, for al his hye renowe,
Of Achilles or of Antonius,
Of Arcytè, or of him Palomowne,
What was the ende of all ther passiwne, 370
But aftir sorowe deth, and than ther grave,
Lo here the guerdon that these lovirs have:

But false Jason with his doublenesse,
That was untrewed at Colchos to Medee,
And Theseus rote of unkindenesse,
And with these two also the false Enee,
Lo thus the false evir in one degre
Haddin in love ther lust and al ther wil,
And save falshode, there was none othir skil.

Of Thebis City eke the false Areite, 380
And falsir Demophon eke for his slouth,
They had ther lust and al that myght delite,
For al ther falshode and ther gret untrouth.
Thus evir love alas! and that is routhe,
His false liegis forthirith what he may,
And sleeth the trewe ungodely day by day.

For trewe Adonis was slayne with the bore
Amidde the forest in the grenè shade,
For Venus love he feltin al the fore,
But Vulcanus with her no mercy made, 390
The foulè chorle had many nightis glade,
Where Mars armipotent her knight and man
To fyndin mercy comforte none he can.

Also the yongè freshe Hippomenes
So lustly fre he was of his corage,
That for to serve with al his hert he ches
Atalanta so faire of her visage,
But love alas! quite him so ill his wage,
With cruil daungir plainly at the laste,
That with the dethè guerdonlesse he paste. 400

Lo here alas! the fine of love's service!
Lo howe that love can his servauntis quite!
Lo how he can his faithful men dispise
To sle the trewe men, and false to respite!
Lo howe he dothe the swerde of sorowe byte
In hert'is, soche as moste his luste obey

To save the false, and do the trewe to deye.

For faith, nor othe, nor worde, ne assuraunce,
Trewe mening nor awaite, nor busynesse,
Neithir stil porte, ne faithful attendaunce, 410
Manhode, ne might, in armis worthinesse,
Nor pursute of worship, nor hie prowesse,
Nor in straunge landis riding ne travaile,
Ful lytil or nought in love dothe availe.

Peril of dethe, neithir in Se ne lande,
Hungir ne thurst, sorowe ne sykennesse,
Ne gret emprisis for to take on hande,
Sheding of blode, ne manful hardinesse,
Ne ofte wounding at fautis by distresse, 420
Nor in parting of life, nor deth also,
Al is for nought, love taketh no hede therto.

But lesing oures with ther base flattirie
Through ther falshe, and with ther doublenesse,
With talis newe, and many fainid lie,
By false semblaunt, and counterfeit humblesse,
Undir colour depainte with stedfastnesse,
With fraude covered under a pitous face,
Acceptid be nowe rathist unto grace,

And can themselvin nowe best magnifie,
With fainid porte, and ther presumpcion, 430
They hauncin ther cause with false surquidrie,
Undir menyng of double entencion,
To thinkin one in ther opinion,
And saye' anothis to set them self alofte,
And hindir trouthe, as it is sene ful ofte.

The whichè thinge I bye nowe al to dére,
Thankid be Venus, and the god Cupide,
As it is sene by mine oppressid chere,
And by his arowes that stycken in my side, 440
That save my deth, I nothings elles abide
Fro day to day, alas the hardè while!
Whenevir his darte that hym lyst to file,

My woful hertè for to rive atwo,
For faute of mercy, and lack of pite
Of her that causith al my paine and wo,
And lyst not onis of grace for to se
Unto my trothe thorough her cruelte,
And most of al for this I me complaine,
That she hath joy to laughin at my paine,

And wilfully she hath my deth ysworne 450
Al giltlesse, and wote no causè why,
Save for the trouthe that I had aforne
To her alone to servin faithfully,
O God of love, all unto The I crye,
And to thy blynde and double deite
Of this my gret wronge I complaine me,

And to thy stormy wilful variaunce
I ment with chaunge and gret unstablenesse,
Now up, now doune, so renning is thy chaunce,
That The to trust may be no sikirnesse, 460
I wite it nothings but thy doublenesse,
And who that is an archir and is blende,
Markith nothings, but shotith ay by wende,

And for that he hath no discrecion
Without advise he let his arowe go,
For lacke of sight, and also of reson,
In his shoting it happith oftin so,
To hurte his frendist rathir than his fo,
So doith this blind god with his sharpe fone,
The trew he sleeth, and lettith the false gone:

And of his wounding this is worst of al,
Whan he hurt doith to so cruil wretche;
And makith the fycke for to crie and cal
Unto his very foe to be his leche,
And harde it is sothe for a man to seche
Upon the point of deth in jeoperdye
Unto his foe to findin remedie.

Right thus farith, it nowe evin by me,
That to my foe that gave my herte a wounde
Mote askin grace, and mercy, and pite, 480
And namly there where none may be founde,
For nowe my fore my lechè wil confounde,
And God of kinde so ill hath set mine ure,
My lyv'is foe to have my wounde in cure.

Alas the while nowe that I was borne
Or that I evir sawe the brightè sonne!
For nowe I se plaine that ful longe asorne
Or I was borne my destiny was sponne
By the susterne to sle me yf they conne,
For they my deth had shopin or my sherte, 490
Onely for trouthe I may it not asterte.

The mighty goddesse also of Nature,
That undir God hath the whole govirnaunce
Of wordely thinges committid to her cure,
Disposid have through her wise purveiaunce
To give my lady so moche suffisaunce,
Of al vertues, and therwithal purvyde
To murdre trouthe, hath take daungir to gide.

For bounte, beaute, shape, and semelihede,
For prudence, wit, and passingly fairenesse, 500
For benigne porte, glad chere with lowlyhede,
Of womanhede right plenteous largenesse,
Dame Nature dyd in her fully empreffe,
Whan she her wrought, and althir last disdaine,
To hindir trouthe, she made her chambirlaine.

Whan mistrust eke, and false suspeccion
With misbeleve she madin for to be
Chefe of counsaile, to this conclusion
For to exilin trouthe, and eke pite,
Out of her courte to makin mercy fle, 510
So that dispite now holdith forthe her reine
Through hasty bileve of tales that men feine.

And thus I' am only for my trouthe alas!
Murdrid and slayn, with wordis sharpe and kene,
Although gyltleffe, God wote, of al trespas,
And lye and blede upon this coldè grene;
Nowe mercy, swete, mercy my liv'is quene,
And to your grace of mercye yet I preye,
In your service that your true man may deye.

But if so be that I shal die algate, 520
And that I shal none othir mercy have;
Yet of my deth let this yben the date,
That by your wil I was brought to my grave,
Or hastily, if that you lyste me save,
My sharpe woundis, that akin so and blede,
Of mercy charme, and also' of womanhede.

For othir charme plainly ne is there none,
But onely mercy, to helpe in this case,
For though my woundis blede evir in one,
My lyfe, my deth ystandith in your grace, 530
And though my gilte ybe nothings, alas!
I aske mercy in all my best entente,
Redy to dyin if that ye assente.

For there againist shal I nevyr strive
In worde ne werkè, plainly I ne may,

For levir I have then to be alyve
To dye sothly, and it be to her paye:
Ye though it shuldè be this same day,
Or whan that evir her lyste to devise,
Suffisith mè to die in your servise. 540

Thou God that knowest the thought of every wight;
Right as it is, in every thing maist se,
Yet er I dyin with al my ful myght
Lowly I pray to grauntin unto me,
That ye Lady godely, faire, freshe and fre,
Which onely sle me for defaute of routhe,
Or that I dyin ye may knowe my trouthe.

For that in sothe inow suffisith me,
And she it knowe in every circumstance,
And afir I am wel apaide that she, 550
If that her lyst of deth to do vengeance,
Unto me that am undir her lygeaunce,
It site me not her dome to disobeye,
But at her luste fulle wiffully to deye.

Withoutin grutchinge or rebellion
In wil or wordis wholy I assente;
Or any manir contradiction,
Fully to be at her commaundement,
And if I dyin, in my testament
My herte I sende, and my spirite also 560
What so evir she lyste with 'hem to do.

And aldir last unto her wömanhede,
And to her mercy, me I recommaunde,
That lye nowè here betwixin hope and drede,
Abidinge plainly what she list commaunde,
For uttirly this ne is no demaunde,
Welcome to me whilis me lastith breth
Ryght at her choise, where it be lyfe or deth.

And in this matir more what might I faine
Sithe in her hand, and in her wil is al, 570
Bothe lyfe and deth, my joye and al my peihe?
And finally my heste hoidin I shall
Tyl my spirite by destinye fatal,
Whan that her lystith fro my body wende,
Have here my trouthe, and thus I make an ende.

And with that worde he gan to fighe as fore,
Like as his hert yrivin would atwaine,
And helde his pece, and spake no wordè more,
But for to se his wo and mortal paine
The teris gonin fro mine eyin raine 580
Ful pitcoulsly for very inwarde rothe,
That I him sawe so lōng wishyng for troth.

And al this while my selfe I keptè close
Amonge the bowis, and my selfe gonne hide,
Tyl at the last the woful man arose,
And to a lodge ywent there close beside,
Where al the May his custome was r'abyde
Sole to complainin of his painis kene
From yere to yere undir the bowis grene.

And for bycause, that it drewe to the night, 590
And that the sonne his arke diurnal
Ypassid was, so that his perfaunt lyght,
His brightè bemis and his stremis al
Were in the wayis of the watir fal
Undir the bordure of our ocean,
His chare of golde his course so swiftly ran.

And while the twilight and the rowis rede
Of Phœbus light were deaurat alite,
A penne I toke, and gan me fast to spede
The woful plaintis of this man to write 600
All

All worde by worde right as he dyd endite,
Like as I herde and coude him tho reporte,
I have here set, your hertis to disporte.

If ought be misse, laye alle the wite on me,
For I am worthy for to bere the blame,
If any thinge amysle reportid be,
To make this ditte for to semè lame
Through myne unconning for to fain the same
Like as this man his complaint dyd expresse.
I aske you mercy and fougivèness. 610

And as I wrote, me thought I sawe aserre,
Aferre in the west lustily appere
Esperus the so bright and godely sterre,
So glade, so faire, so perlaunte eke of chere,
I menè Venus with her bemis clere,
That hevy hertis only to releve
Is wonte of custome for to shewe at eve.

And I as fast fel adowne on my kne,
And evin thus to her gan I to prey,
O lady Venus so feire on to fe, 620
Let not this sothfast man for his trouthe deye,
For that joy which thou haddist whan thou leye
With Mars thy knight, when Vulcanus yfonde,
And with a chaine unvisible you bonde

Togiðir bothè tway, in the same whyle
That al the courte above celestial
At your shamè began to laughe and smyle,
Ah, fairist lady willy fonde at al,
Comforte to careful Goddis immortal,
Be helping nowe, and do thy diligence 630
To let the stremis of thine influence

Discendin downe, in forthering of the trouthe,
Namely of 'hem that lye in sorowe bounde,
Shew now thy might, and on ther wo have routh,
Er that false daungir sle 'hem and confounde,
And special let thy might in this be founde
For to help and socour what that thou may
The trewe man that in the herbir lay;

And al that trewe are forthir for his sake,
O gladè sterre, O lady Venus myne, 640
And cause his lady him to grace to take,
Her hert of stele to mercy so encline,
Er that thy bemis go up to declyne,

And er that thou nowe go fro us adowne,
For that love which thou haddist to Adowne.

And whan that she was gone unto her rest,
I rose anone, and home to bed ywente,
For wery' I was, me thought it for the best,
Desiring thus in al my best entente,
That al trewe men, that be with daungir shente,
With mercy may in relese of ther paine
Recurid be, er Maye come este againe.

And for that I ne may no lengir wake,
Farewel ye loviris al that be trewe,
Praying to God, and thus my leve I take,
That er the sonne to morowe be ryfen newe,
And er he have ayen his rosin hewe,
That eche of you may havin soche a grace,
His owne lady in armis to embrace:

I mene thus only, in al honeste 660
Withoutin more ye may togiðir speke
What so ye lystin at gode liberte,
That eche may to othir ther herte ybreke
On jelousie only to be awreke,
That hath so long of malice and envy
Ywerrid Trouthe with his tyranny.

L'enjoye.

Princesse, plesith it your benignite
This lityl dyte for to have in minde
Of your womanhede, also for to fe
That your trew man may of you mercy find, 670
And pite eke, that longe hath be behinde,
Let him againe be provokid to grace,
For by my trouthe it is against alle kinde
That false Daungere should occupye his place.

Go lityl quaire unto my liv'is quene,
And to my very hert'is soveraine,
And be right glad, for that she shal The sene,
Soche is thy grace, but I alas! in paine
Am leste behinde, and n'ot to whom to plaine,
For mercy, ruthe, and grace, and eke pyte 680
Exilid be, that I may not attaine
Recure to finde of mine adversite.

Explicit.

A Praise of Women.



L tho that lyste of women ill to speke,
And sayin of 'hem worse than they deserve,
I pray to God that ther neckis to breke,
Or on some yll dethe mote tho janglirs
sterve,

For every man were holdin 'hem to serve,
And do 'hem worship, honour and servise,
In every manir they best coude devise.

For we ought first to think on what manere
Thei bring us forth, and what pain thei endure,
First in our byrth, and sith fro yere to yere, 10
How busily they done ther busy cure
To kepe us fro every mysfavinture
In our youthhed whan that we have no might
Our selfe to kepe, neythir by day nor night.

Alas! howe may we say on 'hem but wele,
Of whom we were yfostred and ybore,
And ben all our socoure, and trewe as stele,
And for our sake ful ofte they suffre fore,
Without women were al our joye ylore,
Wherefore we ought al women to obey 20
In al godenesse, I can no more ysay.

This is welknowin, and hath ben or this,
That women ben the cause of al lightnesse,
Knighthode, norture, eschewing al malis,
Encrese of worship, and of worthinesse,
Therto curteys, meke, grounde of alle godenesse,
Glad and mery, and trewe in every wise,
That any gentle' hert can thinke or devise.

And

And though any would trust to your untruth,
And to your faire wordis would aught assent, 30
In gode faith me thinkith it wer grete ruth,
That othre' women shold for ther gilt be shent,
That ner knew ne wist nought of ther entent,
Ne list not to here the faire wordes ye write,
Whiche ye you paine fro daie to daie t' endite.

But who maie beware of your tales untrue,
That ye so busilie painte and endite?
For ye will swerin that ye nevir knewe,
Ne sawe the woman, neithir moche ne lite, 40
Save only her to whom ye had delite,
As for to serve, of all that er ye sey,
And for her love must ye nedis dey.

Then wil ye swere that ye knew ner before
What love was, ne his dredfull observaunce,
But now ye felin that he can wounde sore,
Wherefore ye put you' into her govirnaunce,
Whom love hath ordeined you to serve and do ple-
faunce.
With al your might your lityl liv'is space,
Whiche endith sone, but if she doe you grace.

And then to bedde will ye you sone ydrawe, 50
And sone your selvis sicke ye will then fain,
And swerin fast your Ladie hath you flawe,
And brought you sodainly in so high pain,
That fro your deth maie no man you restrain,
With a daungerous loke of her eyin two,
That to your dethè must ye nedis go.

Thus will ye morne, thus will ye sighin fore,
As though your hert anon in two wold breft,
And swerin fast that ye maie live no more,
Myne owne Ladie, that might if ye left 60
Bryngin myne hertè somdele into rest,
As if you list mercie on me to have,
Thus your untrouth will evir mercie crave.

Thus woll ye plainin, tho you nothing smerte,
These innocent cretures for to begile,
And swere to 'hem, so woundid is your herte
For love of them, that ye maie live no while,
Scarlie so long as one might go a mile,
So hyith deth to bryng you to an ende,
But if your soverain lady list you' amende. 70

And if she comfort you in any wise
For routhe for pite' of your false othis fere,
So that she weneth it be as you devise,
And wenith your herte be as she maie here,
Thus to comfort, and somewhat do you chere,
Then woll these janglirs deme of her full ill,
And faine ye have her fully at your will.

Lo how redie ther tonguis ben, and preft,
To spekin harme of women causileffe,
Alas! why might ye not as well saie the' best, 80
As for to demin 'hem thus giltylesse?
In your herte iwis there' is no gentillesse,
That of your own gilt liste thus women fame,
Now by my trouth me thinke ye be to blame.

For of women comith this worldly wele,
Wherefore we ought worship 'hem evirmore,
And though it mishap one, we ought to hele,
For it is all thorough our false lore,
That daie and night we pain us evirmore
With many' an othe these women to begile 90
With false talis, and many' a wickid wile.

And if falskede should be reckened and told,
It n'ere in women iwis full trouth were
Not as in men is, by a thousande fold,
Fro all vicis iwis thei standin clere,
In any thyng that er I could of here,
But if entisyng of these men it make,
That 'hem to flatteren comin nevir flake.

I would fain wete where evir ye coud here
Without mens tising women did amis, 100
There ye get 'hem, ye lie fro yere to yere,
And many' a gabbyng ye make to' 'hem iwis,
For I could nevir here, ne knowen er this,
Where evir ye coud finde in any place
That evir women befought you of grace.

There ye you paining with al your full might,
With all your herte, and all your businesse,
To plesin 'hem aye both by daie and night,
Praying 'hem of ther grace and gentillesse
To have pite upon your grete distresse, 110
And that thei woldin on your pain have routh,
And fle ye not, sithin ye mene but trouth.

Thus maie ye sein that thei ben faultlesse,
And innocent to all your werkis lie,
And all your craftis, that touchin falsnesse,
Thei knowe 'hem not, ne maie 'hem not espie,
So swerin ye, that ye must nedis die,
But if thei woldin of ther womanhedde
Upon your trouth rewe, er that ye be dedde.

And then your lady, and your hert'is quene 120
Ye callin 'hem, and therewith ye sigh fore,
And saie, my ladie' I trowe that it be sene
In what plite that I have livid full yore,
But now I hope that ye wollin no more
In these painis suffre me for to dwell,
For of all godenesse iwis ye be the' well.

Lo whiche a paintid processe can ye make
These harmlesse creturis for to begile:
And when thei slepe, ye painin you to wake,
And to bethinke you' on many' a wickid wile, 130
But ye shal se the daie that ye shall curse the while
That ye so busily did your entent
'Hem to begile, that falsked nevir ment.

For this ye know wel, though I wouldin lie,
In women is all trouth and stedfastnesse,
For in gode faithe I nevir of 'hem sie
But moche worship, bounte, and gentillesse,
Right commyng, faire, and full of mekenesse,
Gode and glad, and lowlie I you ensure,
Is this godelie and angelike cature. 140

And if it happe a man be in disese,
She doeth her businesse, and her full paine,
With al her might, him to comfort and plesse,
If fro his disese she might hym restrain,
In worde ne dede iwis she woll not faine,
With al her might she doth her businesse
To bryngin hym out of his hevinesse.

Lo here what gentillesse these women have!
If we could knowe it for our rudenesse,
How busie thei be us to kepe and save 150
Bothe in hele, and also in sickenesse,
And alwaie right sorie for our distresse,
In every manir thus shewe thei routhe,
That in 'hem is all godenesse and all trouthe.

And sith we find in 'hem gentillesse, trouth,
Worship, bounte, and kindnesse evirmore,

Let nevir this gentilleſſe, through your ſlouth,
In ther kinde trowth be evir aught forlore,
That in women is, and hath ben full yore,
For in reverence of heven's quene
We ought to worship all women that bene.

For of all cretures that were get and borne
This wote ye well, a woman was the beſt,
By her was recovered the bliſ we' had lorne,
And through that woman ſhall we come to reſt,
And ben iſavid, if that our ſelf leſt;

Wherefore me thinkith, if that we had grace,
We oughten honour women in every place.

160 Therefore I rede, that to our liv'is ende
Fro this time forth, while that we havin ſpace, 170
That we have trespaced, purſue to amende,
Praying our Ladie, the welle of all grace,
To bryngin us unto that bliſfull place,
There as ſhe' and all gode women ſhal be' in fere
In heven above, emong the angils clere.

Explicit.



The House of Fame.

The PROLOGUE.

In this Book is ſhewed how the Deeds of all Men and Women, be they good
or bad, are carry'd by Report to Poſterity.



OD tourne us everie dreme to gode,
For it is wondir thyng by the' Rode,
To my witte, what cauſith ſwevines
On the morowe or on evines,
And why the' effeſte ſoloweth of ſome,
And of ſome it ſhall nevir come,
Why that is an aviſion,
And this a revelacion,
Why this a dreme, why that a ſweven,
And not to every man liche even,
Why this a fantome, why that Oracles,
I n'ot: but whoſo of theſe miracles
The cauſis knowith bet than I,
Define he, for I certainly
Ne can 'hem not, ne nevir thinke
To buſie my witte for to ſwinke
To knowe of ther ſignificacions
The gendris, ne the diſtinccions
Of the tymes of 'hem, ne the cauſis,
Or why that this is more then that is,
Or if folkis complexion
Make 'hem dreme of reflexions,
Or ellis thus, as othir ſaine,
For the' grete ſcbleneſſe of ther braine
By abſtinence, or by ſickneſſe,
By priſon, ſtrief, or grete diſtreſſe,
Or ellis by diſordinaunce,
Or naturall accuſtomaunce,
That ſome men be to curious
In ſtudie, or melancolious,
Or thus, ſo inly full of drede,
That no man maie 'hem bore rede,
Or ellis that devocion
Of ſome, and contemplacion,
Cauſin to them ſoche dremis ofte,
Or that the cruill life unſoſte
Of 'hem that unkind lovis leden,
That oſtin hopin moche or dreden,
That purely ther impreſſions
Cauſin 'hem to have viſions,
Or if that ſpirites han the might
To makin folke to dreme on night,
Or if the ſoule of propir kinde
Be ſo perſite as men yinde,
That it wele wote what is to come,
And that he warnith all and ſome

Of everiche of ther avintures,
By aviſions, or by figures,
But that our fleſhe ne hath no might
To underſtandin it aright, 50
For it is warnid to derkely,
But why the cauſe is, not wote I,
Well wotin of this thyngè clerkes,
That treten of that and othir werkes,
For I of none opinion
10 N'ill as now makin mencion,
But onely that the holy Rode
Tournin us every dreme to gode,
For nevir ſithin I was borne,
Ne no man ellis me beforne 60
Ymette I trowe right ſtedfaſtly
So wondirfull a dreme as I,
The tenthe daie now of December,
The whiche, as I can remember,
I woll you tellin every dele;
20 But at beginnyng truſtith wele
I woll make invocacion
With devoute ſpeciall devocion
Unto the God of ſlepe anone,
That dwellith in a cave of ſtone, 70
Upon a ſtrete that cometh fro Lete,
That is a ſtode of hell unſwete
Beſide a Fulke, men clepe Cimerie,
There ſlepith aye this God unmerie,
With his ſlepith thouſande ſonnis,
30 That alwaie to ſlepe ther won is,
And to this God, that I of rede,
Praie I, that he wollin me ſpede
My ſwevin for to tell aright,
If every dreme ſtande in his might, 80
And he that movir is of all
That is and was, and evir ſhall,
So give 'hem joyè that it here,
Of all that thei dremen to yere,
And for to ſtandin all in grace
40 Of ther lovis, or in what place
That 'hem were levift for to ſtonde,
And ſhelde 'hem from poverte' and ſhonde,
And from every' unhappe and diſeſe,
And ſende 'hem that which maie 'hem pleſe, 90
That takith well, and ſcornith nought,
Ne it miſdemin in ther thought

Through

Through malicious entencion;
And whofo through prefumpcion,
Or hate, or fcorne, or through envie,
Dispite, or jape, or felonie,
Misdeme it, praie I Iesus gode,
Dreme he barefote, or dreme he shode,
That every harme, that any man
Hath had fithin the worlde began,
Befall hym thereof, or he fterve,
And graunt that he maie it deserve;
Lo! with right foche concludion
As had of his avifion
Crefus, that was the kyng of Lyde,
That high upon a gibet dyde;
This prayir fhall he have of me,
I am no bette in charite.

The First Boke.

NOW herkin, as I have you faied,
What that I mette or I abraied,
Of December the tenith daie,
When it was night, to flepe I laie,
Right as I was wonte for to doen,
And fill aflepè wondir fone,
As he that was werie forgo
On pilgrimagè milis two
To the corps of fainct Leonarde,
To makin lithe that crft was harde.

But as me fleep me mette I was
Within a temple imade of glas,
In whiche there werin mo Images
Of golde, ftand yng in fonderie ftages,
Sette in mo riche Tabiracles,
And with perrè mo pinnacles,
And mo curious portraitureis,
And queint manir of figuris
Of golde worke, then I fawe evir.

But certainly I n'ift nevir
Where that it was, but well wift I
It was of Venus redily
This temple, for in purtreiture
I fawe anone right her figure
Nakid yflet yng in a Se,
And alfo on her hedde parde
Her rofy garland white and redde,
And her combe for to kembe her hedde,
Her dovis, and Dan Cupido
Her blindè sonne, and Vulcano,
That in his face ywas full broune.

But as I romid up and doune,
I founde that on the wall there was
Thus writtin on a table of bras.

*I woll now fyg, if that I can,
The armis, and alfo the man,
That first came through his defline
Fugitive fro Troye the cowntre
Into Itaile, with full moche pine,
Unto the ftroind's of Lavine,
And tho began the ftorie anone,
As I fhall tellin you echone.*

First fawe I the diftruccion
Of Troie, thorough the Greke Sinon,
With his falfe untrue forfwerynges,
And with his chere and his lefynges,
That made a horfe, brought into Troye,
By whiche Trojans lofte all ther joye.

And aftir this was graved, alas!
How Ilions caftill affailed was,
And won, and kyng Priamus flain,
And Polites his sonne certain,
Dispitoufly of Dan Pyrrhus.

And next that fawe I howe Venus,

When that fhe fawe the caftill brende,
Doune from hevin fhe gan difcende,
And bade her sonne Æneas fle,
And how he fled, and how that he
Escapid was from all the pres,
And toke his fathre', olde Anchifes,
And bare hym on his backe awaie,
Crying alas and welawaie!

The whiche Anchifes in his hande
Bare tho the Goddis of the lande
I mene thilke that unbrennid were.

Then fawe I next that all in fere
How Creufa, Dan Æneas wife,
Whom that he lovid all his life,
And her yong sonne clepid Julo,
And eke Ascanius alfo,
Fleddin eke, with full drierie chere,
That it was pite for to here,
And in a foreft as thei went
How at a tournyng of a went
Creufa was ilofte, alas!

That rede not I, how that it was
How he her fought, and how her ghofte
Bad hym to fle the Grekis hofte,
And faied he muft into Itaile,
As was his deftinie, fauns faile,
That it was pitie for to here,
When that her spirite gan appere,
The wordis that fhe to hym faied,
And for to kepe her sonne hym praied.

There fawe I gravin eke how he
His fathir eke, and his meinè,
With his Shippis began to faile
Toward the cowntrey of Itaile,
As ftreight as ere thei mightin go.

There fawe I eke The, cruill Juno,
That art Dan Jupiter his wife,
That haft ihatid all thy life
Mercilefs all the Trojan blode,
Rennin and crie as thou were wode
On Æolus, the God of Windes,
To blowin out of allè kindes
So loudè, that he fhould ydrenche
Lorde, and ladie, and grome, and wenche
Of all the Trojanis nacion,
Without any' of ther favacion.

There fawe I foche tempeft arife,
That evèry herte might agrife
To fe it paintid on the wall.

There fawe I eke gravin withall,
Venus, how ye, my Ladie dere,
Ywepyng with full wofull chere
Yprayid Jupiter on hie,
To fave and kepin that navie
Of that dere Trojan Æneas,
Sithins that he your sonne ywas.

There fawe I Jovis Venus kiffe,
And grauntid was of the' tempeft liffe.

There fawe I how the tempeft ftente,
And how with allè pine he went,
And privilie toke a rivage

Into the cowntrey of Carthage,
And on the morowe how that he
And a Knight, that hight Achate,
Ymettin with Venus that daie
Goyng in a full queinte araie,
As fhe had be an huntireffe,

With winde blowyng upon her trefse,
And how Æneas gan to plaine,
When that he knewe her of his paine,

And how his Shippis dreint ywere,
Or els ilofte, he n'ifte not where;
How fhe began hym comforte tho,
And bade hym unto Carthage go,

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And

And there he should his folke yfinde,
That in the Se were leste behinde.
And shortly of this thyng to pace,
She made Æneas so in grace
Of Dido, Quene of that countre,
That shortly for to tellin, she
Became his love, and let hym do
All that weddyng ylongith to,
What should I spekin it more quainte,
Or pain me my wordis to painte?
To speke of love, it woll not be,
I can not of that faculte,
And eke to tellen of the manere
How that thei first acquaintid were,
It were a long proceste to tell,
And ovir long for you to dwell.

There sawe I grave how Æneas
Tolde to Dido evcry caas,
That hym was tidde upon the Se.

And eft gravin was how that she
Made of hym shortly at a worde
Her life, her love, her lust, her lorde,
And did to hym all reverence,
And laied on hym all the dispence
That any woman might ydo,
Wenyng that it had all be so
As he her swore, and hereby demed
That he was gode, for he soche semed.

*Alas what harme doth apparence
When it is false in existence!*

For he to her a traitour was,
Wherefore she slowe her self, alas!

Lo, how a woman doeth amis,
To love him that unknowin is!
For by Christ, lo thus it farith,
It is not all golde that glarith;
For al so broke I well myne hedde,
*There maie be un'ir godelihedde
Covirid many a shreude vice;*
Therefore let no wight be so nice
To take a love onely for chere,
Or speche, or for frendly manere,
For this shall every woman finde
That some man of his pure kinde
Woll shewin outward the fairist
Till he have caught that what hym list,
And then anon woll causis finde,
And swere how that she is unkinde,
Or false, or privie, or double was.
All this saie I by Æneas
And Dido, and her nice left,
That lovid all to sone a gest.
Wherefore I woll saie o proverbe,
That *He that fullie knoweth the herbe
Maie safely laie it to his eye,*
Withoutin drede this is no lie.

But let us speke of Æneas,
How he betrayid her, alas!
And left her full unkindelie.

So when she sawe all uttirle
That he would her of trouthe faile,
And wendin from her into' Itaille,
She gan to wring her handis two.

Alas (qð she) that me is wo!
Alas, is every man thus true,
That every yere woll have a newe,
If it so longe tyme endure,
Or ellis thre peravinture!
And thus of one he woll have fame,
In magnifying his owne name,
An othir for frendship saith he,
And yet there shall the thirde ybe,
That is ytaken for delite,
Lo! 'or els for singuler profite.

In soche wordis began complaine
This wofull Dido of her paine,
As me mette dremyng redily,
None other auctour aledge woll I.

Alas! (qð she) my swete herte,
Have pitie on my sorowes smerte,
And fle me not, go not awaie.

O wofull Dido, welawaie!
(Qð she) unto her selvin tho.

O Æneas, what woll ye do?
O that your love, neithir your bonde,
Which that ye swore with your right honde,
Ne yet my cruill deth (qð she)

Maie holdin you still here with me!

O! have ye' of my deth no pite?

I wis myne own dere herte that ye
Knowing full well that nevir yet,
As farre as evir I had wit,
Agilte you, in thought, ne in dede.

O! have ye men soche godelihede
In speche, and ner a dele of trouthe?
Alas Alas, that er had routh
Any woman on a false man!

Now I se well, and tellin can
We wretchid women can no arte,
For certaine, for the more parte,
Thus we ben servid everichone,

How fore so that ye men can grone;
Anon as we have you received
Full certainlie we ben deceived,
For though your love last a ceson,

Waite upon the conclusion,
And loke eke how ye determine,
And for the more parte define.
O welawaie that I was borne!
For thorough you my name is lorne.
And mine actis are redde and song
O'er all this lande in every tong.

O wickid fame, for there n'is
Nothing so swifte lo! as she is!
O sothe is, *every thyng is wist,*
Though it be coverde with the mist!

Eke though that I might durin ever,
That I have done recovre' I never,
That it ne shall be saied, alas!
I shamid was through Æneas,
And that I shall thus judgid be,

Lo! right as she hath doen, now she
Woll doen eftsonis hardily,
Thus saie the peple privily,
But that is doen n'is not to done.

But all her complaint ne her mone
Certain availed her not a stre:

And when she wist sothely that he
Was forthe into his ship agone,
She into chambir went anone,
And callid on her sustir Anne,
And gan her to complainin thanne,
And saied that she the cause ywas
That she first lovid him, alas!

And first coufailid her thereto.
But what whan this was saied and do
She roste her selvin to the herte,

And deide thorough the woundis smerte.
But all the manir how she deide,
And all the wordis how she feide,
Who so to knowe it hath purpose,
Rede Virgile in Æneidos,
Or the Epistils of Ovide,
What that she wrote or that she dide,

And n'ere it to long to endite
By God I would it here ywrite.
But welawaie! the harme and routh,
That hath betide for soche untrouth,

As men maie oft in bokis rede,
And al daie seen it yet in dede,
That for to thinkin it tene is.

Lo! Demophon, Duke of Athenis,
How he forswore him falsly,
And trayid Phyllis wickidly,
That kingis doughtir was of Thrace,
And falsly gan his termè pace,
And whan she wist that he was false,
She hong her self right by the halfe,
For he had doen her such untrouthe,
Lo! was not this a wo and routh?

Eke loke how false and richèles
Was to Briseida Achilles,
And Paris eke to Oenone,
And Jason to Hypsipyle,
And este Jason to Medea;
And Hercules to Deianira,
For he left her for Iole,
That made hym take his deth parde.

How false was eke Duke Theseus,
That as the storie tellith us,
How he betrayid Adriane,
The devill be his soul's bane,
For had he laughid or iloured
He must have ben anone devoured,
If Ariadne ne had be,
And for she had of hym pite,
She made hym fro the deth escape,
And he made her a full false Jape,
For aftir this within a while
He left her slepyng in an Ile
Desert alone right in the Se,
And stale awaie, and let her be,
And toke her sustir Phædra tho
With hym, and gan to shippe ygo,
And yet he had ysworne to here,
On all that evir he could swere,
That so she savid hym his life,
He would takin her to his wife,
For she desirid nothings elles
In certain as the boke us telles.

But for to excuse this Æneas
Fullliche of all his grete trespas,
The boke sayith withoutin faile
The Goddes bad hym go to Itaile,
And levin Affriques regioun,
And faire Dido and her faire toun.
Tho sawe I grave how to Itaile
Dan Æneas gan for to faile,
And how the tempest all began,
And howe he lost his sterisman
Whiche that the sterne, or he toke kepe,
Smote ovir the bordè as he slepe.

And also saugh I how Sibile
And Æneas beside an Ile
To helle went yfere for to se
His father Anchises the fre
And how he there founde Palinurus,
And also Dido and Deiphobus,
And everiche tourment eke in hell
Sawe he, whiche long is for to tell,
Whiche painis who so liste to knowe,
He must redin many a rowe
In Virgile, or in Claudian,
Or Dantes that it tellin can.

Tho sawe I all the arivaile,
That Æneas made in Itaile,
And with kyng Latine his trete,
And all the battailis that he
Was at himselfin and his knightes,
Or he had all iwonne his rightes,
And how he Turnus reft his life,
And wan Lavina to his wife,

And all the marveilous signals
Of the Goddis celestials,
How maugre Juno Æneas,
For all her sleighte and her compas,
Atchivid all his avinture,
For Jupiter toke on hym cure
At the praier of his Moðir Venus,
Whiche I praie alwaie favin us,
And us aie of our sorowes light.

When I had sein all this sight
Within this noble temple thus,
Hey! Lord, thought I, that madist us,
Yet sawe I nevir soch nobleste
Of Imagis, nor soche richesse,
As I se gravin in this churche,
But nought wote I who did 'hem worche,
Ne where I am, ne' in what countre,
But now will I out gone and se,
Right at the wickit if I can
Seen oughtwhere steryng any man,
That maie me tellin where I am.

When I out of the dore cam,
I faste aboutin me behelde,
Then sawe I but a large felde
As farre as evir I might se,
Withoutin toun, or house or tre,
Or bushe, or grasle, or arid lande,
For all the felde was but of sande
As smal as men maye se at eye
In the desertis of Lybye;
Ne ferthir no manir cature,
That is yformid by nature,
Ne sawe I, me to rede or wisse;
O Christ, thought I, that art in blisse,
From fanton and illusion
Me save, and with devocyon
Myne eyin to the heven I caste,
Tho was I ware lo! at the laste,
That faste by the sonne on hie
As kennin myght I with mine eye,
Me thought I sawe an Egle fore,
But that it semid mochil more
Than I had anye Egle' yseine,
This is as sothe as deth certaine,
It was of golde, and shone so bright,
That nevir sawe men soche a sight,
But yf the hevin had ywonne
Al newe of God anothir sonne,
So shone the Egl'is fethirs bright,
And somewhat downwarde gan it lyght.

Explicit liber primus.

Nowe herkin everye manir man,
That Englishe undirstandè can,
And lystith of my dreame to here,
For now at erst shallin ye lere
So sely' and dredefull avysion,
That I saye neithir Scipion,
Ne kinge Nabugodonosore,
Pharao, Turnus, ne Alcanore,
Ne mettin soche a dreame as this,
Nowe O Thou faire blisful Cipris,
So be my favour at this time,
That ye me to endite and rime
Helpith that in Parnassus dwel
Besyde Helicon the clere wel.
O thought, that wrote al that I met,
And in the tresorie it set
Of my braine nowe shal men yse
If any vertue in The be,
To tellin al my dreame aright
Nowe kith thy engin and thy might.

This Egle' of whiche I have you tolde,
 That with fethirs shone al of golde,
 Whiche that so hie began to fore,
 I gan beholdin more and more;
 To sene her beaute and the wonder,
 But nevir was that dente of thonder,
 Ne that thinge that men callin foudre,
 That smite sometime a toure to poudre,
 And in his swifte comminge brende,
 That so swithe gan downward discende,
 As this foule whan that it behelde
 That I arowme was in the felde,
 And with his grim pawis so stronge
 Within his sharpe nailis longe
 Me sleyn at a swappe he hente,
 And with his sours again up wente,
 Me caryng in his clawis starke,
 As lightly' as I had ben a larke,
 Howe hye I can not tellin yowe,
 For I came up, I n'ist ner howe,
 For so astonied and afweved
 Was every virtue in me heved,
 What with his sours, and with my dred,
 That al my felling gan to ded,
 For why, it was a gret affraye.

Thus I longe in his clawis laye,
 Til at the last he to me speke
 In mann'is voice, and said, Awake,
 And be not agast so for shame,
 And callid me tho by my name,
 And for I shulde bettir abraide,
 Me to awakin thus he saide,
 Right in the same voice and stevin,
 That usith one I can nevin,
 And with that voice the sothe to faine,
 My minde ycame to me againe,
 For it was godely saide to me,
 So n'as it nevir wonte to be,
 And herewithal I gan to stere,
 As he me in his fete ybere,
 Til that he felte that I had hete,
 And felte eke tho mine herte ybere,
 And tho gan he me to disporte,
 And with gentil wordes me comforte,
 And sayid twise by saint Mary
 Thou arte a noyous thinge to cary,
 And nothinge nedith it parde,
 For all so wisly God helpe me,
 As thou no harme shalte have of this,
 And this case, that betidde The is,
 Is for thy lore, and for thy prowé,
 Lette se, darist thou loke yet nowé,
 Be ful ensurid boldily
 I am thy frende, and therwith I
 Gan for to wondir in my minde.

O God (qð I) that madeſt al kinde;
 Shal I none otherwise ydie?
 Wheðir Jove wil me stellyſie,
 Or what thing maye this ſignifie?
 I'am neithir Enocke ne Helye,
 Ne Romulus, ne Ganimede,
 That werin bore up, as men rede,
 To hevin with Dan Jupiter,
 And made the goddis botiler;
 Lo! this was tho my fantasie:
 But he that bare me gan asprie
 That I so thought, and sayid this,
 Thou demist of thy selfe amis,
 For Jove ne is not thereabouté,
 I dare The put ful out of doute,
 To makin of The yet a sterre,
 But er I berin The moche ferre,
 I wil The tellin what I am,
 And where thou shalte, and why I came;

To doin this, so that thou take
 Gode herte, and not for fere yquake;
 Gladly (qð I) now wel (qð he)
 First I, that in my fete have The,
 Of whom thou haſte grete fere and wonder,
 Am dwellinge with the God of thonder, 106
 Whiche men ycallin Jupiter,
 That doth me flyin ful ofte fer,
 To do all his commaundement,
 30 And for this cause he hath me sent
 To The: Herkin nowé, by thy trouthe,
 Certaine he hath of The grete route,
 For that thou haſte ſo truly
 So long ſervid ententiſly
 His blindè nephewe Cupido,
 And the faire Quene Venus also, 110
 Withoutin guerdon evir yet,
 And nathéles haſt ſet thy wit,
 Althoughe in thy hed ful lite is,
 40 To make bokes, ſongis, and ditis,
 In rime or ellis in cadence,
 As thou beſt canſt, in reverence
 Of love, and of his ſervauntes eke,
 That have his ſervice ſought, and ſeke,
 And painiſt The to praiſe his arte,
 Althoughe thou haddiſt nevir parte, 120
 Wherefore ſo wiſly God me bleſſe,
 Jovis yhalte it grete humbleſſe,
 And vertue eke, that thou wilt make
 50 Anight ful oft thine hed to ake
 In thy ſtudy, ſo thou ywriſteſt,
 And evirmore of love enditeſt,
 In honour of him and praiſinges,
 And in his folkis fourthiringes,
 And in ther matir al deviſeſt,
 And not him ne his folke diſpiſeſt, 130
 Althoughe thou maiſte go in the daunce
 Of them, that him lyſt not avaunce,
 Wherefore as I now ſaide ywis,
 60 Jupiter conſidriſh wel this,
 And als, beaufire, of othir thinges,
 That is, that thou haſte no tidinges
 Of lov'is folke, if they be glade,
 Ne of nothinge els, that God made,
 And not onely fro ferre countre,
 That no tidinges comin to The, 140
 Not of thy very neighbouris,
 That dwellenalmoſt at thy doris
 Thou heriſt neithir that ne this;
 70 For whan thy labour al done is,
 And haſte made al thy reckininges,
 In ſtede of reſte and of newe thinges
 Thou goeſt home to thine houſe anone,
 And al ſo dombe as any ſtone
 Thou ſittiſt at anothis boke,
 Tyl fully daſid is thy loke, 150
 And lyviſt thus as an Hermite,
 Although thine abſtinence is lyte;
 And therefore Jovis throughe his grace
 80 Wil that I bere The to a place,
 Whiche that yhight the houſe of Fame,
 And for to doe The ſporte and game,
 In ſome recompencacion
 Of thy labour and devocion,
 That thou haſte hadde, lo! cauſeleſs,
 To God Cupido the recheles, 160
 And thus this God throughe his merite
 Wil with ſome manir thing The quite,
 So that thou wilt be of gode chere;
 90 For truſtith wel that thou ſhalte here,
 Whan we ben comen there as I ſay,
 Mo wondir thingis dare I lay,
 And of love's folke mo tidingis,
 Bothe ſothſawis and leſingis,

And of mo lovis newe begon,
And longe servid tyl love is won,
And of mo lovirs casuelly
That ben betide, nō man wote why,
But as a blinde man starteth an Hare,
And more jolite and welfare,
Whilis they findin love of stele,
As thinkin men, and o'r al wele
Mo discordes and mo jalousies,
Mo murmures, and mo novilties,
And also mo dissimulacions,
And eke feinid reperacions,
And mo berdis in two houres
Withoutin rasour or sifoures
Ymade, than grainis be of sandes,
And eke mo holdinge in mo handes,
And also mo renovelauces
Of olde foreletin aqueintaunes,
Mo love dayis, and mo accordes,
Than on instrumentis ben cordes,
And eke of love mo exchaungis
Than evir come were in graungis;
Unnethis maist thou trowin this,
(Qð he) no so' helpe me God as wis,
(Qð I) No why? (qð he) for it
Were impossible to my wit,
Although that Fame had al the pyes
In al a relme, and al aspies,
Howe that yet he shulde here al this,
Or they espyin; O yes yes,
(Qð he) to me, that can I preve
By reson, worthy for to leve,
So that thou give thin advertence
To understandin my sentence.

First shalt thou here where she dwellith,
Right so as thine owne boke tellith,
Her palais standeth as I shal say
Right even emiddis of the way
Bytwene hevin, and yerthe, and Se,
That what so er in al these thre
Is spoken' in prive or apperte,
The way therto is so overte,
And stante eke in so juste a place,
That every sowne mote to it pace,
Or what so cometh from anie tongue,
Whethre' it be rownid, redde, or longe,
Or spokin in fuertè or drede,
Certaine it motin thiðir nede.

Nowe herkin wel, for why I wil
Ytellin The a propir skil,
And worthy demonstracion
In mine imaginacion.

Geffray, thou wottist full wel this;
That every kindly thinge that is
Yhath a kyndely stede, there he
May best in it conservid be,
Unto whiche place evèry thinge
Thorough his kyndely enclininge
Ymevith for to comin to,
Whan that it is away therfro,
As thus, Lo! thou maiste al day se;
Take any thinge that hevy be,
As stone or led, or thinge of weight,
And bere it ner so hie on height,
Let go thine hande, it fallith downe,
Right so say I by fire or sowne,
Or smoke, or othir thingis light,
Alway they seke upwarde on height,
Light thinges up, and hevie down charge,
While everiche of 'hem be at large,
And for this cause thou maist wel se,
That every rivir to the Se
Enclinid is to go by kynde,
And by these skillis as I finde

170 Have fishes dwellinge in fode and Se,
And treis eke on the erthe be:
Thus every thinge by his reson
Hath his owne propir mancion,
To whiche he sekith to repaire,
There as it shuldin nat appaire.

Lo! this sentence is knowin couthe
Of every Philosophir's mouthe, 250
As Aristotle', and dan Platone,
And othir clerkis many one,
And to confirmin my resoun,
180 Thou wotist wel that speche is sowne,
Or ellis no man might it here,
Nowe herkin what I wol The lere.

Sowne is not but eyre ybrokin,
And every speche, that is spokin,
Where loude or prive, foule or faire,
In his substaunce ne is but eyre, 260
For as flame is but lightid smoke,
Right so is sowne but eyre ybroke,
But this may be in many wise,

190 Of the whiche I will The devise,
As sowne comith of pype or harpe;
For whan a pype is blowin sharpe;
The eyre is twist with violence;
And rent: Lo! this is my sentence;
Eke, whan that men harpestringis smyte;
Wheðir that it be moche or lyte, 270
Lo! with the stroke the eyre it breketh,
And right so breketh it whan men speketh.

Thus wost thou wel what thing is speche,
200 Nowe hennisforthe I wil The teche
Howe evèrich speche, voice, or sowne;
Throughe his multiplicaciowne,
Thoughe it were pipid of a mouse,
Mote nedis come to Fam's house.
I prove it thus: takith hede nowe
By experience, for if that thou 280
Threwe in a watir nōwe a stone;
Wel wost thou it wil make anone
A lityl roundil as a circle,

210 Para'venture as brode as a covircle,
And right anone thou shalte se wele
That circle cause andthir whele,
And that the thirde, and so forthe brother;
Evèry circle causinge other
Moch brodir than himselfin was;
And thus from roundil to compas 290
Eche aboutin othir goinge
Ycausith of othirs steringe;

And multiplying evirmo;
220 Tyl that it be so far ygo;
That it at bothè brinkis be,
Although thou mayist it not se
Above, yet gothe it alwaye under;
Although thou thinke it a grete wonder;
And whofo saithe of trouthe I vary, 300
Bydde him provin the contrary.

And right thus every worde ywis,
That loude or pryve' yspokin is,
Ymovith firste an eyre aboute,
230 And of his movinge out of doute
Anothir eyre anone is moved,
As I have of the watir proved;
That every circle causith other,
Right so of eyre, my levè brother;
Everiche eyre anothir sterith

More and more; and speche up berith; 310
Or voise or noyse, or worde, or sowne;
Aye through multiplicaciowne,
Tyl it be at the house of Fame,
240 Take it in ernest or in game;
Nowe have I tolde, if thou have mind,
Howe speche or sowne of purè kinde

Enclinid

Enclinid is upward to meve,
 This mayist thou fele wel by preve,
 And that same kindly stede ywis,
 That every thinge enclined to is,
 Yhath also his kyndelyche stede,
 That shewith it withoutin drede,
 That kindly the mancoun
 Of everyche speche, of every founne,
 All be it either foule or faire,
 Yhath his kindly place in eyre;
 And sith that every thinge ywis,
 Out of his kindly place ywis,
 Ay movith thiðir for to go,
 Yf that it awaye be therfro,
 As I have before provid The,
 It shewith every founne perde
 Ymovith kindly to pace
 As up into his kindly place;
 And this place, of whiche I The tel,
 There as Fame doth yliste to dwell,
 Is sette amiddis of these thre,
 Hevin, and erthe, and eke the Se,
 As moste conservatife of soun;
 Than is this the conclusion,
 That every speche of every manne,
 As I The tellin firste beganne,
 Ymovith up on height to pace
 Kindly unto Fam's place.
 Telith me this nowe faithfully,
 Have I not provid thus simply,
 Withoutin any subtilte
 Of speche, or grete prolixite
 Of terms of Philosophie,
 Or figuris of Poetrie,
 Or colouris of Rhetorike,
 Perde it oughtin The to like,
 For harde langage, and harde matere,
 Is incombrous for The to here
 At onis, wofte thou not wel this?
 And I answerid and said, yes.
 Ah ha (qð he) lo! so I can
 Leudlye unto a leude man
 Yspeke, and shewin him soche skilles,
 That he maye shake hem by the bylles,
 So palpable they shuldin be;
 But tel me this nowe praye I The,
 Howe thinketh The my conclusioun?
 Parde a gode persuasioun
 (Qð I) it is, and lyke to be,
 Right so as thou haste provid me.
 By God (qð he) and as I leve
 Thou shalte have it or it be eve,
 Of every worde of this sentence
 A profe, by thine experience,
 And with thine eris herin wel
 The toppe and taile, and every del,
 That every worde that spokin is
 Comith into Fame's house ywis,
 As I have saide, what wilt thou more?
 And with this worde uppir to fore
 He began, and saide by sainte Jame,
 Nowe wyll we spekin al of game.

Howe farest thou now qð he to me,
 Right wel (qð I) now fe (qð he)
 By thy trouthe yondir adowne,
 Where that thou knowist any towne,
 Or house, or any othir thinge,
 And whan thou haste of ought knowynge
 Tho lokith that thou warne me,
 And I anone shal tellin The
 How farre that thou arte nowe therfro.

And I adowne gan lokin tho,
 And behelde feldis and plainis,
 Nowe hyllis, and nowe mountainis,

Nowe valeys, and nowe foreftis,
 And nowe unnethis grete bestis,
 Nowe riveris, nowe citeis,
 320 Nowe townis, and nowe grete treis,
 Nowe shippis sailinge in the Se,
 But thus sone in a while he
 Was flowin fro the grounde so hye;
 That al the worlde as to myne eye
 No more ysemid than a pricke,
 Or ellis was the eyre so thicke,
 400 That I ne might it not diserne;
 With that he spake to me so yerne,
 And said: Seist thou any token,
 330 Or ought, that in this worlde's of spoken?

I answered naye; no wondir is,
 (Qð he) for halfe so hye as this
 N'as Alexandre' of Macedon
 Kyng: Ne of Rome dan Scipion,
 That sawe in dreme at pointe devise
 Heven and erthe, hel, and paradise,
 410 Ne eke the bold wretche Dædalus,
 Ne yet his childe nice Icarus,
 That flewe so hiè, that the here
 340 Hys wingis molte, and he fel wete
 In mydde the Se, and there he dreinte,
 For whom was made a grete complainte.

Nowe tourne upwarde (qð he) thy face,
 And beholde here this large place,
 This eyre, but loke that thou ne be
 Adrad of hem that thou shalt se,
 420 For in this regioun certaine
 Dwellith many a citizeine,
 Of whiche yspekith dan Plato,
 350 These ben the eyrishe bestis lo!
 And tho sawe I al the menyne,
 That bothe ygone, and also flye.

Lo there! (qð he) cast up thine eye,
 Se yondir lo! the Galaxie,
 The whiche men clepe the milky way,
 430 For it is white: And some parfay
 Ycallin it han Watlynge strete,
 That onis was brente with the hete,
 Whan that the Sunn's sonne the rede,
 360 Which that hite Phaëton wolde lede
 Algate his fathir's carte, and gie.

The carte horsis gan wel alpie
 That he ne coude no govirnaunce,
 And gonin for to lepe and prounce,
 And bere him now up, and nowe downe,
 440 Tyl that he sawe the Scorpiowne,
 Whiche that in heven a signe is yit,
 And he for fere ylost his wit
 Of that, and let the reinis gone
 370 Of his horsis, and they anone
 Sone up to mounte, and downe discende,
 Tyl bothe the eyre and erthe ybrende,
 Tyl Jupiter lo! at the laste
 Hym flewe, and fro the carte ycaste.

Lo! is it not a grete mischaunce
 To let a fole have govirnaunce
 450 Of thinges, that he can not demaine?

And with this worde, sothe for to saine,
 He gan alway uppir to fore,
 380 And gladid me than more and more,
 So faithfully to me spake he.

Tho gan I to loke undir me,
 And behelde the eyrishe bestis,
 Cloudis, mystis, and tempistis,
 Snowis, hailis, rainis, and windes,
 And the engendringe in ther kindes,
 460 Al the way thoroughe whiche I came,
 O God (qð I) that made Adame,
 Moche is thy myght and noblenes!
 390 And tho thought I upon Boece,

That

That writeth a thought may flye so hie
With fethirs of Philosophie,
To passin everyche Element,
And when he hath so farre ywent
Than may ben sene behinde his backe,
Cloude, erthe, and al that I of spake.

Tho gan I wexin in'a were,
And said, I wote wel I am here,
But whether in body or in gost
I n'or ywis, but God thou wost,
For a more clere entendement
N'as to me nevir yet ysent.
And than thought I on Marcian,
And eke of Anticlaudian,
That sothe was ther discrpcion
Of al the hevin's region,
As farre as that I sawe the preve,
And therefore I can 'hem beleve.
With that the Egle gan to crie,
Let be (qð he) thy fantasie,
Wylte thou lernin of sterris ought?

Nay certainly (qð I) right nought;
And why? (qð he) for I am olde;
Or ellis wolde I The have tolde
(Qð he) the sterris namis lo!
And al the hevin's signis to,
And whiche they be: No force (qð I)

Yes perde (qð he) wost thou why?
For whan thou redist poëtry,
Howe the goddis can stellify
A birde, a fysh, or him, or her,
As of birdes, the Ravyn and other,
Or Ariones harpe tyne,
Or Castor, Pollux, or Delphine,
Or Atalante's doughtirs seven,
How al these are yset in heven,
For though thou have 'hem ofte in hande,
Yet n'oft thou nat where that they stande.

No force (qð I) it is no nede,
As wel I leve, so God me spede,
'Hem that writin of this matere,
As though I knewe ther placis here,
And eke they femin here so bright,
That it shulde shendin al my sight
To loke on 'hem; that may wel be,
(Qð he) and so forth bare he me
A while, and tho began to crie,
That nevir herde I thinge so hie,
Holde up thine hed, for al is wel,
Sainte Julian lo! bonne hostel,
Se here the house of Fame lo!
Mayist thou not here that I do?

Here what (qð I) the gretè sowne
(Qð he) that romblith up and downe.
In Fam's house ful of tidinges,
Bothe of faire speche and of chidinges,
And of false, and sothe compownid
Herkin wel, it is not rownid.

Herist thou not the gretè swough?
Yes perde (qð I) well ynough,
And what sowne is it lyke (qð he)

Peter, lyke the' beting of the Se
(Qð I) against the rochis halowe,
Whan tempestes done, ther shippis swalow,
And that a man stande out of doute
A myle off thens, and here it route:

Or ellis lyke to the humblinge
Aftir the clappe of a thundringe,
Whan Jovis hath the eyre ybete,
But it doth me for fere to fwete.

Nay drede The not therof (qð he)
It is nothing that will bytin The,
Thou shalte have no harme truly.

And with that worde both he and I

As nighe the place arivid were,
As men might castin with a spere,
I ne wist howe, but in a strete
He set me faire upon my fete,
And sayid, walkith forth a pace,
And tel thine advinture and case,
That thou shalte finde in Fam's place.

Nowe (qð I) while that we have space
To speke, or that I go fro The,
For the love of God tellith me
In sothe, that I will of The lere,
If this ilke noise which that I here
Be as I have herde The me tell
Of folke that done in erthe ydwell,
And comith here in the same wise
As I The herde or this devise,
And that here liv'is body n'is
In al that house, that yondir is,
That makith al this loude fare.

No (answerid he) by sainte Clare,
And al so wissely God rede me,
But o thinge I will warnè The,
Of the whiche thou wilt have wondir.

Lo! to the house of Fame yondir
Thou woste howe comith every speche,
It nedith not The este to teche,
But undirstande now right wel this,
Whan any speche ycomin is
Up to the palais, anone right
It wexith like the same wight,
Whiche that the worde in erth yspake,
Be he clothid in red or blake,
And hath so very his likenesse,
And spake the worde that thou wilt gesse
That it the same body be,

Wher Man or woman, he or she.
And is not this a wondir thinge?

Yes (qð I) tho by hevin kinge;
And with this worde farewel (qð he)
And here wil I abydin The,
And God of hevin sende The grace
Some gode to lernin in this place!
And I of him toke leve anone,
And gan forth to the palays gone.

Explicit liber secundus.

THou God of science and of light
Apollo thorough thy grete might
This litil last boke now thou gye,
Nowe that I will for maisterie,
Here arte potencial be shewde,
But for the rime is lyght and lewde,
Yet make it somewhat agreable,
Though some verse faile in a syllable,
And that I do no diligence
To shewin craftè but sentence,
And if that divine virtue thou
Wiltè helpin me to shewin nowe
That in my hed ymarkid is,
Lo! that is for to menin this,
The house of Fame for to discrive,
Thou shalt yse me go as blive
Unto the next laurir I se,
And kyse it for it is thy tre;
Nowe entre in my brest anone.

Whan I was from the egle gone,
I gan beholde upon this place;
And certaine or I furthir passe,
I wol you al the shape devise
Of house and cite, and al the wise,
Howe I gan to this place approche,
That stode upon so hie a roche,

6 C

Hyr

Hyr ystandith none in Spaine,
 But up I clambe with mochil paine,
 And though to clime ygrevid me,
 Yet I ententife was to fe,
 And for to porin wondre lowe,
 If I coude any wise yknowe
 What manir stene this roche ywas,
 For it was lyke a limid glas,
 But that it shone ful more clere,
 But of what congelid matere
 It was I ne wiste redily,
 But at the laste espyid I,
 And founde that it was everydele
 A roche of yse, and not of stele;
 Thought I by saint Thomas of Kent
 This were a feble foundement
 To buildin on a place so hie,
 He ought hym lite to glorifie,
 That heron builte, God so me save.

Tho sawe I all the hall igrave
 With famous folkis namis fele,
 That haddin ben in mochil wele,
 And ther famis full wide iblowe,
 But well unnethis might I knowe
 Any lettiris for to rede
 Ther namis by, for out of drede
 Thei werin almoste of thawed so,
 That of the lettiris one or two
 Were molte awaie of every name,
 So unfamous was wexe ther fame,
 But men saie, *what maie evir list?*

Tho gan I in myne herte cast
 That thei were molte awaie for here,
 And not awaie with stormis bete,
 For on that othir side I sey
 Of this hill, that Northward yley,
 How it was writin full of names
 Of folke that had afore grete fames
 Of oldè tyme, and yet thei were
 As freshe, as men had written 'hem there
 The self daie, or that verrey houre
 That I on 'hem began to poure:
 But well I wiste what it made,
 It was conservid with the shade,
 All the writyng which that I sie,
 Of a Castill that stode on hie;
 And stode eke in so cold a place,
 That hete ne might it not deface.

Tho gan I on this hill to gone,
 And found upon the coppe a wone,
 That all the men that ben on live
 Ne han the connyng to discrive
 The beaute of that ilke place,
 Ne condin castin no compace
 Soke an othir for to ymake,
 That might of beauteie be his make,
 Ne one so wondirly iwrought,
 That it astonieth yet my thought,
 And makith all my witte to swinke,
 Upon this Castill for to thinke,
 So that the wondir grete beauteie,
 Caste, craft, and curiositie,
 Ne can I not to you devise,
 My witte ne maie me not suffise,
 But nathelesse all the substaunce
 I have yet in my remembraunce;
 For why? me thoughtin by saint Gile,
 That all was of stene of Berile,
 Bothe the Castill and the Toure,
 And eke the hall, and every boure,
 Withoutin pecis or joynnynges,
 But many subtyll compallnynges,
 As Barbicans and pinnacles
 Imageries and tabernacles,

I sawe, and full eke of windowes,
 As flakis fallin in grete Snowes,
 And eke in eche of the pinacles
 30 Ywerin sondrie habitacles,
 In whiche stodin all withoutin
 Full the castill all aboutin
 Of all manir of Minstralis,
 And Jesters, that tellin talis
 Bothe of wepyng and eke of game,
 And all that longith unto fame,
 110 There herde I playin on an harpe,
 That ysound bothe well and sharpe,
 Hym Orpheus full craftily,
 And on this othir side fast by
 40 Yfatte the Harpir Orion,
 And Gacides Chirion,
 And othir Harpirs many one,
 And the Briton Glaskirion
 And smale Harpirs with ther gleees
 Satte undir 'hem in divers sees,
 120 And gone on 'hem upwarde to gape,
 And counterfaited 'hem as an Ape,
 Or as crafte counterfettith kinde.

50 Tho sawe I standin 'hem behinde,
 Afarre from 'hem all by 'hem selve,
 Many a thousande tymis twelve,
 That madin loudè Minstralsies
 In Cornmuse and eke in Shalmies,
 And in many an othir pipe,
 That craftily began to pipe,
 130 Bothe in Douced and eke in Rede,
 That ben at festis with the brede,
 And many' a floite, and litlyng horne,
 60 And pipis made of grene corne,
 As have these little herdègromes,
 That kepin bestis in the bromes.

There sawe I then dan Citherus,
 And of Athenes dan Proserus,
 And Mercia that losse her skinne,
 Bothe in the face, bodie, and chinne,
 140 For that she would envyin, lo!
 To pipin bette than Apollo.

70 There sawe I famous old and yong
 Pipiris of all the Duche tong,
 To lernin love dauncis springis,
 Reyis, and the straunge thingis.

Tho sawe I in an othir place
 Ystandyng in a large space,
 Of 'hem that makin blodie soun
 In trumpe, beme, and Clarioun.
 150 For in fight and in blodeshedynges
 Is usid glad clarionynges.

80 There herde I trumpin Messenus,
 Of whom that spekith Virgilius.

There herd I Joab trumpe also,
 Theodomas, and othir mo,
 And all that usid clarion
 In Casteloigne, and Aragon,
 That in ther tymis famous were,
 To lernin sawe I trumpin there.
 160

90 There sawe I sit in othir sees,
 Playing on othir sondrie gleees,
 Whiche that I can not now nevin,
 Mo then Sterris ben in hevin,
 Of whiche I n'ill as now not rime,
 For ese of you, and losse of time,
 For tyme ilost, this knowin ye,
 By no waie maie recovered be.

100 There sawe I playing Jogelours,
 Magiciens, and Tragetours,
 And Phetonissis, Charmereffis,
 And olde Witchis, and Sorceressis,
 That usen Exorsifacions,
 And eke subfumigacions,

And

And clerkis eke, whiche connin well
All this Magike hight naturell,
That craftily doe ther ententes
To maken in certain ascendentis
Imagis lo! through whiche Magike
To maken a man ben whole or like.

There sawe I the quene Medea,
And Circe, and Caliopeia.

There sawe I Hermes Ballenus,
Limote, and eke Symon Magus.

There sawe I, and yknewe by name,
That by soche arte doen men have fame.

There sawe I eke Coll Tragetur
Upon a table of Sicamur
Playin an uncouth thyng to tell,
I sawe hym cary a windemell
Undir a Walnote shale.

What should I makin lengir tale?
Of all the peple that I sey
I could not tell till Dom'isdey.

When I had all this folke beho'de,
And founde me lece, and not yholde,
And I amufid a longe while
Upon this wall all of Berile,
That shone lightir then any glas,
And made well more then it ywas,
As it kindly thing of fame is,
And then right anone afir this,
I gan forthe romin till I fonde
The castill yate on my right honde,
Whiche all so well ycorvin was,
That nevir soche an othir n'as,
And yet it was by avinture
I wrought by grete and subtrill cure,
It nedith not you more to tellen,
To makin you to long to dwellen,
Of these ilke yatis florishynges,
Ne of compacis, ne karvynges,
Ne the hackyng in Masonries,
As corbettis, and Imageries.

But Lorde so faire it was to shewe!
For it was all with golde behewe;
But in I went, and that anone,
There met I crying many one,
A larges, larges, holde up well,
God save the ladie of this pell,
Our owne gentill Ladie Fame,
And 'hem that willen to have a name
Of us, thus heard I cryin all,
And fast comin out of the hall,
And shoke noblis and starlyngis,
And corounid were as kyngis
Withcrounis wrought full of Losynges,
And many ribans, many fringes,
Were on ther clothis truly.

Tho at the last espyd I,
That Pursevautes and Heraudis,
That cryin riche folkis laudis,
It werin all, and every man
Of 'hem, as I you tellin can,
Had on him throwin a vesture,
Whiche men yclepe a cote armure,
Imbrondirid wondirly riche.
As though thei werin not iliche;
But nought will I, so more I thrive,
Be now aboutin to discrive
All these armis that there yweren
That thei thus on ther cotis weren,
For to me were impossible,
Men might make of 'hem a bible
Full twentie fote thicke as I trowe,
For certain, who so coud it knowe,
Ymight there all the armis fene
Of famous folke that er had bene

In Affrike, Europe, and Asie,
Sithins first began chivalrie.

Lo! how should I now tell all this!
Ne of the hall eke what nede is,
To tellin you that every wall
Of it, and rose, and flore withall,
Was platid halfe a fote thicke
Of golde, and that ne was not wicke,
But for to provin in all wise
As fine as ducket in Venise,
Of whiche to lite all in my pouche is?
And thei were set as thicke of ouchis

Fine, of the finist stonis faire,
That men reden in the lapidaire,
Or as Grassis growen in a mede,
But it were all to long to rede

The namis: and therefore I pace.
But in this lustie and riche place
That Fam'is Hail ycallid was,
Full mochil pres of folke there n'as
Ne crouding for to mochil pres,
But all on hie above a des

Satte in a se Imperiall,
That made was of Rubie roiall,
Whiche that a Carbuncle is called,
I sawe perpetually istalled

A femine cecture,
That nevir formid by nature
Was soche an othir thyng I saie,
For althirfirste the sothe to saie,
Me thoughtin that she was so lite,
That the smale length of a cubite
Was lengir than she semid be,
But thus sone in a while she

Her self tho' wondirly ystreight,
That with her fete she th' erthe yreight,
And with her hedde she touchid heven,
There as shinith the Sterris seven,
And thereto yet, as to my wit,
I sawin a grete wondir yit,
Upon her eyin to beholde,
But certainly' I 'hem nevir tolde,

For as sele cyin haddin she,
As fethirs upon foulis be,
Or werin on the bestis foure,
That Godd'is trone can to honoure,
As writeth Ihon in the' Apocalyps,
Her here that was owndie and crips,

As burnid golde it shone to se,
And sothe to tellin also she
Had also sele upstandyng eres,
And tongis, as on best ben heres,
And on her fete woxin sawe I
Partrich'is wingis redily.

But Lorde the perrie' and the richeffe,
I sawe sittyn on the Goddesse,
And the hevinly melodie
Of songis full of 'armonie

I herde about her trone isong
That all the palais wall yrong!
So songe the mightie Musè, she
That clepid is Caliope,
And her sevin Sustirin eke,
That in ther facis femin meke,
And evirmore eternally

Thei songin of Fame, tho heard I,
Yheried be thou and thy name,
Goddis of renoun and of Fame,

Tho was I aware at the last,
As I myne cyin gan upcast,
That this ilke grete and noble Quene
Upon her shuldurs gan sustene
Bothè the armis and the name
Of tho that haddin large Fame,

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Ali-

Alifander, and Hercules,
That with a sherte his life did lese;
And thus founde I sitting this Goddesse,
In noble honour and richesse,
Of which I stinte a while now,
Of othir thing to tellin you.

Tho sawe I stande on th' other side
Streight doune unto the doris wide,
From the dees many a pillere
Of metall, that shone not full clere,
But though thei were of no richesse,
Yet were thei made for grete noblesse,
And in 'hem was there grete sentence,
And folke of hie and digne reverence,
Of which to tellin will I fonde.

Upon a pillir sawe I stonde,
Alderfirst there I ylie
Upon a pillir stonde on hie,
That was of Lede and Iron fine,
Hym of the secte Saturnine,
The Ebraike Josephus the old,
That of the Jewis gestis told,
And he bare on his shuldurs hie
All the fame up of the Jurie;
And by hym stodin othir seven,
Full wise and worthie for to neven,
To helpe hym berin up the charge,
It was so hevie and so large,
And for thei writtin of batailles
As well as of othir marvailles,
Therefore ywas lo! this pillere,
Of the whiche I you tellin here,
Of Lede and Iron bothe iwis,
For Iron Mart's metall is,
Whiche that the God is of bataille,
And eke the Lede withoutin faile
Is lo! the metall of Saturne,
That hath ful large whele to turne,
To standin forthe on eithir rowe
Of 'hem, whiche that I could yknowe,
Though I by ordir 'hem not tell,
To makin you to long to dwell.

These, of the whiche I gan to rede,
These sawe I standin out of drede
Upon an Iron pillir strong,
That paintid was all endelong
With Tigr's blode in every place,
The Tholafen with that height Stace,
That bare of Thebis up the name
Upon his sholdirs, and the fame
Also of cruill Achilles;
And by hym stode withoutin lese
Full wondir hie on a piller
Of Iron he the grete Omer,
And with him Dares and Titus
Before, and eke he Lollius,
And Guido eke the Colempnis,
And Englishe Galfride eke iwis,
And eche of these, as I have joye,
Was busie for to bere up Troye,
So hevie thereof was the fame,
That for to bere it was no game;
But yet I gan full well espie
Betwene 'hem was a little' envie,
One saied that Omer made lies
And feinyng in his poetries,
And was to the Grekes favourable,
And therefore holde he it but fable.

Tho sawe I stonde on a pillere,
That was of timnid Iron clere,
Him the Latine Poete Virgile,
That hath bore up a longe while
The fame of Pius Æneas.

And nexte hym on a pillir was

Of Coppir, Venus clerke Ovide,
That hoth yfowin wondirs wide
The gretè God of lov's fame,
And there he bare up well his na me

330 Upon this piller al so hie
As I might se it with myne eye,
For why? this hall whereof I rede,
Was woxe on height, and length, and brede,
Well more by a thousande dele
Then it was erst, that sawe I wele.

Tho sawe I on a pillir by
Of Iron wrought full sternily
The grete Poete him dan Lucan,
That on his sholdirs bare up than
410 As hie as that I might it se
The fame of Julius and Pompe,
And by hym stodin all these clerkes,
That write of Rom's mightie werkes,
That if I would ther namis tell,
340 Tho all to long ymust I dwell.

And nexte hym on a pillir stode
Of Sulphure liche as he were wode,
Dan Claudian, sothe for to tell,
That bare up all the fame of hell,
420 Of Pluto, and of Proserpine,
That Quene is of the derkè pine.
What should I more tellin of this?
The hall ywas all full iwis
350 Of 'hem that writtin oldè jesses,
As ben on treis Rokis nestes,
But it a full confuse mattere
Were all these jestis for to here,
That thei of write, and how thei height.
But while that I beheld this sight,
430 I herde a noise approchin blive,
That fareth as Bees doen in an hive
Ayenst ther tyme of out flying,
360 Right soche a manir murmuring,
For all the worlde, it semid me.

Tho gan I loke about, and se,
That there come entryng into the' hall
A right grete companie withall,
And that of sondrie regions,
Of all kind of condicions,
440 That dwell in yerthe undir the Mone,
Bothe pore and riche, and al so sone,
As thei were come into the hall,
370 Thei gan on kneis doune to fall
Before this ilke noble quene,
And sayid, graunt us Ladie shene,
Eche of us of thy grace a bone.
And some of 'hem she grauntid sone,
And some she warnid well and faire,
450 And some she grauntid the contraire
Of ther asking all uttirle,
380 But this I saie you trullie,
What that her grace was I ne wist,
For of these folke full well I wist,
Thei haddin gode fame eche deserved,
Although thei were diversly served,
Right as her sistir dame Fortune
Is wont to servin in commune.

Now herkin how she gan to paie
'Hem that gan her of grace to praie,
460 And yet lo! all this companie
Ysaidin sothe, and not a lie.

Madame (thus sayid thei) we be
390 Folke whiche that here besechin The,
That thou grauntin us now gode fame,
And let our workis have gode name
In full recompensacion
Of gode worke, give us gode renoun.

I warne it you (qð she) anone,
Ye gettin of me gode fame none,

470
By

By God, and therefore go your waie.

Alas (qð thei) and welawaie.

Tellith us what your cause maie be.

For that me lifte it not (qð she)

No wight shall speke of you iwis

Ne gode ne harme, ne that ne this.

And with that worde she gan to call

Her messengir, that was in hall,

And bad that he should fast ygone

Upon pain to be blinde anone,

For Æolus the God of Winde,

In Thrace there ye shall hym yfinde,

And bid hym bryng his clarioun,

That is full divers of his soun,

And it is clepid clere Laude,

With whiche he wout is to heraude

'Hem that me list ipraisid be,

And also bid hym how that he

Bryng eke his othir clarioun,

That hight Sclaundir, in every toun

With whiche he wout is to diffame

'Hem that me list, and doe 'hem shame.

This messengir gan fast to gone

And founde where in a cave of stone

In a countre which that hight Thrace

This Æolus with hardè grace

Yhelde the windis in distresse,

And gan 'hem undir hym to presse,

That thei gone as the Beris rore,

He bounde and pressid 'hem so fore.

This messengir gan fast to crie,

Rife up (qð he) and fast The hie,

Untill thou at my Ladie be,

And take thy clarions eke with The,

And spede The fast; and he anone

Toke to him one that hight Tritone,

His clarions to berin tho,

And let a certain winde ygo,

That blewe so hidously and hie,

That it ne leftè not a skie

In all the Welkin long and brode.

This Æolus no where abode

Till he was come to Fam's fete,

And eke the man that Triton hete;

And there he stode as still as stone,

And here withall there came anone

An othir hugè companie

Of gode folke and began to crie,

Ladie, grauntith us now gode Fame,

And let our workis have that name,

Now in honour of gentilnesse,

And al so God your soule yblesse,

For we han well deservid it,

Therefore is right that we be quit.

As thrive I (qð she) ye shall faile,

Gode workis shall you not availe

To have of me gode Fame as now,

But wote ye what, I grauntin yowe

That ye shall havin a shrewde name,

And wickid loos, and worsè fame,

Though ye gode loos have well deserved,

Now goeth your waie, for ye ben served;

And thou Dan Æolus (qð she)

Take forthe thy trompe anone, let se,

That is iclepid Sclaundir light,

And blowe ther loos, that every wight

Speke of 'hem harme and shreudinesse

In stede of gode and worthinesse,

For thou shalt trompe all the contraire

Of that thei have doen well and faire.

Alas thought I what avintures

Yhavin these sorie cretures,

That thei emongis al the pres

Should thus be shamid giltles!

But what? it must nedis ybe.

What did this Æolus, but he

Toke out his blackè trompe of bras,

That foulir then the Devill was,

And gan this trompe for to blowe,

As all the worlde should ovirthrowe, 559

Throughout every regioun

Ywent this foulè trump'is soun

As swift as pellit out of gonne,

When fire is in the poudir ronne,

And soche a smokè gan out wende

Out of the foulè trump'is ende,

Blacke, blue, and grenishe, swartishe, rede,

As doith where that men melte lede,

Lo! all on hie from the tewell;

And thereto one thyng sawe I well, 569

That ay the ferthir that it ranne,

The gretir wexin it beganne,

As doeth the rivir from a well,

And it stanke as the pitte of hell;

Alas! thus was ther shame iron,

And gitleffe, on every tong.

Tho came the thirde companie,

And gone up to the dees to hie,

And doune on knees thei fell anone,

And saidin, we ben everichone 579

Folke, that yhan full truilie

Deservid fame rightfullie,

And prayin you it might be knowe

Right as it is, and forthe yblowe. 590

I graunte (qð she) for now me list

That your gode workis shall be wist,

And yet ye shall have bettir loos,

Right in dispite of all your foos,

Then worthie is, and that anone;

Let now (qð she) thy trompe gone, 589

Thou Æolus, that is so blacke,

And out thyne othir trompe take,

That hightin Laude, and blowe it so,

That through the worlde ther fame may go 510

All esily, and not to fast,

That it be knowin at the last.

Full gladly, Ladie myne, he saied,

And out his trompe of golde he braied

Anone, and set it to his mouthe,

And blewe it Est, and West, and Southe, 599

And Northe, as loude as any thonder,

That every wight hath of it wonder,

So brode it ran or that it stent,

And certis all the breth that went 520

Out of his trump'is mouthe ysmelde

As men a potte full of baume helde

Emong a basket full of roses,

This favour did he to ther loses.

And right with this I gan espie

There came the fowirth companie, 609

But certaine thei were wondir fewe,

And gonne to standin on a rewe,

And saidin, certis, Ladie bright,

We have doen well with all our might, 530

But we ne kepe to havin fame,

Hidith our workis and our name,

For Godd's love, for certis we

Have surely doen it for bounte,

And for no manir othir thyng.

I grauntin you all your askyng, 619

(Qð she) let your workis be dedde.

With that about I tourned my hedde,

And sawe anone the fivith rout,

That to this Ladie gan to lout, 540

And doune on knees anone to fall,

And to her though besoughtin all,

To hidin ther gode workis eke,

And sayid, thei yeve not a leke

For no fame, ne no soche renoun,
For thei for contemplacioun,
And Godd'is love, had it ywrought,
Ne of fame woldin thei have nought.

What (qð she) and be ye so wode?
And wenin ye for to doe gode,
And for to have of that no fame?
Have ye dispite to have my name?
Naie ye shall lvin everichone,
Blowith thy trumpe, and that anone,
(Qð she) thou Æolus, I hote,
And ring these folkis workes by note,
That all the worlde maie of it here,
And he gan blowe ther loos so clere
Within his goldin clarioun,
That through the worlde ywent the soun
Al so kindly, and eke so soft,
That ther fame was yblowe aloft.

And tho came the sixt companie,
And gonin fast to Fame to crie,
Right verily in this manere;
Thei saidin, mercie, Ladie dere,
To tellin certain as it is,
We have doen neithir that, ne this,
But idill all our life hath be,
But nathelless yet prayin we,
That we maie have as gode a fame,
And grete renome, and knowin name,
As thei that have doe noble jesses,
And have achevid all ther questes,
As well of love, as othir thyng,
All was us nevir broche, ne ryng,
Ne ellis what fro women sent,
Ne onis in ther herte iment,
To maken us onely frendly chere,
But mought ytemin us on bere,
Yet let us to the peple seme
Soche, as the worlde maie of us deme
That women lovin us for wode,
It shall do us as mochil gode,
And to our herte as moche availe,
The countirpeise, etc, and travaile,
As we had wonnin with labour,
For that is dere ybought honour,
At the regard of our grete ese;
And yet ye must us more yplese,
Let us beholdin eke thereto
Worthie, and wise, and gode also,
And riche, and happie unto love,
For Godd'is love, that sitteth above,
Though we maie not the bodie have
Of women, yet, so God me save,
Let men yglewe on us the name,
Suffisith that we have the fame.

I graunt it (qð she) by my trouthe:
Now Æolus, withoutin slouth
Take out thy trumpe of golde (qð she)
And blowe as thei have askid me,
That every man wene 'hem at ese,
Although thei go in full badde lese;
This Æolus gan it so blowe,
That through the worlde it was iknowe.

Tho came the seventh route anone,
And fill on kneis everichone,
And sayid Ladie, graunte us sone,
The fame thyng, the fame bone,
Which that this nexte folke you have done.

Fie on you (qð she) everichone,
Ye nastie swine, ye idle wretches,
Fullfillid of rottin flowe tetches,
What? false thevis, where ye wolde
Ben famid gode, and nothyng n'olde
Deservin why, ne nevir thought,
Men rathir you to hangin ought,

For ye be like the slepie Cat,
620 That would have fishe: but wost thou what?
He woll nothyng wete his clawis,
Evill thrifte come to your jawis,
And on myne, if I you it graunte,
Or doe favour you to avaunte.

Thou Æolus, thou kyng of Thrace,
Go, blowe this folke a forie grace,
(Qð she) anone, and wost thou how?
700 As I shal tellin The right nowe,
Say these ben they that wolde honour
Have, and do no kinde of labour,
630 Ne do no gode, and yet have laude,
And that men wende that belle I faude,
Ne coude 'hem not of love werne,
And yet she that ygrint at querne
Is al to gode to ese ther herte.

This Æolus anone up sterte,
710 And with his blacke clarioun
He gan to blasin out a soun
As loude as bellith winde in hel,
640 And eke therwith the sothe to tel,
This sowne was so ful of japes
As evir mowis were in apes,
And that went al the worlde aboute,
That every wight gan on 'hem shoute,
And for to laugh as they were wode,
Soche game yfoude they in ther hode.

Tho came anothir companie
That hadde ydone the trechery,
The harme and the grete wickidesse,
650 That any herte coudin ygesse,
And prayid her to have gode fame
And that she n'olde do 'hem no shame,
But give 'hem loos and gode renoun,
And do it blowe in clarioun.

Nay wis (qð she) it were a vyce,
730 Al be there in me no justice,
Me lyst not for to do it nowe,
Ne this I ne will graunt it you.

Tho came there lepinge in a route,
660 And gan to clappin al aboute
Every man upon the crowne,
That al the hal began to sowne,
And sayid, lady lese and dere,
We ben soche folkes, as ye may here,
To tellin all the tale aright,
We ben shrewis every wight,
740 And have delite in wickidnesse,
As gode folke havin in godenesse,
And joye to ben yknowin shrewes
670 And ful of vice and wickid thewes,
Wherefore we pray you on a rowe
That our fame be soche yknowe
In al thingis right as it is.

I graunte it you (qð she) ywis,
But what arte thou, that saiest this tale,
That werist on thy hofe a pale,
750 And on thy tippet soche a bel?

Madame (qð he) the sothe to tel,
I am that ilke shrewe ywis,
680 That brent the temple of Ifidis
In Athenis, lo! that cyte.
And wherefore diddest thou so (qð she)?
By my trouthe (answered he) madame,
I wold faine have had a name
As othir folke had in the towne,
Although they were of grete renowne
760 For ther vertue and ther thewis,
Thought I, as grete fame have shrewis
(Though it be nought) for shrewdenesse,
690 As gode folke havin for godenesse,
And sithen I may not have that one,
That othir n'yl I not forgone,

As for to gettin a fame here,
The temple sette I al on fire.

Nowe done our loos be blowin swithe,
As wisly be thou evir blythe.

Gladly (qð she) thou Æolus,
Herist thou not what they prayen us?
Madame I here ful wel (qð he)
And I will trumpin it parde,
And toke his blacke trumpe faste,
And gan to puffin and to blaste,
Tyl it was at the world's ende.

With that I gan aboutin wende,
For one that stode right at my bake
Me thought ful godely to me spake,
And sayid, frende, what is thy name?
Arte thou come hiðir to have fame?

Have Fame! nay for sothe, frende (qð I)

I come nat hithir, grant mercy,
For no soche cause by my hed,
Suffisith me as I were ded,

That no wight have my name in honde,

I wot my selfe best howe I stonde,

For what I drie, or what I thinke,

I wol my selfin al it drinke,

Certainly for the more parte,

As ferforth as I can mine arte.

What doist thou here than (qð he)?

(Qð I) that wol I tellin The,

The causè why I standin here

Is some new tidinges for to lere,

Some newè thing I ne wot what,

Tydingis eythir this or that,

Of love, or of soche thingis glade;

For certainly he that me made

To comin hiðir said to me,

I shuldin bothe yhere and se

In this place many wondir thinges,

But these ne be no soche tidinges

As I yment of: No (qð he?)

And I answerid no parde;

For ful wel I wote evir yet,

Sithinis that firste I had wit,

That some folke han desirid fame

Diversly, and loos and gode name,

But certainly I ne wist how,

Ne where that fame dwellid or nowe,

Ne eke of her discripcion,

Ne also her condicion,

Ne eke the ordir of her dome

Knewe I not till I hithir come.

Why than be lo! these tidinges

Which that thou nowe hethir bringis,

That thou hast herde (qð he) to me,

But nowe no force, for wel I se

What thou desirist for to lere,

Come forth, and stande no lengir here,

And I woll The withoutin drede

In to soche anothir place lede,

There thou shalte herin many one.

Tho gan I forthe with him to gone

Out of the castil sothe to sey.

Tho sawe I stande in a valey

Undir the castil faste by

An house, that *domus Dadali*,

That *Labyrinthus* ycleped is,

N'as made so wondirly ywis,

Ne halfe so quently was ywrought,

And evirmo, as swifte as thought,

This queint house aboutin ywent,

That nevirmo it still ystent,

And there came out so gret a noise,

That had it stondin upon Oyse,

Men might have herde it esily

To Rome, I trowin sikirly,

770

780

790

800

810

820

830

840

And the noise whiche that I yherde
For al the worlde right so it terde
As dothe the routing of the stone,
That fro th' engin is letyn gone.

And al this house of whiche I rede,
Was made of twyggis salowe, rede,
And grene eke, and some werin white,
Soche as men to the cagis twwhite,
Or makin of these paniers,
Or ellis hutchis or doffers,
That for the swough and for the twigges
This house was al so full of gigges,
And al so ful eke of chirkinges,

And of many othir wirkinges,
And eke this house hath of entrees
As many' as levis ben on trees
In sommir whan that they ben grene,
And on the rose yet men may sene
A thousande holis, and well mo,
To lettin the sowne out ygo,

And by day in every tyde
Ben al the doris opin wide,
And by night eche one is unshette,

Ne portir is there none to lette
No manir tydinges in to pace,
Ne nevir rest is in that place,
That it n'is filled full of tidinges,
Eythir loude, or of whisperinges,
And evir all the housis angles
Is ful of rowninges and of jangles,

Of werres, of pece, of mariages,
Of restes, of labour, of viages,
Of abode, of dethe, and of lyfe,
Of love, of hate, accorde, of strife,
Of losse, of lore, and of winninges,
Of hele, of sickenesse, or lesinges,
Of faire wethir, and tempestis
Of qualme, of folke, and of bestis,
Of divers transmutacions
Of estates, and of regions,
Of trust, of drede, of jalously,
Of witte, of winning, of foly,
Of plenty, and of grete famine,
Of chepe, of derthe, and of ruine,
Of gode or of misgovernement
Of tyre, and divers accident.

And lo! this house of whiche I write,
Sykir be ye it n'as not lite,
For it was syxtie mile of length,
Al was the tymbir of no strength,
Yet it is foundid to endure
While that it lyste to avinture,
That is the mothir of tidinges,
As the Se of wellis and springes,
And it was shapin lyke a cage.

Certis (qð I) in al mine age
Ne sawe I soche an house as this.
And as I wondrid me ywis
Upon this house, tho ware was I
How that myne Egle faste by
Was perchid hye upon a stone,
And I gan streight to him to gone,
And sayid Him thus, I pray The
That thou a while abidin me
For Godd'is love, and let me sene
What wondirs in that place ybene,
For yet parauntir I may lere
Some gode therin, or somwhat here,
That lese me were, or that I went.

Peter, that is nowe myne entent,
(Qð he to me) therfore I dwel,
But certaine one thinge I The tel,
That but I bringin The therin,
Ne shal thou nevir conne the gin

850

860

870

880

890

900

910

To

To come in to it, out of doute,
 So faste it whirlith lo! aboute;
 But sithe that Jov'is of his grace,
 As I have said wil The solace
 Finally with these ilke thinges,
 These uncourthe sightis and tidinges,
 To passe away thine hevinesse,
 Soche routhe hath he of thy distresse,
 That thou suffrest debonairly,
 And woste thy selvin uttirly
 Wholy desperate of al blisse,
 Sithe that fortune hath made amisse
 The fote of al thine hert'is rest
 Languishe, and eke in pointe to brest,
 But he through his mightie melite
 Wil do The ese, al be it lite,
 And gave in expresse commaundement,
 To whiche I am obedient,
 To forthir The with al my myght,
 And wishe and techin The aright,
 Where thou maiste moste tidings here,
 Thou shalte here many one ylere.
 And with this worde he right anone
 Yhent me up bytwene his tone,
 And at a windowe in me brought,
 That in this house was, as me thought,
 And therewithal me thought it stent,
 And nothings it aboutin wente,
 And me set in the flore adoun;
 But soche grete congregacioun
 Of folke, as I sawe rome about,
 Some it within, and some without,
 N'as nevir sene, ne shal be este,
 That certis in this worlde n'is leste
 So many formid by nature,
 Ne ded so many a cature,
 That wel unnethis in that place
 Had I a fot'is brede of space,
 And every wight that I sawe there
 Rownid everiche in othir's ere
 A newe tidinge privily,
 Or els he tolde it opynly,
 Right thus, and said; Ne wost nat thou
 That is betiddin, lo! right nowe?
 No certis (qð he) tel me what;
 And than he tolde him this and that,
 And swore therto, that it was sothe,
 Thus hath he said, and thus he dothe,
 And this shal be, and thus herde I say,
 That shal be founde, that dare I lay,
 That al the folke that is on lyve
 Ne have the konninge to discrive
 Tho thingis that I herdin there,
 What aloude, and what in the ere,
 But al the wondir moste was this,
 Whan one had herde a thinge ywis,
 He came streight to anothir wight,
 And gan him tellin anone right
 The same tale that to him was tolde
 Or it a forlonge way was olde,
 And began somewhat for to eche
 Unto this tidinge in his speche
 More than evir it spokin was,
 And nat so sone departid n'as
 Tho fro him, that he ne ymette
 With the thirde man, and er he lette
 Any stounde, he ytolde him alse,
 Werin the tidinges sothe or false,
 Yet wolde he tel it natheles,
 And evirmore with mo encre
 Than it was erst: thus northe and southe
 Went every tidinge, fro mouth to mouthe,
 And that encrefinge evirmo,
 As fire is wont to quicken and go,

From a sparcle sprongin amis,
 Tyl al a cite brent up is. 990
 And whan that that was ful up spronge,
 And waxin more on every tonge
 Than er it was, and went anone
 920 Up to a windowe out to gone,
 Or but it might out there ypassse,
 It gan out crepe at some crevasse,
 And flewe forthe faste for the nones.
 And somtyme I sawe there at ones
 A lesinge, and a sadde sothesawe,
 That gonnin of avinture drawe 1000
 Out at a windowe for to pace,
 And whan thei mettin in that place,
 They were acheckid bothè two,
 930 And neithir of 'hem myght out go,
 For eche othir they gonne so croude,
 Tyl eche of 'hem gan cryin loude
 Let me gone first, nay but let me,
 And here I wol ensurin The
 With vowis that thou wolt do so,
 That I shal nevir fro The go, 1010
 But be alway thin owne sworne brother,
 We wol meddle us eche in other,
 That no man be he ner so wrothe
 940 Shal have one of us two, but bothe
 At onis, as beside his leve,
 Come we amorowe or on eve,
 Be we ycryde or styl yrowned;
 Thus sawe I false and sothe compowned
 Togiðir flye for o tidinge;
 Thus out at holis gonne to wringe 1020
 Every tidinge streight to Fame,
 And she gan yevin eche his name
 Aftir her disposicion,
 950 And yeve 'hem eke duracion,
 Some to wexin and wanin sone,
 As dothe the faire and white mone,
 And let him gonne, there might I sein
 Wingid wondirs full fast flyin
 Twenty thousande all in a route,
 As Æolus 'hem blewe aboute, 1030
 And lorde! this house in allè times
 Was ful of shypmen and pilgrimes,
 With scrippis bretteful of lesinges,
 Entermedilid with tidinges,
 And eke alonè by 'hem selve
 A many thousande tymis twelve
 Sawe I eke of these pardoners,
 Currours, and eke of meffaungers,
 With boxis crommid ful of lyes,
 As evir vessil was with lies. 1040
 And as I althirfastist went
 Aboute, and dyd al myne entent
 Me for to playen and for to lere,
 970 And eke a tidinge for to here,
 That I had herde of some countre,
 That shal not nowe be tolde for me,
 For it no nede is, redyly
 Folke can ysinge it bet than I,
 For al mote but or late or rathe
 Alle the shevis in the fathe. 1050
 I herdin a grete noise withall
 Within a cornir of the hal,
 There men of love tydingis tolde,
 980 And I gan thiðirwarde beholde,
 For I sawe renninge every wight
 As faste as that they haddin might,
 And everyche cride, what thinge is that?
 And some said I n'ot nevir what,
 And whan they were al on an hepe,
 Tho thei behinde gonnin up lepe, 1060
 And clambin up on othir faste,
 And up the noise on hyghin caste,
 And

And tredin fast on othir's heles,
And stampe, as men done aftir eles.
But at the laste I sawe a man,
Whiche that I nought discrive ne can,
But he yfemid for to be
A man of grete auctorite.
And therewithal I'anon abraide
Out of my slepe halfe afraide,
Remembring wel what I had sene,

And howe hye and ferre I had bene,
In my gost, and had grete wonder
Of that the mighty god of thonder
Had let me knowen, and gan to write
Lyke as ye have herde me endite,
Wherfore to study' and rede alway
I purpose to do day by day.
1670 And thus in dreminge and in game
Endith this litil Boke of Fame.

1680

Here endeth the Boke of Fame.



The Flooure and the Leafe, written by GEEFFERY CHAUCER.

The Argument.

A Gentlewoman, out of an Arbour, in a Grove, seeth a great Company of Knights and Ladies in a Dance upon the green Grasse. The which being ended, they all kneel down, and do honour to the Daisie, some to the Flower, and some to the Leaf. Afterward this Gentlewoman learneth by one of these Ladies the meaning hereof, which is this: They which honour the Flower, a thing fading with every Blast, are such as look after Beauty, and worldly Pleasure: But they that honour the Leaf, which abideth with the Root, notwithstanding the Frosts and Winter Storms, are they which follow Virtue and during qualities, without regard of worldly Respects.



When that Phœbus his chair of gold so hie
Had whirlid up the sterrie Sky aloft,
And in the Bole was entrid certainly,
When shouris fote of rain descendid soft,
Causing the ground, felè timis and oft,
Up for to give many an wholesome air,
And every plain was yclothid faire.

With newè grene, and makith smale flours
To springin here and there in field and mede,
So very gode and wholesome be the shours, 10
That they renewin that was old and dede,
In wintir time, and out of every fede
Springith the herbè, so that every wight
Of this feson wexith richt glad and light.

And I so gladdè of the feson swete,
Was happid thus, upon a certain night,
As I lay in my bed, slepe full unmete
Was unto me; but why that I ne might
Rest, I ne wist, for there n'as erthly wight 20
[As I suppose] had more of hertis ele,
Than I, for I n'ad sicknesse nor disese.

Wherfore I mervaile gretly of my self,
That I so long withoutin slepe lay,
And up I rose thre houris aftir twelfe,
About the springing of the gladfome day,
And on I put my gear, and mine aray;
And to a plefant grove I gan to pas,
Long or the bright Sonnè uprisin was.

In which were okis grete, streight as a line,
Undir the which the grasse so freshe of hew 30
Was newly sprong, and an eight fote or nine
Every tre well fro his fellow grew,

With brannchis brode, ladin with levis new,
That sprongin out agen the Sonnè shene,
Some very rede; and some a glad light grene.

Which [as me thought] was a right plefant sight,
And eke the birdis songis for to here,
Would have rejoisid any erthly wight;
And I, that couth not yet in no manere 40
Herin the Nightingale of all the yere,
Full busily herk'nid with hert and ere
If I her voice perceve could any where.

And at the last a path of litil brede
I found; that gretly had not usid be,
For it forgrowin was with grasse and wede,
That well unnethis a wight might it se,
Thought I, this path some whiðir goth parde!
And so I followid; till it me brought
To a right plefant herbir wel ywrought,

Which that benchid was; and with turfis new 50
Freshly turnid, whereof the grene grasse
So small, so thick, so short, so fressh of hew,
That most like to grene woll wot I it was:
The hegge also, that yedin in compas,
And closid in allè the grene herbere,
With Sycamor was set and Eglatere;

Within in fere so well and cunningly,
That every braunch and lefe grew by mesure
Plain as a bord, of an height by and by,
I se never a thing [I you ensure] 60
So well ydone; for he that toke the cure
It for to make [I trowe] did all his peine
To make it pass all tho that men have seine.

6 E

And

And shapin was this herbir rofe and all,
 As is a pretty parlour; and also
 The hegge as thick as is a Castil wall,
 That who that list without to stond or go,
 Thogh he wold all day pryin to and fro,
 He should not se if there were any wight
 Within, or no; but one within well might, 70

Perceve all tho, that yedin there without
 Into the field, that was on every side
 Cover'd with corn and grafs, that out of doubt
 Tho one would sekin all the worlde wide,
 So rich a felde could not be espyde
 Upon no cost, as of the quantity:
 For of aliè gode thing there was plenty.

And I, that all these plesant sightis se,
 Thought suddainly I felt so swete an air
 Of the Eglentere, that certainly 80
 There is no hert [I deme] in such dispair
 Ne yet with thoughtis froward and contraire
 So overlaid, but it should sone have bote,
 If it had onis felt this favour fore.

And as I stode, and cast aside mine eye
 I was ware of the fairist medler tre,
 That evir yet in all my life I se,
 As full of blossomis as it might be;
 Therein a Goldfinch leping pretily
 From bough to bough, and as him list, he ete 90
 Here and there of buddis and flouris swete.

And to the herbir side was adjoyning
 This fairist tre, of which I have you told,
 And at the last the bird began to sing,
 [Whan he had etin what he etin wold]
 So passing swetely that by many fold
 It was more plesant than I couth devise,
 And whan his song was endid in this wise,

The Nightingale with so mery a note
 Answerid him, that alle the wode yrong 100
 So sodainly, that as it were a sote
 I stode astonied, and was with the song
 Thorow ravishid, that till late and long
 I ne wist in what place I was, ne where,
 Ayen, methought, she song e'en by mine ere.

Wherefore I waitid about busily
 On every side if I her might se,
 And at the last I gan full well aspy
 Where she fate in a fresh grene laury tre,
 On the furthir side evin right by me, 110
 That gave so passing a delicious smell,
 According to the Eglantere full well.

Whereof I had so inly grete plesure,
 As methought I surely ravishid was,
 Into Paradise, wherein my desire
 Was for to be, and no ferthir to pas,
 As for that day, and on the sote grafs
 I sat me down; for as for mine entent;
 The birdis song was more convenient,

And more plesant to me by many fold, 120
 Than mete, or drink, or any othir thing,
 Thereto the herbir was so fresh and cold,
 The wholsome savours eke so comforting,
 That [as I demid] sith the beginning
 Of the worlde was never seen er than
 So plesant a ground of none erthly man.

And as I sat the birdis herkening thus,
 Methought that I herd voicis suddainly,

The most swetist, and most delicious,
 That evir any wight, I trow trewly, 130
 Herdin in ther life, for the armony
 And swete accord was in so gode musike
 That the voicis to Angels most were like.

At the last out of a grove evin by
 [That was right godely and plesant to sight]
 I se where there came singng lustily
 A world of Ladies, but to tell aright
 Ther beaury grete, lyith not in my might,
 Ne ther array; nevirthelès I shall
 Tell you a part, tho' I speke not of all. 140

The Surcots white of velvet well fitting
 They werin clad, and the femis eche one,
 As it werin a mannir garnishing,
 Was set with Emeraudis one and one
 By and by, but many a richè Stone
 Was set on the purflis out of dout
 Of Collours, Sieves, and trainis round about;

As of grete perlis round and orient,
 And Diamondis fine and rubys red, 150
 And many othir ston of which I went
 The namis now; and everich on her hede
 A rich fret of gold, which withourin drede
 Was full of stately rich stonys set,
 And every lady had a Chapelet

On ther hedis of braunchis fresh and grene,
 So wele ywrought, and so marvelously,
 That it was a right noble sight to sene;
 Some of Laurir, and some full plesantly
 Had Chapelets of wodebind, and sadly 160
 Some of *Agnus Castus* werin also,
 Chapelets fresh, but there were many of tho,

That dauncid and eke song full sobirly,
 But all they yede in maner of compae;
 But one there yede in mid the company,
 Sole by her self; but all follow'd the pace
 That she kept, whose hevynly figured face
 So plesant was, and her wele shape person,
 That of beauty she past them everichone.

And more richly beseen by manyfold
 She was also in every manir thing, 170
 Upon her hede full plesant to behold
 A Coron of gold rich for any King,
 A braunch of *Agnus Castus* eke bering
 In her hand, and to my sight trewly
 She Lady was of all the company.

And she began a roundell lustily
 That *Sus le foyle de vert moy men call,*
Sine & mon joly cœur est endormy,
 And than the Company answerid all
 With voicis swete entunid, and so small 180
 That methought it the swetist melody
 That evir I herd in my life sothly.

And thus they all came dauncing and singng,
 Into the middis of the Mede echone
 Before the herbir where I was sitting,
 And God wot I thought I was well bigone,
 For than I might avise them one by one,
 Who fairist was, who best could dance, or sing,
 Or who most womanly was in all thing.

They had not dauncid but a little throw 190
 When that I herd not fer of sodainly,
 So grete a noise of thundering trumpis blow,
 As though it should have departid the Skie,
 And

And aftir that within a while I fe,
From the same grove, where the Ladies came out,
Of Men of Armis coming fuch a rout;

As all men on erth had ben assemblid
On that place well horrid for the nonis,
Stering fo fast, that all the erth tremblid;
But for to speke of richis and stonis, 200
And men and horfe, I trow the large wonis
Of Pretir John, ne all his Trefory
Might not unneeth have bought the tenth party,

Of their array; whofo list to here more,
I fhall reherfe, fo as I can, a lite.
Out of the Grove, that I speke of before,
I fe come first all in their Clokis white
A company, that wore for ther delite
Chapelets fresh of okis ferial
But newly sprong; and trumpets were they all.

On every trump hanging a brode bannere
Of fine Tartarium full richly bete,
Every trumpet his Lord's armis bere,
About there neckis with grete perlis fete
Collaris brode, for cost they wou'd not lete,
As it would seem for ther scochons echone
Were fet about with many a precious stone.

Ther horfis harneis was all white also;
And aftir them next in one company
Camin Kingis at armis and no mo, 220
In clokis of white cloth with gold richly,
Chaplets of grene on their heds on hye,
The Crownis that they, on their Scotchons, bere,
Were fet with perl, and ruby, and faphere,

And eke grete Diamondis many one;
But all ther horfe harneis and other gere,
Was in a fute according everichone,
As ye have herd the forsaide trumpets were,
And by seming they were nothing to lere,
And ther guiding they did fo manirly; 230
And aftir them came a grete company

Of Heraudis and Purfevauntis eke,
Arrayid in clothis of white velvet,
And hardily they were nothing to feke,
How they on them shouldin the harneis fet,
And every man had on a chapelet,
Scotchonis and eke horfe harneis in dede
They had in fute of them that fore them yede.

Next after these appere in armour bright,
All save their hedis, semely knightis nine, 240
And every clasp and nail, as to my sight,
Of ther harneis were of red gold so fine;
With cloth of gold, and furrid with ermine
Were the tappouris of ther stedis strong,
Both wide and large, that to the ground did hong.

And every bos of bridle and paitrel,
That they had on, was worth, as I would wene,
A thousand pound, and on ther hedis well
Dressid were crounis of the laurir grene,
The best ymade that evir I had fene; 250
And every knight had aftir him riding
Thre henchmen still upon him awaiting;

Of which every (first) on a short trunchon
His lord's helmet bore so richly dight
That the worst of them was worth the ransoun
Of any King; the second a shield bright
Bare at his back; the thred barin upright
A mighty spere, full sharp yground and kene,

And every child ware of levis grene

A fresh chaplet upon his hairis bright; 260
And clokis white of fine velvet they were,
Ther stedis trappid and arayid right,
Without difference as ther lordis were,
And aftir them on many a fresh Courfere,
There came of armid knightis fuch a rout;
That they besprad the large field about.

And all they werin, aftir ther degrees,
Chappèlets new, or made of laurir grene,
Or some of oke, or some of othir trees,
Some in ther hondis barin boughis fhene, 270
Some of laurir, and some of okis bene,
Some of hawthorne, and some of the wodebind,
And many mo, which I have not in mind.

And so they came ther horfe freshly stirring
With bloudy fownis of ther trompis loud,
There se I many an uncouth disguising
In the array of thilkè knightis proud;
And at the last, as evenly as they coud,
They toke ther place, in middis of the mede,
And every knight turnid his horfis hede 280

To his felow, and lightly laid a spere
Into the rest, and so justis began
On every part aboutin here and there,
Some brake his spere, some drew down horfe and
man,
About the felde astray the stedis ran.
And to behold their rule and govirnaunce,
I you ensure, it was a grete plesaunce.

And so the justis last an hour and more,
But tho, that crownid were in laurir grene,
Did win the prife; their dintis were so fore, 290
That there was none agenst them might sustene,
And the justing allè was left off clene:
And fro ther horfe the nine alight anon,
And so did all the remnaunt everichone.

And forth they yede togiðir, twain and twain,
That to behold it was a worthy sight,
Toward the Ladies on the grene plain,
That song and dauncid, as I said now right;
The ladies, as sone as they godely might,
They brakin off both the long and the daunce,
And yede to mete them with full glad semblaunce

And every lady toke full womanly
By the hond a knight, and so forth they yede
Unto a faire laurir, that stode fast by,
With levis laid the boughis of grete brede,
And to my dome ther nevir was indede
A man, that had sene half so faire a tre,
For undirneeth it there might well have be

An hundrid persons, at ther own plesaunce,
Shadowid fro the hete of Phoebus bright, 310
So that they shouldin have felt no grevaunce
Neithir for rain, ne haile, that them hurt might:
The Saviour eke rejoice would any wight,
That had be sick, or melancholious,
It was so very gode and vertuous.

And with grete rev'rence they enclinid low,
Unto the tre, so sote and fair of hew;
And aftir that, within a litil throw,
They all began to sing, and daunce of new;
Some song of love, some plaining of untrew, 320
Environing the tre, that stode upright,
And evir yede a lady and a knight.

And

And at the last, I cast mine eie aside,
 And was ware of a lusty Company,
 That came roming out of the feldè wide;
 And hond in hond a knight and a lady;
 The ladies all in Surcotes, that richly
 Purfilid were with many a rich stone,
 And every knight of grene ware mantlis on,

Embroudid wele, so as the Surcots were, 330
 And everich had a Chapelet on her hed,
 [Which did right wele upon the shining here]
 Makid of godely flouris, white and red,
 The knightiseke, that they in hondè led,
 In fute of them ware chaplets everichone,
 And before them went Minstrels many one:

As harpis, pipis, lutas, and fautory,
 Alle in grene, and on ther hedis bare
 Of diverse flouris made full craftily 340
 All in a fute, godely chaplets they were;
 And so dauncing into the Mede they fare.
 In mid the which they found a tuft that was
 All ovirsprad with flouris in compas.

Where to they enclinid everichone,
 With grete reverence, and that full humbly,
 And at the last there tho began anon
 A Lady for to sing right womanly
 A Bargaret in praising the daisie.
 For (as methought) among her notis swete,
 She said *Si douce est la margarete.* 350

Then they allè answerid her in fere,
 So passingly well, and so plesauntly,
 That it was a most blisfull noise to here,
 But I n'ot how it happid sodainly,
 As about None the Sonn so fervently
 Waxe hotè, that the pretty tendir floures
 Had lost the beauty of their fresh collours.

Forshronke with hete the Ladies eke to brent,
 That they ne wist where they them might bestow,
 The knightis swelt for lack of shade nie shent, 360
 And aftir that within a litil throw
 The wind began so sturdily to blow,
 That down goth all the floures everichone
 So that in all the Mede there laft not one;

Save such as succoured were among the leves
 Fro every Storme that mightè them assaile,
 Growing undir the heggis, and thick greves;
 And aftir that there came a storme of haile
 And rain in fere, so that withoutin faile
 The ladies ne the knightis n'ade o'thred 370
 Dry on them, so dropping wet was ther wede.

And when the storme was clene passid away,
 Tho in the white, that stode undir the tre,
 They felt nothing of all the grete affray,
 That they in grene without had in ybe;
 To them they yede for routh, and for pite,
 Them to comfort aftir their grete difese,
 So fain they were the helpelesse for to ese.

Than I was ware how one of them in grene
 Had on a Coron rich, and well-fitting; 380
 Wherefore I demid well she was a quene,
 And tho in grene on her were awaiting;
 The ladies then in white, that were coming
 Towardis them, and the knightis in fere
 Began to comfort them, and make them chere.

The quene in white, that was of grete beauty
 Toke by the honde the quene that was in grene,

And seidè, Sustir, I have grete pity
 Of your annoy, and of your troublous tene,
 Wherein ye, and your company have bene 390
 So long alas! and if that it you plesè
 To go with me, I shall do you the ese

In all the plesure that I can or may;
 Whereof that othir, humbly as she might,
 Thankid her, for in right evil array
 She was, with storme and hete I you behight;
 And every lady then anon right,
 That were in white, one of them toke in grene
 By the hond, which when the knightis had sene,

In like manir eche of them toke a knight.
 Clad in the grene, and forth with them they fare
 To an hegge, where that they anon right,
 To makin these justis they would not spare
 Boughis to hew down, and eke trees to square,
 Wherewith they made them stately firis grete,
 To dry ther clothis, that were wringing were.

And aftir that of herbis that there grew
 They made for blistirs of the Sonne brenning,
 Ointmentis very gode, wholsome, and new,
 Where that they yede the sick fast anointing; 410
 And aftir that they yede about gaðring
 Plesant Saladis, which they made them ete,
 For to refreshe ther grete unkindly hete.

The lady of the lefe then gan to pray
 Her of the floure [for so to my seming
 They should be callid as by ther array]
 To soupe with her, and eke for any thing
 That she should with her all her pepill bringe
 And she ayen in right godely manere
 Thankith her fast of her most frendly chere; 420

Saying plainely, that she would obay
 With all her hert all her commandement:
 And then anon without lengir delay
 The lady of the lefe hath one ysent
 To bring a palfray aftir her intent
 Arrayid wele in fair harnois of gold,
 For nothing lackid that to him long shold.

And aftir that to all her company
 She made to purvey horse and every thing 430
 That they nedid, and then full hastily
 Even by the herbir where I was siting
 They passid all, so merrily singing,
 That it would have comfortid any wight.
 But then I se a passing wondir sight,

For then the Nightingale, that all the day
 Had in the laurir sete, and did her might
 The whole service to sing longing to May,
 All sodainly began to take her flight,
 And to the Lady of the lefe forthright
 She flew, and set her on her hand softly, 440
 Which was a thing I mervail'd at gretly.

The Goldfinch eke, that fro the Medlar tre
 Was fled for hete unto the bushis cold,
 Unto the lady of the floure gan fle,
 And on her hond he set him, as he wold
 And plesauntly his wingis gan to fold,
 And for to sing they peine them both as fore,
 As they had do of all the day before.

And so these Ladies rode forth a grete pace,
 And all the rout of knightis eke in fere, 450
 And I that had sene all this wondir case
 Thought that I would assay in some manere,
 To

To know fully the trouth of this mattere;
And what they were that rode so plesantly;
And when they were the herbir passid by,

I drest me forth, and happid mete anon,
A right fair lady I do you ensure,
And she came riding by her self alone,
Allè in white, with semblaunce full demure,
I her salued, bad her gode avinture 460
Mote her befall, as I couð most humbly,
And she answered, my doughtir, gramercy.

Madame, quoth I, if that I durst enquire
Of you, I wold fain, of that company,
Wit, what they be, that passed by this harbere?
And she ayen answerid right frendly;
My doughtir, all tho that passid hereby
In white clothing, be servants everichone
Unto the lefe, and I my self am one.

Se ye not her, that crownid is, (qð she) 470
Allè in white? Madame, then qð I, yes.
That is Dian, Goddess of chastity,
And for bicause that she a Maidin is,
Into her hond the branch she berith this,
That *Agnus Castus* men call propirly;
And all the Ladies in her company

Which ye se, of that herbè Chaplets were,
Be such, as han alwey kept maidinhede:
And all they, that of laurir chaplets bere,
Be such as hardy were in manly dede 480
Victorious, name which nevir may be dede,
And all they were so worthy of ther honde,
In their time that no one, might them withstonde.

And tho that were chapèlets on ther hede
Of fresh wodebind, be such as nevir were
To love untrue in word, in thought, ne dede,
But ay stedfast, ne for plesance, ne fere,
Tho that they shulde ther hertis all to tere,
Woud never flit, but evir were stedfast,
Till that ther livis there assundir brast. 490

Now fair Madam, qð I, yet woud I pray
Your Ladiship [if that it mightin be]
That I might knowe by some manir of wey,
Sithin that it hath likid your beaute
The trouth of these ladies for to tell me,
What that these Knightis be in rich armour,
And what tho be in grene, and were the flour?

And why that some did rev'rence to the tre,
And some unto the plot of flouris fair?
With right gode will, my doughtir fair, qð she, 500
Sith your desire is gode and debonaire,
Tho nine crownid be very exempleaire
Of all honour longing to chivalry,
And those certain be clept the Nine Worthy,

Which that ye may se riding all before,
That in ther time did many' a noble dede,
And for ther worthines full oft have bore
The crown of laurir levis on ther hede,
As ye may in your oldè bokis rede:
And how that he, that was a conqueror, 510
Had by laurir alwey his most honour.

And tho, that barin bowis in ther hond
Of the precious laurir so notable,
Be such as were [I woll ye undirstond]
Most noble Knightis of the round table,
And eke the douseperis honourable,

Which they bere in the sign of victory,
As witness of ther dedis mightily.

Eke there be Knightis old of the Gartir,
That in ther timis did right worthily, 520
And the honour they did to the laurir,
Is for by it they have ther laud wholly,
Ther triumph eke, and martial glory,
Which unto them is more perfite riches
Than any wight imagin can or gessle.

For one lefe givin of that noble tre
To any wight, that hath done worthily,
[An it be done, so as it ought to be]
Is more honour than any thing erthly;
Witness of Rome that foundir was truly 530
Of all Knighthode, and dedis marvelous,
Record I take of Titus Livius.

And as for her, that crounid is in grene,
It is Flora, of these flouris Goddesse,
And all that here on her awaiting bene,
It are such folk that lovid idlenesse,
And not delite in no kind besinesse,
But for to hunt, and hawke, and pley in medes,
And many othir such like idle dedes.

And for the grete delite and the plesance 540
They have to the flour, and so reverently
They unto it doin such obeisaunce,
As ye may se, now fair madame, qð I,
[If I durst ask] what is the cause, and why,
That Knightis have the ensigne of honour,
Rathir by the lefe than by the flour?

Sothly, doughtir, qð she, this is the trouth,
For knightes evir shoud be persevering
To seke honour, without feintise, or slouth;
Fro wele to bettir in all manir thing, 550
In sign of which, with levis ay lasting,
They be rewardid aftir ther degre,
Whose lusty grene may not appairid be,

But ay keping ther beauty fresh and grene,
For ther n'is no storme, that may them deface,
Ne hail nor snowe, ne wind, nor frostis kene,
Wherfore they have this propriety and grace.
And for the flour, within a litil space,
Wollin be lost, so simple of nature
They be, that they no grevaunce may endure. 560

And every storme woll blowe them fone away,
Ne they laste not but for a selson,
That is the cause [the very trouth to say]
That they may not by no way of reson,
Be put to no such occupacion.
Madame, qð I, with all mine whole servise
I thank you now in my most humble wise.

For now I am ascertain'd thoroughly
Of every thing I desirid to knowe.
I am right glad that I have said, sothly, 570
Ought to your plesure, (if ye will me trow)
Quoð she ayen, but to whom do ye owe
Your service? and which wollin ye honour
[Pray tell me] this year? The lefe or the flour?

Madam, qð I, although I left worthy,
Unto the lefe I ow mine observaunce;
That is, qð she, right well done certainly,
And I pray God to honour you advaunce,
And kepe you fro the wickid remembraunce
Of Malèbouch, and all his crueltie, 580
And all that gode and well-condition'd be.

For here I may no lengir now abide;
 But I must follow the grete company;
 That ye may se yondir before you ride;
 And forthwith as I couth most humily
 I toke my leve of her, and she gan hie
 Aftir them as fast as evir she might:
 And I drow homeward for it was nigh night.

And put all that I had sene in writing
 Undir support of them that lust it rede. 590
 O little boke! thou art so unconning,
 How darst thou put thy self in prees for drede?
 It is wondir that thou wexist not rede!
 Sith that thou wost full lite, who shall behold
 Thy rude langage full boytously unfold.

F I N I S.



The PROLOGUE of the Testament of Love.

MAny men there ben, that with eres openly
 sprad so moche swalowen the deliciouf-
 nesse of jestes and of ryme, by queint knit-
 tinge coloures, that of the godenesse or of
 the badnesse of the sentence take they litel hede or
 els none.

Sothelye dulle witte and a thoughtfull soule so fore
 have mined and grafted in my spirites, that soche
 craft of enditinge woll nat ben of mine acquaintaunce.
 And for rude wordes and boistous percen the herte
 of the herer to the inrest point, and planten there
 the sentence of thinges, so that with litel helpe it is
 able to spring, this boke, that nothyng hath of the
 grete flode of wytte, ne of semelyche colours, is dol-
 ven with rude wordes and boistous, and so drawe
 togiðer to maken the catchers therof ben the more
 redy to hent sentence.

Some men there ben, that painten with colours
 riche and some with wers, as with red inke, and
 some with coles and chalke: And yet is there gode
 matter to the leude peple of thylke chalkye purtre-
 yture, as hem thinketh for the time, and afterward
 the syght of the better colours yeven to hem more
 joye for the first leudenesse. So sothly this leude
 cloudy occupacyon is not to prayse, but by the
 leude, for comenly leude leudenesse commendeth.
 Eke it shal yeve sight that other precyous thynges
 shall be the more in reverence. In latin and french
 hath many souveraine wittes had grete delyte to en-
 dite, and have many noble thinges fulfild, but cer-
 tes there ben some that speken ther poysye mater in
 Frenche, of whiche speche the Frenche men have
 as gode a fantasye as we have in heryng of Frenche
 mens Englishe. And many termes there ben in En-
 gylishe, whiche unneth we Englishe men connen de-
 clare the knowleginge: Howe should than a Frenche
 man borne? soche termes connejumpere in his mat-
 ter, but as the Jay chatereth Englishe. Right so true-
 ly the understandyn of Englishmen woll not stretche
 to the privie termes in Frenche, what so ever we
 bosten of straunge langage. Let than clerkes endi-
 ten in latin, for they have the propertie of science,
 and the knowinge in that facultie: and lette Frenche
 men in ther Frenche also enditen ther queinte termes,
 for it is kyndely to ther mouthes, and let us shewe
 our fantasies in soche wordes as we lerneden of our
 dame's tonge. And although this boke be lytel
 thank worthy for the leudnesse in travaile, yet soch
 writing exiten men to thilke thinges that ben neces-
 sarie: for every man therby may as by a perpetual
 myrrour sene the vices or vertues of other, in whyche
 thyng lightly may be conceived to eschue perils, and
 necessities to catch, after as adventures have fallen to
 to other peple or persons.

Certes the souverainst thinge of desire and most
 creature resonable, have or els shuld have full appetite
 to ther perfeccyon: unresonable bestes mowen not,
 sithe reson hath in hem no workinge: Than resona-
 ble that wol not, is comparisoned to unresonable,
 and made lyke hem. Forsothe the most souveraine
 and finall perfeccion of man is in knowynge of a
 sothe, withouten any entent decevable, and in love
 of one very God, that is inchaungeable, that is to
 knowe, and love his creator.

Nowe principally the mene to bryng in know-
 leging and lovyng his creatour, is the consideracyon
 of thynges made by the creatour, wher through by
 thylke thinges that ben made, understandynge here
 to our wyttes, arne the unsene pryvities of God
 made to us syghtfull and knowinge, in our contem-
 placion and understandinge. These thinges than
 forsoth moche bringen us to the ful knowleginge
 sothe, and to the parfytte love of the maker of heven-
 ly thynges. Lo! David saith: thou haste delited
 me in makinge, as who saith, to have delite in the
 tune how God hat lent me in consideracion of thy
 makinge. Wherof Aristotle in the boke *de Animalibus*,
 saith to naturell Philosophers: it is a grete likynge
 in love of knowinge ther creature: and also in know-
 inge of causes in kindelye thynges, confidrid forsothe
 the formes of kindelye thinges and the shap, a gret
 kyndely love we shulde have to the werkman that
 hem made. The crafte of a werkman is shewed in
 the werk. Herefore trulie the philosophers with a
 lyvely studie manie noble thinges, righte precyous,
 and worthy to memorye, writen, and by a gret swet
 and travaille to us lesten of causes the properties in
 natures of thinges, to whiche therfore Philosophers
 it was more joy, more lykinge, more herty lust in
 kindlye vertues and matters of reson the perfeccion
 by busy study to knowe, than to have had all the tre-
 sour, al the richesse, al the vaine glory, that the pas-
 sed Emperours, Princes, or Kinges hadden. Ther-
 fore the names of hem in the boke of perpetuall
 memorie in vertue and pece arne writen; and in the
 contrarie, that is to saine, in Styxe the foule pitte of
 helle arne thilke pressed that soch godenes hated.
 And bicause this boke shall be of love, and the prime
 causes of stering in that doinge with passions and dis-
 seses for wantinge of desire, I wil that this boke be
 cleped the Testament of Love.

But nowe thou rede, who is thilke that will not
 in scorne laughe, to here a dwarfe or els halfe a
 man, say he wil rende out the swerde of Hercules
 handes, and also he shulde set Hercules Gades a mile
 yet ferther, and over that he had power of strength
 to pull up the spere, that Alifander the noble might
 never wagge, and that passinge al thinge to ben may-
 ster

ster of Fraunce by might, there as the noble gracious Edward the thirde for al his grete prowesse in victories ne might al yet conquere?

Certes I wote well, ther shall be made more scorn and jape of me, that I so unworthely clothed altogether in the cloudie cloude of unconning, wil putten me in ptees to speke of love, or els of the causes in that matter, sithen al the grettest clerkes han had ynough to don, and as who saith gathered up clene toforne hem, and with ther sharp sithes of conning al mowen and made therof grete rekes and noble, ful of al plenties to fede me and many another. Envy forsothe commendeth noughte his reson, that he hath in hain, be it never so trusty. And although these noble repers, as gode workmen and worthy ther hier, han al draw and bounde up in the sheves, and made many shokes, yet have I ensample to gader the smale crommes, and fullin my walet of tho that fallen from the bourde among the smale houndes, notwithstanding the travaile of the almoigner, that hath draw up in the cloth al the remissalles, as trenchours, and the relese to bere to the almesse. Yet

also have I leve of the noble husbnde Boece, although I be a straunger of conning to come after his doctrine, and these grete workmen, and glene my handfuls of the shedyng after ther handes, and yf me faile ought of my ful, to encrese my porcion with that I shal drawe by privyties out of shokes; a flye servaunte in his owne helpe is often moche commended; knowynge of trouthe in causes of thynges, was more hardier in the firste sechers, and so sayth Aristotle, and lighter in us that han folowed after. For ther passing study han frefhed our wittes, and our understandynge han excited in consideracion of trouthe by sharpenes of ther resons. Utterly these thynges be no dremes ne japes, to throwe to hogges, it is lyfelych mete for children of trouthe, and as they me betiden whan I pilgramed out of my kith in wintere, whan the wether out of mesure was boistous, and the wyld wynd Boreas, as his kind asketh, with dryng coldes maked the waves of the ocean Se so to arise unkindely over the commune bankes that it was in point to spill all the erthe.

Thus endeth the PROLOGUE.



Hereafter foloweth the first Boke of the Testament of Love.

This Book is an Imitation of BOECIUS *de Consolatione Philosophie*.

- I. In the first Part whereof, Love by way of Legacy bequeaths to all them that follow her Instructions, the knowledge of Truth from Error, whereby they may rightly judge of the Causes of crosse Fortune, and such Adversities as befall them, whether in their suits of Love, or otherwise, and so in the end obtain their wish'd Desires.
- II. In the second Part she teacheth the Knowledge of one very God our Creator, as also the State of Grace, and the State of Glory; all which good things are figur'd by a Margarite Pearl.

CHAUCER compil'd this Book as a Comfort to himself after great Griefs conceiv'd for some rash Attempts of the Commons, with whom he had join'd, and thereby was in fear to lose the Favour of his best Friends, and also therein to set an end to all his writing, being commanded by *Venus* (as appears by *Gower* in the end of his eighth Book, entituled *Confessio Amantis*) so to do, as one that was *Venus* Clerk; even as *Gower* had made his *Confessio Amantis*, his last Work, and shrift of his former Offences.



Las! Fortune alas! I that some tyme in delicious houres was wont to enjoy blifful stoundes, am now dryve by unhappy hevynesse to bewaile my fondrie yvels in tene. Trewlie I leve, in myn herte is writte of perdurable letters al the entencyons of lamentacion that now ben ynempned; for any maner disese outward in sobbyng maner sheweth sorowful yexynge from within. Thus from my comfort I ginne to spille, sith she, that shulde me solace, is ferre fro my presence. Certes her absence is to me an hell, my ster-vynge deth thus in wo it myneth, that endeleffe care is throughout myne herte clenched, blysse of my joye, that ofte me murthed, is turned into galle, to thynke on thing that may not at my wil in armes me hent.

Mirth is chaunged into tene, whan swink is there continually, that rest was wont to sojourne and have dwellynge place. Thus witleffe, thoughtfull, sightlesse lokynge, I endure my penaunce in this derke prisonne, caitified fro frendshippe and acquaintaunce, and forsaken of al that any worde dare speke. Straunge hath by way of intrucion made his home there me shoulde be, yf reson were herde as he shulde. Never the later yet hertly lady precious Margarit, have minde on thy servaunte, and thynke on his disese, howe lightles he lyveth, sith the bemes brennende in love of thin eien arn so bewet, that worldes and cloude atwene us tway wol not suffre my thoughtes of hem to be enlumyned. Thinke that one vertue of a Margarite precious is amonges manye other

ther the sorowful to comforte, yet wil of that me sorowfull to comforte, is my luste to have nought els at this tyme, dede ne deth, ne no maner traveyle hath no power myne hert so moche to fade, as shulde to here of a twincklinge in your disese. Ah! God forbode that, but yet let me dey, let me sterue withouten any mesure of penaunce, rather than myne hertely thinking comforte in ought were disefed. What may my service aveile in absence of her, that my service shulde accepte? is this nat endelese sorowe to thinke? Yes, yes, God wote, myne hert breketh nie asonder; how should the ground without kindly noriture, bringen forth any fruites? How should a ship withouten a sterne in the grete Se be governed? how shold I withouten my blisse, my herte, my desire, my joye, my godenesse, endure in this contrarious prison, that thinke every houre in the daie an hundred Winter? Wel maie now Eve fain to me Adam, in sorowe fallen from welthe driven art thou out of Paradise, with swete thy sustenance to beswinke. Depe in this pinyng pitte with wo I ligge iflocked, with chaines linked of care, and of tene. It is so hie from thens I lie, and the common yerth, there ne is cable in no land maked, that might stretche to me, to drawe me into blisse, ne steys to stey on is none, so that without recover endelese here to endure I wote well I purveide. O! where art thou nowe frendship, that sometime with laughande chere madeft bothe face and countenance to me wardes? Truelye nowe arte thou wente out of rounne, but ever me thinketh, he wereth his olde clothes, and that the soule, in the whiche the life of frendship was in, is drawn out from his other spirites. Now then farewell, frendship, and farewell felawes, me thinketh ye all han taken your leve: no force of you all at ones.

But ladie of love, ye wote what I mene, yet think on thy servaunt, that for thy love spilleth, all thynges have I forsake, to folowen thine hestes: reward me with a thought, though ye doe naught els. Remembraunce of love lith so fore under my breste, that other thought cometh not in my mynde, but gladnesse to thinke on your godenesse, and your merie chere, frendnes, and sorowe to think on your wretche and your daunger, from whiche Christ me save. My grete joye it is to have in meditations the bounties, the vertues, the nobley in you printed: sorowe and hel comen at ones, to suppose that I be veined. Thus with care, sorowe, and tene am I shapt min ende with deth to make. Now gode godely thinke on this.

O wretched fole that I am fallen into so lowe, the hete of my brenning tene hath me all defased: how should ye, Lady, set prife on so foule filth? My conning is thinne, my witte is exiled, like to a fole naturell am I comparifoned. Truelye ladie, but your mercie the more were, I wote well all my labor were in idell: your mercie than passeth right. God graunt that propoficion to be verifed in me, so that by trust of gode hope, I mowe come to the haven of ese! and sith it is impossible, the colours of youre qualities to chaunge, and forsoth I wote well, wemme ne spot maie not abide, there so noble vertue haboundeth, so that the defasyng to you is verily imaginable, as countenance of godenes with encrefing vertue, is so in you knit to abid by necessarie maner, yet if the rivers might fal, which is ayenst kinde, I wold well myn hert, ne should therefore naught flit, by the leste point of Geometrie, so sadlie is it sonded, that awaie from your service in love, maie he not departe. O love, when shall I ben plesed? O Charitie, when shall I ben esed? O gode godelie, when shall the Dice tourne? O full of vertue, do the chaunce of comforte upward to fall. O love, when wolt thou think on thy ser-

vaunt? I can no more, but here out cast of all welfare abide the daie of my deth, or els to se the sight that might all my wellynge sorowes voide, and of the fode make an ebbe. These diseses mowen well by dureffe of sorowe make my life to unbodie, and so for to die: but certes, ye ladie in a full perfeccion of love ben so knitte with my soule, that deth maie not thilke knotte unbinde ne departe, so that ye and my soule together as endlesse in blisse should dwel, and there shall my soule at the full ben esed, that he maie have your presence, to shewe the entent of his desires: Ah! dere God, that shall be a grete joye. Now yerthlie Goddesse, take regarde of thy servaunt, though I be feble, for thou art wont to praise them better, that would conserve in love, all be he full mener then kinges or princes, that wold not have that vertue in minde. Now precious Margarite, that with thy noble vertue hast drawn me into love firste, me wenyng thereof to have blisse, as Galle and Aloes are so moche sprong, that savour of swetenesse maie I not atast; alas! that your benigne eyen, in which that mercie semeth to have all his noriture, n'll by no waie tourne the clerenesse of mercie to mewardes. Alas! that your brennande vertues, shynyng amonges all folke, and enluminyng all other people, by habundaunce of encrefing, sheweth to me but smoke, and no light. These thynges to thinke in myne herte, maketh every daie wepyng in myne eyen to renne. These ligen on my backe so fore, that importable burden me semeth on my backe to be charged, it maketh me backwarde to me, when my steppes by comon course even forthe pretende: These thynges also on right side and lefte have me so envolved with care, that wanhope of helpe is through-out me ronne truelie, and leve that gracelesse is my fortune, whiche that ever sheweth it mewardes by a cloudie disese, all redy to make stormes of tene, and the blisfull side halte still awaiward, and wold it not suffer to mewardes to turne: no force yet wold I not ben conquered.

O, alas! that your nobley so moche emong all other catures commended by folowyng streme, by al maner vertues, but there ben wonderfull, I not whiche that let the fode to come into my foul, wherfore purely mated with sorowe through fought, my self I crie on your godenes, to have pite on this caitife, that in the inrest degre of sorowe and disese is left, and without your godelie will, from any help and recovery. These sorowes maie I not sustene, but if my sorowe should be tolde, and to you wardes shewed, although moche space is betwene us twaine, yet me thynketh that by soche joleinyng wordes my disese ginneth eb. Truelie me thinketh that the founne of my lamentacious wepyng is right now flowe into youre presence, and there crieth after mercie and grace, to whiche thyng me semeth The lifte none answere to yeve, but with a deinous chere ye commaunded it to avoide, but God forbidde that any worde should of you spryng, to have so little ruth. Parde pite and mercie in every Margarit is closed by kinde, emongs many other vertues, by qualities of comforte, but comfort is to me right naught worthe, withouten mercie and pitie of you alone, whiche thynges hastily God me graunt for his mercie.

Rehersing these thynges and many other, without time or moment of rest, me semed for anguisse of disese that all together I was ravished, I can not tell how, but wholly al my passions and felynges weren losse, as it semed for the time, and sodainly a maner of drede light in me al at ones, nought soche fere as folke have of an enemye, that were mightie, and wold hem greve, or doen hem disese: for I trowe

troue this is well knowe to many persones that other-while if a man be in his Sovereine's presence, a manner of ferdnesse creepeth in his hert, not for harme, but of godelie subjeccion: namelic as men reden that Aungelles ben aferde of our saviour in heven. And parde there ne is, ne maie no passion of disese be, but it is to mene, that Aungelles ben adradde, not by frendnes of drede, sithen thei ben perfidly blisfed, as affection of wonderfulness, and by service of obedience; soche ferde also han these lovers in presence of ther loves, and subiectes aforne their soveraines: right so with ferdnesse mine hert was caught, and I sodainlie astonied; there entered into the place, there I was lodged, a ladie, the semeliche and moste godelie to my sight, that ever to forne appeared to any cature, and trulie in the blustering of her loke she yave gladnesse and comforte sodainly to all my wittes, and right so she doeth to every wight, that cometh in her presence. And for she was so godelie (as me thought) mine herte began somdele to be embolded, and went a little hardie to speke, but yet with a quakyng voice as I durst, I salued her, and enquired what she was, and why she so worthie to fight dained to enter into so foule a dongeon, and namely a prison, without leve of my keepers. For certes, although the vertue of dedes of mercie stretchen to visiten the pore prisoners, and 'hem after that faculties ben had to comforte, me semed that I was so ferre fallen into miserie and wretched hid caitifnesse, that me should no precious thing neigh: and also that for my sorowe every wight should ben hevie, and wishe my recovery. But when this lady had somdele apperceved, as well by my wordes, as by my chere, what thought busied me within, with a gode womanlie countenance she said these wordes. O my norie, wenest thou that my manner be, to foryet my frendes, or my servauntes? Naie (qð she) it is my full entent to visite and comfort all my frendshippes and allies, as well in tyme of perturbation, as of moste propertie of blisse, in me shall unkindnesse never be founden. And also sithen I have so fewe especial true, now in these daies, wherfore I maie well at more leisir come to 'hem that me deser-ven, and if my comyng maie in any thyng availe, wete well I woll come often.

Now godeladie (qð I) that art so faire on to loke, rinyng honie by thy wordes, blisse of paradise arne thy lokynges, joye and comfort are thy movinges, What is thy name? How is it that in you is so mokell working vertues enpight, as me semeth, and in non other cature, that ever sawe I with mine eyen? My disciple (qð she) me wondreth of thy wordes and on The, that for a little disese hast foryetten my name. Wost thou not well that I am Love, that firste The brought to thy service? O gode Ladie (qð I) is this worship to The, or to thyne excellence, for to come into so foule a place? Parde sometime tho I was in prosperitie, and with forain godes envolved I had mokil to doen to draw The to mine hostell, and yet many werninges thou madest, ere thou list fullie to graunt thine home to make at my dwelling place: and now thou comest godelie by thine own vise, to comfort me with words, and so therethrough I ginne remember on passed gladnes. Trulie ladie I ne wot whether I shall saie welcome or none, sithen thy comyng woll as moche doe me tene and sorowe, as gladnesse and mirthe: se why. For that me comforteth to thinke on passed gladnesse, that me any-eth eft to be in doing. Thus thy comming both gladdeh and teneth, and that is cause of moche sorowe: lo! Ladie, how then I am comforted by your coming, and with that I gan in teres to distill, and tenderlie wepe. Now certes (qð Love) I se well (and that me overthinketh) that wit in The faileth, and art in point to dote. Trulie (qð I) that have ye maked,

and that ever wol I rue. Wotest thou not well (qð she) that every Shepherde ought by reson to seke his sperkel and shepe that arne ren into wildernesse, among bushes and perils, and 'hem to ther pasture ayen bryng, and take of 'hem privie busie cure on keping? And tho the unconning Shepe scattred would ben lost renning to wildernesse, and to desertes drawe, or els woulde put 'hem self to the swallowyng Wolfe, yet shall the Shepherde, by businesse and travaile, so put him forthe, that he shall not let him be lost by no waie. A gode shepherd putteth rather his life to ben lost for his shepe.

But for thou shalt not wene me being of werse condicion, truelie for everiche of my folke, and for all tho that to mewarde be knit in any condicion, I woll rather die than suffre 'hem through errour to ben spilde. For me liste, and it me liketh, of all myne a Shepherdesse to be cleped. Wost thou not well, I failed never wight, but he me refused, and would negligentlie go with unkindnesse? And yet parde, have I many soche holpe and releved, and thei have ofte me begiled, but ever at th'ende it disceded in ther own neckes. Haste thou not radde, howe kinde I wasto Paris, Priamus sonne of Troie? How Jason me falsed for all his fals beheft? How Cesar sonke, I leste it for no tene, till he was troned in my blis for his service. What (qð she) moste of all, maked I not a lovedaie bitwene God and mankind, and chese a maide to be nompere, to put the quarell at ende? Lo, how I have travailed to have thanke on all sides! and yet list me not to reste, and I might finde on whom I should werche. But trulie mine own disciple, bicause I have The founde at all assaies in thy will to be redie mine hestes to have followed, and haste ben true to that Margarite Perle that ones I The shewed, and she alwaie ayenward hath made but daungerous chere, I am come in proper persone to put The out of errours, and make The glad by waies of reson, so that sorow ne disese shal no more hereafter The amais-trie. Wherthrough I hope, thou shalt lightlie come to the grace, that thou longe haste desired, of thilke Jewell. Haste thou not herd many ensamples, how I have comforted and releved the scholers of my lore? Who hath worthied kinges in the felde? Who hath honoured ladies in boure, by a perpetuall mirror of their truth in my service? Who hath caused wor-thie folke to voide vice and shame? Who hath holde citees and relmes in prosperitie? If The list clepe ayea thyne old remembraunce, thou coudest every pointe of this declare in especiall, and saie that I thy mai-stres have be cause, causyng these thinges, and many mo other.

Now iwis Madame (qð I) all these things I knowe well my self, and that thyne excellence passeth the understandyng of us bestes, and that no manne's witte yerthlie maie comprehende thy vertues. Well then (qð she) for I se The in disese and sorowe, I wote well thou art one of myne nories, I maie not suffer The so to make sorowe, thine owne self to shende: but I my self come to be thy fere, thine hevy charge to make to seme the lesse, for wo is him that is alone: And to the sory to ben moned by a sorowfull wight it is grete gladnes. Right so with my sicke frendes I am sicke, and with sorie I cannot els but sorowe make, till when I have 'hem releved, in soche wise that gladnesse in a maner of counterpaisyng shall restore as mokell in joye, as the passed hevinessse bitorne did in tene. And also (qð she) when any of my servauntes ben alone in solitarie place, I have yet ever busied me to be with 'hem, in comfort of ther hertes, and taught 'hem to make songes of plainte and of blisse, and to enditen letters of Rhetorike, in queint under-standinges, and to bethinke 'hem in what wise thei might beste ther Ladies in gode service plesse, and al-

so to lerne maner in countenance, in wordes, and in beryng, and to ben meke and lowlie to every wight, his name and fame to encrese, and to yeve grete yestes and large, that his renome maie spryngen; but The thereof have I excused, for thy losse and thy grete costages, wherethrough thou arte nedie, arne nothing to me unknowen, but I hope to God sometime it shal ben amended, as thus, as I saied. In norture have I taught al mine, and in curtesie made hem expert, ther Ladies hertes to winne, and if any would be deinous, or proude, or be envious, or of wretches acquaintaunce, hasteliche have soche voided out of my schole: for all vices trulie I hate: vertues and worthinesse in all my power I auaunce.

Ah worthie creature! (qð I) and by iuste cause, the name of Goddes dignely ye mow bere: in The lithe the grace, through whiche any cature in this worlde hath any godenesse, trulie all maner of blisse, and precioufnesse in vertue out of The springen, and wellen, as brokes and rivers proceden from, ther sprynges, and like as all waters by kinde drawen to the Se, so all kindly thinges thresten by ful appetite of desire to drawe after thy steppes, and to thy presence aproche, as to ther kindlie perfeccion; how dare then bestes in this world aught forsete ayenst thy Divine purveighaunce? Also lady ye knowen all the privie thoughtes, in hertes no counsaile maie ben hidde from your knowyng. Wherefore I wote well, Ladie, that ye knowe your self, that I in my conscience am, and have ben willyng to your service, all coude I never doe as I should, yet forsothe fained I never to love otherwise then was in myne herte: and if I coude have made chere to one, and ithought an other, as many other doen aldaie afore myne eyen, I trowe it would not me have vailed. Certes (qð she) haddest thou so doen, I would not now have The here visited. Ye wete well Ladie eke (qð I) that I have not plaid racket, Nettlein, Docke out, and with the Wethercocke waved, and truely there ye me sette by accorde of my conscience, I would not flie till ye and reason by aperte strength maden myne herte to tourne.

In gode faithe (qð she) I have knowe The ever of tho condicions, and sithen thou wouldest (in as moche as in The was) amade me privie of thy counsaill, and judge of thy conscience, tho I forsoke it in tho daies, till I sawe better my tyme, would never God that I should now faile, but ever I woll be redie, witnessyng thy sothe, in what place that ever I shall ayenst al tho that woll the contrary sustene, and for as moche as to me is naught unknowen, ne hid of thy privie herte, but all haste thou tho thynges made to me open at the full, that hath caused my comyng in to this prison, to voide the webbes of thine eyen, to make The clere to se the errours thou haste ben in; and bicause that men ben of divers condicions, some adradde to saie a sothe, and some for a sothe anone redie to fight, and also that I maie not my self ben in place, to withsaie thilke men that of The speken otherwise then the sothe, I woll and charge The in vertue of obedience, that thou to me owest, to witten my wordes, and set hem in writynges, that thei mowe as my witnessyng ben noted among the peple. For bokes writen neither dreden ne shaming, ne strive conne, but onely shewen the entente of the writer, and yeve remembraunce to the herer: and if any woll in thy presence saie any thinge to tho writers, loke boldlie, trust on Mars to answer at the ful. For certes, I shal him enforme of all the trouthe in thy love, with thy conscience, so that of his helpe thou shalt not varie at thy nede. I trowe the strongest and the best that maie be founde, woll not transverse thy wordes, whereof then wouldest thou drede?

GRetelie was I tho gladded of these wordes, and as who saith, wexen somedele light in hert, bothe for th' auctoritie of witnesse, and also of sikernes of helpe of the foresaied behest, and saied. Truely, ladie, now am I well gladded, through comforte of your wordes: be it now likyng unto your nobly to shewe, whiche folke defame your servauntes, sith your service oughte above all other thynges to ben commended. Yet (qð she) I se well thy soule is not al out of the amased cloude: The were better to here thing, that The might light out of thyne hevie charge, and after knowyng of thyne owne helpe, then to stirre swete wordes, and soche resons to here: for in a thoughtfull soule (and namely soch one as thou art) woll not yet soche thinges sinken. Come of therefore, and let me seen thy hevie charge, that I maie the lightlier for thy comfort purveigh.

Now certes ladie (qð I) the moste comfort I might have, were utterlie to wete me be sure in hertes of that Margarite I serve, and so I thinke to doen with all mightes, while my life dureth. Then (qð she) maieste thou thereafter, in soche wise that mispleaunce ne entre? In gode faithe (qð I) there shall no mispleaunce be caused, through trespass on my side. And I doe The to weten (qð she) I sette never yet persone to serve in no place (but if he caused the contrary, in defaultes and trespasses) that he ne sped of his service. Myne owne yerthly ladie (qð I tho) and yet remember to your worthinesse how long sithen, by many revolving of yeres, in tyme when October his leve ginneth take, and November sheweth hym to sight, when Bernes ben full of godes, as is the Nutte on every halke, and then gode londe-tillers ginneth shape for the yerth with grete travaile to bryng forth the more Corne, to manne's sustenaunce, ayenst the next yeres folowing; In soche tyme of plentie, he that hath an home, and is wise, liste not to wander mervailles to seche, but he be constrained or excited: oft the lothe thing is doen, by excitation of other manne's opinion, whiche woulde faine have myne abidyng, take in herte of luste to travaile, and se the windyng of the yerth, in that tyme of Winter, by wodes that large stretes werne in, by small pathes, that swine and hogges hadden made, as lanes with ladels ther masse to seche, I walked thinkyng alone, a wonder grete while, and the grete bestes that the wode haunten, and adorneth al maner forestes, and herdes gone to wilde: then ere I was ware, I neighed to a Se banke, and for ferde of the bestes, shipcraft I cride: for ladie I trowe ye wete well your self, nothyng is werse then the bestes that shoulde ben tame, if thei cathe ther wildenesse, and ginne again waxe ramage: thus forsothe was I aferde, and to Shippe me hied. Then were there inow to lache myne handes, and drawe me to Shippe, of whiche many I knewe well the names. Sight was the firste, Luste was an other, Thought was the thirde, and Will eke was there a Master: these broughten me within borde, of this Shippe of travile. So when the faile was sprad, and this Shippe gan to move, the Winde and Water gan for to rise, and overthartlie to tourne the Welken, the waves semeden as thei kisse toghether, but often under colour of kysyng is mokell olde hate privelie closed and kepte. The storme so straungelie, and in a devouryng manner ganne so faste us assaile, that I supposed the date of my deth should have made there his ginning, now up, now down, now under the wawe, and now above was my shippe a grete while. And so by mokell durse of wethers, and of stormes, and with grete avowyng pilgrimages, I was driven to an Ile, where utterlie I wend first to have be rescowed, but truelie at the firste beginnyng, it semed me so perilous the haven to catch, that but through grace I had ben comforted, of life I was full dispaired. Truelie

Ladie,

Ladie, if ye remember a right of all maner thynges, your self came hastelie to seen us Se-driven, and to werten what we weren: but firste ye were deinous of chere, after whiche ye gon better alight, and ever as me thought, ye lived in grete drede of disese, it seemed so by your chere. And when I was certified of your name, the lenger I loked in you, the more I you godelie dradde, and ever myne herte on you opened the more, and so in a little tyme, my Shippe was out of mynde. But ladie, as ye me lad I was ware bothe of bestes and of fishes a grete number throngyng together: among whiche a Musckell in a blew shell had enclosed a Margarite Perle, the moste precious, and best that ever tofore came in my sighte, and ye tolden your self, that ilke jewell in his kinde was so gode and so vertuous, that her better should I never finde, all sought I thereafter to the worlde's ende, and with that I helde my pece a grete while: and ever sithen I have me bethought on the man, that sought the precious Margarites, and when he had founden one to his likyng, he solde all his gode to buy that jewell: I wis thought I, and yet so I think, now have I founden the jewell that mine herte desireth, where-to should I seche further! trulie nowe woll I stinte, and on this Margarite I sette me for ever. Now then also, sithen I wiste well it was your will, that I should to soche a service me take, and so to desire that thyng, of whiche I never have blisse, there liveth none but he hath disese: your might then that brought me to soch service, that to me is cause of sorow and of joy, I wonder of your worde that ye fain to bringen men into joye, and parde ye wot well that defaute ne trespase maie not resonable ben put to me wardes, as ferre as my conscience knoweth: but of my disese me liste now a while to speke, and to enforme you in what maner of blisse ye have me throng. For truly I wene that all gladnesse, all joye, and all mirthe is bestet under lock, and the keie throwe in soche place, that it maie not be found: my brenning who hath altered all my hewe. When I should slepe, I walowe and I thinke, and me disporte. Thus combred, I seme that all folke had me mased. Also ladie mine, desire hath long dured, some spekyng to have, or els at the leste have ben enmoised with sight: and for wantyng of these thynges, my mouthe would, and he durste, pleine right fore sithen evils for my godenesse, arne manifold to me holden. I wonder, Lady, truely, save evermore your reverence howe ye mowe for shame soche thynges suffer on your servaunte, to be so multiplied: wherefore kneeling with a lowe herte I praie you to rue on this carite, that of nothyng now maie serve. Gode ladie, if you liste, now your help to me shew, that am of your priviest servautes, at all assaies in this tyme, and under your wings of proteccion. No helpe to mewardes is shapen, how shall then straungers in any wise after succour loke, when I that am so privie, yet of helpe I do faile? Further maie I not, but thus in this prisone abide: what bondes and chaines me holden, Ladie, ye se well your self? A reniant forjudged hath not halfe the care. But thus sighyng and sobbyng I waile here alone, and n'ere it for comforte of your presence, right here would I sterve. And yet a little am I gladded, that so godelie soche grace and none happe have I hente, graciously to finde the precious Margarite, that all other leste, men should buie, if thei should therefore sell al ther substaunce. Wo is me! that so many let-games, and purpose brekers ben makid waiters, soche prisners as I am evermore to overloke and to hinder, and for soche lettours it is harde any soche jewell to winne. Is this, lady, an honour to thy deitie? Me thinketh by right, soche peple should have no maistrise, ne ben overlokers over none of thy servautes. Truely were

it lesull unto you, to all the Goddes would I plaine that ye rule your Divine purveighaunce amonges your servautes nothing as ye should. Also Lady my mobile is insuffisaunte to countervaille the price of this jewell, or els to make th' eschaunge: eke no wight is, worthie soche perles to were, but Kynges or Princes, or els their peers: This jewell for vertue would adorne and make faire all a relme, the nobley of vertue is so moche that her godenesse over all is commended. Who is it that would not waile, but he might soche riches have at his wille? the vertue thereof out of this prisone maie me deliver, and nought els. And if I be not there thorowe holpen I se my self withouten recovery: although I mighte hence voide, yet would I not, I would abide the daie, that destenie hath me ordeined, which I suppose is withoute amendement, so fore is myne herte bounden, that I maie thinke none other. Thus strait (Ladie) hath sir Daunger laced me in stockes, I leve it be not your will: and for I se you taken so little hede, as me thinketh, and woll not maken by your might, the vertue in mercie of the Margarite on me for to stretch, so as ye mowe wel, in case that you list, my blisse and my mirth arne felde, sicknesse and sorowe ben alwaie redie, the cope of tene is wounde about all my bodie, that standyng is me beste, unneth maie I ligge for pure miserie sorowe, and yet al this is little enough to be the ernest silver, in forward of this bargaine, for treblefolde so mokell muste I suffer, ere tyme come of myne ese. For he is worthy no welth, that maie no wo suffer. And certes, I am hevie to thinke on these thynges, but who shall yeve me water inoughe to drinke, lest mine eyen drie for rennyng stremes of teres? Who shall wailen with me myne own happie hevinesse? Who shall counsaile me now in my likyng tene, and in my godelie harte? I not. For ever the more I brenne, the more I covete: the more that I sorowe, the more thirst I in gladnesse. Who shall then yeve me a contrarious drinke, to staunch the thrust of my blisfull bitternes? Lo thus I brenne, and I drenche, I shiver and swete; to this reversed yvel was never yet ordeined salve, forsoth al liches ben unconninge, save the Margarite alone, any soche remedy to purvey.

And wyth these wordes I braste out to wepe, that every tere of myne eyen for gretnesse semed they boren out the bal of my syght, and that al the water hadde ben out ronne. Than thought me, that love gan a litel to hevy for myscomforte of my chere, and gan soberly and in esy maner speke, wel avising what she said. Comenly the wise speken esylie and softe for many skilles: One is, ther wordes are the better beleved, and also in esy spekyng avisement men may catche what to put forthe, and what to holden in. And also the auctoritie of esye wordes is the more, and eke they yeven the more understanding to other intencion of the mater. Ryght so this ladye esily and in a softe manere gan say these wordes.

Mervaile (quod she) gret it is, that by no maner of semblaunt, as ferre as I can espie, thou lyste not to have any recour, but ever thou plainest and sorowest, and wayes of remedie for folishe wilfulnesse. The liste not to seche: but enquire of thy nexte frendes, that is thyne invitte, and me that have ben thy maistrise, and the recour and syne of thy disese, for of disese is gladnesse and joye, with a ful vessel so helded, that it quencheth the feling of the first tenes. But thou that were wonte not onely these thynges remembre in thyne herte, but also soles therof to enforment, in adnulling of ther errors, and destroyinge of ther derke opinions, and in comfort of ther fere thoughtes, now canste thou not ben comforte of thin owne soule, in thinkinge of these thynges. O where haste thou be so long commensal, that haste so mikel
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eten of the potages of foryetfulness, and drunken so of ignorance, that the olde souking, whiche thou haddest of me, arne amastred and lorne fro al maner of knowinge? O this is a worthy persone to helpe other, that can not counsaile him selfe. And with these wordes for pure and strong shame I wox al red.

And she than seinge me so astonied by divers stoundes sodainly (whiche thyng kynde hateth) gan deliciously me comferte with sugred wordes, putting me in ful hope that I shulde the Margarite getten, if I folowed her hestes, and gan with a faire clothe to wipen the teres that hyngen on my chekes: and than said I in this wise. Now welle of wisdom and of all welthe, withouten The may nothyng ben lerned, thou berest the keies of all privy thinges. In vaine travaile men to catche anye stedship, but if ye, lady, firste the locke unshet, ye, lady, lerne us the waies and the bypathes to heaven: ye, lady, maken all the heavenly bodies godely and benignely to done ther course, that governen us bestes here on erthe: Ye armen your servauntes ayenst al debates, with imperciable harneis, ye setten in ther hertes insuperable blode of hardinesse, ye leden hem to the parfite gode. Yet al thinge desireth, ye werne no man of helpe, that wele done your lore, graunt me now a litell of your grace, all my sorowes to cese. Myne own servaunt (qð she) trewly thou sittest nie myne herte, and thy badde chere gan forely me greve: but amonge thy plaining wordes, me thought thou allegeth thinges to be letting of thine helping, and thy grace to hinder, wherthrough me thinketh that wanhope is crope through thine hert: God forbid that nise unthriftie thought should come in thy mynde thy wittes to trouble, sithen every thyng in commynge is contingent, wherefore make no more thy propo-sition by an impossible. But nowe I pray The reherse me ayen tho thynges, that thy mystrust causen, and thilke thinges I thinke by reson to distroyen, and put full hope in thine herte. What understandest thou there (qð she) by that thou saidest, many letgames are thin overlokers? And also by that, thy moeble is insuffysaunt? I n'ot what thou therof menest.

Trewly (qð I) by the first, I say that janglers evermore arne spekinge, rather of evyll than of gode, for every age of man rather enclineth to wickednesse, than any godenesse to avaunce. Also false wordes springen so wide, by the sterynge of false lyinge tonges, that fame als swyftly flieth to ther eres, and, and saithe many wicked tales, and as sone shal falsenesse ben leved as trouthe, for all his grete sothenesse. Now by that other (qð I) me thinketh thilke jewel so precious, that to no soch wretche as I am wolde vertue therof extende, and also I am to feble in worldely joyes, any soche jewell to contrevaille. For soche peple that worldely joyes han at ther will, ben sette at the highest degre, and moste in reverence ben accepted, for false weninge maketh felicity therein to be supposid: but soche caytives as I am evermore ben hindred. Certes (qð she) take gode hede, and I shal by reson to The shewen, that all these thinges mowe not let thy purpose, by the lest point that any wight coude pricke.

Remembreth nat (qð she) ensample is one of the strongest maner, as for to preve a manne's purpose. Than yf I nowe by ensample enduce The to any propo-sicion, is it nat proved by strength? Yes forsothe (qð I). Well (qð she) raddeste thou never howe Paris of Troye and Helen loved togidder, and yet had they not entrecomuned of speche? Also Acrisius shete Danae his daughter in a tour, for suertie that no wight shulde of her have no maistrise in

my service, and yet Jupiter by sygnes without any spech had al his purpose ayenst her father's will. And many, soche mo have ben knitte in trouthe, and yet spake they never togidder, for that is a thinge enclosed under secretenes of privitie, why twey persons entremellen hertes after a sight. The power in knowing of soche thynges so preven shal nat alutterly be yeven to you bestes, for manye thynges in soche precious matters ben reserved to judgement of divine purveiaunce, for amonge lyving peple by manne's consideracion moun they not be determined. Wherefore I saye, all the envye, al the jangling, that welny peple upon my servauntes maken este, is rather cause of espoite, than of any hindringe. Why than (qð I) suffre ye soche wronge, and moun when ye list lightly all soche yvels abate? me semeth to you it is a gret unwurship. O (qð she) holde nowe thy pece, I have founden to many that han ben to me unkind, that trewly I woll suffre every wyght in that wise to have disese, and who that continueth to the end wel and trewly, hem wol I helpen, and as for one of mine into blyffe to wende; as marcial doing in Grece; Who was ycrownd? by God, nat the strongest, but he that rathest come and lengest abode and continued in the journey, and spared nat to travaile as long as the play left. But thilke person that profereth him nowe to my service, theryn is a while, and anon voideth and redy to another, and of nowe one he thinketh, and nowe another, and into water entreth, and anon respireth, soche one liste me nat into perfite blisse of my servyce bring. A tre oft set in divers places wold not by kinde endure to brynge forth fruites. Loke nowe I pray The, howe myne olde servauntes of tyme passed continued in ther service, and folow thou after ther steppes, and thanne might thou not faile, in case thou worche in this wise.

Certes (qð I) it is nothinge lich, this world to time passed, eke this cowntre hath one maner, and another cowntre hath another. And so maie not a man alwaye put to hys eye the salve that he heled with his hele. For this is sothe, betwyxe two thynges liche ofte diversite is required. Now (qð she) that is sothe, diversite of natyon, dyversite of lawe, as was makid by many resons, for that diversyte cometh in by the contrarious malice of wicked peple, that han envious hertes ayenst other. But trewly my law to my servauntes ever hath ben in generall, whiche maie not faile; for ryght as manne's law, that is ordeined by manie determinacions, may not be knowe for gode or badde, tyl assay of the peple han proved it, and to what end it draweth, and than it sheweth the necessite therof, or els the impossibilite, right so the law of my servauntes so wel hath ben proved in general, that hitherto hath it not failed. Wiste thou not well that all the lawe of kinde is my lawe, and by God ordained and stablished to dure by kinde resoun? wherefore al law by manne's witte purveid ought to be underputte to lawe of kinde, whiche yet hath be commune to every kinde-ly creature, that my statutes and my lawe that ben kyndely, arne generall to all peples. Olde doinges, and by many turninges of yeres used, and with the peple's maner proved, mowen not so lightly ben defased, but newe doinges contrariauntes soche old often causen diseses and breken many purposes.

Yet saie I nat therfore, that ayen new mischefe men should not ordaine a newe remedye, but alway loke it contrary not the olde no ferther than the malice stretcheth. Than foloweth it, the olde doinges in love han ben universall, as for moste exploite, forthi used: Wherefore I wold not yet that of my lawes nothyng be adouled.

But thanne to thy purpose, soche jangelers and lookers, and waiters of games, if thei thinke in ought they

they mowe dere, yet love wel alway, and sette hem at nought, and lette thy porte ben lowe in every wightes presence, and redie in thine herte to mainteine that thou hast begone, and a litell The faine with mekenesse in wordes, and thus with sleight shalte thou surmounte and dequace the yvell in ther hertes. And wisdomes yet is to seme flye other while there a manne woll fight. Thus with soche thynges, the tonges of yvell shal ben stilled: els fully to graunte thy full mening, forsothe ever was and ever it shall be, that mine enemies ben aferde to trust to any fighting: and therefore have thou no cowarde's herte in my service, no more than somtime thou haddest in the countraye, for if thou drede soche janglers thy viage to make: understand wel, that he that dredeth any rain to sowe his cornes, he shall have thin berness, also he that is aferde of his clothes, let him daunce naked. *Who nothinge undertaketh, and namelie in my service, nothinge achieveth. After grete stormes the wether is often mery and smothe. After moche clatering there is mokill rowninge:* thus after jangling wordes cometh huishte, pece and be still. O gode lady (qð I than) se now how seven yere passed and more, have I graffed and groubed a vine, and with al the waies that I coude, I sought to afede me of the grape, but fruit have I non founde. Also I have this seven yere served Laban to awedded Rachel his doughter, but blere-eyed Leah is brought to my bedde, whiche alway engendreth my tene, and is full of children in tribulacion and in care: and although the clippinges and kyssynges of Rachell should seme to me swete, yet is she so baraine, that gladnesse ne joye by no way wol springe, so that I may wepe with Rachel, I may not ben counsailed with solace, sithen issue of men hertely desire is failed. Nowe than I pray that to me sone fredom and grace, in this eight yere, this eyghteth mow to me bothe be kynreste and masseday after these seven werke daies of travail, to folow the christen lawe: and what ever ye do ells, that thilke Margarite be holden so lady in your pryvy chambre, that she in this case, to none other person be committed. Loke than (qð she) in this case to none other persone be committed, loke than (qð she) thou persever in my service, in whiche I have The grounded, that thilke skorne in thy enemies mowe thus on thy person be not sothed: lo! this man began to edifie, but for his foundement is bad, to the ende maye he it nat bring. For mekenesse in countenance, with a manly herte in dedes and in longe countinaunce, is the consiance of my livery, to al my retinue delivered. What wenest thou that me lyst avaunce soche persones as loven the firste sittings at festes, the higheste stoles in churches, and in hal; loutinges of peples in markettes and faires, unstedfaste to byde in one place any while togither, wenyng his owne wit more excellent than other, scorning al maner devise but his owne. Nay, nay, God wor, these shul nothing parten of my blysse. Truly my maner heretofore hath ben worship with my blisse, Lions in the felde, and lambes in chambre, Egles at assaute, and maidens in hal, Foxes in counsaile, stil in ther dedes, and ther protection is graunted redy to ben a bridge, and ther baner is arered like wolves in the felde. Thus by these wayes shul men ben avaunced: ensample of David that from keping of shepe was drawn up into the order of kingly governaunce, and Jupiter from a boie to ben Europe's fere, and Julius Caesar from the lowest degre in Rome, to be maister of al erthly princes, and Æneas from hell, to be kynge of the countre there Rome is now stonding. And so to The I say thy grace by bering thereafter maye set The in soch plight, that no jangling may greve the lest tucke of thy hemmes, that all ther jang-

gles is nought to counce at a cresse in thy disavantage.

EVer (qð she) hath the peple in this worlde desired to have had grete name in worthinesse, and hated foule to bere any fame, and that is one of the objections thou alegest to be ayen thin hertely desire. Ye forsothe (qð I) and that so comenly the peple wol lye and bringe aboute soche enfame. Now (qð she) if men with lesinges put on The enfame, wenest thy self thereby ben enpeired? that wening is wrong, se why, for as moch as they lien, thy merite encreseth, and thei make The ben more worthy to hem that knowen of The the sothe, by what thing thou art apeired, that in so mokil thou arte encrefed of thy beloved frendes: and sothely a wounde of thy frend is to The lasse harme, ye sir, and better than a false kyssyng in discevable glosinge of thin enemy, above that than to be wel with thy frende maketh soch enfame, ergo, thou art encrefed and nat apeired. Lady (qð I) somtyme yet if a man be in disese, th' estimation of the envious peple ne loketh nothing to desertes of men, ne to the merites of ther doynge, but onely to the aventure of fortune, and thereafter they yeven ther sentence. And some loken the voluntary wil in his herte, and thereafter telleth his judgement, not taking hede to reson ne to the qualyte of the doing, as thus. If a man be riche and fulfild with worldly welfulnesse, some commenden it, and saine it is so lente by juste cause, and he that hath adversite, they saine he is wicked, and hath deserved thilke anoie. The contraye of these thinges some men holden also, and sain that to the rich prosperite is purvaied into his confusion, and upon this matter, many autorites of many and grete-witted clerkes they alegen. And some men sayne, though all gode estimation forsaken folke that han adversite, yet is it merite and encrese of hys blisse; so that these purposes arne so wonderful in understondinge, that trewly for mine adversite, nowe I n'ot how the sentence of the indifferent peple wyll judgen my fame. Therefore (qð she) if anye wight shulde yeve a trew sentence on soche matters, the cause of the disese maist thou se well, understande therupon after what ende it drawethe, that is to sayne gode or bade, so ought it to have his fame by godenesse, enfame by baddenesse: for every resonable persone, and namelye of a wise man, his witte ought not without reson toforne herde, sodainly in a matter to juge. After the sawes of the wise, thou shalt not juge ne deme toforne thou knowe. Lady (qð I) ye remembre wel that in molte laude and praisynge of certain saintes in holy church, is to reherfen ther conversacion frome badde into gode, and that is so reherfed, as by a perpetuall myrour of remembrance in wurshiping of tho saintes, and gode ensample to other misdooers in amendement. How turned the Romaine zedeories fro the Romaines, to be with Haniball ayenst his kind nacion: And alterwardes him seming the Romaines to be at the next degre of confusion, turned to his olde alies, by whose witte after was Hanibal discomfited. Wherefore to enfourme you lady, the maner, why I mene, se now in my youth I was drawe to be assentaunt, and in my mightes helping to certaine conjuracions, and other grete matters of rulyng of citezins, and thylke thinges ben my drawers in, and exitours to tho matters werne so painted and coloured, that at the prime face, me semed them noble and glorious to al the peple: I than wenyng mykell merite have deserved in furthuring and maintenaunce of tho thinges, besyde and laboured with all my diligence, in workinge of thilke matters to the ende. And trewly, lady, to tell you the sothe, me rought lytell of any hate

of the mighty fenatours in thilke cite, ne of communes malice, for two skilles: One was I had comforte to ben in soche plite, that both profite were to me and to my frendes. Another was, for comen profite in comunaltie is not but pece and tranquillite with iust governaunce proceden from thilke profite, sithen by counsaile of mine inwitte, me thought the first painted thinges, malice and evyll meninge, withouten any gode availinge to anye peple, and of tyrannye purposed, and so for pure sorowe and of my medlyng, and badde infame that I was in ronne, tho teres lashed out of myne eyen, were thus awaye washe, thanne the under hydde malice and the rancoure of purposinge envie forncaste and ymaged, in distruction of mokil peple, shewed so openly, that had I ben blinde, with mine handes all the circoumstaunce I might well have feled.

Nowe than tho persones that soch thinges have caste to redresse, for wrathe of my firste meddlyng, shopen me to dwel in this pynande prison, tyll Lachesis my threde no lenger woulde tweyne. And ever I was sought, if me lyst to have grace of my lyfe, and frenesse of that prison, I shulde openly confesse howe pece might ben endused to enden al the firste rauncours. It was fullie supposed my knowinge to be ful in tho matters. Than lady I thought that every man that by any waye of ryght, ryghtfully done, maye helpe any comune helpe to ben saved, whiche thing to kepe above all thinges I am holde to mayntaine, and namely in distroyng of a wrong, al shulde I therthrough enpeche myne owne fere, if he wer guilty, and to do misdede assentaunt, and maister ne frende maye nought availe, to the soule of hym that in falsenesse deyeth, and also that I nere desired wrathe of the peple, ne indignacion of the worthy, for nothinge that ever I wrought or dyd, in anye doinges my selfe els, but in the maintenaunce of these foresaid errours, and in hydyng of the privities thereof.

And that al the peples hertes holding on the errours side weren blinde and of elde so ferforthe begiled, that debate and strife they maintained, and in distruction on that other side, by whiche cause the pece, that moste in comunaltie should be desired, was in pointe to be broken and adnulled. Also the cytye of London, that is to me so dere and swete, in whiche I was forth growen, and more kindly love have I to that place, than to any other in yerth, as every kindly cature hath full appetite to that place of his kindly engendrure, and to wilne reste and pece in that stede to abyde: thilke pece should thus there have ben broken, and of al wise it is commended and desired. For knowe thyng it is, all men that desiren to comen to the parfite pece everlasting, muste the pece by God commended bothe maintaine and kepe. This pece by angels voice was confirmed, our God entrynge in this worlde. This as for his testament he lefte to al his frendes, when he retourned to the place from whence he came: This his Apostell admonesteth to holden, without whiche man partly may have none insight. Also this God by his comynge made not pece alone betwene hevenly and yerthely bodies, but also among us on yerth so he pece confirmed, that in one hed of love one body we should perfourme. Also I remembre well howe the name of Athenes was rather after the God of pece, than of bataile, shewyng that pece moste is necessarie to comunalties and cytyes. I than so stired by al these wayes toforne nempned, declared certain pointes in this wise. First that thilke persons that hadden me drawen to ther purposes, and me not witting the privy entent of ther meninge drawen also the feblewitted peple, that have none

insight of gubernatife prudence, to clamoure and to crie on matters that they stired, and under pointes for commune avauntage, they embolded the passife to take in the active's doying, and also stired innocentes of coming to crie after thinges, whiche (qð they) maye not stand. but we ben executours of tho matters, and auctorite of execucion by comen election to us be delyvered, and that muste enter by strength of your maintenaunce, for we out of soch degre put, oppression of these olde hindrers shal againe surmounten and putten you in soche subjection, that in endlesse wo ye shul complaine. The governementes (qð thei) of your cite left in the handes of torcencious citezins shal bring in pestilence and distruction to you goue menne, and therfore let us have the comune administracion to abate soche yvelles. Also (qð they) it is worthy the gode to commende, and the guilty desertes to chastice. There ben citezins many for ferde of execucion that shal be done, for extorcions by hem committed, ben evermore ayenst these purposes, and al other gode meninges. Never the latter ladie, trewly the meninge under these wordes was fully to have apeched the mighty fenatours, whiche hadden hevie herte for the misgovernance that they seen. And so lady, when it fell that fre eleccion, by grete clamour of moche peple, for grete disefe of misgovernance so fervently stoden in ther eleccion, that they hem submitted to every maner face, rather than have suffered the maner and the rule of the hated governours, notwithstanding that in the contrary helden moch comune meiny, that have no consideration, but onelye to voluntary lustes withouten refon. But than thilke governour so forsaken, faininge toforne his undoinge for misrule in his time, shope to have letted thilke eleccion, and have made a newe him selfe to have bene chosen, and under that mokyl rore have arered. These thinges, lady, knowne amonge the princes, and made open to the peple, draweth in amendement, that every degre shal bene ordained to stande there as he shulde, and that of errours coming hereafter, men may lightly toforne hande purvaye remedye, in thys wise, pece and rest to be furthered and hold. Of the which thinges ladie, thilke persons broughten in answer toforne ther most soverain judge, not coarted by paininge dures openlye knowlegeden, and asked therof grace, so that apertely it preveth my wordes ben soche without forginge of lesinges.

But nowe it greveth me to remembre these divers sentences, in jangling of these shepy peple: certes me thinketh they oughten to maken joy that a sothe maie be knowe. For my trouth and my conscience bene witnesse to me bothe, that this knowing sothe have I saide for no harme, ne malyce of tho persones, but onely for trouth of my sacrament in my leigeaunce, by whiche I was charged on my kinges behalfe. But se ye not nowe lady, how the felonous thoughtes of this peple, and covins of wicked men, conspiren ayen my sothfast trouth? Se ye not every wight that to these erronious opinions were assentaunt, and helps to the noise, and knewen all these thinges better than I my selven, apparaylen to fynden newe frendes, and clepen me false, and studyen howe they mowen in ther mouthes werse plyte nempne. O God what maye this be, that thylke folke which that in tyme of my mayntenaunce, and whan my might availed to streth the forsaide matters, tho me commended, and yave me name of trouth, in so manye folde maneres, that it was nighe in every wight's ere, there as any of thylke peple weren, and on the other syde, thylke companie somtyme passed, yevynge me name of badde loos, nowe bothe tho peples turned the gode into badde, and badde into gode! whiche thinge is wonder, that they knowing me say-

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ing but soth arne nowe tempted to reply ther olde prayfinges, and knowen me well in all doinges to ben trewe, and saine openly that I false have said many thinges. And they aleged nothings me to ben false or untrew, save thilke mater knowleged by the parties 'hemselfe: and God wot other matter is none. Ye also lady knowe these thinges for trewe, I avaunte not in praisinge of my self, therby shulde I lese the precious secrete of my conscience. But ye se well that false opinion of the peple for my trouthe, in tellinge out of false conspired maters, and after the judgement of these clerkes I shulde not hide the soth of no manner person, maister ne other, wherefore I wolde not drede, were it put in the consideracion of trewe and of wyse. And for comers hereafter shullen fully out of denwere all the sothe knowe of these thinges in acte, but as they werne, I have put it in scripture, in perpetuel remembraunce of true mening. For truly lady me semeth, that I ought to bere the name of trouthe, that for the love of rightwisenesse have thus me submitten: But nowe than the false fame whiche that clerkes saine flieth as faste as dothe the fame of trouthe, shall so wide sprede, til it be brought to the jewel that I of mene, and so shall I ben hindred withouten any mesure of trouthe.

THan gan Love sadlye me beholde, and saide in a chaunged voyce, lower than she hadde spoken in any tyme. Faine wolde I (qð she) that thou were holpen, but halt thou said any thinge, whiche thou might not proven? Parde (qð I) the persons every thinge as I have said han knowleged 'hem selfe. Yea (qð she) but what yf they hadden naied, how woldest thou have mainteined it. Sothelye (qð I) it is well wiste bothe amongest the grettest, and other of the relme, that I profered my body so largely into provinge of tho thinges, that Mars shuld have judged th'ende: but for sothnesse of my wordes they durst not to thilke judge trust. Now certes (qð she) above all fames in this world, the name of marcyal doynges moste plesen to ladies of my lore, but fythen thou were redy, and thine adversaires in thy presence refused thilke doyng, thy fame ought to be so borne, as if in dede it had take to the ende. And therefore every wight that anye droppe of reson hath, and hereth of the infame, for these thinges hath this answer to saye, trewly thou saidest, for thyne adversaries thy wordes affirmed. And yf thou haddest lied, yet are they discomfited, the prife lened on thy side, so that fame shall holde downe infame, he shall bringe upon none half. What greveth The thine enemyes to saine ther owne shame? as thus: We are discomfited, and yet oure quarell is trewe. Shall not the loos of thy frendes ayenward dequace thilke infame, and say they graunted a sothe without a stroke or fighting? Many men in batail ben discomfited and overcome in a rightfull quarell, that is Godde's privy judgement in heven: but yet although the partie be yolden, he may with wordes say his quarell is trew, and to yelde him in the contrarie for dred of dethe he is compelled, and he that graunteth and no stroke hath feled, he may not crepe away in this wise, by none excusacion. Indifferent folke will say, ye who is trew? who is false? himself knowlegeth tho thinges. Thus in every side fame sheweth to The gode and no badde. But yet (qð I) some will saye, I ne shuld for no deth have discovered my maistresse, and so by unkindnes they wol knette infame to pursue me aboute: thus enemies of wil in manifold maner wol seche privie serpentines queintises, to quenche and destroye by venime of many businesse the light of truthe, to make hertes to murmoure ayenst my persone, to have me in haine, withouten any cause. Nowe (qð she) here me a fewe wordes, and thou

shalt fully ben answered, I trow. Me thinketh (qð she) right nowe by thy wordes, that Sacramente of sweryng, that is to saie, charging by othe, was one of the causes, to make The discover the malicious ymaginacions tofore nempned, every othe by knyttyng of copulacion must have these lawes, that is true judgement and rightwisenesse, in whiche thyng, if any of these lacke, the othe is iturned into the name of perjurie: then to make a true sermente muste nedes these thynges followe, for ofte tymes for a man to saie sothe, but judgement and justice folowe, he is forsworne: ensample of Herodes for holdyng of his serment, was dampned.

Also to saie truthe rightfulliche, but in judgement, otherwhile is forboden, by that all sothes be not to saine. Therefore in judgement, in truthe and rightwisenesse, is every cature bounden up paine of perjurie full knowyng to make, tho it were of his owne persone, for drede of sinne, after that worde better is it to dey, then live false, and all would perverted peple false reporte make in unkindnes, in that entent thy fame to reise, when light of truthe in these matters is forthe sprongen, and openly published among commons, then shall not soche dark enfame dare appere, for pure shame of his falsnes, as some men there ben that ther owne enfame can none otherwise voide, or els excuse, but by hindring of other mennes fame, whiche that by none other cause clepen other men fals, but for with ther own falsnesse mowen thei not ben avaunsed, or els by false sclandryng wordes other men shendin ther owne true sclander to make seme the lasse, for if soche men woulde ther eyen of ther conscience revolve, thei shoulde seene the same sentence, thei legen on other, spring out of ther sides, with so many branches, it wer impossible to nomber. The which therefore maie it be saied in that thing, this man thou demest, therein thy self thou condempnest. But (qð she) understande not by these wordes, that thou wene me saie The to be worthie sclander, for any matter tofore written, truly I would witness the contrary, but I saie that the bemes of sclandring words maie not ben doen awaie, till the daie of dome. For how should it not yet emonges so gret plentie of peple ben many shrewes, sithen when no mo but eighte persones in Noe's ship wer closed, yet one was a shrewe, and scorned his father? These things (qð she) I trowe, shewen that false fame is not to drede, ne of wise persones to accepte, and namely not of thy Margarite, whose wisdom hereafter I think to declare, wherefore I wot well soche thyng shall not her astert, then of unkindnesse thine oth hath The excused at the full. But now if thou woldest not greve, me liste a fewe thinges to shewe. Saie on (qð I) what ye wol, I trowe ye mene but trouthe, and my profite in tyme commyng. Truelie (qð she) that is sothe, so thou con wel kepe these wordes, and in the inrest secrete chamber of thine herte so faste 'hem close, that thei never flitte, then shalte thou finde 'hem availyng. Loke now what peple haste thou served, whiche of 'hem all in tyme of thine exile ever The refreshed, by the value of the left coigned plate, that walketh in money? Who was sorie, or made any rueth for thy disese? If thei hadden gotten ther purpose of thy misaventure, sette thei not an haw. Lo! when thou wer enprisoned, howe faste thei hied in helpe of thy deliveraunce. I wene of thy deth thei yeve but lite: Thei looked after no thyng, but after ther owne lustes. And if thou liste saie the sothe, all that meinie that in this brigge The broughten, looked rather after thyne helps, then The to have releved.

Owen not yet some of 'hem money for his commons? Paidest not thou for some of ther dispences, till

till thei were tourned out of Seland? Who yave The ever ought, for any ridyng thou maideſt? Yet parde, ſome of 'hem token money for thy chamber, and putte tho pens in his pouſe, unwetyng of the renter.

Lo! for which a companie thou medleſt, that neither The, ne them ſelf mighten helpe, of unkindneſſe, nowe thei bere the name, that thou ſuppoſeſt of 'hem for to have. What might thou more have doen, then thou diddeſt, 'but if thou wouldeſt in a falſe quarell have ben a ſtinking martire? I wene thou fleddeſt as long as thou might, ther privitie to concele, whiche thyng thou heleſte lenger then thou ſhouldeſt. And thilke that ought The money, no pennie wold paie, thei wend thy returne had ben an impoſſible. How might thou better have 'hem proved but thus in thy nedie diſeſes? Now haſte thou enſample, for whom thou ſhalt meddle; truelie this lore is worth many godes.

Ofre gan love to ſterne me theſe wordes, thinke on my ſpech, for truelie here after, it wold doe The likyng, and how ſo ever thou ſe Fortune ſhape her whele to tourne, this meditation by no waie revolve. For certes fortune ſheweth her faireſt, when ſhe thinketh to begile. And as me thought heretoforne, thou ſaideſt thy loos in love, for thy rightwiſenelle ought to be raiſed, ſhould be allowed in tyme comyng, thou might in love ſo The have, that loos and fame ſhull ſo ben raiſed, that to thy frendes comforte, and ſorowe to thin enemies, endleſſe ſhul endure.

But if thou were that one Shepe emonges the hundred, were loſte in deſerte, and out of the waie had erred, and nowe to the flocke art reſtored, the Shepherde hath in The no joye, and thou ayen to the Forreſte tourne. But that right as the ſorowe and anguiſhe was grete, in tyme of thyne outwaigoyng, right ſo joye and gladnes ſhall be doubled, to ſeen The converted, and not as Lot's wife ayen lokyng, but whole counſaile with the Shepe folowyng, and with them graſſe and herbes gaðer. Never the later (qð ſhe) I ſaie not theſe thynges for no wantruſte that I have, in ſuppoſyng of The otherwiſe then I ſhould. For truelie I wote wel, that now thou art ſette in ſoche a purpoſe, out of whiche The liſte not to part. But I ſaie it, for many men ther ben that to knowyng of other mennes doyns ſetten all ther cure, and lightly deſiren the badde to clatter, rather than the gode, and have no will ther owne maner to amende. Thei alſo hate of old rancour lightly haven, and there that ſoche thing abideth, ſodainly in ther mouthes procedeth the habundaunce of the herte, and wordes as ſtones, ſtones out throwe. Wherefore my counſaile is evermore, openlie and apertlie, in what place thou ſit, counterplete th' errorrs and meninges, in as ferre as thou 'hem wiſteſt falſe, and leve for no wight to make 'hem be knowe in every bodies ere, and be alwaie pacient, and uſe Jacobe's wordes, what ſo ever menne of The clappen, I ſhall ſuſtain myladie's wrathe, whiche I have deſerved, ſo long as my Margarite hath rightwiſed my cauſe. And certes (qð ſhe) I witneſſe my ſelf, if thou thus converted, ſoroweſt in gode menyng in thyne herte, wolt from all vanitie parſitely departe, in conſolacion of al gode pleaſaunce; the Margarite, which that thou deſireſt, after wil of thine hert, in a maner of a mother's pitie, ſhull fullie accept The into grace. For right as thou renteſt clothes in open ſight, ſo openlie to ſowe 'hem at his worſhippe, withouten reprofe commended. Alſo, right as thou were enſample of mocheſolde errour, right ſo thou muſte be enſample of manyſolde correccion, ſo gode favour to forgoynge all erreure deſtroyinge cauſeth diligente

love with many plaited praiſynges to followe, and then ſhall all the firſte errorrs make the followyng worſhippes to ſeme hugelie encreſed; blacke and white ſette togiðer every for other more ſemeth, and ſo doth every thing contrarie in kinde. But infame that goeth alwaie tofore, and praiſing worſhip by any cauſe folowyng after, maketh to riſe thilke honour, in double of welth, and that quencheſt the ſpote of the firſte enſame. Why weneſt I ſaie theſe thynges, in hinderyng of thy name? Naie, naie, God wotte, but for pure encreſyng worſhippe, thy rightwiſenelle to commende, and thy trouthe to ſeme the more. Woteſt not well thy ſelf, that thou in forme of makyng paſſeſt not Adame, that ete of the apple? Thou paſſeſt not the ſtedfaſtnes of Noe, that etyng of the grape become dronke. Thou paſſeſt not the chaſtite of Lot, that laie by his daughter. Eke the nobley of Abraham, whom God reproved by his pride. Alſo Davide's mekenelle, whiche for a woman made Urie be ſlawe. What? alſo Hector of Troie, in whom no defeaute might be founde, yet is he reproved that he ne had with manhod not ſuſſed the warre begon: ne Paris to have went into Grece, by whom ganne all the ſorowe: for truelie hym lacketh no venime of privie conſentyng, whiche that openly levethe a wrong to withſaie. Lo eke an olde proverbe, emong many other! *He that is ſill; ſemeth as he graunted.*

Now by theſe enſamples, thou might fully underſtand, that theſe thinges ben writ to your lernyng, and in rightwiſnes of tho perſones, as thus: To every wight his defeaut committed made godeneſſe afterwardeſ doen be the more in reverence, and in open ſhewyng; for enſample, is it not ſong in holy church? Lo how neceſſarie was Adame's ſinne? David the kyng gatte Salomon the king, of her that was Urie's wife. Truelie for reprofe is none of theſe thynges writte: Right ſo tho I reherſe thy beſoredeſe, I repreve The never the more, ne for no villany of The ar thei reherſed, but for worſhip, ſo thou continue well hereafter, and for profite of thy ſelf I rede thou on 'hem thinke.

Then ſaied I right thus. Ladie of unitie and accorde, envie, and wrathe lurken there thou comeſte in place; ye weten well your ſelve, and ſo doen many other, that while I adminiſtred the office of common doynge, as in rulyng of the ſtabliſhementes emonges the peple, I deſouled never my conſcience for no maner dede, but ever by wit and by counſail of the wiſeſt the matters weren drawen to ther right endes. And thus truly for you ladie, I have deſired ſoche cure, and certes in your ſervice was I not idle, as far as ſoch doing of my cure ſtretcheth. That is a thing (qð ſhe) that may draw many herts of noble, and voyce of common into glorie, and fame is not but wretched and fickle.

Alas! that mankind coviteth in ſo leud a wiſe to be rewarded of any gode dede, ſithe glorie of Fame in this worlde is not but hinderyng of glorie in tyme comyng. And certes (qð ſhe) yet at the hardeſte ſoche fame into heven is not the yerthe but a centre to the circle of heven? A pricke is wonder little, in reſpecte of all the circle, and yet in all this pricke maie no name be borne, in maner of perſyng, for many obſtacles, as waters and wilderneſſe, and ſtraunge languages, and not onelie names of menne ben ſtilled, and holden out of knowleging, by theſe obſtacles, but alſo citees and relmes of proſperitie ben letted to be knowe, and ther reſon hindred, ſo that thei mow not ben perſitely in mennes proper underſtandyng. Howe ſhould then the name of a ſingular londenoyſ paſſe the glorious name of London, whiche by many it is commended, and by many it is lacked, and in many mo places in yerth not known,

en, then knowen? for in many countrees litle is London in knowyng, or in speche, and yet emong one maner of peple maie not soche fame in godenesse come, for as many as praisen, commonly as many lacken. Fie then on soche maner fame! slepe and suffre him that knoweth privitie of hertes, to dele soche fame in thilke place, there nothing ayenst a sothe shal neither speke, ne dare apere, by attorney, ne by other maner. How many grete-named, and many grete in worthinesse losed, han be tofore this tyme, that now out of memorie are slidden, and clenelie forgotten, for defaute of wrytynges, and yet scriptures for gret elde so ben defased, that no perpetualitie maie in hem ben judged. But if thou wolt make comparison to ever, what joye maiest thou have in yerthly name? it is a faire likenesse, a pees or one graine of Whete to a thousande shippes full of corne charged. What number is betwene the one and the other? and yet mowe bothe thei be nombred, and ende in reckenyng have. But truely al that maie be nombred, is nothing to reckon, as to thilke that maie not be nombred, for of thinges ended is made comparison, as one litle, an other grete, but in thynges to have an ende, and an other no ende, soche comparison maie nor be founden. Wherefore in heven to ben losed with God hath none ende, but endlesse endureth, and thou canste nothyng doen arighte, but thou desire the rumour thereof be heled, and in every wightes ere, and that dureth but a pricke in respecte of the other. And so thou sekest rewarde of folkes, smale wordes, and of vain praisynges. Truelie therein thou lefeste the guerdone of vertue, and lefeste the grettest valour of conscience, and uphap thy renome everlastyng. Therefore boldly renome of fame of the yerth should be hated, and fame after deth should be desired, of werkes of vertue asketh guerdoning, and the soule causeth all vertue: Than the soule delivered out of prison of yerthe, is moste worthie soche guerdone emong to have in the everlastyng fame, and not the bodie that causeth all manne's evils.

OF twey thynges art thou answered, as me thinketh (qð Love) and if any thing be in doubte in thy soule, shewe it forth, thyne ignorance to clere, and leve it for no shame. Certes (qð I) there ne is no bodie in this worlde, that aught could saie by reason ayenst any of your skilles, as I leve, and by my wit now fele I well, that evill spekers, or berers of enfame, may litle greve, or let my purpose, but rather by soche thing my quarel to be forthered. Yea (qð she) and it is proved also, that the ilke jewell in my keping shall not there-through be stered, of the lest moment that might be imagined. That is sothe (qð I). Well (qð she) then leveth there to declare that thy insuffisaunce is no maner letting; as thus, for that she is so worthie, thou shouldest not climbe so high, for thy moebles and thin estate arn voided, thou thinkest fallen in soche miserie, that gladnes of thy pursute woll not on The discende. Certes (qð I) that is sothe: right soche thought is in myne herte, for commonlie it is spoken, and for an olde proverbe it is ledged: *he that beweth to hie, with chippes he maie lese his fight*. Wherefore I have ben about in al that ever I might, to studie wayes of remedie by one side or by an other. Now (qð she) God forbede, ere thou seke any other doynge, but soche as I have lerned The in our restyng whiles, and soche herbes ben planted in our Gardins. Thou shalte well understande, that above man is but one God alone. How (qð I) han men tofore this tyme trusted in writtes and chauntementes, and in helpes of Spirites, that dwellen in the aire, and thereby thei han gotten ther desires, where as firste for all his manlie power he daunced behinde.

O (qð she) fie on soche matters! for truelie that is sacrilege, and that shal have no fort with any of my servauntes in myne eyen shal soche thing not be loked after. How often is it commanded by these passed wise, that to one God shall men serve, and not to Goddes? And who that list to have mine helpes, shall ask non helpe of foule spiritus. Alas! is not man makid semblable to God? Wofte thou not well, that all vertue of liveliche werkyng by Godd's purveighaunce is under put to resonable cature in yerth? is not every thyng a thishalfe God? Made buxome to manne's contemplacion, understanding in heven, and in yerthe, and in helle. Hath not manne beyng with stoness, soule of wexyng with trees and herbes?

Hath he not soule of feling with bestes, fishes, and foules, and soule of reson and understanding with Angels? so that in him is knitte all maner of livinges by a resonable proporcion. Also man is made of all the fower Elements. All univerfitie is rekened in him alone: he hath under God principalitie above althinges. Now is his soule here, now a thousande mile hence, now farre, now nighe, now lowe, as farre in a moment, as in mountenaunce of ten Winter, and all this in manne's governaunce and disposicion. Then sheweth it, that men ben liche unto Goddes, and children of moste height. But nowe sithen all thynges are underput to the wille of resonable creatures, God forbede any man to win that Lordship, and aske helpe of any thyng lower then hym selfe, and then namelie of foule thinges inopinable.

Nowe then, why shouldest thou wene to love to high, sithen nothing is The above, but God alone. Truelie I wote well, that the ilke jewell is in a maner even in line of degre there thou art thy selfe, and nought above, save thus. Angell upon Angell, man upon man, and Devill upon Devill, han a maner of Sovereintie, and that shall cese at the daie of Dome: and so I saie, though thou be put to serve thilke jewell, duryng thy life, yet is that no servage of underputtyng, but a maner of travailing plesaunce, to conquere and get that thou haste not.

I fet now the hardest in my servise, now thou deidest for sorowe of wantyng in thy desires: truelie all hevenlie bodies with one voyce shall come, and make melodie in thy coming, and saie welcome our fere, and worthie to enter into Jupiter's joy, for thou with mighte haste overcome dethe, thou wouldest never flitte out of thy servise, and we all shall now praie to the Goddes, rowe by rowe to make the ilke Margarite, that no routh had in this persone, but unkindely without comforte lette The deie, shall be set her self in soch wise, that in yerth for part of vengeaunce shall she no joye have in love's servise: and when she is dedde, then shal her soule ben broughte up into thy presence, and whither thou wilt chese, the ilke soule shal ben committed. Or els after thy deth, anone all the foresaid hevenlie bodies by one accorde shal be nommen from thilke perle, all the vertues that firste her were taken, for she hath hem forfeited, by that on The my servaunte in thy live she would not suffer to worche all vertues, withdrawn by might of the high bodies: Why then shouldest thou wene so any more? And if The list to loke upon the lawe of kinde, and wise order, whiche to me was ordained, sothlie none age, none overtourning tyme hitherto had no tyme ne power, to chaunge the weddyng, ne that knotte to unbinde of two hertes through one assente in my presence together accorded to endure till deth hem departe. What trowest thou every ideot wot the menyng and the privie entente of these thinges? Thei wene for sothe, that soche accorde mai not be, but the Rose of maidenhede be plucked, doe waie, doe waie, thei knowe nothyng of this: for consente of two hertes alone maketh the fastenyng

of the knot, neither lawe of kind, ne manne's Lawe, determineth neither the age, ne the qualitie of persones, but onelie accorde betwene thilke twaie. And truelie, after tyme that soche accorde by ther consent in herte, is enfeled and put in my tresorie, amonges my privie thinges then ginneth the name of spoufaile, and althoughe thei breken forward bothe, yet soche matter enfeled is kepte in remembraunce for ever. And se now that spouses have the name anon after accorde, though the Rose be not take. The Aungell bade Joseph, take Mary his Spouse, and to Egypt wende: Lo! she was cleped spouse, and yet toforne ne after neither of 'hem bothe mente no fleshely luste knowe, wherefore the wordes of trouthe accorden, that my servautes shoulde forsake bothe father and mother, and be adherand to his spouse, and thei two in unitie of one fleshe shoulde accorde. And this wise two that werne firste in a little maner disacordaunte, higher that one, and lower that other, ben made evenliche in gre to stonde.

But nowe to enforme The, that ye benliche Goddes, these clerkes saine, and in determinacion shewen, that thre thinges haven the names of Goddes ben cleped, that is to saine, Man, Devill, and Images; but yet is there but one God, of whom all godenesse, all grace, and all vertue cometh, and he is loving and true, and everlasting, and prime cause of all beyng thynges: but men ben Goddes, loving and true, but not everlasting, and that is by adopcion of the everlasting God. Devils ben Goddes, stirring by a manner of livyng, but neither ben thei true, ne everlasting, and ther name of godlihedde thei han by usurpacion, as the Prophete saith: All Goddes of Gentiles, that is to saie Painims, are Devils. But Images ben Goddes by nuncupacion, and thei ben neither living ne true, ne everlasting: After these wordes thei clepen Goddes Images wrought with mennes handes.

But nowe resonable cature that by adopcion alone art to the grete God everlasting, and thereby thou art God cleped, let thy fathers maners so entre thy wittes, that thou might folowe, in as moche as longeth to The, thy father's worship, so that in nothing thy kinde from his will decline, ne from his nobley povertie. In this wise if thou werche, thou art above al other thinges, save GOD alone, and so saie no more thine herte to serve in to hie a place.

Fullie have I now declared thin estate to be so gode, so thou followe thereafter, and that the objection first by The aleged, in worthines of thy Margarite shal not The let, as it shal forther The, and encrese The, it is now to declare the last objection in nothing maie greve. Yes certes (qđ I) bothe greve, and let muste it nedes, the contrary maie not ben proved, and se now why. While I was glorious in worldlie welfulnesse, and had soch godes in welth, as maken men riche, tho was I drawe into compaignies that loos, prife, and name yeven: Tho louteden blasours, tho curreiden glosours, tho welcomeden flatterers, tho worshipped thilk, that now deinen not to loke. Every wight in soche yerthlie wele habundaunt is hold, noble, precious, benigne, and wise, to do what he shall in any degre that men hym set, all be it that the sothe be in the contrary of all tho thinges: but he that can, ne never so wel him behave, and hath vertue haboundaunte, in manyfolde maners, and be not welthed with soche yerthlie godes, is holde for a sole, and saied his wit is but sorted. Lo how false for ever is holde true! Lo howe true is cleped false, for wantyng of godes! Also Ladie, dignitees of office, maken menne mikell comended, as thus: he is so gode, wer he out, his pere should men not find. Truelie I trowe of some soch that art so praised, were thei out ones, an other should make

him so be knowe, he should of no wise no more ben looked after: but onely soles well I wot, desiren soch newe thinges. Wherefore I wonder that thilke governour, out of whom alone the causes proceden, that governen all thinges, which that hath ordeined this worlde in werkes of the kindly bodies so be governed not with unstedfaste or happious thinge, but with rules of reson, whiche shewen the course of certain thinges: why suffreth he soche sliding chaunges, the misturnen soche noble thinges as ben we men, that arne a faire persell of the yerth, and holden the uppereste degre under God of benigne thinges, as ye saiden right now your self, should never man have ben set in so worthie a place, but if his degre were ordained noble. Alas! thou that knittest the purveighaunce of all thynges, why lokest thou not to amenden these defautes? I se shrewes that han wicked maners sitten in chaires of domes, Lambes to punishen, there Wolves should ben punished. Lo, vertue shined naturelly for povertie lurketh, and is hid under cloude: but the Mone false forsworne, as I knowe my self, for aver and yestes hath usurped to shine by daie light, with peinture of other mennes praisynges, and truely thilke forged light foully should fade, were the trouthe awaie of colours feined. Thus is night touned into daie, and daie into night, Winter into Sommer, and Sommer into Winter, not in dede, but in misclepyng of folishe peple.

Nowe (qđ she) what weneste thou of these thynges? How selest thou in thine hert, by what governaunce that this cometh about?

Certes (qđ I) that wotte I never, but if it be, that Fortune hath graunt from above, to lede the ende of menne as her liketh. Ah nowe I se (qđ she) the entent of thy menyng: Lo! bicause thy worldly godes ben fulliche dispente, thou berafte out of dignitie of office, in which thou madeest thy gathering of thilke godes, and yet diddest in that office, by counsaile of wise, any thyng were ended, and true were unto 'hem, whose profite thou shouldest loke, and seest now many, that in the ilke herveest made of The mokell, and now for glosyng of other deineth The nought to forther, but enhaunten fals shrewes by witnessyng of trouthe: These thinges greveth thine herte, to seen thy self thus abated, and then frailtie of mankinde ne setteth but litle by the lesers of soche richesse, have he never so moche vertue, and so thou wenest of thy jewell to renne in dispente, and not ben accepted into grace: All this shal The nothyng hinder. Now (qđ she) firste thou woste well, thou lostest nothyng that ever mightest thou challenge for thine own: When nature brought The forth, come thou not naked out of thy mother's wombe? Thou haddeest no richesse, and when thou shalt enter into the ende of every fleshy bodie, what shalte thou have with The then? So every richesse thou halte, in tyme of thy living, n'is but lent, thou might therein challenge no propertie. And se now, every thing that is a manne's owne, he maie do therewith what hym liketh, to yeve or to kepe: but richesse thou plainest from The loste, if thy might had stretched so forth, saie thou wouldest have kepte, multiplied with mo other: and so ayenste thy will ben thei departed from The, wherefore thei wer never thine. And if thou laudest and joyest any wight, for he is stuffed with soche maner richesse, thou art in that beleve begiled, for thou wenest thilk joye to be felinesse, or els ese, and he that hath loste soche haps, to ben unselie. Ye forsothe (qđ I). Well (qđ she) then woll I prove that unsely, in that wise is to praise, and so the tother is the contrary to be lacked. Howe so (qđ I)? For unselie (qđ she) begileth not, but sheweth the entent of her workyng. *Et è contra.* Selinesse begileth, for in prosperitie, she maketh a jape

in blindenesse, that is, she windeth hym to make sorowe, when she withdraweth. Wolte thou not (q^d she) praise hym better, that sheweth to The his herte, tho it be with bitande wordes, and dispitous, then hym that gloseth, and thinketh in ther absence, to do The many harmes. Certes (q^d I) the one is to commende, and the other to lacke and despise. A ha (q^d she) right so ese while she lasteth, gloseth and flattereth, and lightly voideth, when she moſte pleaſantly ſheweth, and ever in her absence ſhe is aboute to doe The tene and ſorowe in herte: but unſelie all be it with bitande chere, ſheweth what ſhe is, and ſo doeth not that other, wherefore unſelie doeth not begile. Seleneſſe deceveth: unſelie putteth awaie doubt. That one maketh men blind, that other openeth ther eyen, in ſhewyng of wretchedneſſe. The one is full of drede, to leſe that is not his owne: That other is ſober, and maketh men diſcharged of mokell hevineſſe in burthen: The one draweth a man from very gode, the other haleth him to vertue, by the hokes of thoughtes. And weneſt thou not, that thy diſeſe hath doen The mokell more to winne, then ever yet thou loſteſt? And more than ever the contrary made The winne? Is it not a grete gode to thy thinking, for to knowe the hertes of thy ſothſaſt frendes. Parde thei ben proved to the full, and the true have diſcovered from the falſe. Truely at the goyng of thilke brotell joye, there yede no more a waie, then the ilke that was not thyn proper: He was never firm that lightly departed, thine own gode therfore levethe it ſtil with The. Nowe gode (q^d she) for how moche woldeſt thou ſometyme have bought this very knowynge of thy frendes, frome the flaterynge flyes that they glosed, whan thou thought thy ſelfe ſely! But thou that plaineſt of loſſe in richeſſe, haſt founden the moſt dere worthy thinge that thou clepeſt unſely hath made The moche thing to winnen. And alſo for concluſioun of all, he is frend that nowe levethe not his hert from thin helpeſ. And if that Margarit denieth now not to ſuffre her vertues ſhine to The wardes, wyth ſprede bemes, as farre or farther than if thou were ſely in worldely joye, Trewly I ſaye not elles but ſhe is ſome dele to blame.

Ah, pece (q^d I) and ſpeke no more of thys, mine herte braketh, nowe thou toucheſt any ſoche wordes. A well (q^d she) thanne lette us ſyngen, thou hereſt no more of theſe thinges at this thime.

Thus endeth the firſt boke of the Teſtament Love.

Here after ſoloweth the ſeconde.

Very welth may not be founden in al this world, and that is wel ſene: Lo! howe in my moſte comfort, as I wende and moſt ſuppoſed to have had full anſwer of my contrary thoughtes, ſodainly it was vaniſhed. And all the workes of man faren in the ſame wiſe, whan folke wenen beſte ther entente for to have, and willes to perſourm, anon chaunging of the liſt ſide to the right halve, tourneth it ſo clene into another kind, that never ſhal it come to the firſte plite in doynge.

O this wrongſul ſtering ſo ſone otherwiſed out of knowing! but for my purpoſe was at my beginnyng, and ſo dureth yet, yf God of his grace tyme woll me graunt, I thinke to perſorme this worke, as I have begonne in love, after as my thinne witte, wyth inſpyracyon of him, that hildeth all grace, woll ſuffre. Grevouſlye God wotte have I ſuffred a grete

throwe that the Romain Emperour, whiche in unyte of love ſhuld accorde and every with other in cauſe of other to avaunce, and namely ſithe this Empire to be corrected of ſo many ſectes in hereſy, of faith, of ſervice, of rule in love's religion. Trewly all were it but to ſhende erroneus opinions, I maye it no lenger ſuffre: For many menne ther ben that ſain love to ben in gravell and ſande, that with Se ebbing and flowing woweth, as riches that ſodainly waniſheth. And ſome ſaine that love ſhulde be in windy blaſtes, that ſtoundemele tourneth as a plane, and glorie of renome, whiche after luſtes of the variaunt peple is areyſed or ſtilled. Manie alſo wenen that in the ſunne and the mone, and other ſterres, love ſhulde ben founden, for amonge all other planettes moſte ſoverainlie they ſhinen, as dignitees in reverence of eſtates rather than gode han, and occupien. Full many alſo there ben that in okes and in huge poſtes ſuppoſen love to ben grounded, as in ſtrength and in might, which mowen not helpen ther owne wretchedneſſe, whan they ginne to fal. But ſoche diverſite of ſectes ayenſt the rightfull byleve of love, theſe errours ben forth ſpredde, that loves ſervauntes in the true rule and ſtedfaſt faith in no place darne apere: Thus irrecuparable joy is went, and any endleſſe is entred. For no man aright reproveth ſoche errours, but confirment ther wordes, and ſain that badde is noble gode, and godenes is badde, to whiche folke the prophet biddeth wo without ende.

Alſo many tongues of grete falſe techinges in gi-linge maner, principallye in my times, not onely with wordes, but alſo with armes, loves ſervauntes and profeſſe in his religion of trew rule, purſewen to confounden and to diſtroyen. And for as moche as holy fathers, that our chriſten faith aproved and ſtrengthened to the Jewes, as to men reſonable, and of divinite lerned, proved thilke faith with reſones, and with auctoritees of the olde teſtament, and of the newe ther pertinacie to diſtroy: But to painyms, that for beſtes and houndes wer holde to putte hem out of ther errour, was myracles of God ſhewed. Theſe thinges were figured by coming of th' angell to the ſhepherdes, and by the ſterre to painims kinges as who ſaith: Angel reſonable, to reſonable cature, and ſterre of miracle to peple beſtial, not lerned, werne ſent to enforme. But I lovers clerke in al my conning and with al my mightes, trewly I have no ſoche grace in vertue of miracles, ne for no diſconſite falſhedes, ſuffiſeth not auctorites alone, ſithen that ſuche heretikes and mayntaynours of falſites. Wherefore I wot well, ſithen that they ben men, and reſon is approved in hem, the cloude of errour hath ther reſon bewond with probable reſons, whiche that catchende wit rightfully may not with ſitte. But my travayllynge ſtudie I have ordeined hem, with that auctorite myſgloſed by manne's reſon to graunt ſhall be enduced.

Now ginneth my penne to quake, to thinken on the ſentences of the envious peple, whiche alwaye ben redy, both ryder and goer to ſkorne and to jape this leude boke, and me for rancoure and hate in ther hertes they ſhullen ſo diſpyſe, that althoughe my boke be leude, yet ſhal it ben more leude holden, and by wicked wordes in manye maner apaired. Certes me thinketh the ſowne of ther badde ſpeche right nowe is full bothe mine eres. O gode precious Margarite, mine herte ſhulde wepe, yf I wiſt ye token hede of ſoche manere ſpeche, but trewly I wotte wel in that your wyſedome ſhall not aſterte. For of God maker of kind witneſſe I toke, that for none envy ne yvel have I drawe this matter togiðer, but only for godeneſſe to maintain, and errours in falſites to diſtroy. Wherefore (as I ſaid) with reſon I thinke thilke forſaid errours to diſtroye and dequace.

Theſe

These reſons and ſoch other, yf they enduce men in love's ſervice trewe to beleve of parſite bliſſe, yet to full faith in credence of deſerte fully mowe they not ſuffiſe, ſithen faith hath no merit of mede, whan manne's reſon ſheweth experience in doing. For utterly no reſon the parſite bliſſe of love by no way maye make to be comprehended. Lo! what is a perſell of lover's joye? parſite ſcience in gode ſervice, of ther deſire to comprehend in bodely doinge the likinge of the ſoule, nat as by a glaſſe to have contemplacion of tyme cominge, but thilke firſte imagined and thought, after face to face in beholdyng: what hert, what reſon, what underſtandinge can make his heaven to be ſeled and know without aſſay of doing? certes none. Sithen than of love cometh ſoche fruite in bliſſe, and love in himſelfe is the moſte amonge other vertues, as clerkes ſain: The fede of ſoche ſpringinge in all places, in all countreis, in all worldes ſhulde ben ſowe.

But o wellawaye! thilke fede is forſake, and mowen not ben ſuffred the londetillers to ſet a werke, without meddlyng of cockle, badde wedes which ſomtime ſtonken hath caught the name of love amonge ydiotes and baddemening peple. Never the latter, yet howe ſo it be that menne clepe thilke kinge preciouſeſt in kinde, with many eke names, that other thinges, that the ſoule yeven the ilke noble name, it ſheweth well that in a maner men have a grete lyking in wurſhipping of thilke name, wherfore this worke have I writte, and to the tytle of love's name I have it avowed in a maner of ſacrifice, that where ever it be radde, it mow in merite by the excellence of thilke name the more wex in authorite, and wurſhippe of takinge in hede, and to what entente it was ordained, the inferes mowen ben moved: Every thinge to whome is owande occaſion done as for his ende, Aristotle ſuppoſeth that the actes of every thinge ben in a maner his finall cauſe. A final cauſe is noblerer, or els even as noble as thilke thinge that is finally to thilke ende, wherfore accion of thinge everlaſting is demed to be eternall, and not temporall, ſithen it is his finall cauſe: Right ſo the actes of my boke love, and love is noble, wherfore though my boke be leude, the cauſe with whiche I am ſtered, and for whom I ought it don, noble forſothe ben bothe. But bycauſe that in conninge I am yonge, and canne yet but crepe, thys leude A, b, c, have I ſet into lerning, for I can not paſſen the tellinge of thre as yet: and yf God will in ſhorte time, I ſhall amende this leudenefſe in joyninge of ſyllables, whiche thinge for dulneſſe of witte I maye not in thre letters declare. For trewly I ſay the godeneſſe of my Margarite perle wolde yeve matter enditinge to many clerkes: certes her mercy is more to me ſweter than any lyvynges, wherfore my lyppes mowen not ſuffiſe in ſpeking of her ful laude and worſhippe as they ſhuld. But who is that in knowing of the orders of heaven, and putteth his reſones in the erthe: I forſothe may not with blere eyen the ſhininge ſonne of vertue in bright whele of this Margarite beholde, therfore as yet I maye het not diſcrive in vertue as I wolde. In time comming in another tretife thorow Godde's grace, this ſonne clerenefſe of vertue to be knowe, and howe ſhe enlumineth al this day, I think to declare.

IN this mene while this comfortable lady gan ſing a wounder mater of enditing in Latin, but trewly the noble colours in Rhetorike wiſe knit were ſo craftely, that my conning wold not ſtretch to remembre, but the ſentence I trowe ſomedeſe have I in minde. Certes they were wonder ſwete of ſowne, and they were touched al in lamentacion wiſe, and by no werbelles of mirthe. Lo! thus ganne ſhe

ſing in Latin, as I may conſtrewe it in our Engliſhe tonge.

Alas! that theſe heavenlye bodies ther lyght and courſe ſhewen, as nature yave 'hem in commaundement at the ginning of the firſte age, but theſe thinges in fre choiſe of reſon han none underſtandinge: but manne that ought to paſſe all thyng of doinge, of right courſe in kinde, overwhelmed ſorthenefſe by wrongful tytle, and hath drawen the ſterre of envy to gon by his ſide, that the cliques of me that ſhoulde be his ſhinande ſonne, ſo ofte is ſey, that it wened thilke error thorowe him come in, ſhulde ben myne owne defaute. Trewly therfore I have me withdrawe, and made my dwellyng out of lande in an yle by my ſelfe, in the ocean cloſed, and yet ſaine there many they have me harberowed, but God wot they ſaylen. Theſe thinges me greven to thinke, and namely on paſſed gladneſſe, that in this worlde was wonte me diſporte of highe and lowe, and nowe it is failed: they that wolden maiſtries me have in thilke ſoundes, in heaven on high above Saturne's ſphere, in ſeſonable tyme wer they loged, but nowe come queinte counſaillours that in no houſe wold ſuffre me ſejourne, wherof is pite: And yet ſain ſome that they me have in celler with wine ſhed, in garnere ther corne is laide, covered with whet, in ſacke ſowed with wol, in purſe with money faſte knitte, among pames mouled in a wiche, in preſſe among clothes laid with riche pelure araied, in ſtable amonge horſe and other beſtes as hogges, ſhepe, and nete, and in other maner wiſe. But thou maker of light (in winkinge of thin eye the ſonne is queint) wolte right well that I in trewe name was never thus herberowed. Somtyme toſorne the ſonne in the ſeventh partie was ſmiten, I bare both croſſe and mitre, to yeve it where I wolde. With me the pope went a fore, and I tho was wurſhiped of al holy church, kinges baden me ther crownes holden. The lawe was ſet as it ſhuld tofore the judge as wel that pore durſt ſhewe his greſe as the riche, for all his money. I defended tho tailages, and was redy for the pore to pay. I made grete feſtes in my time, and noble ſonges, and married damoſelles of gentill feture, withouten golde or other rycheſſe. Pore clerkes, for witte of ſchole, I ſette in churches, and made ſoche perſones to preach: and tho was ſervice in holy churches honeſt and devoute, in pleaunce bothe of God and of the peple. But nowe the leude for ſimonie is avanced, and ſhendeth al holye church. Now is ſteward for his achates, nowe is courtiour for his debates, now is eſchetoure for his wronges, nowe is loſell for his ſonges, perſoner and provendre alone, with whiche many thriftye ſhulde encreſe. And yet is this ſhrew behinde, freherte is forſake, and loſengeour is take. Lo! it accordeth, for ſoche there ben that voluntarie luſtes haunten in courte with ribaudrie, that til mid-night and more wol playe and wake, but in the church at matins he is behinde, for evil diſpoſicion of his ſtomake: therfore he ſhuld ete benebrede, and ſo dyd his ſire, his eſtate therewith to ſtrengthen. His aulter is broke, and lowe lithe in pointe to gone to the yerthe, but his horſe muſt ben eſy and hie to bere him over grete waters. His chalice pore, but he hath riche cuppes. No towaile but a ſhete there God ſhall ben handeled. And on his meteborde there ſhall ben bordeclothes and towelles many paire. At maſſe ſerveth but a clergion: five ſquiers in hall. Pore chauncell, open holes in every ſidebeddes of ſilke with tapites going al about his chambre. Pore maſſeboke and leude chapelaine, and broken ſurplice with manye an hole: gode houndes and manye, to hunte after harte and hare, to fede in ther feſtes. Of pore men have they grete care, for they ever crave, and nothinge offren, they wolden have 'hem dolven. But amonge

amonge legyftres there dare I not come, my doinge they faine maken 'hem nedie, they ne wolde for nothing have me in town, for than wer tort and forth nought worthe an haw about, and plesen no men, but thilke grevous and torcious ben in might and in doinge: thefe things toforne said mowe wel if men lifte ryme, trewly they acorde nothinge. And for as moch as al thinges by me fhulden of right ben governed, I am foye to fe that governaunce faileth, as thus: To fene fmale and lowe governe the hie, and bodies above. Certes that polifye is nought, it is forbode by them that of governaunce treten and enformen. And right as beftly witte fhulde ben fubjecte to refon, fo erthely power in it felf the lower fhuld ben fubject to the hier.

What is worth thy body but it be governed with thy foule? right fo litel or nought is worthe erthely power, but if regnatife prudence in hedes governe the fmale, to whiche hedes the fmal owen to obey, and fuffre in ther governaunce. But foverainneffe ayenwarde fhulde thinke in this wife, I am fervaunt of thefe creatures to me delivered, not lord but defendour, not maifter but enfourmer, not poffeffour but in poffeffion, and to 'hem lyche a tre in whiche fparowes fhullen ftelen, ther birdes to norifhe and forth bringe under fuertie ayenft al reveinous foules and beftes, and not to be tiraunt them felfe. And than the fmale in refte and quiete, by the hedes wel difpofed, owen for ther foveraines helth and profperite to pray, and in other doinges, in maintenaunce thereof performe, wythouten other adminiftracion in rule of anye maner governaunce. And they wit have in 'hem, and grace to come to foch thinges, yet fhuld they cefe tyll ther hedes them cleped, although profit and plesaunce fhulde folowe. But trewly other governaunce ne other medlinge ought they not to claime, ne the hedes on 'hem to put. Trewly amonges cofinage dare I not come, but if richesse be my mene, forthly fhe and other bodily godes maketh nigh cofinage, ther never propinquite ne aly-aunce in lyve was, ne fhulde have be, n'ere it for ther medlinge maners, wherfore kindly am I not there leged. Povert of kintred is behind, richesse fuffreth 'hem to paffe: trewly he faithe he come never of Japhete's children: wherof I am foy that Japhete's children for povert in no linage ben rekened, and Caine's children for riches be maked Japhete's heirs. Alas! this is a wonder chaunge bytwene tho two Noe's children, fithen that of Japhete's ofspringe comedn knyghtes, and of Cain difcended the line of fervice to his brother's children. Lo! howe gentilleffe and fervice as cofins, both difcended out of two bretherne of one body: wherfore I fay fothenesse that gentilleffe in kinrede maken not gentil linage in fuccelfion, without defert of a manne's own felfe. Where is nowe the lyne of Alyfaundre the noble, or els of Hector of Troye? Who is difcended of right blode of lyne fro kinge Artour? Parde fir Perdicas, whom that kinge Alyfandre made to ben his heire in Grece, was of no kinge's blod, his dame was a tombyftre. Of what kintred ben the gentils in our daies? I trow therfore if any gode be in gentyleffe, it is onely that it femeth a maner of neceffite be input to gentilmen, that they fhulden not varien fro the vertues of ther 'aunceftres. Certes all maner lynage of men bene evenlyche in birth, for one father marker of all godenes enformed 'hem al, and al mortal folke of one fede are greined. Wherto avaut men of ther lynage, in cofinage, or in elde fathers? Loke nowe the ginning, and to God maker of man's perfon, there is no clerke ne no worthy in gentyleffe: and he that norifheth his corare with vices and unrefonable lufes, and leveth the kinde counfe, to whiche ende him brought forthe his byrthe, trewly

he is ungentil, and amonge clerkes may not ben nempned. And therfore he that wol ben gentil, he mote daunten his flefhe fro vyces that caufen ungentilleffe, and leve also reignes of wicked lufes, and draw to him vertue, that in al places gentilleffe gentilmen maketh. And fo fpeke I in feminine-gendre in generall, of tho perfonnes at the reverence of one, whom every wight honoureth, for her bountie and her nobleffe ymade her to God fo dere, that his moðer fhe became, and fhe me hath had fo gret in worship, that I n'il for nothinge in open declare that in any thing ayenft her efte may fowne: For al vertue and al worthineffe of plesaunce in 'hem haboundeth. And although I wolde any thinge fpeke, truly I can not, I may finde in yvel of 'hem no maner mater.

RYght with thefe wordes fhe finte of that lamentable melodie, and I ganne with a lyvely herte to praye, if that it were lykyng unto her noble grace, fhe wolde her deine to declare me the mater that firft was begonne in whiche fhe lefte and finte to fpeke before fhe ganne to finge.

O (qð fhe) this is no newe thyng to me to fene you menne defyren after mater, whiche your felfe caufed to voyde.

Ah gode lady (qð I) in whom victorie of strength is proved above all other thing, after the judgement of Efdram, whose lordfhypp al lignes, who is that right as Emperour 'hem commaundeth, whether thilke ben not women, in whose likenesse to me ye aperen. For right as man halte the principalte of al thing under his beinge, in the mafculyne gendre, and no mo genders ben there but mafculine, and femynyne, all the remnaunte ben no genders but of grace, in facultie of grammer. Ryght fo in the feminine, the women holden the upperest degre of al thinges, under thilke gendre conteyned. Who bringeth forth kinges, which that ben lordes of Se and of yerthe? and al peples of women ben borne: they norifhe 'hem that graffen vines, they make men comforte in ther gladde cheres. Ther sorowe is deth to manne's herte. Without women the beyng of men were impoffible. They conne with ther fweteneffe the cruel hert ravifh, and make it meke, buxome, and benyng, without violence meving. In beautie of ther eyen, or eiles of other manere fetures, is all mens defires, ye more than in golde, precyous ftones, eyther anye richesse. And in this degre lady your felf manye hertes of men have fo bounden, that parfite bliffe in womankind to ben men wenen, and in nothinge els. Also lady the godeneffe, the vertue of women, by propertie of difcrecion, is fo wel knowne, by litleffe of malice, that defire to a gode asker by no waye conne they warne, and ye thanne that woll not paffe the kinde werchinge of your fectes by general difcrecion, I wotte well ye woll fo encline to by prayere, that grace of my requette fhall fully ben graunted. Certes (qð fhe) thus for the more parte fareth al mankind to praye, and to crie after woman's grace, and faine maine fantasies to make hertes to encline to your defires: and whan thefe fely women frely of ther kind beleven your wordes, and wenen all be gofpell the promife of your behestes, than graunt they to you ther hertes, and fullfyllen your lufes, wherthrough ther liberty in maifterfhip that they toforn had is thrallled, and fomaiked foverain and to be praid, the firft was fervaunt, and voice of prayer ufed. Anone as filled is your lufte, manye of you be fo trewe, that litel hede take ye of foch kindneffe, but with traifoun anone ye thinke 'hem begile, and let light of that thyng whiche firft ye maked to you wonders dere, fo what thing to women is to love any wight er fhe him well know, and have him proved in many halfe, for every

glittering thing is not golde, and under colour of faire speche many vices may be hid and conseled. Therefore I rede no wight to trust on you to rath, mens chere, and ther speche right gileful is ful ofte, wherefore without gode assaye, it is not worthe on many on you to truste: Truly it is right kindly to every man that thinketh women betraye, and shewen outward al godenes, tyl he have his wil performed. *Lo! the birde is begiled with the mery voice of the fouler's whistell.* Whan a woman is closed in your nette, than wol ye causes finden, and bere unkindnes her on hande, or falsset upon her putte, your own malicious traizon with soche thing to excuse. *Lo!* than han women non other wrech in vengeance, but blober and wepe til 'hem lyst stent, and forily ther mishap complaine, and is put into wenyng that al men ben so untrew. How often have men chaunged ther loves in a litel while, or els for failing ther wil in ther places 'hem sette: for frendship shal be one, and fame with another him list for to have, and a thirde for delyte, or els were he lost both in packe and in clothes: is this faire? nay, God wot. I maye nat tel by thousand partes the wronges in trechery of soche false peple, for make they never so gode a bonde, all set ye at a myte, whan your herte tourneth: And they that wenen for sorow of you dey, the pite of your false hert is flow out of towne. Alas therefore, that ever any woman wolde take any wighte in her grace, til she knowe at the ful on whome she might at all assayes truste! Women con no more crafte in queinte knowinge, to understande the false discevable coniectementes of manne's begilinges. *Lo!* howe it fareth, though ye men gromen and crien, certes it is but disceit, and that preveth wel by th'endes in your working. How many women have bene lorne, and with shame soule shent by longe lastyng time, whiche thorowe mennes gile have ben disceved? ever ther fame shall dure, and ther dedes radde and songe in many londes, that they have done recoveren shal they never, but alway ben demed lightly, in soche plite ayen shulde they fal, of whiche flanders and tenes ye false men and wicked bene the very causes, on you by right ought these shames and these reproves all wholly discende. Thus arne ye al nighe untrew, for all your faire speche your herte is full sickell. What cause han ye women to dispise? better fruite than they bene, ne swetter spices to your behove mowe ye not finde, as farre as worldly bodyes stretchen. Loke to ther forminge at the makinge of ther persones by God in joye of paradise, for godenesse of manne's propre bodye were they maked, after the sawes of the bible, reherfing God's wordes in this wise: It is gode to mankinde that we make to him an helper. *Lo!* in paradise for youre helpe was this tre grafted, out of whiche all linage of man discendeth: yf a man be noble frute, of noble frute it is sprongen: the blysse of paradise to mennes sory hertes yet in this tre abyde. *O!* noble helpes ben these trees, and gentil jewel to ben worshipped of every gode creature: He that 'hem annoieth doth his owne shame, it is a comfortable perle ayenst al tenes. Every company is mirthed by ther present being. Trewly I wist never vertue, but a women were therof the rote. What is heven the worse, though Sarazins on it lien? Is your faith untrew, though rennegates maken theron lesinges? If the fire doth any wight bren, blame his own witte, that put himself so farre in the hete. Is not fyre gentillest and mooste element comfortable amonges all other? fire is chese werker in forthering sustenance to mankinde, shal fire bene blamed for it brend a sole naturelly, by his owne stulty witte in sterenge? Ah wicked folkes! for your propre malice, and shrewdenesse of your self, ye blame and dispise the

precious thinge of your kinde, and whiche thinges amonge other most ye desiren. Trewly Nero and his children ben shrewes, that dispisen so ther dames. The wickednesse and giling of men, in disclaundring of thilke that most hath 'hem gladded and plesed, were impossible to write or to nempne. Never the later yet I saye, *he that knoweth a waye, may it lightly passe: eke, an herb proved may safely to smertande fores ben laide:* So I say in him that is proved is nothing soch yvels to gesse. But these thinges have I reherfed to warne you women all at ones, that to lyghtly without gode assay ye assenten not to man's speche. The sonne in the day light is to knowen from the mone that shineth in the nighte. Nowe to The thy self (qð she) as I have oft said, I know wel thine herte, thou arte none of all the tofore nempned peple, for I know wel the continuance of thy service, that never sithen I set The a werke, might thy Margarete for plesance, frendship, ne fairehede of none other, be in pointe moved from thin herte, wherefore into myne housholde hastelye I woll that thou entre, and all the parfyte privyte of my werkynge make it be knowe in thy understandynge, as one of my privy familyers. Thou desirest (qð she) faine to here of tho thinges there I left.

Ye forsothe (qð I) that were to me a grete blisse. Nowe (qð she) for thou shalt not wene that womans condicyons for faire speche soche thinge belongeth,

THou shalte (qð she) understand first amonge all other thynges, that al the cure of my servyce to me in the parfyte blisse in doinge is desyred in every manne's herte, be he never so moche a wretche, but every man travaileth by divers studye, and sekith thilke blysse by divers waies, but all the endes are knitte in selynesse of desire in the perfite blisse, that is soche joye, whan men it have gotten, there liveth no thing more to ben coveted: But how that desire of soche perfeccion in my service be kindly set in lovers hertes, yet ther erroneous opinions misturne it by falsnesse of wenyng. And although mennes understandinge be misturned, to knowe whiche shoulde ben the waye unto my persone, and whyther it abyde: yet wote they ther is a love in every wight, weneth by that thing that he coveteth most, he shoulde come to thilke love, and that is parfite blysse of my servautes, but than fulle blysse maye not be, and there lacke anye thinge of that blisse in anye side. Eke it foloweth than, that he that muste have ful blysse, lacke no blysse in love on no side.

Therefore lady (qð I tho) thilke blisse I have desired, and sothe tosome this, my self, by wayes of riches, of dignite, of power, and of renome, weninge me in tho thrages had ben thilke blisse, but ayenst the here it turneth. Whan I supposed best thilke blisse have get and come to the full purpose of your service, sodainly was I hindred, and throwen so fer abacke, that me thinketh an impossible to come there I lefte. I wote (qð she) and therefore haste thou failed, for thou wentest not by the hye waye, a litell misgoynge in the ginnyng causeth mikell error in the ende, wherefore of thilke blisse thou failedest, for having of riches, ne none of th'other thinges thou nempnedest, mowen not make soche perfite blisse in love, as I shall shewe. Therefore thei be not worthie to thilke blisse, and yet somewhat must ben cause and waie to thilke blisse: *Ergo*, there is some soche thing, and some waie, but it is little in usage, and that is not openly iknow. But what felest in thin hert of that service, in which by me thou art entred? wenest aught thy self yet be in the hie waie to my blisse? I shall so shewe it to The, thou shalt not con. saie the contrary.

Gode

Gode Ladie (qð I) altho I suppose it in my herte, yet would I here thine wordes, how ye menen in this matter. (Qð she) that I shall with my gode will. The ilke blisse desired somedele ye knowen, altho it be not perfetely, for kindly entencion ledeyth you thereto, but in thre maner livynges is all soche waies shewed. Every wight in this worlde to have this blisse, one of the ilke thre waies of lives muste procede, whiche after opinions of grete clerkes, are by names cleped, bestialliche, resonabliche, and vertuous: Manliche is worldliche, bestiallich is lustes and delitable, nothing restrained by bridle of reson, all that joieth and yeveth gladnesse to the hert, and it be ayenst reson, is likened to bestiall living, whiche thing followeth lustes and delites, wherfore in soche thing maie not that precious blisse, that is maister of al vertues, abide. Your fathers tofome you have cleped soche lustie livynges after the flesh passions of desire, whiche are innominable tofore God and man bothe. Then after determinacion of soche wise, we accorden that soche passions of desire shull not ben nempned, but holden for absolute from all other livynges and provynges, and so liveth into livynges, manliche and resonable, to declare the matters begon. But to make The fullie have understanding in manliche livynges, which is holden worldlich in these things, so that ignoraunce be made no letter, I wol (qð she) nempne these forsaied waies by names and conclusions.

Firste, riches, dignite, renome, and power, shull in this worke be cleped bodily godes, for in hem hath ben a grete throw manne's trust of felmes in love, as in riches suffisaunce to have maintained that was begonne, by worldlie cattell in dignitie, honour, and reverence of hem that werne underput, by maiestrie thereby to obeie. In renome glory of peples praising, after lustes in ther herte, without hede taking to qualitie and maner of doying, and in power, by trowth of Lordships maintenaunce, thing to procede forthe in doying. In all whiche thynges a longe tyme manne's coveitise in commune hath ben gretly grounded, to come to the blis of my service, but truely thei wer begiled, and for the principall must nedes faile, and in helping mowe not availe. Se why, for holdest him not pore that is nedy? Yes parde (qð I). And him for dishonored that moche folke dein not to reverence? That is soth (qð I). And what him that his mightes failen and mowe not helpen? Certes (qð I) me semeth of all menne he shoud be holden a wretche. And wenest not (qð she) that he that is little in renome, but rather is out of the praisinges, of mo men then a fewe be not in shame? Forsothe (qð I) it is shame and villanie to hym that coveiteth renome, that more folke not praise in name then praise. Soth (qð she) thou saiest sothe, but all these thynges are folowed of soche maner doying, and wenden in riches suffisaunce, in power might, in dignitie worship, and in renome glorie, wherfore thei disceded into discevable wening, and in that service disceite is folowed. And thus in generall, thou and all soche other that so worchen, failen of my blisse, that ye long han desired, wherfore truely in life of reson is the hie waie to this blisse, as I thinke, more openly to declare hereafter. Never the later, yet in a little to comforte thy herte, in shewyng of what waie thou art entred thy self, and that thy Margarite maie knowe The set in the hie waie, I wol enforme The in this wise. Thou hast failed of thy first purpose, bicause thou wenteste wrong, and lefdest the hie waie on thy right side, as thus, thou lokest on worldly livyng, and that thyng The begiled, and lightly therfore as a litle assaie thou songedest, but when I tourned thy purpose, and shewed The a part of the hie waie,

thio thou abode therin, and no deth ne ferdnesse of none enemy might The out of thilke waie reve, but ever one in thine hert, to come to thilk blisse, when thou wer arested, and first time enprisoned, thou wer loth to change thy waie, for in thy herte thou wendest to have ben there thou shouldest, and for I had routh to sene The miscaried, and wist wel thine ablenes my service to forther and encrese. I come my self without other mene to visite thy persone, in comforte of thy herte: and parde in my comyng thou were gretely gladed, after whiche time, no disese, no care, no tene might move me out of thy herte. And yet I am glad and gretly enpited, how continually thou haddest me in minde, with gode avisement of thy conscience, when thy king and his princes, by huge wordes and grete, looked after variaunce in thy spech, and ever thou wer redy for my sake, in plesauce of that Margarite perle, and many mo other, thy body to oblige in to Marce's doing, if any contraried thy sawes; stedfast waie maketh stedfast herte, with gode hope in the ende. Truely I woll that thou it well knowe, for I se The so set, and not chaunging hert haddest in my service, and I made thou haddest grace of thy king, in foryevenesse of mikel misdede: to the gracious king art thou mikil holden, of whose grace and godenesse sometime hereafter I thinke to enforme, when I shewe the ground, where as mortall vertue groweth. Who brought The to werke? Who brought this grace about? Who made thy herte hardie? Truely it was I, for haddest thou of me failed, then of this purpose had never taken in this wise. And therfore I saie, thou might well trust to come to thy blisse, sithen thy ginning hath ben herd, but ever graciously after thy herte's desire hath proceeded. Silver fined with many hetes menné knowen for true, and safely men maie trust in The alwaie in werkyng. This diseses hath proved, what waie hence forwarde thou thinkest to holde. Nowe in gode faith, Ladie (qð I tho) I am now in, me semeth it is the hie waie and the righte. Ye forsothe (qð she) and nowe I woll disprove thy first waies, by whiche many men wenen to gette thilke blisse. But for as moche as every hert that hath caught full love, is tied with queinte knittings, thou shalt understande that love, and thilke forsaied blisse tofome declared, in this provynges, shall hote the knotte in the herte. Well (qð I) this impossession I woll well understand. Now also (qð she) for the knotte in the herte must be from one to an other, and I knowe thy desire, I woll thou understande these matters to ben saied of thy self, in disprovyng of thy first service, and in strengthyng of thilk that thou hast undertake to thy Margarite perle. A Godde's halfe (qð I) right wel I se that all this case is possible and true, and therefore I admitted all toghether. Understanden well (qð she) these termes, and loke no contradiccion thou graunt. If God wol (qð I) of all these things woll I not faile, and if I graunte contradiccion, I shoud graunt an impossible, and that wer a foule inconvenience. Fro whiche things, Ladie, iwis hereafter I thinke me to kepe.

WELL (qð she) thou knowest that every thyng is Cause, where through any thyng hath beyng, that is cleped *Caused*, then if riches causen knot in hert, thilke riches arne cause of the ilke precious thyng beyng: But after the sentence of Aristotle, every cause is more in dignitye then his thyng caused, wherethrough it followeth richesse to ben more in dignitie then thilke knotte, but richesse arne kindly naughtie, badde, and nedy, and the ilke knotte is thing kindly gode, moste praised and desired: Ergo thyng naughtie, badde, and nedic, in kindly understanding

standing is more worthie; then thyng kindly gode, moſte deſired and praiſed: The conſequence is falſe, nedes the antecedente more ben of the ſame condicion. But that riches ben badde, naughtie, and nedie; that woll I prove, wherfore thei mowe cauſe no ſoch thing, that is ſo glorious and gode: the more richeſſe thou haſte, the more nede haſt thou of help 'hem to kepe. *Ergo* thou nedest in richeſſe, whiche nede thou ſhouldest not have if thou 'hem wantest. Then muſt riches ben nedy, that in ther havynge maken The nedy to helpe; in ſuretie thy richeſſe to kepen, wherthrough foloweth richeſſe to ben nedie. Every thing cauſyng evils is bad and naughtie: but riches in one cauſen miſe, in an other thei mowen not evenly ſtretchen al about. Wherof cometh ple, debate, theft, begilinges, but riches to win, whiche thinges ben bad, and by richeſſe arn cauſed: *ergo* the ilke richeſſe ben badde, whiche badneſſe and nede ben knitte into riches, by a maner of kindlie propriete, and every *Cauſe* and *Cauſed* accorden, ſo that it followeth the ilke richeſſe to have the ſame accordaunce with badnes and mede, that ther cauſe asketh. Also every thyng hath his beyng by his cauſe, then if the cauſe be deſtroyed, the beyng of cauſed is vaniſhed: And ſo if richeſſe cauſen love, and richeſſe weren deſtroyed, the love ſhould vaniſhe, but the ilke knotte and it be true, maie not vaniſhe for no goyng of no richeſſe: *Ergo* richeſſe is no cauſe of the knotte. And many men, as I ſaid, ſetten the cauſe of the knotte in richeſſe, the ilke knitten the richeſſe, and nothyng the evil: the ilke perſones, what ever thei ben, wenen that richeſſe is moſte worthie to be had, and that make thei the cauſe: and ſo wene thei thilke riches, be better than the perſone. Commonly ſoche asken, rather after the quantitie, then after the qualitie, and ſoche wenen as well by 'hem ſelf, as by other, that conjunction of his life, and of his ſoule is no more precious, but in as mikell as he hath of richeſſe. Alas! howe maie he holden ſoche thynges precious or noble, that neither han life ne ſoule, ne ordinaunce of werchyng limmes: ſoche richeſſe ben more worthie, when thei ben in gatheryng, in departyng ginneth his love of other mennes praiſyng. And Avarice gatheryng maketh be hated, and nedie to many out-helpe: and when levethe the poſſeſſion of ſoche godes, and thei ginne vaniſhe, then entereth ſorowe and tene in ther herts. O bad and ſtraite ben thilke, that at ther departyng maketh men teneſul and ſorie, and in the gatheryng of 'hem make menne nedy moche folke at ones mowen not togyther moche thereof have. A gode geſte gladdeth his hoſte and all his meinie, but he is a bad geſte, that maketh his hoſte nedie, and to be aferde of his geſte's goyng. Certes (qð I) me wondereth therefore, that the common opinion is thus: he is worthe no more then that he hath in cattel. O (qð ſhe) loke thou be not of that opinion, for if golde or money, or other maner of riches, ſhinen in thy ſight, whoſe is that? Not thine: and tho thei have a little beautie, thei be nothyng in compariſon of our kinde, and therefore ye ſhould not ſet your worthineſſe in thing lower then your ſelf, for the riches, the faireneſſe, the worthineſſe of thilke godes, if there be any ſoche preciousneſſe in 'hem, ar not thin, thou madeſte 'hem ſo never, from other thei come to The, and to other thei ſhall from The: wherfore embraceſt thou other weightes godes, as tho thei wer thine kinde hath drawe 'hem by 'hem ſelf. It is ſoth the godes of the yerth ben ordeined in your fode and nouryſhing, but if thou wolte holde The apaied with that ſuffiſeth to thy kinde, thou ſhalt not be in daunger of no ſoch riches; to kind ſuffiſeth little thing, who that taketh hede. And if thou wolt algates with ſuperfluitie of riches be athroted, thou ſhalt haſteliche be anoiſed, or els

evil at eſe. And faireneſſe of fieldes, ne of habitacions, ne multitude of meine, maie not be rekened as riches that are thine owne, for if thei be bad; it is grete ſclander and villanie to the occupier, and if thei be gode or faire, the matter of the workman that 'hem made is to praiſe. How ſhould otherwiſe bountie be compted for thine, the ilke godedeſſe and faireneſſe be proper to tho thinges 'hem ſelfe, then if thei be not thin, ſorowe not when thei wend: ne glad The not in pompe and in pride, when thou 'hem haſt for ther bountie and ther beauties cometh out of ther owne kind, and not of thine owne perſone: as faire ben thei in ther not having; as when thou haſte 'hem, thei be not faire, for thou haſte 'hem; but thou haſt gotten 'hem for the faireneſſe of them ſelf. And there the valance of men is demed in riches outforthe, wenen me to have no proper gode in them ſelf, but ſeche it in ſtraunge thinges. Truly the condicion of gode wening is in The miſtoured, to wene your noblenes be not in your ſelf, but in the godes and beautie of other thinges. Parde the beſtes that han but feling ſoules have ſuffiſaunce in ther owne ſelfe: and ye that ben like to God, ſeken increſe of ſuffiſaunce from ſo excellent a kinde, of ſo low thinges, ye do grete wrong to him that you made lordes over al yerthly thinges, and ye put your worthineſſe under the number of the fete of lower thinges and ſoule, when ye judge thilke riches to be your worthineſſe; then put ye your ſelf by eſtimation under thilke ſoule thinges, and then leve ye the knowing of your ſelf, ſo be ye viler then any dombe beſt, that cometh of ſhreude vice. Right ſo thilk perſon, that loven none evil, for dere worthines of the perſone, but for ſtraunge godes, and ſaith the adornement in the knotte lieth in ſoche thinge; his error is perilous and ſhreude, and he wrieth moche venime, with moche welth, and that knotte maie not be gode, when he hath it gotten. Certes thus hath riches with flickeringe ſighte anoiſed many: and often when there is a throwout ſhrewe, he coineth al the gold, all the precious ſtones that mowen be founden to have in his bandon, he wneneth no wight be worthi to have ſoch thinges but he alone. How many haſt thou knowe now in late time, that in ther richeſſe ſuppoſed ſuffiſaunce have folowed, and now it is all failed? Ye, ladie (qð I) that is for miſſe medling, and otherwiſe governed thilke richeſſe, then thei ſhould. Yea (qð ſhe tho) had not the flode gretlie areiſed, and throwe to 'hemwarde bothe gravell and Sande, he had made no medlyng. And right as Se yeveth flode, ſo draweth Se ebbe, and puleth ayen under wawe all the fiſte outthrowe; but if gode piles of noble governaunce in Love, in well-menyng maner ben ſadlie grounded, to whiche hold thilke gravell, as for a while, that ayen lightly mowe not it turne: and if the piles ben true, the gravell and ſande woll abide. And cerres, full warning in love ſhalt thou never through 'hem get ne cover, that lightlie with an ebbe, ere thou beware, it will ayen meve.

In richeſſe, many men have had tenes and diſeſes, which thei ſhould not have had, if thereof thei had failed. Through whiche nowe declared, partlie it is ſhewed, that for richeſſe ſhould the knotte in herte neither ben cauſed in one, ne in other: truly knot maie ben knitte, and I trow more ſtedfaſt in love, though richeſſe failed, and els in richeſſe is the knot, and not in hert. And then ſoche a knotte is falſe, when the Se ebbeth and withdraweth the gravel, that ſoche richeſſe voideth, thilke knotte woll unknitte. Wherefore no truſte, no waie, no cauſe, no paſſite being is in richeſſe, of no ſoche knot, therefore an other waie muſt we have.

Honor in dignitie is wened to yeven a full knotte. Ye certes (qð I) and of that opinion ben many, for thei saine dignitie, with honour, and reverence, causen hertes to encheinen, and so abled to knitte togethir, for the excellence in soverainte of soche degrees.

Now (qð she) if dignitie, honoure, and reverence, causen thilke knotte in herte, this knotte is gode and profitable. For every cause of a cause is cause of thyng caused: Then thus, gode thynges and profitable ben by dignitie, honour, and reverence, caused. Ergo thei accorden, and dignities ben gode with reverences and honour, but contraries mowen not accorden: whertore by reson there should no dignitie, no reverence, none honour accorde with shrewes, but that is false: Thei have ben cause to shrewes, in many shreudnesse, for with 'hem thei accorden. Ergo from beginning, to argue ayenward, till it come to the laste conclusion, thei are not cause of the knotte. Lo! all daie at eye aine shrewes not in reverence, in honour, and in dignitie? Yes forsothe, rather then the gode. Then foloweth it, that shrewes rather then gode, shall ben cause of this knotte. But of this contray of all lovers is beleved, and for a sothe openlie determined to holde.

Now (qð I) fain would I here, how soch dignities accorden with shrewes.

O (qð she) that wolie I shewe in manifolde wise. Ye wene (qð she) that dignities of office here in your Cite is as the Sonne, it shineth bright withouten any cloude: whiche thyng, when thei comen in the handes of malicious tyrautes, there cometh moche harme, and more grevaunce therof, then of the wilde fire, though it brende all a firete. Certes, in dignitie of office, the werkes of the occupier shewen the malice and the badnesse in the persone, with shrewes thei maken manifolde harmes, and moch peple shamen. How often han rancours, for malice of the governour should ben maintained? Hath not then soche dignities caused debate, rumours, and evils? Yes, God wote, by soche thynges have ben trusted to, make mennes understandyng encline to many queinte thynges. Tliou wottest well, what I mene. Ye (qð I) therefore as dignitie soche thyng in tene iwrought, so ayenwarde the substaunce in dignitie chaunged, relied to bryng ayen gode plite in doying. Do waie, do waie (qð she) if it so betide, but that is feld that soch dignitie is betake in a gode manne's governaunce. What thyng is to reckon in the dignities godenesse? Parde the bountie and godenesse is thers, that usen it in gode governaunce, and therefore cometh it, that honour and reverence should ben doen into dignitie, bicause of encrefing vertue in the occupier, and not to the ruler, bicause of soverainte in dignite. Sithen dignitie maie no vertue cause, who is worthie worship for soch godenesse? Not dignitie, but persone that maketh godenesse in dignitie to shine. This is wonder thyng (qð I) for me thinketh, as the persone in dignitie is worthie honour for godenesse, so tho a persone for badnesse magre hath deserved, yet the dignitie leneth to be commended. Let be (qð she) thou errest righte foule, dignitie with badnesse is helper to performe the felonous doing: parde wer it kindly gode, or any propertie of kindly vertue hadden in 'hem self, shrewes should 'hem never have, with 'hem should thei never accorde. Water and fire that ben contrarious, mowen not togiðer ben assembled, kinde woll not suffre soche contraries to joyn. And sithen at eye by experience in doying we seen that shrewes have 'hem more often, then gode men, siker maist thou be, that kindly gode in soch thynges is not appropred. Parde wer thei kindly gode, as well one as other shoulde evenliche in vertue of governaunce ben worthe: but

one faileth in godenesse, an other doeth the contrary, and so it sheweth kindly godenesse in dignitie not be grounded. And this same reson (qð she) maie be made in generall on ail the bodily godes, for thei comen oft to throwout shrewes. After this he is stronge, that hath might to have grete burthens, and he is light and swifte that hath soverainte in ronning to passe other, right so he is a shrew, on whom shreude thynges and bad han moste werching. And right as Philosophy maketh Philosophers, and my service maketh lovers: right so if dignities weren gode, or virtuous, thei should maken shrewes gode, and tourne ther malice, and make 'hem be virtuous, but that doe thei not, as it is proved, but causen rancour and debate. Ergo thei be not gode, but utterly bad. Had Nero never ben Emperor, should never his dame have be slaine, to maken open the privitie of his engendrure. Herodes for his dignitie slewe many children. The dignitie of King Ihon would have destroyed all Englande. Therefore mokell wisdome and godenes bothe nedeth in a persone, the malice in dignitie slyt to bidell, and with a gode bit of areste to withdrawe, in case it would prauunce otherwise then it should: truly ye yeve to dignities wrongful names in your cleping. Thei shuld hete not dignitie, but monstre of badnesse, and manteiner of shrewes. Perde shine the sonne never so bright, and it bring forth no hete, ne sefonably the herbes out brynge of the yerth, but fuffre frostes and cold, and th'erth baraine to ligge, by time of his compas in circuite about, ye would wonder and dispreise that sonne. If the mone be at full, and sheweth no light, but dark and dimme to your sight appereth, and make distruction of the waters, wol ye not suppose it be under cloude, or in clips? And that some privie thing unknowen to your wittes is cause of soche contrarious doying? Then if clerkes that han full insight, and knowing of soche impedimentes, enforme you of the soth, very idiots ye ben, but if ye yeven credence to thilke clerkes wordes. And yet it doth me tene, to seen many wretches rejoycen, in soch many planettes. Truly little con thei on Philosophy, or els on my lore, that any desire haven soche lighting planettes, in that wise any more to shewe. Gode ladic (qð I) tell ye me how ye mene in these thynges. Lo! qð she) the dignities of your citee, Sonne and Mone, nothing in kinde shew ther shining as thei should. For the sonne made no brenning hete in love, but frefed envie in mens hertes, for feblenes of shining here: and the Mone was about under an old cloud the livynges by waters to destroye. Ladic (qð I) it is suppoled thei had shined as thei should. Ye (qð she) but now it is proved at the full, ther beutie in kindly shining failed, wherefore dignitie of him selven hath no beantie in fairenesse, ne driveth not away vices, but encrefeth, and so be thei no cause of the knotte. Now se in gode truthe, holde ye not soche sonnes worthie of no reverence and dignities, worthie of no worship, that maketh men to doe the more harmes? I n'ot (qð I). No (qð she) and thou se a wise gode man, for his godenesse and wisenesse wolt thou not doe hym worship thereof he is worthie? That is gode skil (qð I) it is dewe to soche, bothe reverence and worshippe to have. Then (qð she) a shrewe for his shreudnesse, altho he be put forth toform other for ferde, yet is he worthie for shreudnesse to be unworshipped: of reverence no parte is he worthie to have, to contrarious doying belongeth, and that is gode skille. For right as he besmiteth the dignities, thilk same thing ayenward him smiteth, or els should smite. And over this thou woste well (qð she) that fire in every place heteth where it be, and water maketh wet: why? For kindly werkyng is so iput in 'hem to do soche thynges: for every kindly

in werking sheweth his kind. But though a wight had ben Maior of your Cite, many Winter together and come in a straunge place, there he were not known, he should for his dignitie have no reverence. Then neither worship ne reverence is kindelie proper in no dignitie, sithen thei shoulde doen ther kinde in soche doying if any were. And if reverence ne worshippe kindly be not sette in dignities, and thei more therein ben shewed than godenesse, for that in dignitie is shewed, but it proveth that godenesse kindlie in 'hem is not grounded. I wis neither worship ne reverence, ne godenesse in dignitie, doen none office of kind, for thei have none soche proper tie in nature of doying, but by false opinion of the peple. Lo! howe sometye thilke that in your Cite werne in dignitie noble, if thou liste 'hem nempne, thei ben nowe overturned, bothe in worshippe, in name, and in reverence; wherefore soche dignities have no kindly werchyng of worship, and of reverence, he that hath no worthinesse on it self: Now it riseth, and now it vanisheth, after the variaunte opinion in false hertes of unstable peple.

Wherefore, if thou desire the knotte of this jewelle, or els if thou wouldest suppose she should sette the knotte on The, for soche maner of dignitie, then thou wenest beautie or godenesse of the ilke somewhat encrefeth the godenesse or vertue in the bodie: but dignities of 'hem self ben not gode, ne yeven reverence ne worship by ther owne kinde, howe should thei then yeve to any other, a thing, that by no waie mow thei have 'hem self? It is seen in dignitie of the Emperour, and of many mo other, that thei mowe not of 'hem selve kepe ther worship, ne ther reverence, that in a little while it is now up, and now down, by unstedfast hertes of the peple. What bountie mowe thei yeve, that with Cloude lightlie levethe his shynyng? Certes to the occupier is mokell apeired, sithen soche doing doeth vilanie to him that maie it not maintain, wherefore thilke way to the knotte is croked: and if any desire to come to the knot, he must leve this waie on his left side, or els shal he never come there.

AVaileth aught (qð she) power of mighte in maintenaunce of worthie to come to this knot. Parde (qð I) ye, for hertes ben ravished from soche maner thyngs. Certes (qð she) though a sole's herte, is with thyng ravished, yet therefore is no generall cause of the powers, ne of a siker parfite herte to be loked after. Was not Nero the moste shrewe, one of thilke that men rede, and yet had he power to make Senatours, Justices, and Princes of many landes? Was not that grete power? Yes certes (qð I). Well (qð she) yet might he not helpe hymself out of diffe, when he gan fall. Howe many ensamples canst thou remember of kynges, grete and noble, and huge power holden, and yet thei might not kepe 'hem selve from wretchednesse. How wretched was kyng Henry Curtmantil ere he diede? He had not so moche as to cover with his members: and yet was he one of the gretest kynges of all the Normandes ofspring, and moste possession had. O, a noble thing and clere is power, that is not founden mightie to kepe hymself.

Now truelie a grete sole is he, that for soche thyng would set the knotte in thyne herte. Also power of relmes is not thilke gretest power emonges the worldlie powers reckened? And if soche powers han wretchednesse in 'hemself, it foloweth other powers of febler condicion to ben wretched, and then that wretchednesse should ben cause of soch a knot. But every wight, that hath reson, wote well that wretchednesse by no waie maie ben cause of none soche knotte, wherefore soche power is no cause. That

powers have wretchednesse in 'hem self maie right lightly ben preved.

If power lacke on any side, on that side is no power, but no power is wretchednes: for all be it so, the power of Emperours or kinges, or els of ther relmes (which is the power of the Prince) stretchen wide and brode, yet besides is there 'mokell folke, of whiche he hath no commaundement ne lordship; and there as lacketh his power, his nonpower entereth, where under springeth, that maketh 'hem wretches. Nopower is wretchednesse, and nothyng els: but in this maner hath kinges more porcion of wretchednes, than of power. Truly soche powers ben unmightie, for ever thei ben in drede, how the ilke power from lesyng maie be keped of sorowe, so drede sorily pricketh ever in ther hertes: Little is the power, which careth and ferdeth it self to maintaine. Unmightie is that wretchednesse, whiche is entered by the ferdfull wenyng of the wretche hym self: and knotte imaked by wretchednesse, is betwene wretches, and wretches all thyng bewailen: wherefore the knotte should be bewailed, and there is no soche parfite blisse that we supposed at the ginning. Ergo, power in nothing should cause soch knottes. Wretchednesse is a kindlie propertie in soche power, as by waie of drede, whiche thei mowe not eschue, ne by no waie live in sikernes. For thou woste wel (qð she) he is nought mighty, that wolde done that he may not don ne performe. Therefore (qð I) these kinges and lordes that han suffaunce at the ful of men and other thynges, mowen well ben holden mighty: ther commaundementes ben done, it is nevermore denied. Fole (qð she) or he wot him selfe mightye or worre it not: for he is nought mighty, that is blinde of his might, and worre it not.

That is soth (qð I). Than yf he wot it, he must nedes ben adrade to lesen it. He that wote of his might is in doute that he mote nedes lese, and so ledeth him drede to ben unmightie. And if he retche not to lese, litel is that worth that of the lesing reson retcheth nothyng: and if it were mighty in power or in strength, the lesing shulde ben withset, and whan it cometh to the lesinge he may it not withsette. Ergo, thilke might is leude and naughty. Soch mightes arne ylike to postes and pilers, that upright stonden, and grete might han to bere manye charges, and yf they croke on any side, litel thing maketh 'hem overthrowe. This is a gode ensample (qð I) to pilers and postes that I have sene overthrowed my self, and hadden they ben underput with anye helpes, they had not so lightlye fal. Than holdest thou him myghty that hath many men armed and many servauntes, and ever he is adradde of 'hem in his herte, and for he gasteth 'hem somtime he mote the more fere have. Comenly he that oter agasteth, oter in him ayenward werchen the same: and thus warnished mote he be, and of warnishe the houre drede: Litel is that might and right leude, who so taketh hede. Than semeth it (qð I) that soche famulers aboute kinges and grete lordes, shull grete might have. Althoughe a sipher in augrim have no might in significacion of it selve, yet he yeveth power in significacion to oter, and these clepe I the helpes to a post, to kepe him from falling. Certes (qð she) thilke skilles ben leude. Why? but if the shores ben wel grounded, the helpes shullen sliden and suffre the charge to fal, ther myght lytel availeth. And so me thinketh (qð I) that a poste alone stondyng upright upon a basse, maye lenger in grete burthen endure, then croked pillers for all ther helpes, and ther grounde be not siker. That is sothe (qð she) for as if the blind in bering of the lame ginne stamble, bothe shuld fal, right so soch pillers

pillers so environed with helpes in falinge of the grounde faileth all togiðer, howe ofte than soche famulers in ther most pride of prosperite ben sodainly overthrowen! Thou haste knowe manye in a moment so ferre overthrowe, that cover might they never, whan the heviness of soche faling cometh by case of fortune, they mowe it not eschewe: and might and power, if ther wer any, shulde of strenght soche thinges voide and weive, and so it is not. Lo than whiche thing is this power, that tho men han it they ben agast, and in no time of full having be they sicker: and if they wold weyve drede, as they mowe not, lytel is in worthines: Fye therfore on so noughty thing any knot to cause! Lo! in adversitie, thilke ben his foes that glosed and semed frendes in welth, thus arne his familiers his foes and his enemies: And nothing is werse ne more mighti for to anoye, than is a familier enemye, and these thinges may they not weive, so treuly ther might is not worth a cresse. And over al thinge, he that may not withdrawe the bridel of his fleshy lustes and his wretched complaintes (now thinke on thy self) trewly he is not mighty: I can sene no way that lithe to the knotte. Thilke peple than, that fetten ther hertes upon soch mightes and powers, often ben begiled. Parde he is not myghty that may do any thinge, that another may done him the selve, and that men have as grete power over hym as he over other. A justice that demeth men, ayenward hath ben often demed. Bufyris slew his gestes, and he was slayne of Hercules his gest. Hugelst betraihed many menne, and of Collo was he betraied. He that with swerde smiteth, with swerde shal be smitten. Than gan I to studien a while on these thinges, and made a countenance with my hande in maner to ben huiſte. Nowe let sene (qð she) me thinketh somwhat there is within thy soule, that troubleth thy understanding, saye on what it is. (Qð I tho) me thinketh that although a man by power have soche might over me as I have over other, that disproveth no might in my persone, but yet maye I have power and might never the later. Se now (qð she) thine owne leudenesse: He is mighty that maye without wretchednesse, and he is unmighty that may it not withſitte: but than he that might over The, and he woll put on The wretchednes, thou might it not withſitte. Ergo, thou seeſt thy selfe what foloweth. But nowe (qð she) wouldest thou not skorne and thou se a flye han power to don harme to an other flye, and thilke have no might ne ayenturninge him selfe to defende? Yes certes (qð I). Who is a frailer thinge (qð she) than the fleshye body of a man, over whiche have often tyme flies, and yet lasse thing than a flye mokel myght in grevaunce and anoyinge, withouten anye withſittyng, for all thilke manne's mightes. And sithen thou seeſt thine fleshy body in kindly power faile, howe shoulde than the accident of a thyng be in more suretie of being than substantial: wherfore thilke thinges that we clepe power, is but accident to the fleshy body, and so they maie not have that suretie in might, which wanteth in the substantial body. Why there is no waye to the knotte, that loketh aryght after the hie waye as he shulde.

Verelye it is proved that richesſe, dignite, and power ben not trewe way to the knotte, but as rath by soche thinges the knotte to be unbound: Wherfore on these thynges I rede no wight trust, to gette anye gode knotte. But what shuld we saye of renome in the peples mouthes, shuld that ben any cause? what suppoſest thou in thin hert?

Certes (qð I) yes I trowe, for your flye reſons I dare not safely it saye. Than (qð she) wol I prove

that shrewes as rathe shul ben in the knotte as the gode, and that wer ayenſt kinde. Fayne (qð I) would I that here, me thinketh wonder how renome shuld as well knitte a shrewe as a gode persone: renome in every degre hath avaunced, yet wiſt I never the contrarye: shulde than renome accorde with a shrewe? It maye not sinke in my stomake till I here more. Now (qð she) have I nat ſaid alwayes, that shrewes shul not have the knotte. What nedeth (qð I) to reherſe that any more, I wotte wel every wight by kindly reſon shrewes in knittinge woll eschewe. Than (qð she) the gode ought thilke not to have. How els (qð I). It were grete harme (qð she) that the gode were weved and put out of elpoire of the knot, if he it deſired. O (qð I) alas! on soche thinge to thinke, I wene that heaven wepeth to ſe ſoch wronges here ben ſuffred on yerth: the gode ought it to have and no wight elles. The godenesſe (qð she) of a person maye not ben knowe outforth, but by renome of the knowers, wherfore he muſt be renomed of godenes to come to the knot. So muſte it be (qð I) or elles all loſte that we carpen. Sothly (qð she) that were grete harme, but if a gode man might have his deſyres in ſervice of thilke knot, and a shrewe to be veined, and they ben not knowen in general but by lacking and praifing and in renome, and ſo by the conſequence it foloweth, a shrewe ben praifed and knit, and a gode to be forſake and unknit. Ah (qð I tho) have ye lady ben herabouten, yet wold I ſe by grace of our argumentes better declared, howe gode and bad do accorden by lacking and praifing, me thinkethe it ayenſte kinde. Nay (qð she) that ſhalt thou ſe as yerne: theſe elementes han contrarious qualites in kinde, by whiche they mow not accorde no more than gode and bad: and in qualites they accorde, ſo that contraries by qualite accorden by qualyte. Is not yerth drie, and water that is nexte and bytwene th' erth is wete, drie and wete ben contrary and mowen not accorde, and yet this diſcordaunce is bounde to accorde by cloudes, for bothe elementes ben colde. Right ſo the eyre that is nexte the water is wete, and eke it is hot. This eyre by his hete contrarieth water that is colde, but thilke contrariouſtye is oned by moiſture, for both be they moiſt. Also the fyre that is nexte the yerth, and it encloſeth al about, is drie, wherthrough it contrarieth yerth that is wete: and in hete they accorde, for bothe they ben hote. Thus by theſe acordaunces diſcordantes ben joyned, and in a maner of acordaunce they accorden by conneccion, that is knittinge togiðer, of that accorde cometh a maner of melodye that is right noble. Right ſo gode and bad arne contrarie in doinges, by lackinge and praifinge: gode is bothe lacked and praifed of ſome, and badde is bothe lacked and praifed of ſome: wherfore ther contrariouſtye acorde bothe by lacking and praifing. Than foloweth it though gode be never ſo mokel praifed, oweth more to ben knit than the bad: or elles bad for the renome that he hath muſt be taken as wel as the gode, and that oweth not. No forſothe (qð I). Well (qð she) than is renome no waye to the knot: lo: ſole (qð she) how clerkes writen of ſoche glorie of renome. O glorie, glorie, thou art none other thinge to thouſandes of folke, but a grete ſweller of eres. Manye one hath had ful grete renome by falſe opinion of variaunt peple: And what is fouler than ſolk wrongfully to ben praifed, or by malice of the peple giltleſſe lacked? Nedes ſhame foloweth thereof to hem that wyth wronge prayſeth, and alſo to the deſertes praifed, and vylanye and reproſe of him that diſciaundreth

Gode childe (qð she) what echeth ſoche renome to the conſcience of a wiſe man, that loketh and meſureth

sureth his godenesse, not by slevelesse wordes of the peple, but by sothfastnesse of conscience? by God nothinge. And if it be faire a manne's name be eched by moche folkes praisynge, and fouler thing that mo folke not praisyn. I said to The a litel here before, that no folke in straunge countreies nought praisyn soch renom may not comen to ther eres, because of unknowynge, and other obstacles, as I saide: Wherefore more folke not praisyn, and that is right soule to him that renome desireth, to wete lesse folke praisyn than renome enhance. I trowe the thanke of a peple is naught worth, in remembraunce to take, ne it procedeth of no wise judgement, never is it stedfast pardurable: It is veine and flynge, with winde wasteth and encrefeth. Trewly soch glory ought to be hated. If gentillesse be a clere thyng, renome and glorie to enhance, as in reckenyng of thy linage, than is gentillesse of thy kinne, for why? it semeth that gentillesse of thy kinne is but praynyng and renome that come of thine auncestres desertes, and it so be that praynyng and renome of ther desertes make ther clere gentillesse, than mote they nedes ben gentill for ther gentill dedes, and not thou: for of thy self cometh not soche maner gentillesse, praynyng of thy desertes. Than gentillesse of thine auncestres, that foraine is to The, maketh The not gentil, but ungentil and reproved, and if thou continuest not ther gentillesse. And therefore a wise man ones said: Better is it thy kinne to ben by The gentiled, then thou to glorifye of thy kinne's gentillesse, and hast no desert thereof thy selfe.

How passynge is the beautie of fleshy bodyes? more flyttinge than movable floures of sommer. And if thine eyen weren as gode as the Lynx, that may fene thorow many stone walles, both and faire and foule in ther entrailes of no maner hew shulde apere to thy sight, that were a foule sight. Than is fairenesse by feblesse of eyen, but of no kind, wherefore thilke shuld be no way to the knot: Whan thilke is went the knot wendeth after. Lo! now at al proves, none of al these thynges mowe partilly ben in understanding, to ben waye to the duringe blisse of the knotte. But now to conclusion of these maters herkeneth these wordes. Very sommer is know from the Winter: in shorter course draweth the dayes of December, then in the moneth of June: The springes of May faden and folowen in Octobre. These thynges be not unbounden from ther olde kind, they have not losse ther worke of ther proper estate. Men of voluntarious wil withsitte that heaven governeth. Other thynges suffren thynges paciently to werche: Man in what estate he be, yet wolde he ben chaunged. Thus by queint thynges blisse is desired, and the fruit that cometh of these springes n'is but anguis and bitter, although it be a while swete, it may not be withhold, hastily they departe: thus all daye faileth thynges that soles wende. Right thus hast thou failed in thy first wenyng. He that thinketh to saile, and drawe after the course of that sterre, *de polo antarctico*, shall he never come Northward to the contrary sterre of *polus arcticus*, of whiche thynges list thou take kepe, thy first out waye goynge prysyn and exil may be cleped. The grounde falsed underneth, and so haste thou fayled. No wight I wene blameth him that stineth in misgoynge, and secheth redy way of his blisse.

Nowe me thinketh (qð she) that it suffiseth in my shewing the wayes, by dignite, richesse, renome, and power, if thou loke clerely arne no wayes to the knotte.

Very argumente lady (qð I tho) that ye han makid in these forenempned matters, me thinketh hem in my full wytte conceived, shall I no more

if God will in the contrarie be begiled: But faine wolde I and it were your will, blisse of the knotte to me wer declared, I might fele the better howe my herte might assente to pursue th'ende in service, as he hath begunne. O (qð she) there is a melodye in heaven, whiche clerkes clepen armony, but that is not in breking of voice, but it is a maner swete thing of kindly werchynge, that causeth joy out of nombre to recken, and that is joined by reson and by wisdom, in a quantite of proporcion of knytting. God made all thing in reson and in witte of proporcion of melodye, we mowe not suffice to shewe. It is written by grete clerkes and wise, that in erthly thynges lightly by studye, and by travale, the knowynge may be gotten: but of soche heavenly melodye moken travaille woll bringe out in knowynge right lytel. Swetnesse of this paradyse hath you ravished, it semeth ye slepten, rested from all other diseses, so kindly is your hertes therein ygrounded. Blisse of two hertes in full love knytte maye not aright ben imagined: ever is ther contemplacion in ful of thoughty study to pleaseunce, matter in bringing comforte everiche to other. And therefore of erthelye thynges, moken matter lyghtly cometh in your lernynge. Knowledge of understanding that is nyghe after ye, but not so nigh the covetise of knyttinge in your hertes: More soverain desire hath every wight in litel hering of heavenly connyng, than of moken materiall purposes in yerth. Right so it is in propertie of my servauntes, that they ben more affyched in sterynge of lytel thyng in his desyre, than of moken other matter, lasse in his conscience. This blisse is a maner of sowne delectuous, in a queint voice touched, and no dynne of notes: there is none impressyon of brekinge labour. I canne it not otherwise nempne, for wantynge of privie wordes, but paradyse terrestre ful of delectuous melodye, withouten travaille in sowne perpetuell service, in ful joye coveted to endure. Only kinde maketh hertes in understandinge so to slepe, that otherwise may it not ben nempned, ne in other manere names for lyking swetnesse can I nat it declare, all fygure and honye, al minstrelsy and melodye ben but fore and galle in comparisyn, by no maner proporcion to reken, in respecte of this blisful joye. This armony, this melodye, this perdurable joye may nat be in doynge, but betwene hevyns and elementes, or twey kindly hertes, full knyt in trouthe of naturell understanding, withouten wenyng and disceit, as hevyns and planettes, whiche thynges continually for kindly accordaunces forieteth al contrarious meynynge, that into passyve diseses maye sowne, evermore it thristeth after more working. These thynges in proporcion is so wel joynd, that it undoth al thing, whiche into badnes by any way may be accompted. Certes (qð I) this is a thing precious and noble. Alas that falsenesse ever or wantrist shuld ever be mainteyned, this joy to void! Alas that ever any wretch shulde thorow wrathe or envy, jangling dare make to shewe this melody so farr a backe that openly dare it not ben used! truly wretches ben fullfyllid with envy and wrathe, and no wight els. Flebring and tales in soche wretches dare apere openly in every wight's ere with ful mouth so charged, moken malyce moved many innocentes to shende, God wold ther soule therwith were strangeled. Lo! trouthe in this blisse is hid and over al under cover him hideth: he dare nat come a place for waiting of shrewes. Commonly badnes godnes amaistereth; with my self and my soule this joy wolde I bye if the godenesse wer as moch as the nobli in melodi. O (qð she) what godenesse may be accompted more in this material world! truly non that shalte thou understande. Is not every thing gode that is contrariant and distroynge yvel? How els (qð I)

I) Envy, wrathe and falsenes ben generall (qð she) and that wot every man beyng in his right mind, the knotte the whiche we have in this blisse is contrariaunt and destroieth soche maner yvelles. Ergo it is gode, what hath caused anye wight to do anye gode dede? Fynd me any gode, but if this knot be the chefe cause: Nedes mote it be gode, that causeth so many gode dedes. Every cause is more, and worthier than thing caused, and in that more's possession all thynges lesse ben compted. As the kinge is more than his peple, and hath in possession al his relme after: Right so the knot is more than al other godes, thou might reckon al thynges lasse, and that to him longethe owethe into his mores causes of worship and of wil do tourne, it is elles rebel, and out of his mores defending to voyd. Ryght so of every godenesse into the knot and into the cause of his worship oweth to tourne. And trewly every thinge that hath beyng profitable is gode, but nothing hath to ben more profitably than this knot: Kynges it maintaineth, and hem ther power to maintaine: It maketh misse to bene amended, with gode governaunce in doynge. It closeth hertes so togiðir, that rancour is outthresten. Who that it lengest kepeth, lengest is gladed. I trow (qð I) heretykes, and misse-mening peple hence-forward wol maintaine this knotte, for therthrough shull they ben maintained, and utterly woll tourne, and leve ther olde yvel understanding, and knitte this godenes, and proffer so ferre in service, that name of servautes might they have. Ther jangles shal cese, me thinketh hem lacketh mater now to aleg. Certes (qð love) if they of gode will thus tourned as thou sayst, wolen trewly perfourme, yet shull they be abled party of this blisse to have: and they wol not, yet shul my servautes the werre wel susteyne in min helpe of maynrenaunce to the end. And they for ther gode travaille shullen in rewarde so ben meded, that endelese joy body and soule togiðir in this shullen abyden, ther is ever action of blisse withouten possible corrupcion, there is action perpetuel in werke without travaille, there is everlastyng passyfe withouten any of labour: continuel plite without cefing coveted to endure. No tonge maye tell ne herte maye thinke the lesse pointe of this blisse. God bringe me thiðir (qð I than). Continueth wel (qð she) to the ende, and thou might not fail than, for though thou spede not here, yet shal the passion of thy martrid lyfe ben writen, and radde toforne the gret Jupiter, that God is of routhe, an highe in the holownesse of heven, ther he sit in his trone, and ever thou shalt forward ben holden amonge all these hevins for a knight, that mightest with no penaunce ben discomfited. He is a verie martyr that livingly goinge is gnawen to the bones. Certes (qð I) these ben gode wordes of comforte, a litell mine hert is rejoyced in a mery wise. Ye (qð she) and he that is in heven felith more joye, than whan he firste herde therof speke. So it is (qð I) but wist I the soth, that after disese comforte wold folowe with blisse, so as ye have often declared, I wold wel suffre this passion with the better chere, but my thoughtful sorow is endlesse, to think howe I am cast out of a welesfare, and yet daineth not this yvel none herte none hede to mewarde throwe, whiche thynges wold gretly me by wayes of comforte disporte, to weten in my selfe a litel with other me ben ymoned: and my sorowes peisen not in ther balaunce the weight of a pese: Slings of ther daunger, so hevily peysen, they drawe my causes so hye that in ther eyen they semen but light and right lytell.

O, for (qð she) heven with skies that foule cloudes maken and darke wethers with grete tempestes and huge, maketh the mery dayes with softe shinninge sonnes. Also the yere with-draweth floures and beau-

te of herbes and of yerth. The same yere maketh springes and jolyte in Ver so to renovel with peinted coloures, that erthe semeth as gay as heven. Sees that blasteth, and with wawes throweth shippes of which the living catures for grete peril of hem dreden: right so the same Sees maketh smothe waters and golden sailen, and comforteth hem, with noble havan that firste were so ferde. Hast thou not (qð she) lerned in thy youth that Jupiter hath in his wardrobe bothe garmentes of joye and of sorowe? What wost thou howe sone he wol tourne of The that garmente of care, and clothe The in blisse? Parde it is not ferre fro The. Lo an olde proverbe aleged by many wise! *Whan bale is gretest, than is bote anie bore.* Wherof wylt thou dismaye? hope wel and ferve wel, and that shall The save with thy gode byleve. Ye, ye (qð I) yet se I not by reson howe this blisse is comming, I wot it is contingent, it maye fal an other. O (qð she) I have mokel to done to clere thine understanding and voide these errours out of thy mynde, I woll prove it by reson thy wo maie not alway endure. Every thinge kindly (qð she) is governed and ruled by the heavenly bodies, whiche haven ful werching here on erth, and after course of these bodies all course of your doynge here ben governed and ruled by kind. Thou woste well by cours of planettes all your dayes proceden, and to everich of singuler houres be enterchaunged stoundemele about, by submitted worchyng naturelly to suffre, of whiche chaunges cometh these transitorie tymes, that maketh revolving of your yeres thus stoundmele, every hath ful might of worching, till all seven han hadde ther cours about. Of whiche worchings and possiession of houres, the dayes of the weke have take ther names, after denominacion in these seven planettes. Lo your sonday ginneth at the firste houre after none on the saturday, in whiche houre is than the sonne in ful might of worching, of whom sonday taketh this name. Next him foloweth Venus, and after Mercurius, and than the Mone, so than Saturnus, after whom Jovis, and than Mars, and ayen than the Sonne, and so forthe be xxiii. houres together, in whiche houre ginning in the ii. day stante the Mone, as maister for that time to rule, of whom monday taketh his name, and this course foloweth of al other dayes generally in doinge. This course of nature of these bodies chaunging flinten at a certaine terme, limited by ther first kind, and of hem al governementes in this clemented world proceden, as in springes, constellacions, engendrures, and al that folowen kind and reson; wherfore the course that foloweth sorow and joy, kindly moten entrechangen ther tymes, so that alway on wele as alway on wo may not endure. Thus seest thou apertly thy sorowe into wele mote ben chaunged, wherfore in soche case to better side evermore enclin thou shuldest. Trewly nexte the ende of sorowe anon entreth joye, by maner of necessite, it wol ne may non other betide, and so thy contingency is disproved: if thou holde this opinion any more, thy wit is right leud. Wherfore in ful conclusion of al this, thilke Margarite thou desirest, hath ben to The dere in thy herte, and for her hast thou suffred many thoughtfull diseses, hereafter shall be cause of mokell myrth, and joy, and loke how glad canst thou bene, and cese al thy passed hevinesse with manyfolde joyes. And than wol I as blithly here The speken thy myrthes in joy, as I now have yherde thy sorowes and thy complaints. And if I mowe in aughte thy joy encresce, by my trouthe on my side shal nat be leved for no maner travaille, that I with al my mightes right blithly wol helpe and ever ben redy you both to plesse. And than thanked I that lady with al godely manner that I worthily coude, and trewly I was gretly

rejoyfcd in myne herte, of her faire behestes and profered me to be flawe in all that she me wold ordein whyl my life lasted.

ME thinketh (q^d I) that ye have rightewel declared, that way to the knot shuld not ben in none of these disproving thinges, and nowe order of our purpose this asketh, that ye shuld me shew if any way be thither, and which thilke way shuld ben, so that openly may be sey the very hye way in ful confusion of these other thinges.

Thou shalt (q^d she) understande, that one of thre lyves (as I firste said) every creture of mankind is sprongen, and so forth procedeth. These lyves ben thorow names departed in thre maner of kindes, as bestialliche, manlyche, and resonabliche, of whiche two ben used by fleshely body, and the thirde by his soule. Bestial amonge resonables is forbidden in every lawe and every secte, bothe in christen and other, for everye wight dispiseth him that lyveth by lustes and delites, as him that is thral and bounden fervaunte to thinges right foule, soche ben compted werse than men, he shal nat in ther degre ben rekened, ne for soche one alowed. Heritikes faine they chofen life bestial, that voluptuouslye lyven, so that (as I firste saide to The) in manly and resonable livinges our mater was to declare, but manly lyfe in lyving after flesh, or els fleshely waies to chese may nat blisse in this knot be conquered, as by reson it is proved. Wherefore by resonable life he must nedes it have, sihe a way is to this knotte, but nat by the first tway lyves, wherfore nedes more it ben to the thirde, and for to lyve in fleshe but nat after fleshe, is more resonablich than manlyche rekened by clerkes. Therefore how this way cometh in I wol it blithely declare.

Se now (q^d she) that these bodily godes of manliche livinges, yelden sorowfull stoundes and smerande houres. Who so wel remembre him to ther endes, in ther worchinges they ben thoughtful and forie. Right as a Be that hathe had his honie, anon at his flight beginneth to stinge: So thilke bodily godes at the laste mote away, and than sting they at ther goinge, wherthroughe entreth and clene voideth al blisse of this knot.

Forsothe (q^d I) me thinketh I am wel served, in shewing of these wordes. Although I hadde lyttell in respecte amonge other grete and worthy, yet had I a faire parcel, as me thought for the tyme, in furthering of my sustenance, whiche while it dured, I thought me having mokel hony to mine estate. I had richesse suffisauntly to weive nede, I had dignite to be reverenced in worship. Power me thought that I had to kepe fro min enemies, and me semed to shine in glory of renome, as manhode asketh in mene, for no wighte in myne administracyon coude non yvels ne trechery by sothe cause on me putte. Lady, your selve weten wel, that of tho confederacies maked by my soverains, I n'as but a servaunt, and yet mokel mene folke woll fully ayenste reson thilke maters mainteine, in whiche maintenaunce glorien them self, and as often ye haven saide, therof ought nothing in yvel to be laide to me wardes, sihen as repentaunt I am tourned, and no more I thinke, neither tho thinges ne none soch other to sustene, but utterly distroye without medling maner, in all my mightes. How am I now cast out of al swetenes of blisse, and mischevously stongen by passed joye? Sorowfully must I bewaile, and live as a wretche. Every of tho joyes, is turned into his contrary: for richesse now have I povertie, for dignitie now am I imprisoned, in stede of power, wretchednesse I suffre, and for glory of renome I am now dispised, and fouliche hated: thus hath farne fortune, that sodainly am I overthrowen, and out of all welth dispoiled.

Truely me thinketh this waie in entre is right harde God graunt me better grace er it be al passed, th' other waie lady, me thought right swete. Now certes (q^d Love) me list for to chide. What aileth thy darke dulnesse? Woll it not in clerenesse ben sharpened? Have I not by many resons to The shewed, soch bodily godes failen to yeve blesse, ther might so forth woll not stretch? Shame (q^d she, it is to saie) thou liest in thy wordes. Thou ne hast wist but right few, that these bodily godes hadde all atones commenie thei dwellen not togethir. He that plentie hath in riches, of his kinne is ashamed: an other of linage right noble and well know, but povertie him handeleth, he were lever unknowe. An other hath these, but renome of peples praïsing maie he not have, over all he is hated, and defamed of thinges righte foule. An other is faire and femely, but dignitie him faileth: and he that hath dignite is croked or lame, or els mishapen, and foully despised. Thus partable these godes dwellen, commonly in one housholde ben thei but silde. Lo how wretched is your trust, on thing that woll not accorde! Me thinketh thou clepest thilk plite thou wer in felines of fortune, and thou saiest for that that felines is departed, thou art awretch. Then foloweth this upon thy wordes, every soule resonable of man maie not die, and if deth endeth felines, and maketh wretches, as nedes of fortune maketh it an end. Than soules after deth of the body in wretchednes should live. But we knowe many that han gotten the blisse of heaven after ther deth. Howe then maie this life maken men blisful, that when it passeth, it yeveth no wretchednesse, and many times blisse, if in this life he con live as he should. And wolt thou accompt with fortune, that now at the first she hath doen The tene and sorowe: if thou loke to the maner of all glad thinges and sorowful, thou maist not naie it, that yet, and namely now thou standest in noble plite in a gode ginning, what gode forth going herafter. And if thou wen to be a wretch, for soch welth is passed, why then art thou not well fortunate, for badde thinges and anguis wretchednes ben passed? Art thou now come first into the hostrie of this life, or els the both of this world, art thou now a sodain gest into this wretched exile? Wenest there be any thing in this yerth stable? Is not thy first arest passed, that brought The in mortall sorowe? Ben these not mortall things agon with ignorance of bestial wit, and hast received reson in knowing of vertue? What comferte is in thy herte? The knowing fikerly in my service be grounded. And wolt thou not wel as I said, that deth maketh ende of all fortune? What then, standest thou in noble plite, litle hede or recking to take, if thou let fortune passe ding, or els that she flie when her list, now by thy live. Parde a man hath nothyng so lese as his life, and for to holde that he doeth all his cure and diligent travaile. Then saie I thou art blisfull and fortunate sely, if thou knowe thy godes, that thou hast yet beleved, whiche nothing may doubt that thei ne ben more worthy than thy life? What is that (q^d I); gode contemplacion (q^d she) of well-doing in vertue, in time coming, bothe in plesaunce of me, and of thy Margarite perle: hastily thyn hert in full blisse what her shal be esed. Therefore dismay The not, fortune in hate grevously ayenst thy bodilie person, ne yet to grete tempest hath she not sent to The, sihen the holding cables and ankers of thy life holden by knitting so faste, that thou discomferte The nought of time that is now, ne dispaire The not of time to come, but yeven the comfort in hope of well-doing, and of getting again the double of thy lesing, with encreasing love of thy Margarit perle therto. For this hitherto thou hast had al her ful daunger, and so thou mighte amend al that is misse and

and all defaultes that sometime thou diddest, and that now in all thy time to that ilke Margarite in full service of my lore thine hert hath continued, wherefore she ought moche the rather encline fro her dangerous fete. These thynges ben yet knit by the holding anker in thy live, and holden mote thei: To God I praie al these thynges at ful ben performed. For while this anker holdeth, I hope thou shalt safely escape, and while thy true mening service about bryng, in dispite of all false meners, that The of newe haten for this true service, thou art now entered.

Certes (qð I) among thynges I asked a question, which was the waie to the knot. Trulie ladie, how so it be, I tempt you with questions and answeres, in speking of my first service, I am now in ful purpose in the prick of the hert, that thilke service was an enprisonment, and alwaie bad and naughtie, in no maner to be desired. Ne that in getting of the knot maie it nothing availe. A wise gentil hert loketh after vertue, and non other bodily joies alone. And bicause toforn this in tho waies I was fet, I wot well my self I have erred, and of the blisse failed, and so out of my waie hugely have I ronne. Certes (qð she) that is soth, and there thou hast miswente, eschue that pathe from henceforward I rede. Wonder I truelie, why the mortalle folke of this worlde seche these waies outforthe, and it is prived in your self. Lo how ye ben confounded with error and follie! The knowing of very cause and waie, is godenes and vertue. Is there any thing to The more precious than thy self? Thou shalt have in thy power, that thou wouldest never lese, and that in no waie maie be taken fro The, and thilk thing is that is cause of this knotte. And if deth mowe it not reve, more than an yerthly cature, thilke thing then abideth with thy self soule. And so our conclusion, to make soch a knot thus gotten, abideth with this thing, and with the soule, as longe as thei laste. A soule dieth never, vertue and godenes evermore with the soule endureth, and this knot is perfite blisse. Then this soul in this blisse endlesse shall endure. Thus shul hertes of a true knot ben esed: thus shul ther soules ben plesed: thus perpetually in joye shul thei sing. In gode trowth (qð I) here is a gode beginning, yeve us more of this waie. (Qð she) I saied to The not long sithen, that resonable life was one of thre thynges, and it was proved to the soule. Every soule of reson hath two thynges of steryng life, one in vertue, and an other in the bodily workyng: and whan the soule is the maister over the bodie, then is a manne maister of himself: and a man to be a maister over himself, liveth in vertue and in godenesse, and as reson of vertue techeth. So the soule and the body worching vertue togiðer, liven resonable life, whiche clerkes clepen felicitie in living, and therein is the hie waie to this knot. These olde Philosophers, that hadden no knowyng of divine grace, of kindly reson alone wenden that of pure nature, without any help of grace, me might have ishoned the other livinges: resonable have I lived, and for I thinke hereafter, if God woll (and I have space) thilke grace after my leude knowyng declare, I leve it as at this tyme. But (as I saied) he that outforthe loketh after the waies of this knotte, connyng with whiche he shold knowe the waie inforthe, slepeth for the tyme, wherefore he that woll this waie know, must leve the lokyng after false waies outforthe, and open the eyen of his conscience, and unclothe his hert. Seest not he that hath trust in the bodily life, is so busie bodily woundes to anoint in keypyng from smert (for all out maie thei not be healed) that of woundes in his true understanding he taketh no hede? the knowing even forth slepeth so

harde, but anone as in knowing awake, then ginneth the privie medicines, for helyng of his true entent, inwardes lightlie heleth conscience, if it be well handled. Then must nedes these waies come out of the soul by steryng life of the bodie, and els maie no man come to perfite blisse of this knot: and thus by this mene he shal come to the knot, and to the perfite felinelle that he wende have had in bodily godes outforthe? Ye (qð I) shall he have bothe knot, riches, power, dignitie, and renome in this maner waie? Ye (qð she) that shall I shewe The. Is he not riche that hath suffisaunce, and hath the power that no man maie amaistrien? Is not grete dignitie to have worship and reverence? And hath he not glory of renome, whose name perpetuall is during, and out of number in comparacion? These be the thynges that men wenen to gotten outforthe (qð I). Ye (qð she) thei that loken after a thing that nought is, thereof in all ne in partie longe mowe thei gapen after: that is sothe (qð I:) therefore (qð she) thei that sechen gold in grene trees, and wene to gadher precious stones among vines, and laine ther nettes in mountaines to fish, and thinken to hunt in depe Sees after hert and hind, and sechen in yerth thilke thynges that surmounteth heven. What maie I of hem saie? But folishe ignoraunce misledeth wandring wretches by uncouth wayes, that shulden be foreteten, and maketh hem blind fro the right pathe of true waie, that should ben used. Therefore in generall error in mankind departeth thilke godes by misse seching, which he should have whole and he sought by reson. Thus goeth he begiled of that he sought, in his hode men have blowe a jape. Now (qð I) if a man be vertuous, and al in vertue liveth, how hath he al these thynges? That shall I proven (qð she). What power hath any man to let an other of living in vertue? For prisionment or any other disese he take it patiently, discomfite he not, the tiraunte over his soule no power maie have; then hath that man so tourmented soche power, that he nill be discomfite, ne overcome maie he not ben, sithen pacience in his soule overcometh, and is not overcome. Soche thing that maie not be amaistred, he hath nede to nothyng, for he hath suffisaunce inow to help himself. And thilke thing that thus hath power and suffisaunce, and no tiraunte maie it reve, and hath dignitie to set at naught all thynges, here it is a grete dignitie that deth maie amaistrie. Wherefore thilke power suffisaunce so enclosed with dignitie, by all reson renome must have. This is thilk riches with suffisaunce ye should loke after: this is thilk worshipful dignitie ye should covet: this is the ilke power of might, in whiche ye should trust: this is thilke renome of glory, that endlesse endureth, and al n'is but substaunce in vertuous living. Certes (qð I) all this is sothe, and so I se well that vertue with ful gripe encloseth al these thynges. Wherefore in soth I maie saie, by my troth, vertue of my Margarite brought me first into your service, to have knitting with that jewell, not sodaine longinges ne folkes smale wordes, but onely our conversacion togiðer: and then I seing th'entent of her true mening, with flourishing vertue of pacience, that she used nothing in evill, to quite the wicked lesynges, that false tonges oft in her have laied, I have sey it my self, godely foryevenesse hath spronge out of her hert, unitie and accorde above al other thynges she desireth in a gode meke maner, and suffreth many wicked tales.

TRuelie, Ladie, to you it were a gret worship, that soch thynges by due chaistifement were amended. Ye (qð she) I have The excused all soche thynges as yet now not be redressed: thy Margarite's vertue I commende

commend well the more, that paciently soche anoies suffreth. David king was meke and suffred mokell hate, and many evil speches: no dispite ne shame, that his enemies him didin, might not move pacience out of his hert, but ever in one plite mercie he used. Wherefore God himself toke reward to the thinges, and thereon soche punishment let fal. Truly by reson it ought be ensample of drede to al maner peple's mirthe. A man vengeable in wrath no governance in punishment ought to have. Plato had a cause his servaunte to scourge, and yet cleped he is neighbour, to performe the doing, himself would not, lest wrath had him amaistred, and so might he have laid on to moche: evermore grounded vertue sheweth the entent fro within. And truly I wot well for her godenes and vertue, thou hast desired my service, to her plesant well the more, and thy self therto fully hast profered. Gode Ladie (q̃d I) is vertue the hie waie to this knot, that long we have ihandled? Ye forsoth (q̃d she) and without vertue godely this knotte maie not be gotten. Ah! now I se (q̃d I) how vertue in me faileth, and I as a fere tre, without buxioning or frute alwaie welke, and so I stonde in dispaire of this noble knotte, for vertue in me hath no maner working. A wide where about have I traiveled. Pece (q̃d she) of thy firste waie thy travaile is in idell, and as touching the seconde waie, I se well thy mening. Thou woldest conclude me if thou coudest, bicause I brought The to service, and every of my servauntes I helpe to come to this blisse, as I said here beforne: and thou saidest thy self, thou mightest not be holpen as thou wenest bicause that vertue in The faileth. And this blisse perfittly without vertue maie not be gotten, thou wenest of these wordes, contradiccion to folowe. Parde at the hardest I have no servaunt, but he be vertuous in dede and thought; I brought The in my service, yet art thou not my servaunt: but I saie, thou might so werch in vertue hereafter, that then shalt thou be my servaunt, and as for my servaunt accompted. For habite maketh no Monke, ne wering of gilt spurres maketh no knight. Never the later, in comfort of thine hert, yet wol I otherwise answere. Certes ladie (q̃d I tho) so ye muste nedes, or els I had nigh caught soche a-cordiale for sorowe, I wot it well I shuld it never have recovered. And therefore now I praie to enforme me in this, or els I hold me without recoverie. I maie not long endure, till this lesson be lerned, and of this mischefe the remedie knowen. Now (q̃d she) be not wrothe, for there is no man on live, that maie come to a precyous thyng, longe coveted, but he somtime suffre tenefull diseses, and wenest thy self to ben unliche to al other? That maie not ben: and with the more sorowe that a thing is gotten, the more hath he joye, the ilke thyng afterwarde to kepe, as it fareth by children in schole, that for lernyng arne beten, when ther lesson thei foryctten, commonly after a gode disciplinyng with a yerde, thei kepe right well doctrine of ther schole.

Right with these wordes, on this Ladie I threwe up myne eyen, to se her countinaunce and her chere, and she aperceving this fantasie in mine herte, ganne her semblaunte godelie on me cast, and said in this wise.

It is well knowe bothe to reson and experience in doying, every active worketh on his passive, and when thei ben together, active and passive ben icleped by these Philosophers, if fire be in place, chafyng thyng able to be chafed or hete, and the ilke thynges ben sette in soche a distaunce, that the one may werche, the other shall suffre. The ilke Margarite thou desirest, is full of vertue, and able to be active in godenesse: But every herbe sheweth his ver-

tue, outforthe from within, the Sonne yeveth light, that thinges maie be seye.

Every fire heteth the ilke thyng that it neighed, and it be able to be hete, vertue of this Margarite outforthe wrethe, and nothyng is more able to suffer workyng, or worke cathe of the active, but passive of the same active, and no passive to vertues of this Margarite but The in all my donet canne I finde, so that her vertewe muste nedes on The werche, in what place ever thou be, within distaunce of her worthinesse, as her very passive thou art closed: but vertue maie The nothyng profite, but thy desire be performed, and all thy sorowes cesed. *Ergo*, through werchyng of her vertue thou shalt eslie ben holpen, and driven out of all care, and welcome to this long by The desired.

Ladie (q̃d I) this is a gode lesson, in ginyng of my joye: But were ye well forsoth, though I suppose she have moche vertue, I would my spousale wer proved, and then maie I live out of doubte, and rejoyce me gretlie, in thinkyng of tho vertues so shewed. I herd The saie (q̃d she) at my beginning, when I receved The first for to serve, that thy jewell, thilke Margarite thou desirest, was closed in a muskle, with a blewe shell. Ye forsothe (q̃d I) so I said, and so it is. Well (q̃d she) every thyng kindelie sheweth it self, this jewell closed in a blewe shell, excellence of colours, sheweth vertue from within, and so every wight should rather loke to the proper vertue of thynges, then to his foraine godes. If a thyng be engendred of gode matter, comonlie and for the more parte it followeth after the congelemente vertue of the first matter, and it be not corrupte with vices, to procede with encrese of gode vertues: Eke right so it fareth of badde. Truly grete excellence in vertue of lynage for the more part discendeth by kind to the succession in vertues to folowe. Wherefore I saie, the colours of every Margarite sheweth from within the finesse in vertue.

Kindely heven, when merie wether is alofte, appereth in manne's eye of colour in blewe, stedfastnesse in pece betokenyng within and without: Margarite is engendred by hevenlie dewe, and sheweth in it self, by finenesse of colour, whether the engendrure wer maked on morowe or on eve: thus saith kinde of this perle. This precious Margarite that thou serveest, sheweth it self discended by nobley of vertue, from his hevenliche dewe, norished and congeled in mekenesse, that mother is of all vertues, and by werkes that men seen withouten the signification of the coloures ben shewed mercie and pitie in the hert, with pece to al other, and al this is iclosed in a Muskle, who so redilie these vertues loken. All thyng that hath soule, is reduced into gode by mene thynges, as thus: Into GOD manne is reduced by soules resonable, and so forthe bestes, or bodies that mowe not moven after place ben reduced into man, by bestes meve that moven from place to place: so that thilke bodies that han felyng soules, and move not from places, holden the lowest degre of solyng thynges in felyng, and soche ben reduced into man by menes. So it foloweth, the muskle as mother of all vertues, halte the place of mekenesse, to his lowest degre discendeth doune of heven, and there by a maner of virgin engendrure, arne these Margarites engendred, and afterward congeled. Made not mekenesse so lowe the hie heven, to enclose and catch out thereof so noble a dewe, that after congelement a Margarite, with endles vertue and everlasting joy, was with ful vessel of grace yeven to every cature, that godely would it receive? Certes (q̃d I) these thinges ben right noble, I have er this herde these same sawes. Then (q̃d she) thou wost well these thynges ben sothe? Ye forsothe (q̃d I) at

the full. Now (qð she) that this Margarite is full of vertue, it is well proved, wherefore some grace, some mercie among other vertues, I wotte right well on The shall discende? Ye (qð I) yet would I have better declared vertues in this Margarite kindelie to ben grounded. That shall I shewe The (qð she) and thou wouldest it lerne? Lerne (qð I) what nedeth soche wordes? wete ye not well, Ladie, your self, that all my cure, all my diligence, and all my might, have tourned by your counsaile, in plesance of that perle? al my thought and all my study, with your helpe desireth, in worshippe the ilke jewell, to encrese al my travail, and all my businesse in your service, this Margarite to glad in some halve: me were lever her honour, her plesance, and her gode there, thorowe me for to be maintained and kept, and I of soche thyng in her likyng to be cause, then all the welthe of bodily godes ye could reckon. And would never God, but I put my self in grete jeopardie of al that I would, that is now no more but my life alone, rather then I should suffer thilke jewel in any poynte ben blemished, as ferre as I maie suffre, and with my mightes stretch. Soche thing (qð she) maie mokel further thy grace, and The in my service avaunce. But now (qð Love) wilt thou graunte me thilke Margarite to ben gode: O gode gode (qð I) why tempt ye me and tene with soche maner speche? I would graunte that, though I should anone die, and by my trowth fight in the quarell, if any wighte would counterplede. It is so moche the lighter (qð Love) to prove our entent. Ye (qð I) but yet would I here, how ye would prove, that she were gode by resonable skill, that it mowe not ben denied, for although I knowe, and so doeth many other, manyfolde godenes and vertue in this Margarite ben printed, yet some menne there ben, that no godenesse speken: and wherever your wordes ben herd, and your resons ben shewed, soche evill spekers, Ladie, by auctoritie of your excellence shullen ben stopped and ashamed. And more thei that han none acquaintaunce in her persone, yet mowe thei know her vertues, and ben the more enformed in what wise thei mowe set ther hertes, when 'hem list into your service any entre make: for truly all this to begin, I wote well my self, that thilke jewel is so precious perle, as a womanly woman in her kinde, in whom of godenesse, of vertue, and also of aunswering shape of limmes, and fetures so well in all poyntes accordyng, nothing faileth: I leve that kinde her made with grete studie, for kinde in her persone nothyng hath foryet, and that is well seen. In every gode wighte's herte she hath grace of commendyng, and of vertuous praisyng. Alas that ever kinde made her dedlie: fave onelie in that I wote well, that Nature in formyng of her in nothyng hath erred.

Certes (qð Love) thou haste well begonne, and I aske The this question; Is not in generall every thyng gode? I not (qð I). No (qð she) saw not GOD everie thing that he made, and they werne right gode? Then is wonder (qð I) howe evill thynges commen a place, sithen that all thynges weren right gode. Thus (qð she) I woll declare everiche qualitie, and every accion, and every thing that hath any maner of beyng, it is of God, and GOD it made, of whom is all godenesse, and all beyng, of hym is no badnesse: badde to be is naught: Gode to be is somewhat, and therefore gode and beyng is one in understanding. How maie this be (qð I) for often han shrewes me assailed, and mokell badnesse therein have I founden, and so me semeth bad, to be somewhat in kind? Thou shalt (qð she) understande that soche maner badnesse,

which is used to purifie wrong doers is somewhat, and God it made, and beyng hath, and that is gode: other badnes no beyng hath utterlie, it is in the negative of somewhat, and that is naughte, and nothyng beyng. The parties essenciall of beyng arne saied in double wise, as that it is, and these parties ben found in every cature, for al thing a this halfe the first beyng is beyng through participacion, taking partie of being, so that every cature is difference between beyng, and of him through whom it is, and his owne beyng: right as every gode is a maner of beyng, so is it gode through beyng, for it is naught other to be: and every thing though it be gode, it is not of hymself gode, but it is gode by that it is ordinable to the grete godenes. This dualitie after clerkes determission, is founden in every cature, be it never so single of onhed. Ye (qð I) but there as it is isaid, that God saw every thyng of his makyng, and they were right gode, as your self saied to me, not long tyme sithen, I aske whether every cature is isaid gode, through godenesse unformed, either els formed, and afterwarde if it be accepte utterly gode? I shall saie The (qð she) these grete passed clerkes han divided gode into gode being alone, and that is nothing but gode, for nothyng is gode in that wise, but God. Also in gode by participacion, and that is icleped gode, for farre sette, and representative of godelie godenesse, and after this manifolde gode is saied, that is to saie, gode in kinde, and gode in gendre, and gode of grace, and gode of joye.

Of gode in kind Augustine saith, al that ben, ben gode: but peraunder thou wouldest wete, whether of himself it be gode, or els of an others godenes, for naturell godenesse of every substance is nothing els than his substanciall beyng, whiche is icleped godenesse, after comparison that he hath to his first godenesse, so as it is inductatife by menes into the first godenesse. Boece sheweth this thing at the full, that this name gode is in generall name in kinde, as it is comparisoned generally to his principalle ende, whiche is God, knotte of all godenes. Every cature crieth God us made, and so thei han full apeted to thilke God by affeccion, soche as to 'hem belongeth: and in this wise all thynges ben gode, of the grete GOD, whiche is gode alone. This wonder thing (qð I) how ye have by many resons proved, my first waie to be errour and misgoyng, and cause of badnesse and fible menyng, in the ground ye aledged to be roted: whence is it, that soche badnesse hath springes, sithen all thynges thus in generall ben gode, and badnesse hath no beyng, as ye have declared: I wene if all thynges ben gode, I might then with the first waie in that gode have ended, and so by godenesse have comen to blisse in your service desired. All thing (qð she) is gode by beyng in participacion out of the first godenesse, which godenesse is corrupte by badnesse, and badmenyng maners: God hath in gode thynges, that thei ben gode by beyng, and not in evil, for there is absence of rightfull love, for badnesse is nothing only but evil wil of the user, and through giltes of the doer, wherefore at the ginning of the worlde, every thing by himself was gode, and in universall thei werne right gode. An eye or a hand is fairer, and better in a bodie sette in his kindelie place, then from the bodie discovered. Every thing in his kindelie place beyng kindlie, gode doth werche, and out of that place voided, it dissolveth and is defouled hym selve. Our noble GOD in gliterande wise by armonie this worlde ordeined, as in purtreitures, storied with colours medled, in whiche blacke, and other darke colours, commenden the golden and the assured painture, every put in kindly place, one be-

side an other, more for other glitereth: right so little faire maketh right faire more glorious, and right so of godenes, and of other thynges in vertue. Wherefore other bad, and not so gode perles as this Margarite, that we han of this matter, yeven by the aire little godenesse, and little vertue, right mokell godenesse and vertue in thy Margarite to ben proved, in shining wise to be found and shewed. How shuld ever godenes of pece have ben knowe, but if unpece somtime reigne, and mokell evill wrothe? Howe should mercie ben proved, and no trespasse were, by due justificacion to be punished? Therefore grace and godenesse of a wighte is founde, the sorowful hertes in gode mening to endure, ben comforted, unite, and accorde betwene hertes knitte in joye to abide.

What wenest thou that I rejoyce, or els accompte hym among my servautes, that pleseth Pallas, in undoyng of Mercurie, all be it that to Pallas he be knitte by title of Lawe, not accordyng to the resonable conscience, and Mercurie in doyng have grace to ben suffered: or els hym that weneth the Mone, for fairenesse of the Evesterre? Lo! other while by nightes light of the Mone gretlie comforteth in darke thoughtes and blinde. Understanding of love ycveth grete gladnesse: Who so liste no bileve, when a soth tale is shewed, adewe and adewblis, his name is entred. Wise folke and worthie in gentiltie, bothe of vertue and of livyng, yeven full credence in sothenes of love with a gode hert, there as gode evidence or experience in doinge shewethe not the contrarie. Thus mightest thou have ful prefe in thy Margarite's godenesse, by commendement of other jewels badnesse, and yvelnesse in doinge. Stoundemele disceses yeveth severall houres in joye.

Nowe by my trouthe (qð I) this is wel declared, that my Margarite is gode, for sythen other ben gode, and she passeth many other in godenes and vertue, wherthrough by maner necessarye she muste be gode: and godenesse of this Margarite is no-thinge elles but vertue, wherefore she is vertuous, and if there failed anye vertue in any side, there were lacke of vertue: badde nothings els is ne maye be but lacke and wante of gode and godenesse, and so shoulde she have that same lacke, that is to sayne badde, and that maye not be, for she is gode, and that is gode me thinketh all gode, and so by consequence me semeth vertuous, and no lacke of vertue to have. But the Sonne is not knowe but he shine, ne vertuous herbes but they have ther kinde werching, ne vertue but it stretche in godenesse or profite to another, is no vertue. Than by al waies of reson, sithen mercie and pite ben moste commended amonge other vertues, and they might never ben shewed refreshement of helpe, and of comforte, but nowe at my moste nede, and that is the kinde werkinge of these vertues, trewly I wene I shall not varie from these helps.

Fyre and if he yeve none hete, for fire is not demed. The Sonne but he shine, for sonne is not accompted. Water but it wete, the name shal ben chaunged. Vertue but it werche, of godenes dothe it faile, and into his contrarie the name shal be reversed, and these ben impossible: wherefore the contradictory that is necessarie, nedes must I leve. Certes (qð she) in thy person and out of thy mouth these wordes lien well to ben said, and in thine understandinge to be leved, as in entent of this Margarite alone: and here now my spech in conclusion of these wordes.

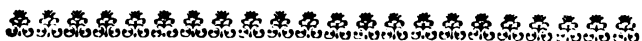
IN these thynges (qð she) that me list nowe to shewe openly, shal be founde the matter of thy sickenesse, and what shal ben the medicin that maye be

thy sorowes liffe and comfort, as well The as all other that amisse have erred, and out of the waye walked, so that any drop of gode will in amendement ben dwelled in ther hertes. Proverbes of Salomon openly techeth, howe somtime an innocent walked by the waye in blindenesse of a derke night, whome mette a woman (if it be lesely to saye) as a strumpete araid, redily purveied in turning of thoughtes with veine janglinges, and of reste inpacient, in dissimulation of my termes, sayng in this wise: come and be we dronken of our swete pappes, use we covetous collinges. And thus drawen was this innocent, as an ox to the larder. Lady (qð I) to me this is a queinte thinge to understande: I praye you of this parable declare me the entente. This innocent (qð she) is a scholer lerninge of my lore, in seching of my blisse, in which thinge the daye of his thought turninge enclineth into eve, and the sonne of verye light failinge, maketh darke night in his conuinge. Thus in derkenesse of manye doutes he walketh, and for blindenesse of understanding, he ne wote in what way he is in: forsothe soche one may lightly ben begiled. To whome came love fained, not clothed of my livery, but unlesful lustie habite, with softe speche and mery, and with faire honied wordes heretikes and missemeneing peple, skleren and wimplen ther errors. Austin witnellith of an heretike that in his firste beginninge, he was a man right experte in resons, and swete in his wordes, and the werkes miscorden. Thus fareth fayned love in her first werchinges: thou knowest these thinges for trewe, thou hast hem proved by experience. Somtime in doinge to thin owne person, in whiche thing thou hast founde matter of mokel disese. Was not fained love redily purveied, thy wittes to catch and tourne thy gode thoughtes? trewly she hath wounded the conscience of manye, with florishinge of mokill jangling wordes: and gode worthe thanked I it for no glose, I am gladde of my prudence thou hast so manly her veined. To me arte thou moche holden, that in thy kinde course of gode meninge I returne thy minde: I trowe ne had I shewed The thy Margarite, thou haddest never returned. Of firste in gode perfite joye was ever fayned love impacient, as the water of Sylloc, which ever more floweth with stilnesse and privi noise tyl it come nyghe the brinke, and than ginneth it so out of mesure to bolne, with novelleries of chaungynge stormes, that in course of every renninge it is in pointe to spil al his circuit of banks. Thus fained love prively at the fullest of his flowinge newe stormes debate to arise. And al be it that Mercurius oten with whole understanding known soche perillous matters, yet Veneriens so lustie ben and so leude in ther wyttes, that in soche thinges right litel or naught don they sele, and witten and cryen to ther felowes: here is blisse, here is joye, and thus into one same errour mokel folke they drawen. Come they saine, and be we dronken of our pappes, that ben fallas and lying glose, of whiche mowe they not souke mylke of helthe, but dedly venim and poyson, corrupcion of sorowe. Mylke of fallas is venim of discete: Mylke of lyinge glose is venim of corrupcion. Lo what thinge cometh out of these pappes: use we coveted collinges, desire we and meddle we false wordes with lore, and sore with false, truely this is the sorinesse of fained love, nedes of these surfettes sickenesse must folow. Thus as an ox to thy langoryng deth wer thou drawen, the sore of the smoke hath The al defafed. Ever the deper thou somtime wadest, the soner thou it founde: yf it had The killed it had be littell wonder. But on that other side my trewe servautes not faynen ne disceve conne, sothly ther doying is open, my foundement endureth, be the burthen

then never so grete, ever in one it lasteth: it yeveth lyfe and blisfull godenesse in the last endes, though the ginnings ben sharpe. Thus of two contraries contrarie ben the effectes. And so thilke Margarite thou serveest, shal sene The by her service out of perillous tribulacion delyvered, bycause of her service into newe disese fallen, by hope of amendemente in the laste ende with joye to be gladded, wherfore of kinde pure her mercy with grace of gode helpe shall she graunt, and elles I shal her so straine, that with pite shall she ben amaistred. Remembre in thine herte howe horrible sometyme to thine Margarite thou trespasshest, and in a gret wise ayenst her thou forgettest: clepe ayen thy minde, and knowe thine owne gyltes. What godenes, what bountie, with mokell folowing pyte founde thou in that tyme? Were thou not godely accepted into grace? By my pluckyng was she to foryevenesse enclined. And after I her stired to drawe The to house, and yet wendest thou utterlie for ever have ben refused. But wel thou woste, sithen that I in soche sharpe disese might so gretelye awayle, what thinkest in thy wyt? Howe ferre maye my witte stretch? And thou lach not on thy side I wol make The knotte: Certes in thy gode bering I woll accorde with the psauter, I have founde David in my service true, and with holy oyle of pece and of rest longe by him desired, utterly he shal be annoynted. Truste wel to me, and I wol The not faile. The lening of the first way wyth gode hert of continuance, that I se in The grounded, this purpose to parfourme, draweth me by maner of constraining, that nedes must I ben thine helper: although mirthe a while be taryed, it shal come at soche celson, that thy thought shal ben joyed, and wolde never God, sithen thyne herte to my resones arne assented, and openly haste confessed thyne amisse goynge, and now criest after mercy but yf mercy folowed: thy blisse shal ben redy ywis, thou ne wost how sone.

Nowe be a gode chylde I rede. The kind of vertues in thy Margaryte reherfed, by strength of me in thy persone shul werche. Comfort The in thys, for thou mayst not miscarie. And these wordes said, she streight her on length and rested a while.

Thus endeth the seconde boke.



Here after foloweth the thirde boke.

OF nombre faine these clerkes that it is naturel some of discret thinges, as in tellinge one, two, thre, and so forth: but among all nombres thre is determined for moste certain. Wherfore in nombre certaine this werke of my besye leudenesse I thynke to ende and parfourme.

Ensample by this worlde in thre tymes is divided: Of whiche the firste is cleped Demacian, that is to say, going out of trew waye, and all that tho deiden in hell were they punished for a manne's sinne, tyl grace and mercy sette hem thence, and there ended the first time. The second time lasteth from the coming of merciable grace, untill the ende of transitorie time, in which is shewed the true way in fordinge of the badde, and that is ycleped tyme of grace: and that thinge is not yeven by deserte of yeldinge one benefite for another, but onely through godenesse of the yever of grace in thilke tyme. Who so can wel understand, is shapen to be saved in souled blyffe. The thirde tyme shal gin when transitorie thinges of worldes han made ther ende, and that shal ben in joy, glory, and rede both body and soule, that wel han deserved in the time of grace. And thus in that

heven together shul they dwel perpetuelli, without any ymaginatif yvel in any halve. These times are figured by tho thre dayes, that our God was closed in yerthe, and in the thirde arose, shewing our resurrection to joy and blisse of tho that it deserven by his merciable grace. So this leude boke in thre matters accordaunt to tho tymes, lightly by a gode insecr maye ben understande, as in the firste erroure of misse-going is shewed, with sorowful pine punished is, crieth after mercie. In the seconde is grace in gode waye proved, whiche is failing without deserte, thilke first misse amending in correccion of tho errours, and even waye to bringe with comforte of welfare, into amendemente wexinge. And in the thirde joye and blisse, graunted to him that wel canne deserve it, and hath favour of understanding in the tyme of grace. Thus in joye of my thirde boke shall the matter be till it ende. But speciall cause I have in my herte to make this processe of a Margarit perle, that is so precious a gemme with clere and litell stones, of whiche stones or jewel the tonges of us English peple tourneth the right names, and clepeth hem Margeryte perles: thus varieth our spech from many other langages. For trewely Latin, Frenche and manye mo other langages clepeth hem Margery perles, the name Margarite or Margrit perles: wherfore in that denominacion I woll me accorde to other mens tonges in that name cleping. These clerkes that treten of kindes, and studien out the propertie ther of thinges, faine the Margarit is a lytel white perle, throughout holow and rounde, and vertuous, and on the Se-sides in the More Britain in muskle shelles of the heavenly dewe the best ben engendred: in which by experience ben founde thre faire vertues. One is, it yeveth comforte to the felynge spirites in bodily persones of reason. Another is gode, it is profitable helth ayenst passions of forie mens hertes. And the thirde it is nedefull and noble in staunchinge of blode, there elles to moche wolde out ren. To which perle and vertues me list to liken at this tyme Philosophie with her thre species, that is naturell, and moral, and resonable: of whiche thinges hereth what faine these grete clerkes. Philosophie is knowinge of divinly and manly thinges joyned with studie of gode living, and this stante in two thinges, that is conninge and opinion: conninge is whan a thing by certaine reson is conceived. But wretches, and toles, and leude men many wil conceive a thing and maintain it as for a sothe, though reson be in the contrarie, wherfore conninge is a straunger. Opinion is while a thing is in non-certaine, and hidde from mens very knowlege, and by no parfite reson fully declared, as thus: if the sonne be so mokel as men wenen, or els if it be more than the erthe. For in sothnes the certaine quantite of the Planet is unknowen to erthly dwellers, and yet by opinion of some menne it is holden for more than midde erth. The firste spece of Philosophie is naturel, which in kindly thinges treten, and sheweth causes of heven, and strength of kindly course: as by arismetrike, geometry, musike, and by astronomye, techeth waies and course of hevens, of planetes and of sterres aboute heven and erthe, and other elementes. The second spece is morall, whiche in order of living maners techeth, and by reson proveth vertues of soule moste worthy in our living, whiche ben Prudence, Justice, Temperaunce, and strength. Prudence is godely wisdom in knowinge of thinges. Strength voydeth al adversitees aliche even. Temperaunce destroieth bestiall lying with esie bering. And Justice right fully judgeth, and judginge departeth to every wight that, that is his owne. The thirde spece tourneth into reson of understanding al thinges to be said soth and discussed, and that in two thinges is divided: one is art, another

ther is rhetorique, in which two al lawes of man's reson ben grounded or els maintained. And for this boke is all of love, and thereafter bereth his name, and Philosophie and law must herto accorden by ther clerical discipions: as Philosophie for love of wisdom is declared: Lawe for maintainance of pece is holde, and these with love muste nede acorden, therefore of 'hem in this place have I touched. Ordre of homly thinges and honest maner of living in vertue, with rightfull judgement in causes, and profitable administracion in comunalties of relmes and cities, by evenhede profitably to raine, nat by singuler avauntage, ne by privy envy, ne by sole in purpose in covetise of worship or of godes ben disposed in open rule shewed, by love, Philosophie, and law, and yet love toforn al other. Wherefore as sultern in unite they acorden, and one ende, that is pece and rest, they causen norisshinge, and in the joye mainteinen to endure. Nowe than, as I have declared my boke acordeth with discipion of thre thinges, and the Margarit in vertue is likened to Philosophie with the thre spes. In whiche matters ever twei ben acordaunt with bodily reson, and the thirde with the soule: But in conclusion of my boke and of this Margarit perle, in knitting togither law by thre sondry maners shal be lykened, that is to saye, lawe, right, and custome, which I wol declare. Al that is law cometh of Godd's ordinaunce by kindly working, and thilke thinges ordained by man's wittes arne icleped right, whiche is ordayned by many maners and in constitucion writen: But custome is a thinge that is accepted for right or for lawe, ther as lawe and right failen, and ther is no difference, whether it come of scripture or of reson. Wherefore it sheweth that law is kindly governaunce: right cometh out of manne's probable reson: and custome is of comen usage by length of time used, and custome nat write is usage and if it be writte constitucion it is ywriten and ycleped: But lawe of kinde is comen to every nation, as conjuction of man and woman in love, succession of children in inheritance, restitution of thinge by strength taken or lent, and this lawe among al other halte the soverainest gre in wurship, whiche lawe began at the beginning of resonable cature, it varied yet never for no chaunging of time, cause for sothe in ordaining of lawe was to constrain mens hardinesse into pece, and withdrawinge his yvel will, and turning malice into godenesse, and that innocence likerly withouten teneful anoy amonge shrewes safely might inhabyte by protexcion of safe conduct, so that shrewes harme for harme by bridele of ferdenesse shulden restraine. But forsothe in kindly law nothinge is commended, but soche as Godde's wil hath confirmed, ne nothinge denied but contrarioustie of Godde's will in heven: eke than all lawes or custome, or els constitucion by usage, or wrytyng, that contrarien law of kinde, utterly ben repugnaunt and adversary to our Godd's wil of heven. Trewly law of kind for Godde's own lusty will is verily to maintaine under whiche lawe (and unworthy) bothe professe and reguler arn obediencer and bounden to this Margarit perle, and by knotte of love's statutes and stablishment in kinde, whiche that godely maye not ben withsetten. Lo! under this bonde am I constrained to abyde, and man under lyvinge lawe ruled, by that lawe oweth after desertes to ben rewarded by pain or by mede, but if mercie weyve the paine: so than by parte resonfulli maye be sey, that mercy both right and lawe passeth. Th' entent of al these matters is, the lest clere understanding to weten at th' ende of thys thirde boke ful knowinge thorow Godde's grace I think to make never the later, yet if these thinges han a gode and a sleight inseer, whiche that canne souke hony of the hard stone, oylie of the drie

rocke, may lightly fele nobley of matter in my leude ymaginacion closed.

But for my boke shal be of joye (as I said) and I so ferre set fro thylike place, fro whens gladnes should come, my corde is to short to let my boket ought catche of that water, and fewe menne be abouten my corde to eche, and many in ful purpose ben redy it shorter to make, and to enclose th' enter, that my boket of joye nothings shulde catch but empty returne my careful sorowes to encrese, and if I die for pain, that wer gladnes at ther hertes. Gode lord, send me water into the cop of these mountaines, and I shall drinke therof my thrustes to stanch: and sey these be comfortable welles into helth of godenes of my saviour am I holpen. And yet I say more, the house of joy to me is not opened. How dare my sorowfull gost than in any mater of gladnes thynken to trete? for ever sobbynges and complaintes be redy refrete in his meditations, as werbles in manyfolde stoundes comming about I n'ot than. And therefore what maner of joye coude endite, but yet at dore shal I knocke, if the key of David wolde the locke unshyt, and he bring me in, whiche that childrens tonges bothe openeth and closeth. Whose spirite where he wil worcheth, departinge godely as him lyketh. Now to Godde's laude and reverence, profite of the reders, amendement of maners of the herers, encrefing of worship among love's servautes, releving of my herte into grace of my jewel, and frenship pleasaunce of this perle, I am stered in this making, and for nothing els: and yf any gode thing to mennes liking in this scripture be founde, thanketh the maister of grace which that of the gode, and al other is authour, and principal doer. And if any thing be insufficient or els myslyking, wit The that the leudnesse of myne unable conning, for body in disese anoyeth the understanding in soule. A disefely habytacion leteth the wittes many thinges, and namely in sorow. The custome never the later of love, by longe time of service in termes I thinke to pursue, whiche ben lively to yeve understanding in other thynges. But nowe to enform The of this Margarite's godenes, I may her not halfe praise. Wherefore not she for my boke, but this boke for her is worthy to be commended, tho my boke be leude: right as thinges nat for places, but places for thinges ought to be desired and praised.

NOW (qð love) trewely thy wordes I have well understonde. Certes me thinketh 'hem ryght gode, and me wondreth why thou so lightly pailest in the law. Sothlye (qð I) my wit is leude, and I am right blind, and that mater depe, how shuld I than have waded, lightly might I have drenched and spilt ther my self. Yea (qð she) I shall helpe The to swime. For right as lawe punisheth brekers of preceptes, and the contrary doers of the writen constitucions: right so ayenward, law rewardeth and yeveth mede to 'hem that law strengthen. By one law this rebel is punished, and this innocent is mede, the shrewe is emprisoned and this rightfull is coronned. The same lawe that joyneth by wedloke wythout forsakyng, the same law yeveth libel of departicion bycause of divorce, both demed and declared. Ye ye (qð I) I finde in no lawe to mede and reward in godenes the giltye of desertes. Fole (qð she) giltye converted in your law, mykel merite deserveth. Also Pauly of Rome was coronned, that by him the maintainers of Pompeius weren knowen and distroied: and yet toforn was this Paulin chiefe of Pompeius counsaile. This lawe in Rome hath yet his name of mesuring in mede, the bewraying of the conspiracy, ordained by tho senatours the deth. Julius Caesar is acompted into Catons right-wisenesse

wisnesse, for ever in trouthe florisheth. his name amonge the knowers of reson. Perdiccas was corowned in the heritage of Alexander the great, for telling of a privy hate that king Porrus to Alexander hadde. Wherefore every wight by reson of law after his right-wisenes apertly his mede maye challenge: and so thou that maintaineist law of kinde, and therefore disese hast suffred in the law, reward is worthy to be rewarded and ordained, and apertly thy mede might thou challenge. Certes (qđ I) this have I well lerned, and ever hensforward I shall draw me thereafter in one hed of will to abide this lawe both maintain and kepe, and so hope I best entre into your grace, wel deserving in o worship of a wight without nedeful compulsion ought medefully to be rewarded. Truly (qđ Love) that is soth, and tho by constitucion gode service into profite and avauntage stretch, utterly many men it demen to have more desert of mede, than gode wil nat compelled. Se now (qđ I) how may men holden of this the contrary. And what is gode service? Of you wolde I here this question declared. I shall say The (qđ she) in a few wordes, resonable workinges in plesaunce and profite of thy soveraine. How shuld I thus performe (qđ I)? right well (qđ she) and here me now a lytell. It is hardely (qđ she to understande) that right as mater by due overchaunginges foloweth his perfeccion and his forme: right so every man by rightful werkinges ought to folow the letful desires in his hert, and so toforne to what ende he deserveth, for many-times he that loketh nat after th'ende, but utterly therof is unknowen, befalleth often many yvels to don, wherthrough er he be ware, shamfulli he is confounded, th' end therof neden to be before loked to every desire of soch foresight in gode service three thinges specially nedeth to be rulers in his workes. First that he do gode, next that he do by election in his owne hert, and the thirde that he do godely withouten any surquedry in thoughtes. That your werkes shulden be gode in service, or in any other actes, authorities many may be aleged, never the latter, by reson thus may it be shewed. Al your werkes be cleped second, and moven in vertue of the first wercher, which in gode works wrought you to procede, and right so your werkes moven into vertue of the last ende, and right in the first working wer nat, no man shuld in the second werche. Right so but ye feled to what ende, and sen ther godenes closed, ye shulde no more retch what ye wrought, but the ginning gan with gode; and there shal it cese in the last ende, if it be wel confided. Wherefore the mydle, if other wayes it draw than acordant to th'endes, there stineth the course of gode, and another maner course entreth, and so it is a party by him selve, and every part be nat acordant to his al, is foule and ought to be eschewe, wherefore every thing that is wrought and be nat gode, is nat acordant to th'endes of his al whole, it is foule, and ought to be withdraw. Thus the persons that neither don gode ne harme, shamen foule ther making: Wherefore without working of gode actes in gode service, may no man ben accepted. Trewly the ilke that han might to do gode, and done it not, the crowne of worshyp shal be take from 'hem, and with shame shul they be annulled. And so to make one werke accordant with his endes, everye gode servaunt by reson of consequence must do gode nedes. Certes it suffiseth not alone to do gode, but godely withal folow, the thanke of godenes els in nought he deserveth: For right as al your being come from the gretest gode, in whom al godenes is closed, right so your endes ben directe to the same gode. Aristotell determineth that ende and gode ben one, and convertible in understanding, and he that in wil doth

away gode, and he that loketh not to th'end loketh not to gode, but he that doth gode and doth not godelye, draweth awaye thy dyrection of th'ende, not godely must nedes be bad. Lo! badde is nothing els, but absence or negative of gode, as derkenes is absence or negative of light. Than he that doth not godely directeth thilke gode into th'ende of badde. So must thing not gode folow, eke badnes to soch folk ofte foloweth. Thus contrariaunt workers of th'ende that is gode, ben worthy that contrary of th'ende that is gode to have. How (qđ I) may any gode dede be done, but if godely it helpe. Yes (qđ Love) the devill doth many gode dedes, but godely he leveth behinde, for even badly and in descevable wise he worketh. Wherefore the contrary of th'ende him foloweth. And do he never so many gode dedes, bicause godely is away, his godenes is not rekened. Lo than! tho a man do gode, but he do godelye, th'ende in godenesse wol not folowe, and thus in gode service both gode dede and godely don musten joyne together, and that it be done with free choise in hert: and els deserveth he nat the merite in godenes, thatwoll I prove, for if thou do any thing gode by chaunce or by happe, in what thing art thou therof worthie to be commended? for nothing by reson of that turneth into thy praisinge ne lacking. Lo! thilke thinge done by hap by thy wil is nat caused, and therby shulde I thanke or lake deserve: and sithen that sayleth, th'ende whiche that wel shuld reward, must nedes faile. Clerkes faine, no man but willing is blessed, a gode dede that he hath done is not done of free choise willing, without whiche blissednes may nat folow. Ergo nether thanke of godenesse ne service in that is contrary of the gode ende, so than to gode service longeth gode dede godely don, thorow fre choise in hert. Truly (qđ I) this have I wel understand. Wel (qđ she) every thing thus done sufficiently by law that is cleped justice, after reward claimes. For law and justice was ordained in this wise, soche desertes in godenes after quantitie in doinge, by mede to rewarde, and of necessite of soch justice, that is to say rightwisenes was fre choise in deserving of wel or of yvel graunted to resonable cretures. Every man hath fre arbitrement to chose gode or yvel to performe. Nowe (qđ I) tho if I by my gode wil deserve this margarit perle, and am not therto compelled, and have fre choise to do what me liketh: She is than holden as me thinketh to reward th'entent of my gode will. Goddes forbode els (qđ Love) no wight meneth otherwise, I trow fre-wil of gode hert after mede deserveth. Hath every man (qđ I) fre choise by necessary maner of wil in every of his doinges, that him liketh, by God's proper purveiaunce? I wolde se that well declared to my leude understanding, for necessary and necessite ben wordes of mokel intencion, closing (as to say) so mote it be nedes, and otherwise maye it nat betide. This shalt thou lerne (qđ she) so thou take hede in my spech. If it were nat in manne's own liberte of fre wil to do gode or bad, but to the one reied by bonde of Gode's pre-ordinaunce: Than do he never so wel it were by nedeful compulsion of thilke bonde and nat by fre choise, wherby nothing he desireth, and do he never so yvel it were nat man for to wite, but onelich to him that soch thing ordained 'hem to done. Wherefore he ne ought for bad be punished, ne for no gode dede be rewarded, but of necessite of rightwisnes was therefore fre choice of arbitrement put in manne's proper disposicion: truly if it were otherwise it contraried God's charitie, that badnes and godenes rewardeth after deserte of pain, or of mede. Me thinketh this wonder (qđ I) for God by necessitie forwote al thinges coming, and so mote it nedes be: and thilk thinges that

that ben doen by our fre choice comen nothing of necessitie, but onely by wil: how maie this stande togither? and so me thinketh truly, that fre choice fully repugneth Godde's forweting. Truly, ladie, me semeth thei mowe not stande together.

THen gan love nigh me nere, and with a noble countenance of visage and limmes, dressed her nigh me my sitting place. Take forthe (qð she) thy penne, and redily write these wordes, for if God wolle, I shall 'hem so enforme to The, that thy leudenesse, whiche I have understand in that matter, shall openly be clered, and thy sight in full looking therin amended. First, if thou thinke that Godde's prescience repugne libertie of arbitrie of arbitrement, it is impossible that thei should accord in onhed of sothe to understanding. Ye (qð I) forsoth so I it conceive. Well (qð she) if thilke impossible were awaie, the repugnaunce that semeth to be therein, wer utterly removed. Shew me th' absence of that impossibilitie (qð I). So (qð she) I shall. Now I suppose that thei mowe stande together, prescience of God, whom foloweth necessitie of things coming, and libertie of arbitrement, through whiche thou belevest many thynges to be without necessitie. Bothe these propolitions be sothe (qð I) and well mowe stande togither, wherefore this case as possible I admit. Truly (qð she) and this case is impossible. How so (qð I)? For hereof (qð she) foloweth and wexeth an other impossible. Prove me that (qð I). That I shall (qð she) for some thyng is comyng without necessitie, and God wote that toforne, for all thing comyng he before wot, and that he before wot of necessitie is coming: as he before wot, be the case by necessary maner then, or els thorowe necessitie, is somthing to be without necessitie, and whider to every wight that hath gode understanding, is seen these thinges to be repugnaunt. Prescience of God, which that foloweth necessitie, and libertie of arbitrement, fro which is removed necessitie, for truly it is necessarie, that God have forweting of thinge, withouten any necessitie commyng. Ye (qð I) but yet remeve ye not awaie fro mine understanding, the necessitie followyng Godde's before weting, as thus. God before wote me in service of Love, to be bounden to this Margarite perle, and therefore by necessitie thus to love am I bound, and if I not had loved, through necessitie had I ben kept from all lovededes. Certes (qð Love) bicause this matter is gode and necessary to declare, I think herein wel to abide, and not lightlie to passe. Thou shalt not (qð she) saie all onely God before wote me to be a lover, or no lover, but thus: God before wote me to be a lover, without necessitie. And so it followeth, whither thou love, or not love, every of 'hem is and shal be. But now thou seest the impossibilitie of the case, and the possibilitie of thilke that thou wendest had ben impossible, wherefore the repugnaunce is adnulled. Ye (qð I) and yet doe ye not awaie the strength of necessitie, when it is said, though necessitie it is me in love to abide, or not to love without necessitie, for God before wote it. This maner of necessitie forsothe semeth to some men into coaccion, that is to saie, constrainyng, or els prohibicion that is defendyng, wherefore necessitie is me to love of wil. I understande me to be constrained, by some privie strengthe, to the will of lovyng, and if no love, to be defended from the will of loving, and so through necessitie me semeth to love for I love, or els not to love, if I not love, wherethrough neither thanke ne maugre in tho thynges maie I deserve.

Now (qð she) thou shalte well understande that often we saie thyng, through necessitie, to be that

by no strengthe to be neither is coarted, ne constrained, and thorowe necessitie not to be, that with no defendyng is removed, for we saie, it is thorowe necessitie, GOD to be immortalle, nought dedliche, and it is necessitie, God to be rightfull, but not that any strengthe of violente maner constraineth hym to be immortall, or defendeth hym to be unrightful, for nothing maie make him dedly or unrightfull. Right so if I saie through necessitie is The to be a lover or els none, only thorow will, as God before wote, it is not to understande, that any thing defendeth or forbit The thy wil, which shal not be, or els constraineth it to be, which shal be: that same thing forsoth God before wot, whiche he before seeth, any thyng commende of onely wille, that wil neither is constrained ne defended through any other thinge. And so through libertie of arbitrement it is doe, that is doen of wil. And truly, my gode child, if these thynges be wel understand, I wene that none inconvenient shalt thou finde, betwene Godde's forweting, and libertie of arbitrement, wherefore, I wote well thei maie stande togither. Also farthermore, who that understanding of prescience properliche considereth, through the same wise, that any thing be afore wist, is saied for to be comyng, it is pronounced, there is nothing toforne wist, but thyng commyng, forewetyng is but of trouth, doubt maie not be wist: wherefore, when I sey, that God toforne wot any thyng, through necessitie is thilke thing to be commyng, all is one if I sey, if it shal be, but this necessitie neither constraineth, ne defendeth any thing to be, or not to be. Therefore sothly if love is put to be, it is saied of necessitie to be, or els for it is put not to be, it is affirmed not to be of necessitie: not for that necessitie constraineth or defendeth, love to be, or not to be. For when I saie, if love shal be of necessitie it shal be, here foloweth necessitie. The thinge toforne put, it is as moche to saie, as if it were thus pronounced, that thing shal be: none other thing signifieth this necessitie but onely thus, that shal be maie not togither be and not be. Evenliche also it is soth, love was and is, and shal be, not of necessitie, and nede is to have be all that was, and nedefull is to be all that is, and coming to all that shal be: and it is not the same to saie, love to be passed, and love passed to be passed, or love present to be present, and love to be present, or els love to be commyng; and love commyng to be commyng: diversite in setting of wordes maketh diversite in understanding, altho in the same sentence thei accorden of significacion, right as it is not all one, love swete to be swete, and love to be swete: for moch love is bitter and sorowfull ere hertes ben esed, and yet it gladdeth thilk sorowfull hert on soche love to thinke. Forsoth (qð I) otherwhile I have had mokell blisse in hert of love, that stoundmele hath me sorily anoied: and certes, lady, for I se my self thus knit, with this Margarite perle, as by bonde of your service, and of no libertie of will, my hert will now not accorde this service to love. I can demin in my self none otherwise, but through necessitie am I constrained, in this service to abide. But alas! then, if I through nedefull compulsion, maugre me, be with holde, little thanke for all my grete travaille have I then deserved. Now (qð this ladie) I saie as I saied: Me liketh this matter to declare at the full, and why? For many men have had divers fantasies and refons, bothe on one side therof, and in the other. Of which right sone I trowe, if thou wilt understand, thou shalt conyeve the sentence, to the partie more probable by refon, and in sothe knowing, by that I have of this matter maked an ende. Certes (qð I) of these thinges long have I had grete luste to be learned,

ned, for yet I wene Godde's will and his prescience accordeth with my service, in lovyng of this precious Margarite perle, after whom ever in my herte with thursting desire wete I doe brenne, and wast- yng I langour and fade, and the daie of my desti- nie, in deth or in joye, I abide; but yet in the ende I am comforted be my supposaille in blisse; and in joye to determine after my desires. That thyng (qð Love) hastelie to The neigh, God graunt of his grace and mercie, and this shal be my praier, till thou be likened in herte at thine own wil. But now to enforme The in this matter (qð this Ladie) thou woste where I left, that was love to be swete, and love swete to be swete, is not all one for to saie: For a tre is not alwaie by necessitie white, som- time er it wer white, it might have be not white: and after time it is white, it maie be not white: but a white tre ever more nedefull is to be white: for neither toforne ne after it was white, might it be to- giðer white and not white. Also love by necessitie is not present as now in The, for er it wer present it might have be, that it should now not have be, and yet it may be, that it shal not be present: but thy love present, whiche to her Margarite The hath bound, nedefull is to be present. Truly some doing of accion, not by necessitie is coming farre toforne it be, it maie be that it shal not be coming: thing for- soth coming nedefull is to be coming, for it maie not be that coming shal not be coming. And right as I have saied of present and of future tymes, the same sentence in sothnesse is of the preterit, that is to say, time passed, for thing passed must nedes be passed, and er it were it might have not be, where- fore it should not have passed. Right so when Love comyng, is saied of love that is to come, nedefull is to be that is saied, for thing comming never is not commyng, and so oft the same thyng we saie of the same; as when we saie every man is a man, or every lover is a lover, so must it be nedes, in no waie maie he be man, and no man together. And if it be not by necessitie, that is to say, nedeful al thing comming to be comming, then some thyng comming is not comming, and that is impossible, right as these termes nedefull, necessitie, and necessa- rie, betoken and signifyng nedes to be, and it maie not otherwise be. Right these termes, impossible signifieth, that thing is not, and by no waie maie it be, then through perte necessite, all thing comming is comming, but that is by necessitie, foloweth with nothing to be constrained. Lo! when that com- myng is saied of thyng, not alwaie thinge through necessitie is, altho it be comyng. For if I saie to morowe, love is comyng in this Margarite's herte, not therefore through necessitie shal thilke love be, yet it maie be that it shal not be, altho it were comyng. Neverthelater, sometyme it is sothe, that some thyng be of necessitie, that is saied to come: and if I saie to morowe be commyng the risyn of the Sonne. If therefore with necessitie I pronounce commyng of thyng to come, in this maner love to morne commyng in thine Margarite, to The warde by necessitie is commyng, or els the risyn of the Sonne to morn comming through necessitie is com- myng. Love sothlie, whiche maie not be of necessitie alone followyng, through necessite commyng it is made certain. For future of future is saied, that is to saie, commyng of commyng is saied: as if to morowe commyng, is through necessite coming it is. Arising of the Sonne through two necessities in commyng, it is to understande, that one is to forgoynng necessite, whiche maketh thing to be, therefore it shal be, for nedefull is that it be. An other is folowyng necessitie, which nothing constraineth to be, and so by neces- sitie it is to come, why? for it is to come.

Now then, when we saie, that God before wote thyng commyng nedefull is to be commyng, yet therefore make we not in certaine, evermore thyng to be through necessitie commyng. Sothly tthing commyng maie not be not commyng by no waie, for it is the same sentence of understandyng: as if we saie thus: If God before wote any thing, nedefull is that to be comming. But yet therfore foloweth not that prescience of God, thing through necessitie to be coming: for altho God toforne wot all thinges comming, yet not therfore he before wot every thing coming thorow necessitie. Sum thinges he before wot coming of frewill, out of resonable creature. Certes (qð) these termes, nede and ne- cessitie, have a quaint maner of understandyng, thei woulde dullen many mennes wittes. Therfore (qð she) I wol 'hem openly declare, and more clerely then I have toforne er I depart hense. Here of this matter (qð she) thou shalte understande, that right as it is not nedeful, God to wiln that he wil, no more in many things is not nedefull, a man to wilne that he woll, and ever right as nedefull is to be, what that God woll, right so to be it is nede- full, that man woll in tho thinges, whiche that God hath put into manne's subjeccion of willyng: as if a man woll love, that he love: and if he ne woll love, that he love not, and of soche other things in man's disposicion. For why? now then that God woll maie not be, when he woll the will of man thorow no necessitie to be constrained, or els defended for to wiln, and he woll th' effeete to folowe the will, than is it nedefull wil of man to be fre, and also to be that he woll. In this maner it is soth that thorow necessitie is man's werke in loving, that he woll do altho he woll it not with necessitie. (Qð I than) how stant it in love of thilke will, sichen men loven willyng of fre choise in hert. Wherefore if it be thorow necessitie, I praie you, Ladie, of an answere this question to asloile. I woll (qð she) answer The blively: right as men will not thorow necessitie, right so is not love of wil thorowe necessitie, ne thorowe necessitie wrought the ilke same will; for if he would it not with gode will, it should not have ben wrought, although that he doeth it is nedefull to be doen. But if a man do sinne, it is nothing els but to will, that he should not: right so syn of will, is not to be maner necessary doen, no more then wil is necessary. Never the later this is soth, if a man woll sinne, it is necessary him to sinne, but through thilk neces- sitie nothing is constrained ne defended in the will, right so thilk thing that frewill woll, and maie, and not maie, not wiln, and nedefull is that to wilne he maie not wilne, but thilke to wilne nedefull is, for impossible to hym it is one thing, and the same to wilne, he maie not wilne, but thilk to wilne nede- full is: for impossible to hym it is one thing and the same to wilne, and not to wilne.

The werke forsothe of will, to whom it is yeve, that it be that he hath in will, and that he woll not, voluntarie of spontanie it is, for by spontanie will it is doe, that is to saie, with gode wil, not constrain- ed: then by wil not constrained, it is constrained to be, and that is it maie not together be. If this neces- sitie maketh libertie of will, whiche that aforne thei weren, thei might have ben eschued and shonned: God then, which that knoweth all truthe, and no- thing but truthe, all these thinges, as thei arne spon- tanie, or necessarie sight, and as he seeth so thei ben: and so with these thinges well considered, it is open at the fulle, that without all maner repugnance, God before wote al maner things ben doen by fre- will, whiche aforne thei weren, might have ben ne- ver thei should be, and yet ben thei thorow a maner necessitie, from frewill discended.

Hcreby

Hereby maie (qð she) lightly ben knowe that not all thinges to be is of necessitie, though God have hem in his prescience, for somthinges to be, is of libertie of will, and to make The to have full knowing of Godde's beforneweting, here me (qð she) what I shal saie. Blithly lady (qð I) me list this matter entirely to understande. Thou shalte (qð she) understande, that in heaven is Godde's being, although he be over al by power, yet there is abiding of divine persone, in which heaven is everlastyng presence, withouten any movable tyme there, sole have I not saied toforne this, as tyme hurteth, right so ayenwarde, tyme heleth and rewardeth: and a tre oft failed, is holde more in deintie, when it fruiet forthe bringeth.

A Marchaunte that for ones lesyng in the Se, no more to aventure thinketh, he shall never with aventure come to riches: so oft must menne on the Oke smite, till the happie dente have entred, whiche with the Oke's owne swaie, maketh it to come al at ones. So oft falleth the lethy water on the harde rocke, till it have through persed it. The even draught of the Wier drawer, maketh the wier to ben even, and supplie werchyng, and if he stinted in his draught, the Wier breketh asonder. Every Tre well springeth, when it is well grounded, and not often removed. What shall this fruiete be (qð I) now it ginneth ripe? Grace (qð she) in parfite joye to endure, and therewith thou begon. Grace (qð I) me thinketh, I should have a rewarde for my long travaile? I shall tell The (qð she) retribucion of thy gode willes, to have of thy Margarite perle, it bereth not the name of mede, but onely of gode grace, and that cometh not of thy desert, but of thy Margarite's godenslie, and vertue alone. (Qð I) should all my long travaile have no rewarde, but through grace, and sometyme yourselven saied, rightwisenesse evenliche rewardeth to quite one benefite for an other. That is sothe (qð Love) ever as I saied, as to hym that doeth gode, which to doen he were neither holden, ne yet constrained. That is sothe (qð I). Truly (qð she) all that ever thou doest thyne Margarite perle, of will, of love, and of reson thou owest to doen it, yet is it nothyng els but yelding of thy debte, in quiting of thy grace, which she The lente, when ye first mette. I wene (qð I) right little grace to me she delivered: Certes it was harde grace, it hath nigh me astrangled. That it was gode grace I wotte well thou wilt it graunte, ere thou departe hence. If any man yeve to an other wight, to whom that he ought not, and whiche that of himself nothyng maie have, a garmente or a cote, though he were the cote, or els thilke clothyng, it is not to put to him that was naked the cause of his clothing, but onelie to him that was yever of the garment; wherefore I saie, thou that were naked of love, and of thy self none have mighteste, it is not to put to thyne owne persone, sithen thy love came through thy Margarit perle; Ergo she was yever of the love, although thou it use, and there sente she The grace, thy service to beginne. She is worthie the thanke of this grace, for she was the yever.

All the thoughtes, busie doynges, and plesaunce in thy might, and in thy wordes, that thou canste devise, ben but right little, in quityng of thy debte: had she not ben, soche thyng had not ben studied. So all these matters kindlie drawn homward to this Margarite perle, for from thens were thei borrowed, all is whollie her, to witte, the love that thou havest, and thus quitest thou thy debte, in that thou stedfastlie serveest. And kepe well that love, I The rede, that of her thou hast borrowed, and use it in her service, thy debte to quite, and then art thou able right sone to have grace, wherefore after mede in none halve maieest thou loke.

Thus thy ginyng and endyng is but grace alone, and in thy gode deservyng thy debte thou aquiteste: without grace is nothyng worthe what so ever thou werche. Thanke thy Margarite of her grete grace that hitherto The hath guided, and pray her of continuaunce forthe in thy werkes hereafter, and that for no mishap thy grace overthwartlie tourne. Grace, glorie, and joye, is comyng through gode folkes desertes, and by gettyng of grace therein shullen ende. And what is more glorie, or more joie then wisdom, and love in perfite charitie, whiche God hath graunted to all tho that well can deserve? And with that this Lady all at ones starte into myne herte: here wol I onbide (qð she) for ever, and never woll I gone hence, and I woll kepe The from medlyng, while me liste here on bide: thyne entremetyng maners into stedfastnes shullen be chaunged.

Soberliche tho threwe I up myne eyen, and hugelie tho was I astonied of this sodain adventure, and faine would I have lerned how vertnes shulden ben knowen, in which thynges I hope to God, hereafter she shall me enformen, and namely sithen her resting place is now so nigh at my will: and anone all these thynges that this ladie saied, I remembred me by my self, and revolved the lives of myne understanding wittes.

Tho found I fully all these matters perfitelie there written, howe misserule by fained love bothe relmes and cities hath governed a grete throwe. Howe lightlie me might the fautes espie, howe rules in love should ben used, howe sometyme with fained love foule I was begiled, how I should love have knowe, and howe I shall in love with my service procede.

Also furthermore, I found of perdurable letters wonderlie there graven these matters, whiche I shall nempne. Certes none age, ne other thing in yerth, maie the lest syllable of this in no point deface, but clerly as the Sonne in myne understanding foule thei shinen. This maie never out of my minde, how I maie not my love kepe, but through willyng in hert: wilne to love maie I not, but I lovyng have. Love have I none, but through grace of this Margarite perle. It is no maner doubt, that will woll not love, but for it is lovyng, as wille woll not rightfully, but for it is rightfull it selve. Also will is not lovyng for he woll love, but he woll love for he is lovyng: it is all one to will to be loving, and lovynges in possession to have. Right so will woll not love, for of love hath he no partie, and yet I denie not lovyng, will wilne more love to have, which that he hath not, when he wold more than he hath, but I say he maie no love wilne, if he no love have, through whiche thilk love he should wilne: but to have this lovyng will, maie no manne of hym self, but onely through grace toforne goyng: right so maie no man it kepe, but by grace folowing. Consider now every man a-right, and lette seen if that any wight of himself, mowe this loving well get, and he thereof first nothing have: for if it should of himself spryng, either it must be willing, or not willyng. Willyng by hymself maie he it not have, sithen him faileth the matter that shuld it forth bring, the matter him faileth: why? He maie thereof have no knowing, till when grace put it in his herte. Thus willyng by himself, maie he it not have, and not willing maie he it not have. Parde every concepte of every reasonable creature otherwise wil not graunt: will in affirmatife with not willing by no waie now accord. And although this loving woll come in mine hert by frenesse of arbitrement, as in this boke fullie is shewed, yet owe I not therefore as moche alowe my frewill

frewill, as grace of that Margarite, to me lened, for neither might I without grace toforne goyng, and afterwarde folowing, thilk grace get ne kepe, and lese shal I it never but if frewill it make, as inwilling otherwise then grace hath me graunted. For right as when any perione taketh willing to be sober, and throweth that awaie willing to be dronke, or els taketh will of drinking out of mesure: which thing anon as it is doen, maketh through his own gilt by frewill, that leseth his grace. In which thing therefore, upon the nobley of grace I mote trusten, and my busie cure set the ilke grace to kepe, that my frewill otherwise then by reson it shoud werche, cause not my grace to voide: for thus must I bothe loke to frewill and to grace. For right as naturell usage, in engendering of children, maie not ben without father, ne also but with the mother, for neither father ne mother in begetting may it lacke: right so grace and frewill accorden, and without 'hem both maie not lovyng will in no partie ben gotten. But yet is not frewill, in getting of that thyng, so mokell thanke worthie as is grace, ne in the kepyng thereof, so moche thanke deserveth, and yet in getting and kepyng bothe doen thei accorde. Truelie oftentime grace frewill helpeth in fordoynge of contrary thynges, that to wyllyng love not accorden, and strength will adversities to withsit, wherfore al together to grace oweth to ben accepted, that my wyllyng deserveth: Frewill to lovyng in this wise is accorded. I remember me well how all this boke (who so hede taketh) considereth all thynges, to werchinges of mankinde evenly accordeth, as in turning of this word love into troth, or els rightwisenesse, whether that it like. For what thing that falleth to man, in helping of fre arbitrement, thilke rightwisenesse to take, or els to kepe, through whiche a man shall be saved, of whiche thyng all this boke mencion hath made, in everie point thereof, grace oweth to be thanked.

Wherefore I saie, every wight havynge this rightwisenesse, rightfull is, and yet therefore I fele not in my conscience, that to all rightfull is behoten the blisse everlastyng, but to 'hem' that ben rightfull, withouten any unrightfulness. Some man after some degre maie rightfully ben accompted: as chaste men in livyng, and yet ben thei janglers, and full of envie pressed: to 'hem' shall this blisse never ben delivered. For right as very blisse is without al maner nede, right so to no man shall it be yeven, but to the rightfull, voide from al maner unrightfulness founde, so no man to her blisse shall ben folowed, but he be rightfull, and with unrightfulness not bounde, and in that degre fullie be knowe. This rightfulness in as moche as in hymself is, of none evill it is cause, and of all maner godenesse truely it is mother. This helpeth the spirite, to withsitte the leude lustes of fleshlye likyng: this strengtheth and mainteineth the lawe of kind, and if that otherwhile me weneth harme of this precious thinge to followe, therethrough is nothyng the cause, of somwhat els cometh it aboute, who so taketh hede. By rightfulness forsoth, werne many holie sainctes gode favour in swetenesse to God Almightye, but that to some folkes thei weren favour of deth into dedly ende, that come not of the sainctes rightwisnesse, but of other wicked mennes badnesse hath proceded. Truely the ilke will, whiche that the ladie of love me lerned affection of wille to nempne, whiche is in willing of profitable thynges, evill is it not, but when to fleshly lustes it consenteth, ayenst reson of soule: but that this thing more clerely be understande, it is for to knowe, whence, and how the ilke will is so vicious and so redie evil dedes to performe.

Grace at the ginning ordeined thilk wil in godenesse ever to have endured, and never to badnesse

have assented: menne should not bileve, that God thilke wil made to be vicious. Our firste father as Adam and Eve, for vicious appetites, and vicious wille to soche appetites consentyng, ben not one thing in kinde, other thyng is doen for the other. And how this will first into manne first assented, I holde it profitable to shewe: but if the first condicion of resonable cature woll be considered and apertly loked, lightly the cause of soche wille maie ben shewed. Intencion of God was, that rightfully and blessed shoud resonable nature ben made, himself for to kepe, but neither blisfull ne rightfull might it not be, withouten will in them bothe. Will of rightfulness is the ilke same rightfulness, as here toforne is shewed: but wil of blisse is not the ilke blisse, for every manne hath not thilke blisse, in whom the will thereof is abiding. In this blisse after every understanding, is suffisaunce of covenable comodites, without any maner nede, whether it be blisse of angels, or els the ilke, that grace first in paradise suffred Adam to have. For although Angels blisse be more than Adam's was in paradise, yet maie it not be denied, that Adam in paradise ne had suffisaunce of blisse: for right as grete herte is without al maner of coldnesse, and yet maie an other hert more hete have, right so nothing defended Adam in paradise to ben blisfed, without all maner nede.

Although Angels blisse be moche more, forsothe it foloweth not lasse then an other to have therefore hym nedeth, but for to wante a thyng, whiche that behoveth to ben had, that maie nede ben cleped, and that was not in Adam, at the first ginning, God and the Margarite weten what I mene. Forsothe where as is nede, there is wretchednesse, God without cause toforne goyng made not resonable cature wretched, for him to understande and love hadde he first made. God made therefore man blisfed without all maner indigence, together and at ones toke resonable cature blysse, and of wil of blisfednesse, and will of rightfulness, whiche is rightfulness it selve, and libertie of arbitrement, that is fre wil, with which thilke rightfulness may he kepe and lese. So and in that wise ordained thilke two, that wil whiche that instrumente is cleped, as here toforne mencion is made, shulde use thilke rightfulness, by techinge of his soule to gode maner of governaunce, in thought and in wordes, and that it shoulde use the blisse in obedient maner, withouten anie incommode. Blisse forsothe into man's profite, and rightwisnes into his worship God delivered at ones: but rightfulness so was yeven that man might it lese, whiche yf he losse had not, but continually have it kept, he shoud have deserved the avauncement into the felowshippe of angels, in whiche thing if he that losse, never by himselfe forwarde shulde he it now ayenward recover: and as wel the blisse that he was in, as aungeles blisse that to him wardes was coming, shuld be nome at ones, and he deprived of them bothe. And thus fyl man unto likeness of unresonable bestes, and with 'hem' to corrupcion and unlustes appetites was he under throwne, but yet wil of blisse dwelleth, that by indigence of gode, which that he lost through gret wretchednes, by right shulde he ben punished. And thus for he weived rightfulness, losse hath he his blisse: but faile of his desire in his owne commodite maye he not, and where comodites to his resonable nature, whiche he hath losse may he not have, to false lustes, whiche ben bestial appetites, he is turned: folye of unconning hath him begiled, in wening that thilk ben the comodites that owen to ben desired. This affection of will by libertie of arbitrement is enduced to wiln thus thing that he shulde not, and so is wil not made yvel but unrightful, by absence of rightfulness, which thing by reson ever

shulde he have. And frenesse of arbytrement may he not wilne whan he it not haveth, for while he it had, thilke helpe it not to kepe: so that without grace may it not ben recovered. Wil of comodite, in as moche as unrightful it is maked, by willing of yvel lustes, willing of godenesse may he not wilne, for wil of instrument to affection of wil is thralled, sithen that other thing may not it wilne, for wil of instrument to affection desireth, and yet ben bothe they wil cleped: for that instrument woll, through affection it wylne, and affection desireth thilke thing wherto instrument him ledeth. And so frewil to unlusty affection ful servaunt is maked, for unrightfulnes maye he not releve, and without rightfulness ful fredome may it never have. For kindly liberty of arbitrement without it veine and ydel is forsoth. Wherefore yet I say, as often have I said the same, whan instrument of will loseth rightfulness, in no maner but by grace may he ayen retourne rightfulness to wilne.

For sithen nothings but rightfulness alone shuld he wilne, what that ever he wilne without rightfulness, unrightfully he it wilne. These than unrightful appetites and unthrifty lustes which the flies desireth, in as mokel as they ben in kinde, ben they not bad, but they ben unrightful and badde, for they ben in resonable creature, wher as they beyng in no way shuld ben suffred. In unresonable bestes neither ben they yvel ne unrightful, for there is ther kinde beyng.

KNowen may it wel ben now, of these thinges toforne declared, that man hath not alwai thilke rightfulness, which by dute of right evermore haven he shuld, and by no way by him selfe maye he it get ne kepe; and after he it hath if he it lese, recover shall he it never, without especial grace: wherefore the commune sentence of the peple in opinion, that everye thinge after destinie is ruled, false and wicked is to beleve: For thoughe predestinacion be as wel of gode as of badde, sithen, that it is said God hadnest made, whiche he never ne wrought, but for he suffreth hem to be maked, as that he hardeth whan he nought missaieth, or ledde into temptacion whan he not delivereth, wherefore it is none inconvenient if in that maner be said, God toforne have destinied both badde, ande ther badde werkes, whan hem ne ther yvel dedes nether amendeth, ne therto hem grace levet. But speciallyche predestinacion of godenes alone is saide by these grete clerkes, for in him God doth that they ben, and that is godenes they werchen. But the negatife herof in badnesse is holden, as the lady of love hath me lerned, who so aright in this boke loketh. And utterly it is to weten, that predestinacion properly in God maye not ben demed, no more than beforne weting. For in the chapitre of Godde's beforne-weting, as love me reherfed, al these maters apertely maye ben founden. Al thinges to God ben now together, and in presence duringe. Trewly presence and predestinacion in nothinge disacorden, wherefore as I was lerned howe Godde's before-wetyng and fre choice of will mowe stonden together, me thinketh the same reson me ledeth, that destenie and fre wil acorden, so that neither of hem both to other in nothings contrarieth. And resonabliche may it not ben demed, as often as any thinge falleth frewil werching, as if a man another man wrongfully anoyeth, wherefore he him sleeth that it be constrained to that ende, as mokell folke crieth and saith: Lo! as it was destinied of God toforne know, so it is thorowe necessite fal, and otherwise might it not betide. Trewlye neither he that the wronge wrought, ne he that him selfe venged, none of thilke things thorow necessite wrought: for if

that with fre wil ther had it not willed, neither had wrought that he perfourmed: and so utterly grace that fre wil in godenes bringeth and kepeth, and fro badnes it tourneth, in al thinge more thanke deserveth. This grace maketh sentence in vertue to abyde, wherefore in body and in soule in full plentie of conninge, after ther gode deserving in the everlastinge joye, after the day of dome, shul they endles dwel, and they shul ben lerned that in kingdome with so mokel affecte of love and of grace, that the lest joye shal of the gretest in glorie rejoyce and ben gladdened, as if he the same joye had. What wonder sith God is the gretest love, and The ne ought to loke thinges with resoning to prove, and so is instrument of wil, will: and yet varieth he from effecte and usinge both. Affeccion of wil also for wil is cleped, but it varieth from instrument in this maner wise, by that name, liche whan it cometh into minde, anon right it is in willing desired, and the negatife therof with willing maye not acorde: this is closed in hert, though usage and instrument slepe. This slepeth whan instrument and us waken: and of soche maner affection trewelye some man hath more, and some man lesse. Certes trewe lovers wenen ever therof to litell to have. False lovers in litell wenen have right mokell. Lo! instrumente of will in false and trewe bothe evenlich is proporcioned, but affection is more in some place than in some, bycause of godenes that foloweth, and that I think hereafter to declare. Use of this instrument is wil, but it taketh his name whan wilned thinge is in doyng. But utterly grace to catch in thy blisse, desire to ben rewarded. Thou muste have than affection of will at the ful, and use whan his tyme asketh wysely to ben governed. Sothly, my disciple, without fervent affection of will maye no man ben saved: this affection of gode service in gode love, may not ben grounded, without fervent desire to the thinge in will coveted. But he that never retcheth to have or not to have, affection of wil in that hath no resting place. Why? for whan thinge cometh to minde and it be not taken in hede to comin or not come, therefore in that place affection faileth: and for thilke affection is so litel, thorow whiche in godenes he shoulde come to his grace, the litalnes wil it not suffre to availe by no waye into his helps: Certes grace and reson thilke affection foloweth. This affection with reson knitte, dureth in everiche trewe herte, and evermore is encrefing, no ferdnes, no strength may it remove while truthe in herte abideth. Sothly whan falsed ginneth entre, truth draweth away grace and joye both, but than thilke falsed that trouthe hath thus voided hath unknit the bonde of understandinge reson bytween wil and the hert. And who so that bonde undoth, and unkitteth wil to be in other purpose than to the first accorde, knitteth him with contrary of reson, and that is unreson. Lo! than will and unreson bringeth a man from the blisse of grace, whiche thinge of pure kinde every man ought to shonne, and to eschew, and to the knot of wil and reson confirme. Methinketh (qð she) by thy student lokes, thou wenest in these wordes me to contrarien, from other sayinges heretofore in other place, as whan thou were sometime in affection of will, to thinges that now han brought The in disese, whiche I have The counsailed to voide, and thin hert discover, and there I made thy wil to ben chaunged, whiche now thou wenest I argue to witholde and to kepe. Shortlye I say the revers in these wordes may not ben founde: for though dronkenes be forbidden, men shull not alway ben drinkles. I trow right for thou thy wil out of reson shulde not tourne, thy will in one reson shuld not unbinde, I say thy wil in thy firste purpose with unreson was closed: Constrawe forth of the remnaunte what

The

The gode liketh. Trewly that wil and reson shuld be knit together was fre wil of reson, after time thine herte is assentaunt to them both, thou myght not chaunge, but if thou from rule of reson varye, in whiche variaunce to come to thilke blisse desired contrarioussly thou werchest: and nothing may know wil and reson but love alone. Than if thou voide love, than wevest the bonde, that knitteth, and so nedes, or els right lightly the other gon afondry, wherfore thou seest apertly that love holdeth this knot, and amaiseth hem to be bounde. These things, as a ring in circuit of wreth, ben knit in thy soule without departing. A! let be, let be (qð I) it nedeth not of this no reherfaile to make, my soule is yet in parfite blisse, in thinking of the knot.

NOW trewly, lady, I have my grounde wel understood, but what thinge is thilke spire that into a tre shoulde wexe: Expowne me that thyng, what ye therof mene. That shal I (qð she) blithlie, and take gode hede to the wordes I. The rede. Continuaunce in thy gode service, by long processe of tyme in full hope abiding, without any chaunge to wilne in thyn hert, this is the spire, whiche if it be well kept and governed shal so hugely spring, til the fruit of grace is plentuously out-sprongen: for altho thy will be gode, yet may not therfore thilke blisse desired hastely on The discenden, it must abyde his fesonable tyme. And so by proces of growing, with thy gode traveile, it shal into more and more wexe, til it be founde so mighty, that windes of yvel speche, ne scornes of envie make nat the travaile overthrow, ne frostes of mistrust, ne hailes of jelousy right litel might have in harming of soch springes. Every yong setling lightly with smal stormes is apeired, but whan it is woxen somdele in gretnes, than han grete blastes and wethers but litel might, any disavantage to him for to werche. Mine own sovereign lady (qð I) and welth of mine hert, and it were lyking unto your noble grace therthrough nat to be displeased, I suppose ye erren, now ye maken jelosy, envy, and distourbour to hem that ben your servautes. I have lerned ofte toforn this time, that in every lover's hert grete plentie of jelousie's greves ben sowe, wherfore me thinketh ye ne ought in no maner accompte thilke thing among these other welked winers and venomous serpentis, as envy, mistrust, and yvel speche. O sole (qð she) mistrust with foly, with yvel wil medled engendreth the welked padde. Trewly if they were distroied jelousy undowne were for ever, and yet some maner of jelousy, I wot wel is ever redy in al the hertes of my trew servautes, as thus: to be jelous over him self, lest he be cause of his own disefe.

This jelousye in ful thought, ever shuld be kept for ferdnes to lese his love by miskeping thorowe his owne doing in leudnes, or els thus: Lest she that thou serveest so fervently is beset ther her better lyketh, that of al thy gode service she compreth nat a cressie. These jelousies in hert for acceptable qualitees ben demed: these oughten every trew lover by kindly evermore haven in his minde, til fully the grace and blisse of my service be on him descended at wil. And he that than jelousy carcheth, or els by wening of his owne folishe wilfulnes mistrusteth, treuly with fantasy of venim he is soule begiled. Yvel wil hath grounded thilke mater of sorow in his leude soule, and yet nat for than to every wight shuld me not trust, ne everi wight fully misbeleve, the mene of these thinges owen to be used. Sothly withouten causful evidence mistrust in jelousye shulde not be wened in no wise person comenly, soch leude wickednes shulde me nat finde. He that is wise and with yvell wil nat be acomered, can abyde wel his time

til grace and blisse of his service folowing have him so mokell esed, as his abidinge tofore hande hath him disefed. Certes (lady qð I tho) of nothing me wondreth, sithen thilke blisse so precious is and kindly gode, and wel is, and worthy in kind, whan it is medled with love, and reson as ye toforn have declared. Why? anon as hie one is sprong, why springeth not the other? and anone as the one cometh, why receveth not the other? For every thing that is out of his kindly place by full appetite ever cometh thitherward kindly to drawe, and his kindly being therto him constraineth. And the kindly stede of this blisse is in soch wil medled to unbide, and nedes in that it shuld have his kindly beyng. Wherfore me thinketh anon as that wil to be shewed, and kinde him profereth, thilke blisse shulde hym hie thilke wil to receive, or els kind of godenes worchen not in hem as they shuld. Lo! be the sonne never so ferre ever it hath hys kynde werching in erth: grete weight on hie on loft caried stineth never til it come to his resting place. Waters to the Se ward ever ben they drawing, thing that is light blythly will not sinke, but ever ascendeth and upward draweth. Thus kind in every thing his kindly course, and his being place sheweth: Wherfore by kinde on this gode wil, anon as it were sprong, this blisse shuld theron discende, ther kinde wold they dwelleden together, and so have ye said your selfe. Certes (qð she) thyne hert sitteth wonder fore this blisse sot to have, thin herte is foregreved that it tarieth so longe, and if thou durstest, as me thinketh by thine words, this blisse woldest thou blame. But yet I say, thilke blisse is kindly gode, and his kindly place in that will to unbyde. Never the later, there comming together after kindes ordinaunce nat sodainly may betide, it must abide time, as kind yeveth him leve, for if a man, as this wil medled gonne him shewe, and thilke blisse in haste folowed, so lightly comming shulde lightly cause going, longe time of thrusting, causeth drinke to be the more delicious whan it is atasted. Howe is it (qð I than) that so many blisses se I all day at min eye, in the first moment of a sight with soche wil accord. Ye, and yet other while with wil assenteth, singularly by him selfe ther reson faileth, traveile was none, service had no time. This is a queint maner thinge, how soche doing cometh aboute. O (qð she) that is thus, the erthe kindly after fasons and times of the yere, bringeth forth innumerable herbes and trees bothe profitable and other, but soch as men might leve though they were nought in norishinge to man's kinde serven, or els soche as tournen sone unto mennes confusion in case that thereof they ataste, comen forthe out of the erthe by ther owne kind, withouten any mane's cure or any busynes in traveile: and the ilke herbes that to mennes livelode necessarily serven, withoute whiche godely in this li e creatures mowen not enduren, and moste ben nourishen to mankind, without grete traveile, grete tilthe, and longe abiding time, comen not out of the erthe, and it with fede toforn ordained soche herbes to make spring and forthe grow. Right so the parfite blisse that we have in mening of duringe tyme to abyde, maye nat come so lightly, but with grete traveile, and right besy tilth, and yet gode fede to be sowe, for oft the croppe failethe of hadde fede, be it never so wel traveiled. And thilke blisse thou spoke of so lightly in comminge, trewely is nat necessary ne abydinge: and but it the better be stamped, and the venomous jeuse outwongen, it is likely to enpoisonen all tho that thereof tasten. Certes right bitter ben the herbes that shewen first the yere of ther own kind. Wel the more is the harvest that yeldeth many graines, tho long and fore it hath ben traveyled. What woldest thou demen yf a man wolde

yve

yeve thre quarters of nobles of golde, that wer a precious gift? ye certes (qð I). And what (qð she) thre quarters ful of perles? Certes (qð I) that were a riche gifte. And what (qð she) of as mokel azure? (Qð I) a precious gyfte at ful. Were not (qð she) a noble gifte of all these at ones? In gode faith (qð I) for wanting of Englishe naming of so noble a worde, I can not for preciousnesse yeve it a name: Rightfully (qð she) hast thou demed, and yet love knitte in vertue passeth all the golde in this erthe. Gode wil accordant to reson, with no maner property may be countervailed, all the azure in the worlde is not to accounte in respecte of reson, love that with gode wil and reson accordeth, with non erthele riches maye nat ben amended. This yest hast thou yeven I knowe it my self, and thy Margarete thilke gift hath received, in which thing to reward she hath her self bounde. But thy gift as I said, by no maner riches maye be amended, wherefore with thing that may nat be amended thou shalt of thy Margarete's rightwisnesse be rewarded. Right suffred yet never, but every gode dede somtyme to be yolde. Al wolde thy Margarete with no reward. The quite, right that nevermore dieth thy mede in merite wol purvey. Certes soch sodaine blisse as thou first nempnest, right wil 'hem reward as The wel is worthy, and though at thin eye it semeth the reward the desert to passe, right can after sende soch biternes evenly it to reward: so the sodain blisse by al ways of reson in grete godenes may not be acompred, but blisse long, both long it abyde, and endlesse it woll last. Se why thy wil is endelese, for if thou lovedeste ever, thy will is ever ther t' abide and nevermore to chaunge: evenhed of reward must ben done by right: than muste nedes thy grace and this blisse endelese in joy to unbide. Evenlyche disese asketh evenlyche joy, whiche hastily thou shalt have. A (qð I) it sufficeth not than alone gode will, be it never so well with reson medled, but if it be in gode service long travailed. And so through service should men come to the joye, and this me thinketh should be the waxing tre of which ye first meved.

Very trouthe (qð she) hast thou now conceived of these thinges in thin hert, hastily shalt thou be able very joye and parfite blisse to receive. And now I wote well thou desyrest to knowe the maner of branches, that out of the tre should spring. Therof lady (qð I) hertely I you pray: For than leve I wol, that right sone after I shall ataste of the frute that I so longe have desired. Thou haste herde (qð she) in what wise this tre tofore this have I declared, as in grounde and in stocke of waxing. First the ground shuld be thy frewil ful in thine herte, and the stocke (as I saide) should be continuaunce in gode service, by long time in travaille, til it were in gretnes right well woxen. And whan this tre soche gretnes hath caught, as I have reherfed, the braunches then that the frute should forth bringe, speche muste they be nedes in voice of prayer, in complaining wise used. Out alas! (qð I tho) he is sorowfully wounded that hideth his speche, and sparreth his complaints to make, what shal I speke? that care; but paine even lyke to hel fore hath me assailed, and so ferforth in paine me throng, that I leve my tre is sere and never shal it frut forth bring. Certes he is gretly esed, that dare his prevy mone discover to a true felow, that conning hath and might wherthrough his plaint in any thing may be amended. And mokel more is he joied that with hert of hardines dare complaine to his ladye, what cares that he suffreth, by hope of mercy with grace to be avaunced. Truly I say for me, sithe I came this Margarit to serve, durst I never me discover of no

maner disese, and wel the later hath min herte hardied soch thinges to done, for the grete bounties and worthy refreshmentes that she of her grace godelye, without any deserte on my halve, ofte hath me reked, and n're her godenes the more with grace and with mercy medled, which passen all desertes, travailes, and servinges, that I in any degre might endite, I wold wene I shuld be without recover in getting of this blisse for ever. Thus have I stilled my disese, thus have I covered my care, that I bren in sorowful anoy, as gledes and coles wasten a fire under ded ashen. Wel the hotter is the fire, that with ashen it is overlain: right longe this wo have I suffered. Lo! (qð Love) how thou farest: me thinketh the pale yvel hath acomered thy wittes, as fast as thou hiest forwarde, anon sodainly backward thou movest. Shall nat yet all thy leudnes out of thy braines? dul ben thy skilful understandings, thy wil hath thy wit so amaistred. Wost thou not wel (qð she) but every tre in his sasonable time of buxioning shewe his blomes fro within, in signe of what fruite shuld out of him spring, els the frute for that yere men halt delivered, be the ground never so gode. And though the stock be mighty at the ful, and the braunches sere and no buxions shew, farewell the gardiner, he may pipe with an yve lese, his fruite is failed. Wherefore thy braunches must buxionen in presence of thy lady, if thou desire any frute of thy ladies grace, but beware of thy life, that thou no wodelay use, as in asking of things that stretchen into shame, for than might thou not spede by no way that I can espie. Vertue woll not suffre villany out of himself to springe. Thy wordes may not be queint ne of subtil maner understanding. Frelwitted peple supposen in soch poesies to be begiled, in open understanding must every word be used. Voice without clere understandinge of sentence, faith Aristotel, right nought printeth in hert. Thy wordes then to abide in hert and cleve in ful sentence of trewe mening platly must thou shew, and ever be obedient her hestes and her willes to performe, and be thou set in soche a wit to wete by a loke evermore what she meneth. And he that list nat to speke, but stilly his disese suffre: what wonder is it tho he never come to his blisse? Who that travaileth unwist, and coveteth thing unknowe, unweting he shal be quited, and with unknow thing rewarded. Gode lady (qð I than) it hath oft be sene, that wethers and stormes so hugely have fal in buxioning tyme, and by perte durelle han beten of the springes so clene, wherthrough the frut of thilk yere hath failed. It is a grete grace whan buxions han gode wethers, ther frutes forth to bring. Alas! than after soche stormes howe harde is it to avoide, till este weðring and yeres han maked ther circute cours al about, er any frute be able to be tasted! he is shent for shame, that sole is rebuked of his speche. He that is in fire brenning sore smarteth for disese. Him thinketh ful long er the water come that shuld the fire quenche. Whil men gon after a leche, the body is buried. Lo howe semely this frute waxeth! me thinketh that of tho frutes may no man atast, for pure biternes in favour. In this wise both fruit and the tre wasten away togiðer, though mokel besy occupation have be spent to bringe it so ferforthe, that it was able to spring. A litel spech hath maked that al this labour is in ydel. I n'ot (qð she) wherof it serveth thy question to assoile, me thinketh The now duller in wittes, than whan I with The first mette, although a man be leude communly for a sole he is not demed, but if he no gode wol lerne, sottes and soles let lightly out of minde the gode that men techeth 'hem. I said therefore thy stocke must be strong, and in gretnes welherted, the tre is ful feble that

that at the first dent faileth: and although frute faileth one yere or two, yet shall soche a feson come one time or other, that shall bring out frute that is nothing preterit, ne passed ther is nothing, future ne coming, but al thinges togid̃er in that place ben present everlastyng without any meving, wherfore to God al thing is as now: and though a thing be nat in kindly nature of thinges as yet, and if it shoud be hereafter, yet evermore we shul saye God it maketh be time present, and now, for no future ne preterit in him may be found. Wherfor his wetinge and his beforeweting, is al one in understanding. Than if wetinge and beforewetinge of God putteth in necessite to al thinges which he wot or beforewot, ne thinge after eternite, or els after anye time, he wol or doth of liberte, but al of necessite; which thing if thou wene it be ayenst reson, nat thorowe necessite, to be or nat to be, al thinge that God wot or beforewot to be or nat to be, and yet nothing defendeth any thing to be wist or to be before wist of him in our willes or our doinges to be done, or els comming to be for fre arbitrement. Whan thou hast these deciaracions well understande, than shalte thou finde it resonable at prove, and that many thinges be nat thorowe necessite, but thorowe liberte of wil, save necessite of fre-wil, as I tofore said: and as me thinketh al utterly declared. Me thinketh lady (q̃d I) so I shoulde you nat displese, and evermore your reverence to kepe, that these thinges contrarien in any understandinge, for ye sain somtyme is thorowe lybertye of wyll, and also thorowe necessite. Of this have I yet no favour, without better declaracion. What wonder (q̃d she) is there in these thinges, sithen al day thou shalt Se at thine eye, in manye thinges receven in hem selfe revers, thorowe divers resons, as thus. I praye The (q̃d she) whiche thinges ben more revers than comen and gone: For if I bidde The come to me, and thou come, after when I bid The go and thou go, thou reversest fro thy firste comminge. That is sothe (q̃d I) and yet (q̃d she) in thy firste alone by divers reson was ful reversinge to understand. As how (q̃d I). That shall I shewe The (q̃d she) by ensample of thinges that have kindly moving. Is there any thing that meveth more kindly than doth the heavens eye, which I clepe the Sonne. Sothely (q̃d I) me semeth it most kindly to move. Thou saiest soth (q̃d she). Than if thou loke to the Sonne, in what parte he be under heaven, evermore he heigheth him in movinge fro thilke place, and heigheth mevinge towarde the ilke same place, to thilke place from whiche he gothe he heigheth comming, and without any cesinge to that place he neigheth from which he is chaunged and withdraw. But now in these thinges after diversite of reson, revers in one thing may be sey without repugnaunce. Wherfore in the same wise, without any repugnaunce by my resons tofore maked, all is one to beleve, somthing to be thorow necessite cominge, for it is coming, and yet with no necessite constrained to be comminge, but with necessite that comethe out of fre will, as I have said. Tho list me a litel to speke, and gan stint my penne of my writing, and said in this wise. Trewly, lady, as me thinketh, I can allege autoritees grete that contrarien your sayinges. Job saith of manne's person, thou hast putte his terme, whiche he might nat passe. Than saye I that no man maye shorte ne length the daye, ordained of his doing, altho somtyme to us it semeth some man to do a thinge of fre wil, wherthrowe his deth he henteth. Nay forsothe (q̃d she) it is nothing ayenst my sayyng, for God is nat begiled, ne he seeth nothing wheðer it shall come of liberte or elles of necessite, yet it is said to be ordained at God immovable, whiche at man or it be done maye be chaunged.

Soch thing also is that Poule the apostel saith of hem that tofore werne purposed to be saintes, as thus: whiche that God before wist, and hath predestined, conformes of ymages of his sonne, that he shuld ben the firste begeten, that is to say, here amonges many brethern; and whom he hath predestined, hem he hath cleped, and whom he hath cleped, hem he hath justified, and whom he hath justified, hem he hath magnified. This purpose after whiche thei ben cleped saintes, or holy in the everlastyng present, where is neither time passed, ne time coming, but ever it is only present, and now as mokell a momente, as vii. M. Winter, and so ayenward withouten any meving, is nothing liche temporell presence, for thyng that there is ever presente. Yet emonges you men, ere it be in your presence, it is movable through libertie of arbitrement. And right as in the everlastyng present, no maner thing was, ne shal be, but onely is, and now here in your temporel time, some thing was and is, and shal be but movyng stoundes, and in this is no maner repugnaunce, right so in the everlastyng presence, nothing maie be chaunged: and in your temporell time, other while it is proved movable, by libertie of will, or it be doe, withouten any inconvenience thereof to folow. In your temporell tyme is no soche presence, as in the other, for your presente is doen, when passed and to come ginnen entre, which times here emongs you, everich evely foloweth other, but the presente everlastyng dureth in one hed, withouten any imaginable chaunging, and ever is presente and now. Truly the course of the planettes, and overwhelmynges of the Sonne, in daies and nightes, with a newe ginning of his circuite after it is ended, that is to say, one yere to folowe an other, these maken your transitorie times, with chaungyng of lives, and mutacion of peple. But right as your temporell presence coveteth every place, and all thinges in every of your times be contained, and as now both sey and wist to God's very knowing. Than (q̃d I) me wondreth why Poule spake these wordes, by voice of significacion in time passed, that God his saintes beforewist hath predestined, hath cleped, hath justified, and hath magnified: me thinketh he shoulde have said tho wordes in time present, and that had ben more accordaunte to the everlastyng presente, then to have spoke in preterit voice of passed understanding. O (q̃d love) by these wordes, I se well thou hast little understanding of the everlastyng presence, or els of my before spoken wordes, for never a thing of tho thou haste nempned, was tofore other, or after other, but al atones evenliche at the God ben, and al togid̃er in the everlastyng presente be now to understanding, the eternall presence, as I saied, hath inclose togid̃er in one all tymes, in whiche close and one all thinges, that ben in divers times, and in divers places temporel, without posteriorite or priorite, ben closed therein perpetuell now, and maked to dwell in present sight. But there thou saiest that Poule should have spoke thilke forsaied sentence by time present, and that moste should have ben accordaunt to the everlastyng presence, why gabbest thou to thy wordes? Sothlie I saie Poule moved the wordes, by significacion of time passed, to shewe fullie that thilke wordes wer not put for temporell significacion, for al thilke time wer not thilke sentence temporallliche borne, whiche that Poule pronounced, God have tofore know, and have cleped then magnified; wherthrough it maie well be knowe, that Poule used tho wordes of passed significacion, for nede and lacke of a worde in man's bodily spech, betokenyng the everlastyng presence. And therefore in wordis most semelich in likenesse to everlastyng presence he toke his sentence, for thinges, that here before ben

passed, utterly be immovable, ilike to the everlasting presence. As thilke that ben there never mowe not ben present, so thinges of time passed ne mowe in no wise not ben passed: but all thinges in your temporall presence, that passen in a litle while, shullen ben not present. So then in that it is more similitude to the everlasting presence significacion of tyme passed, than of time temporall presente, and so more in accordaunce. In this maner what thyng of these that ben doen through fre arbitrement, or els as necessarie, holy writ pronounceth, after eternitie he speketh, in whiche presence is everlasting soth, and nothing but soth immovable, that after tyme, in which naught alwaie ben your willes and your actes; and right as while thei be not, it is not nedefull hem to be, so oft it is not nedefull, that sometyme thei should be. As how (q^d I) for yet must I be lerned, by some ensample. Of love (q^d she) wol I now ensample make, sithen I knowe the hed knot in that yelke. Lo! sometyme thou writest no art, ne arte then in no wil to write, and right as while thou writest not, or els wolt not write, it is not nedeful The to write, or els wiln to write.

And for to make The knowe utterly, that thynges ben otherwise in the everlasting presence, than in temporall time: se now my gode child, for something is in the everlasting presence, then in temporel tyme, it was not in eternitie tyme, in eterne presence shall it not be. Then no reson defendeth, that some thing ne maie be in tyme temporell moving, that in eterne is immovable. Forsothe it is no more contrary ne revers, for to be movable in time temporell, and movable in eternitie, then not to be in any tyme, and to be alwaie in eternitie, and have to be, or els to come in tyme temporell, and not have be, ne nought comyng to be in eternitie. Yet never the later, I saie not somethyng to be never in tyme temporell, that ever is eternitie, but all onely in sometyme not to be. For I saie not thy love to morne in no time to be, but to daie alone I deny ne it to be, and yet never the later, it is alway in eternitie.

Also (q^d I) it semeth to me, that comyng thyng, or els passed, here in your temporall tyme to be, in eternitie ever now, and present oweth not to be demed, and yet foloweth not thilke thing, that was or els shall be, in no maner therto ben passed, or els coming: then utterly shull we deny, for there without cessing, it is in his present maner. O (q^d she) myne owne disciple, now ginest thou able to have the name of my servaunt. Thy witte is clered, awaie is now errour of cloud in unconnyng, awaie is blindnesse of love, awaie is thoughtfull study, of medling maners, hastlie shalte thou entre into the joye of me, that am thine owne maistres.

Thou haste (q^d she) in a fewe wordes well and clerely concluded mokell of my matter. And right as there is no revers, ne contrariouescie in the doinges, right so withouten any repugnaunce, it is saied, some thyng to be movable in time temporell, and for it be, that in eternitie dwelleth immovable, not afore it be, or after that it is, but without cessing; for right naught is there after time, that same is there everlasting, that temporaliche sometyme n^{is}, and to-forne it be, it maie not be, as I have saied. Now sothly (q^d I) this have I well understande, so that now me thinketh that prescience of God, and fre arbitrement, withouten any repugnaunce accorden, and that maketh the strenght of eternitie, whiche encloseth by presence, duryng all tymes, and all thynges that ben, han ben, and shull ben in any tyme.

I would now (q^d I) a litle understande, sithen that all thyng thus beforne wotte, whether thilke wetyng be of the thynges, or els thilke thynges ben to ben of God's wetyng, and so of God nothyng is:

and if every thyng be through God's wetyng, and thereof take his being, then should God be maker and aucthour of badde werkes, and so he should not rightfully punishe evil doinges of mankind. (Q^d Love) I shall tel The, this lesson to lerne, myne owne true servaunte, the noble Philosophicall Poete, in Englishe, whiche evermore hym busieth and travaileth rightfore, my name to encrese; wherefore all that willen me gode, owe to doe him worship and reverence both, truly his better ne his pere in schole of my rules coud I never finde: He (q^d she) in a tretise that he made of my servaunt Troilus, hath this matter touched, and at the full this question asfoiled. Certainly his noble sayngs; can I not amend: in godenes of gentil manlich spech, without any maner of nicitie of starieres imaginacion; in wit and in gode reson of sentence, he passeth al other makers. In the boke of Troilus, the answer to thy question maiest thou lerne, never the later, yet mare lightly thine understanding somdele ben lerned, if thou have knowyng of these toforsaid thinges, with that thou have understanding of two the last chapters of this seconde boke; that is to saie, gode to be some thing, and bad to want al maner being, for badde is nothyng els, but absence of gode; and that GOD in gode, maketh that gode dedes ben gode, in evill he maketh that thei ben but naught, that thei ben bad: for to nothing is badnesse to be. I have (q^d I tho) inough knowing therein, me nedeth of other thinges to here, that is to saie, how I shall come to my blisse so long desired.

IN this matter tosome declared (q^d Love) I have wel shewed, that every man hath fre arbitrement of thinges in his power to doe, or undoe what hym liketh. Out of this ground muste come the Spire, that by processe of tyme, shall in gretnesse sprede, to have braunches and blofomes, of waxyng fruite in grace, of whiche the taste and the savour is endelesse blisse in joye ever to onbide.

Now Ladie (q^d I) that tre to sette faine would I lerne. So thou shalte (q^d she) ere thou departe hence. The firste thyng thou must set thy werke on ground siker and gode, accordaunte to thy springes. For if thou desire grapes, thou goest not to the Hasell; ne for to fetchen roses, thou sekest not on okes: and if thou shalt have Honie-soukels, thou levest the fruite of the soure Docke. Wherefore if thou desire this blisse in parsite joye, thou must set thy purpose ther vertue foloweth, and not to loke after the bodily godes, as I saied when thou were writyng in thy seconde boke. And for thou hast set thy self in so noble a place, and utterly lowed in thine herte the misgoyng of thy firste purpose, this sette is the esier to spring, and the more lighter thy soule in grace to be lifted. And truly thy desire, that is to saie, thy will, algates mote ben stedfast in this matter, without any chaunging; for if it be stedfaste, no man maie it voide. Yes parde (q^d I) my will maie ben tourned by frendes, and disese of manace, and thretning in lesing of my life, and of my limmes, and in many other wise, that now cometh not to minde. And also it mote ofte ben out of thought, for no remembrance maie hold one thyng continually in herte, be it never so lustie desired. Nowe se (q^d she) thou thy will shal folowe, thy frewill to be grounded continually to abide: It is thy frewill that thou lovest and haste loved, and yet shalt loven this Margarete perle, and in thy wil thou thinkest to holde it. Then is thy will knitte in love, not to chaunge for no newe luste beside: This will techeth thyne herte, from all maner varyng. But then althoughe thou be thretened in deth, or els in otherwise; yet is it in thin arbitrement to chose, thy love to voide, or els to holde: and thilke arbitrement is in a maner a judgemente,

judgemente, bitwene desire and thy herte. And if thou deme to love thy gode wil faileth, then art thou worthy no blisse, that gode will shuld deserve: and if thou chose continuance in thy gode service, then thy will abideth, nedes blisse folowyng of thy gode will muste come by strengthe of thilke judgemente: for thy firste will that taught thine herte to abide: and halt it from th' eschaunge, with thy reson is accorded. Truly this maner of will thus shall abide, impossible it were to turne if thy herte be true, and if every man diligently the menynges of his will consider, he shall well understande, that gode will knit with reson, but in a false herte, never is voided: for power and might of keping this gode wil, is through libertie of arbitrement in hert, but gode wil to kepe maie not faile. Eke then if it faile, it sheweth it self, that gode will in keping is not there. And thus false will that putteth out the gode, anone constraineth the herte to accorde in lovyng of thy gode will and this accordaunce bitwene false wille and thynne herte, in falsitie ben likened together. Yet a little wold I saie The in gode wille, thy gode willes to raise and strength. Take hede to me (q^d she) howe thy willes thou shalt understande. Right as ye han in your bodie divers members, and five sondrie wittes everiche aparte to his owne doying, whiche thynges as instrumentes ye usen, as your handes apart to handle, fete to goe, tongue to speke, eye to se: right so the soule hath in hym certaine sterynges and strengthes, whiche he useth as instrumentes, to his certain doyinges. Reson is in the soule, whiche he useth thinges to knowe and to prove and will, whiche he useth to wilne: And yet is neither wille ne reson all the soule, but everich of hem is a thing by hymself in the soule. And right as everich hath thus singuler instruments by hymselfe, thei han as well divers aptes, and divers maner usynges, and thilk aptes mowen in will ben cleped affections. Affection is an instrument of willyng in his appetites. Wherefore mokell folke saie if a resonable cature's soule any thing fervently wilneth, affectuouly he wilneth, and thus maie wille by terme of equivocac in three waies ben understande: one is instrument of willyng, an other is affection of this instrument: and the third is use, that setteth it a werke. Instrumente of willing is the ilke strength of the soul, which The constraineth to wiln, right as reson is instrument of resons, which ye usen when ye loken. Affection of this instrument is a thing, by whiche ye be drawe desirously any thing to wilne in covetous maner, all be it for the time out of your mind: as if it come in your thought thilk thing to remember, anon ye ben willing thilke to doen, or els to have. And thus is instrument will, and affection is will also, to wilne thing as I saied: as for to wilne helth, when will nothyng theron thinketh, for anone as it cometh to memorie, it is in wil; and so is affection to wilne slepe, when it is out of minde, but anon as it is remembered wil wilneth slepe, when his time cometh of the doing. For affection of wil never accordeth to sicknesse, ne alwaie to wake. Right so in a true lover's affection of willing instrument is to wilne truthe in his service, and this affection alway abideth, although he be sleeping or threted, or els not thereon thinkyng, but anone as it cometh to minde, anone he is stedfast in that will to abide. Use of this instrument forsoth is an other thing, by hymself, and that have ye not but when ye be doying, in willed thing by affecte or instrument of will, purposed or desired: and this maner of usage in my service wisely nedeth to be ruled, from waiters with envie closed, from spekers full of jangeling wordes, from proude folke and hautain, that lambes and innocentes both scornen and despisen. Thus in doying varieth the actes of willing everiche from other, and

yet ben thei cleped wil, and the name of will utterly owen thei to have, as instrument of wil is wil, when ye turne into purpose of any thing to doen, be it to sit or to stande, or any soche thing els. This instrument maie ben had, although affecte and usage be left out of doying, right as ye have sight and reson, and yet alway use ye gretest wisdom, in hem shal he be, and thei in God. Nowe then when all false folke be ashamed, whiche wenen al bestialtie and yerthly thing be sweter and better to the body, then heavenly is to the soule: this is the grace and the fruit that I long have desired, it doth me gode the favour to smel. Christe now to The I crie of mercy and of grace, and graunte of thy godenes to every maner reder ful understanding in this leud pamphlet to have, and let no man wene other cause in this werke, then is verily the soth: for envy is ever redy all innocentes to shend, wherfore I would that gode spech envie evermore hinder. But no man wene this werke be sufficiently maked, for God's werke passeth man's, no manne's wit to parfit werke maie by no waie purvaie th' ende: how shold I then so leude aught wene of perfeccion any ende to get? Never the later grace, glorie and laude, I yelde and put with worshipful reverence to the sothfast God in Thre, with Unitie closed, whiche that the hevielangor of my sicknesse hath touned into mirth of helth to recover: for right as I was sorowed, through the gloton cloud of manifold sickly sorowe, so mirth ayen coming helth hath me gladed and gretly comforted. I beseeche and praie therfore, and I crie on God's grete pitie, and on his mokell mercie, that these present scorges of my flesh now make medicine and lechecraft of my inner man's helth, so that my passed trespas and tenes through wepyng of mine eyes ben washe, and I voided from al maner disese, and no more to wepe hereafter, I now be kept thorowe God's grace: so that God's hand which mercially me hath scorged, hereafter in gode plite fro thence mercially me kepe and defende. In this boke be many privie thinges wimpled and fold, unnethe shall leude men the plites unwind, wherfore I praie to the holy ghoste lene of his ointmentes mens wittes to clere, and for God's love no man wonder, why or how this question cum to my minde, for my grete lustie desire was of this ladie to ben enformed, my leudnesse to amende. Certes I know not other mens wittes, what I should aske, or in answer, what I should saie, I am so leude my self, that mokell more lernyng yet me behoveth. I have made therfore as I could, but not sufficiently as I would, and as matter yave me sentence, for my dul wit is hindred, by stepmother of foryetyng, and with cloude of unconnyng, that stoppeth the light of my margarite perle, wherfore it maie not shine on me as it should. I desire not onely a gode reder, but also I covete and praie a gode boke amender, in correccion of wordes, and of sentence: and onely this mede I covete for my travaile, that every inker and herer of this leude fantasie, devoute horisons and praiers to God the grate judge yelden, and praien for me, in that wise that in his dome my sinnes now ben relefed and foryeven: he that praieeth for other, for hymself travaileth. Also I praie that every man parfitelie mowe knowe, through what intencion of hert this tretise have I drawe. How was it the sightfull Manna in desert to children of Israel was spirituall mete? bodily also it was, for menne's bodies it nourisheth. And yet never the later, Christe it signified. Right so a jewell betokeneth a gemme, and that is a stone vertuous, or els a perle. Margarite a woman betokeneth grace, lernyng, or wisdom of GOD, or els holie Church. If bred through vertue is made holie fleshe, what is that our God saith? It is the spirit that yeveth life, the fleshe of

of nothyng it profiteth. Fleshe is fleshly understand- yng. Charitie is love, and love is Charitie, God
ing: Fleshe without grace and love naught is worthe. graunte us all therein to be frended. And thus the
The letter sleeth, the spirite yeveth lifelich understand- Testament of love is ended.

Here endeth the testament of Love.



The Lamentacion of Marie Magdaleine.

This Treatise is taken out of St. *Origen* wherein *Mary Magdalen* lamenteth the cruell Death of her *Saviour Christ*.



Longid in the wawe of mortall distresse
Alas for wo to whom shal I complein!
Or who shall devoide this grete hevinesse
Frome' wofull Marie, wofull Magdalein!

My Lord is gon, alas who wrought this tein!
This sodain chaunce perfith my herte so depe,
That nothing can I do, but waile and wepe.

My Lorde is gone, that here in grave was laied,
Aftir his grete passion, and deth cruell,
Alas who hath hym thus again betraied!
Or what man here aboutin can me tell
Where he' is become the Prince of Israell,
Jesus of Naz'areth, my ghostly succour,
My parsite love, and hope of all honour!

What cature hath hym hennis caryid,
Or how might this so sodainly befall?
I would I had here with him taryid,
And so should I have had my purpose all;
I bought ointmentes full precious and roial,
Where with I hoped his corps to have anointed,
But he thus gone, my minde is disapointed.

While I therefore advertise and beholde
This pitous chaunce, here in my presence,
Full little marvaile though my hert be colde,
Confidiryng lo! my Lord's absence;
Alas! that I so full of negligence
Should be foundin, bicause I come so late,
All men maie saie I am infortunate.

Cause of my sorowe you maie undirstonde,
Quia tulerunt Dominum meum,
An othir is, that I ne maie Him fonde,
I wote nere *Ubi posuerunt eum,*
Thus I muste bewaile *Dolorem meum*.
With hertie wepyng I can no bet deserve,
Till deth approche, my herte for to kerve.

My herte opprest with sodain avinture
By fervent anguishe is bewrappid so
That long this life I ne maie not endure,
Soche is my pain, soch is my mortall wo,
Nevirthelesse to what parte shall I go
In hope to findin myne owne Turtill true,
My liv'is joye, my soverain Lorde Jesu?

Sith all my joye, that I call his presence,
Is thus removed, now I am full of mone,
Alas the while I made no providence
For this mishap, wherefore I sigh and grone,
Succour to finde, to what place might I gone!

Fain I would to some man my herte breke,
I n'ot to whom I maie complain or speke.

Alone I stande, full sorie, and full sad,
Which hopid to have seen my Lorde and Kyng,
Small cause have I to be merie or glad,
Remembryng this bittirfull departyng,
In this worlde ne is no cature livyng,
That was to me so gode and gracious,
His love also then golde more precious.

Full sore I sigh, without comfort again,
There is no cure to my salvacion,
His brenning love my hert so doth constrain,
Alas here is a wofull permutacion!
Whereof I finde no joye nor consolacion,
Therefore my pain all onely to confesse!
With deth I fere woll ende my hevinesse.

This wo and anguish is intollerable,
If I bide here, life can I not sustain,
If I go hence my paines be uncurable,
Where him to finde I knowe no place certain,
And thus I ne wote of these things twain
Whiche I maie take, and which I maie refuse,
My hert is wounded heron to thinke or muse.

A while I shall stande in this morowning
In hope if any vision would appere,
That of my love might tell some gode tyding,
Whiche into joy might chaunge my wepyng chere,
I trust in his grace and his mercie dere,
But at the lest, though I therewith me kill,
I shall not spare to waile and wepe my fill.

And if that I die in soche avinture
I can no more, but welcome as my chaunce,
Mo bones shall rest here in this sepulture,
My life, my deth, is at his ordinaunce,
It shal be tolde in lasting remembraunce.
Thus to departin is to me no shame,
And also thereof I'am nothyng to blame.

Hope against me so hath her course itake
That there is no more, but thus shall I die,
I se right well my Lorde hath me forsake,
But in my conceipt cause know I none why,
Although he be farre hence and nothing nye,
Yet my wofull herte after hym doeth seke,
And causeth teres to ren down by my cheke.

Thinking alas! I have lost his presence,
Which in this worlde was all my sustinaunce,

I crie

I crie and call with hertie diligence,
But there is no wight givith attendaunce,
Me to certifie of myne enquireaunce,
Wherefore I will to all this worlde bewraie
How that my Lorde is slain and born awaie.

Though that I mourne it ne is no grete wonder
Sithe he is all my joye in speciall, 100
And nowe I thinke we be so farre asonder,
That hym to se I fere nevyr I shall,
It helpith no more astir hym to call,
Ne after hym to'enquire in any coste,
Alas! how is he thus ygone and lost?

The Jewis I thinke full of miserie,
Yet in malice by ther busie cure,
With force and might, of gilefull trecherie,
Hath entermined my Lord's sepulture, 110
And borne awaie that precious figure,
Levyng of it nothyng, if thei' have doen so,
Married I am, alas what shall I do!

With ther vengeance insaciabie
Now have thei hym gileless entretid so,
That to reporte it is to lamentable,
Thei bete his bodie from toppe to the toe,
Nevyr man was yborne that felte soche woe,
Thei woundid hym alas! with all grevaunce,
The blode doun reilid in most habundaunce.

The blodie rowis stremed doun ovir all, 120
Thei him assailid so malicioussie
With ther scourgis and strokis bestiall,
Thei sparid not, but smote incessauntlie,
To satisfe ther malice thei were busie,
Thei spit in his face, thei smote here and there,
He groned full fore, and swete many a tere.

Thei crounid hym with thornis sharpe and kene,
The vainis rent, the blode ran doun apace,
With blode ovircome were bothe his eyen,
And boine with strokis was his bleffid face, 130
Thei hym entretid, as men without grace,
Thei knelid to hym, and made many a scorne,
Like helhoundis they have hym all to torne.

Upon a mightie crosse in length and brede,
(These turmentours shewid ther cursidnesse)
Thei nailid hym without pitie or drede,
His precious blode braft out in largenessse,
Thei strained hym along as men mercilette,
The verie jointes all to myne apparence 140
Rived asondir, for ther grete violence.

All this I beholding with mine eyen twain
Stode there beside, with rufull attendaunce,
And er me thought, he beyng in that pain
Lokid on me with dedly countinaunce,
As he' had said in his speciall remembraunce
Farwell Magdalen, depart must I nedes hens,
My herte is *Tanquam cera liquefscens*.

Whiche rufull sight when that I gan beholde,
Out of my witte I almoſte tho distraught,
I tare my here, my handis wrang and folde, 150
And of the sight my hert dranke soche a draught,
That many a fall swounyng there I caught,
I brused my bodie fallyng on the grounde,
Whereof I fele many a grevous wounde.

Then these wretchis, full of all frowardnesse,
Gave hym to drinke Eisell temprid with gall,
Alas! that poison full of bittimesse
My lov's chere causid then to appall,

And yet thereof might he not drinke at all,
But spake these wordis, as him thought it best,
Fathir of hevin, *Consummatus est*.

Then knelid I doune, in pain's outrage
Clipping the crosse within myne armis twain,
His blode distillid doune on my visage,
My clothis eke the droppis did distain,
To have dyid for hym I would full fain,
But what shoulde it availe if I did so
Sith he' is, *Suspensus in patibulo*.

And thus my Lorde full dere was all disgised,
With blode, and pain, and woundis many one, 170
His veinis braft, his jointis all to rived,
Partying asondir the fleshe fro the bone,
But I sawe that he hing not there alone,
For *Cum iniquis deputatus est*,
Not like a man, but like a leprous best.

A blinde knight men ycallid Longias
With a spere aproched to my soverain,
Launsyng his side full pitoussie alas!
That his precious herte be clave in twain, 180
The purple blode eke fro the hertis vain
Doun railid right fast, in moste rufull wise,
With chrystal water brought fro Paradise.

When I behelde this wofull passion,
I wote not how, by sodain avinture
My hert was perfed with very compassion,
That in me remained no life of nature,
Strokis of dethe I felt without mesure,
My deth's wounde I caught with wo opprest,
And brought to point as my hert shuld ybrest.

The wounde, the hert, and blode of my darling 190
Shal never slide fro my memorial,
The byttir paines also of tourmenting
Within my soule be gravin principal,
The spere alas! that was so sharpe withall
So thrillid my herte, as to my feling,
That body and soule were at departing.

Sone as I might I releved up againe,
My brethe I coude not very wel restore,
Feling my self drownid in so grete paine,
Both body' and soule me thought wer al to tore,
Violent fallis grevid me right fore,
I wept, I bledde, and with my selfe I fared
As one that for his life nothing had cared.

I lokyng up unto that rufull Rode
Sawe first the visage pale of that figure;
But so pitous a sight spottid with blode
Sawe nevyr yet no living creature,
So it excedid the boundes of mesure,
That mann's minde with al his wittis five 210
Is nothing able that paine to discrive.

Than gan I there min armis to unbrace,
Up lifting my handis ful mournyngly
I sighid and fore sobbid in that place,
Both hevin and erthe might have herde me crie
Weping, and said alas! incessauntly,
Ah my swete herte, my gostly paramour!
Alas I may nat thy body focour!

O bleffid Lorde, how fierse and how cruel
These cursid wightis nowe hath The yllaine, 211
Kerving alas! thy body everidel,
Wounde within wounde, full byttir is thy pain,
Nowe wolde God that I might to The attaine
To naile my body fast unto thy tre

So that of this paine thou mightst go fre!

I can nat reporte, ne make reherfaile
Of my demening, with the circumstance,
But wel I wote the spere with every naile
Thirlid my soule by inwarde ressemblaunce,
Which nevir shall out of my remembraunce,
During my life it woll cause me to waile, 230
As ofte as I remembre that bataile.

Ah ye Jewes, worfe than doggis rabiate
What moved you thus cruilly him to'aray?
He nevir displefed you, nor caused debate,
Your love and true hertes he coveytid aye,
He preched, he teched, he shewid the right way,
Wherefore ye lyke tyrantes wode and way-warde
Nowe have him thus yslaine for his rewarde.

Ye ought to'have remembrid one thing special
His favour, grace, and his magnificence, 240
He was your prince botne, and Lorde ovir all,
Howe be it ye toke him in smal reverence,
He was ful meke in suffring your offence,
Nertheles ye devoured him with one assent,
As hungry wolves doth the lambe innocent.

Where was your pite,'o peple mercilesse?
Arming your selfe with falshed and trefon,
On my Lorde ye have shewid your wodenesse,
Like no men, but bestis without reson,
Your malyce he suffrid for the feson, 250
Your paine wol come, ne thinke it nat to slacke,
Man without mercy of mercy shal lacke.

O traitours and maintainirs of madnesse,
Unto your foly' I ascribe al my paine,
Ye have me deprived of joye and gladnesse,
So deling with my Lorde and souveraine,
Nothing ne shulde I nede thus to complaine
If he' had lived in pece and tranquillite,
Whom ye have slaine through your inquite.

Farewel your noblenesse that somtime did raine, 260
Farewel your worship, your glory and fame,
Hereaftir to lyve in hate and disdaine
Marvaile ye not, for your trespase and blame
Unto shame is tournid al your gode name,
Upon you now wol wondir every nation,
As peple of a most vile reputation.

These wickid wretchis these houndis of hel,
As I have tolde plaine here in this sentence,
Were not content my dere love thus to quel,
But yet they must embefile his presence, 270
As I perceve, by covert violence
They have him conveyed, to my displeure,
For here is lafte but nakid sepulture.

Wherefore of trouth and rightfull judgèment,
That ther malice againe maye be acquitted,
Aftir my verdict and avisèment,
Of false murdre they shullin be endited,
Of theft also, which shal not be respited,
And in al haste they shal be hanged and drawe,
I wol my selfe plede this cause in the lawe. 280

Alas! yf I with a trewe attendaunce
Had styl abiddin with my Lord's corse,
And kept it stil with trewe perseveraunce,
Than had nat befall this woful devorse,
But as for my paine welcome and no force,
This shal be my songe where so er I go,
Departing is the grounde of al my wo.

I se right wel now in my painis smerte,

There is no wounde of so grevous dolour
As is the wounde of my carefal herte, 290
Sithin I have losse thus my paramour,
Al my swetnesse is tournid into sour,
Mirthe to my herte nothing ne maie convey
But he that bereth therof bothe locke and key.

The joye excellent of blissed paradise
Maye me alas! in no wise re-comforte,
Songe of angel nothing may me suffice,
As in min herte nowe to make disporte,
Al I refuse, but that I might resorte
Unto my love, the wel of godelihede, 300
For whose longing I trowe I shal be ded.

Of painful labour and tourment corpo'ral
I ne make therof none excepcion,
Painis of hel I wol passe ovir al,
My love to finde, in myne affeccion,
So grete to him is my delectacion,
A thousande timis martrid wolde I be,
His bleffid body ones if I might se.

About this worlde so large in all compace
I shal not spare to renne my life during, 310
My fete also shal not rest in one place,
Tyl of my love I may here some tiding,
For whose absence my handis nowe I wring,
To thinke on him cese shal nevir my minde,
O gentil Jesu, where shal I The finde!

Jerusalem I wol serche place fro place,
Sion, the vale of Josaphath also,
And if I finde him not in al this space,
By mount Oilvet to Beth'any woll I go, 320
These waies wol I wandir, and many mo,
Nazareth, Bethleem, Mountana Jude,
No travaile shal me paine him for to se.

His blissid face if I might se and finde,
Serche I wolde every coste and countrey,
The farðist parte of Egypt or hote Inde
Shulde be to me but a litil journey;
Howe is he thus gone or takin away!
If I knewe the ful trouth and certentè,
Yet from this care relefid might I be.

Into wildirnesse I thinke best to go, 330
Sithe I can no more tidinges of him here,
There may I my lyfe ledin to and fro,
There may I dwel, and to no man apere;
To towne ne village woll I not come nere,
Alone in wodes, in rockes, and in caves depe
I may at mine owne will both waile and wepe.

Myn eyin twaine withoutin variaunce
Shal nevir cese, I promise faithfully,
There for to wepin with gret aboundaunce
Byttir teris renning incessauntly, 340
The whiche teris medlid ful petoufly
With the very blode er shall renne also,
Expressing in mine hert the grevous wo

Worldely fode and sustenaunce I desire none,
Soche living as I finde soch wol I take,
Rotis that growin on the craggy stone
Shal me suffice with watir of the lake;
Than thus may I say for my Lord's sake
*Fuerunt mihi lacryma mea
In deserto panes, die ac nocte.*

My body to clothe it makith no force,
A mourning mantil shal be sufficient.
The grevous woundis of his pitous corse

Shal

Shal be to me a ful royal garnement,
He departid thus I am best content,
His crosse with nailis and scourgis withal
Shal be my thought and paine especial.

Thus wol I live, as I have here ytolde,
If I may any longè time endure,
But I fere deth is ovir me so bolde 360
That of my purpose I can not be sure,
My painis encrefin without mesure,
For of longe lyfe who can lay any reson?
Al thing is mortal and hath but a selson.

I figh ful fore, and it is ferre yfet,
Myne hert I fele now bledith inwardly,
The bloody teres I may in no wise let,
Sith of my paine I finde no remedye,
I thank God of al, if that I nowè dye,
His will perfourmid I holde me content, 370
My soule let him have that hath it me lent.

For lengir to' endure it 'is intollerable,
My woful herte is inflamid so huge,
That no sorow to myne is comparable,
Sith of my minde, I ne finde no refuge,
Yet I him require as a rightful juge
To devoide fro me the inwarde sorowe,
Lest that I live not to the nexte morowe.

Within mine hert is impressid ful fore,
His royal forme, his shappe, his semelines,
His porte, his chere his godenes evirmore,
His noble persone with al gentilnes,
He is the welle of allè parfitnes,
The very redemir of al mankinde,
Him love I best with herte, and soule, and minde.

In his absence my paines ful bittir be,
Right wel I may it fele nowè inwardely,
No wondir is though they hurte or sle me,
They causin me to crie so rufully,
Myne herte opprest is so wondirfully, 390
Onely for him, which so is bright of ble,
Alas I trowe I shal him nevir se!

My joye is translate ful farre in exile,
My myrthe is chaungid into paynis colde,
My lyfe I think endurith but a while,
Anguiste and paine is that that I beholde,
Wherefore my handis thus I wringe and folde,
Into this grave I loke, I cal, I pray,
Deth remainith, and life is borne away.

Now must I walk, and wandir here and there, 400
God wot to what partis I shal me dresse,
With quaking hert wepinge many a tere,
To seke out my love, and all my swetnes,
I wolde he wyft what mortal hevines
About min herte renewith more and more,
Than wolde he nat kepe pite long in store.

Withoutin him I may not longe endure,
His love so fore workith within my brest,
And er I wepe before this sepulture,
Sighing ful fore, as mine herte shulde ybrest, 410
During my lyfe I shal obtaine no rest,
But mourne and wepe, where that evir I go,
Making complaint of al my mortal wo.

Fast I crie but there is no audience,
My comming hiðir was him for to plesse,
My soule opprest is here with his absence,
Alas he list not set mine herte in esle!
Wherefore to paine my selfe with al disese

I shal not spare tyl he take me to grace,
Or ellis I shal sterve here in this place. 420

But onis if that I might with him speke
It were al my joy, with parfite plesaunce,
So that I might to him myne hertè breke,
I shulde anone devoide al my grevaunce,
For he' is the blisse of very recreaunce;
But now alas! I can nothing do so,
For in stede of joy naught have I but wo.

His noble corse within min hert'is rote,
Depe is ygravid, whiche shal nevir flake,
Nowe is he gone, to what place I ne wote, 430
I mourne, I wepe, and al is for his sake,
Sithin he is paste, here a vowe I make
With hertely promise, and therto me binde,
Nevir to cese til that I may him finde.

Unto his mothir I thinke for to go,
Of her haply some comforte may I take,
But one thinge yet me ferith and no mo,
Yf that I any mencion of him make,
Of my wordis she wolde trimble and quake,
And who coude her blame, she having but one,
The sonne borne away the mothir wol mone.

Sorowes many hath she suffrid trewly
Sith that she first conceivid him and bare,
And sevin thinges there be most specially,
That drownith her hert in sorowe and care,
Yet lo! in no wise maye they not compare,
With this one now, the whiche if that she knew
She wolde her painis everichone renewe.

Gret was her sorowe by mennis saiying,
Whan in the temple Simeon Justus 450
Shewid to her these wordis prophesying,
Tuam animam pertransibit gladius;
Also whan Herode that tyraunt furious
Her childe pursuid in every place,
For his life went neithir mercy ne grace.

She mournid fore whan that she knewe him gone,
Full longe she sought or she him founde ayen,
Whan he went to deth his crosse him upon,
It was to her sight a full rewful paine,
Whan he hong theron, betwene thevis twaine, 460
And the spere unto his herte thrust was right,
She swounid, and to the grounde there ypright.

Whan ded and bloody in her lappè lay
His blissed body, bothe handes and fete al tore,
She cryid out and said, now welaway!
Thus arayid was nevir man before;
Whan hast was made his body to be bore
Unto sepulture here for to remaine,
Unnethis for wo she coude her sustaine.

The sorowes sevin, like swerdes every one 470
His mothir's herte woundid fro syde to syde,
But if she knewe her sonne thus ygone,
Out of this worlde she shuld with deth yride,
For care she coude no lengir here abide,
Having no more joy nor consolacioun,
Than I here standing in this stacioun.

Wherefore her to se I dare nat presume,
Fro her presence I wol my selfe refraine,
Yet had I levir to dye and consume,
Than his mothir shulde have any more paine, 480
Netheles her sonne I wolde se ful faine,
His presence was very joye and swetnes,
His absence is but sorowe' and hevinesse.

There

There is no more, sith I may him nat mete,
Whom I desire above al othir thing,
Nede I must take the souir with the swete,
For of 'his noble corse I here no tiding,
Ful oftin I crie, and my handis wring,
Myne herte alas! relentith al in paine,
Whiche wol ybrastin both sinewe and vaine. 490

Alas howe' unhappy was this woful hour,
Wherin is thus mispendid my service!
For min entent and eke my true labour
To none effecte may come in any wise;
Alas! I thinke if he do me dispise,
And list not take my simple observaunce,
There is no more, but deth is my finaunce.

I have him called, *Sed non respondet mihi*,
Wherefore my mirth is tournid to mourning,
O my dere Lord *Quid mali feci tibi* 500
That me to comforte I finde no' erthely thing?
Alas! have compassion of my cryng,
Yf fro me *Faciem tuam abscondis*,
There is no more, but *Consumere me vis*.

Within myne hert is groundid thy figure,
That al this world's horrible tourment
May' it not awage, it' is so without mesure,
It is so brenning, it is so fervent;
Remembir, Lorde, I have ben diligent
Evir The to plesse onely and no mo, 510
Myne herte is with The where so er I go.

Therefore my dere darling, *Trabe me post te*,
And lette me not standin thus desolate,
Quia non est, qui consoletur me,
Myne herte for The is so disconsolate,
My paines also nothing me moderate,
Nowe if it list The to speke with me' alyve,
Come in hast, my herte asondir will rive.

To The I profit lo! my pore service,
The for to plesse astir mine owne entent, 520
I offre' here, as in devout sacrifice
My boxe replete with precious oyntment,
Myne eyin twaine weping sufficient,
Myne herte with anguiste fulfilled is alas!
My soule eke redy for love out to pas.

Naught ellis have I The to plesse or pay,
For if min herte were golde or precious stone,
It shulde be thine without any delay,
With hertely chere thou shulde have it anone,
Why suffrist thou me than to stande alone? 530
Thou hast I trowe my weping in disdaine,
Or els thou knowist nat what is my paine.

If thou withdrawe thy noble daliaunce,
For ought that evir I displeid The,
Thou knowest right wel it is but ignoraunce,
And of no knowlege for a certainte,
If I' have offendid Lorde, forgive it me,
Gladde I am for to make ful repentaunce
Of all thing that hath ben to thy grevaunce.

Myne herte alas! swellith within my brest, 540
So sore opprest with anguiste and with payne,
That al to pecis forsothe it wol brest,
But if I se thy blyssid corse againe,
For lyfe ne deth I can nat me refraine,
If that thou make delay, thou maist be sure,
Myne hert wol lepe into this sepulture.

Alas my Lorde, why farest thou thus with me!
My tribulacion yet have in minde,

Where is thy mercy? wher is thy pite,
Whiche evir I trustid in The to finde? 550
Sometime thou were to me both gode and kinde,
Lette it plesse The my prayir to accept,
Whiche with my teris I have here bewept.

On me thou oughtist to have very routh,
Sith for The onely is al this mourning,
For sith I to The plightid firste my trouthe
I nevir varyid with discording,
And that knowist thou best my owne darling,
Why constrainist thou me thus for to wayle?
My wo forsothe can The nothing avail. 560

I have endurid without variaunce,
Right as thou knowst, thy lovir just and trew,
With hert and thought aye, at thyn ordinaunce,
Lyke to the saphire alwaye in one hewe,
I nevir woulde chaungin The for no newe,
Why withdrawist thou The fro my presenche,
Sithins al my thought is for thine absence?

With hert intier, swete Lorde, I crie to The,
Encline thine eres to my peticioun,
And come *Velociter, exaudi me*, 570
Remembre mine hert's disposicioun,
It may not endure in this condicioun,
Therefore out of these paines *Libera me*,
And where thou arte *Pone me juxta te*.

Let me beholde, O Jesu, thy blissed face,
Thy faire, thy glorious angelike visage,
Bowe thine eris to my complaint, alas!
For to convey me out of this wode rage,
Alas! my Lorde, take fro me this dommage,
To my desire for mercy condiscende, 580
For non but thou may my grevaunce amende.

Now yet gode Lorde, I The besech and pray,
As thou raistid my brothir Lazarous
From deth to life, that upon the fourth day
Came ayen in body and soule precious,
As gret a thing maist thou shewe unto us
Of thy self, by powir of thy godhed,
As thou dyd of him lyng in grave ded.

Myne hert is woundid with thy charite,
It brennith, it flamith incessantly, 590
Come my dere Lorde, *Ad adjuvandum me*,
Nowe be not longe, my paine to multiplie,
Lest in the mene time I departe and die,
In thy grace I put hope and confidence,
To do as plesith thy magnificence.

Flodis of dethe, and tribulacioun,
Into my soule I fele entrid ful depe,
Alas that here' is no consolacioun!
Evir I waile, evir I mourne and wepe,
And sorow hath woundid myn hert ful depe, 600
O dere love, no marvaile though that I die,
Sagitta tua infixæ sunt mihi.

Wandringe in this place, as in wildirnesse,
No comforte have I ne yet assuraunce,
Desolate of joye, replete with faintnesse,
No' answere receving of mine enquirance,
Myne herte also grevid with displeaunce,
Wherefore I may saye, *O Deus, Deus*,
Non est dolor sicut dolor meus.

Myne hert expressith *Quod dilexi multum*, 610
I may nat endure although I wold faine,
For now *Solum superest sepulchrum*,
I know it right wel by my huge paine,

And

And thus for love I may not life sustaine,
But o my God, I muse what aylith The,
Quod sic repente precipitas me.

Alas! I fe' it wil none othirwise be,
Nowe must I take my leve for evirmore,
This fore paine hath almost discomfite me,
My love's corse I can in no wise restore, 620
Alas to this wo that er I was bore!
Here at this tombe nowe must I die and starve,
Deth is aboutin my hert for to carve.

My testament I wol begin to make,
To God the fathir my soule I commende,
To Jesu my love, that died for my sake,
My herte and al both I gyve and ysende,
In whose dere love my lyfe ymakith ende,
My body also to this monument
I here bequeth, bothe boxe and oyntement. 630

Of al my willes lo nowe I make the last,
Right in this place within this sepulture
I woll be buried whan I' am ded and past,
And on my grave I wol have this scripture,
*Here within restith a gostly cature,
Christ is true lovir, Mary Magdalaine,
Whose hert for love ybracke in pecis twaine.*

Ye vertuous women, tendir of nature,
Ful of pite and of compassion,
Resorte I pray you to my sepulture, 640
To singe my dirige with grete devocion,
Shewe your charite' in this condicion,
Sing with pite, and let your hertis wepe,
Remembring I am ded, am layd to slepe.

Than whan that ye begin to parte me fro,
And endid have your mourning observaunce,
Remembre where so evir that ye go
Alway to serche and make due enquirance
Aftir my love, mine hert'is sustinaunce, 650
In every towne, and in every village,
If ye may here of his noble ymage,

And if it happe by any grace at laste,
That ye my trew love finde in any cost,
Say that his Magdalaine is ded and paste,
For his pure love hath yeldid up the gost,
Say that of al thing I lovid him most,
And that I ne might not this deth eschewe,
My painis so fore dyd evir renewe.

And in tokin of love perpetual,
Whan I am buried in this place present, 660
Take out myne hert, the very rote and al,
And close it within this boxe of oyntment,
To my dere love make therof a present,
Kneling downe with wordis lamentable
Do your message, speke faire and trefable.

Say that to him my selfin I commende
A thoufande timis, and with herte so fre
This povir tokin say to him I sende,
Plesith his godenesse to take it in gre,
It is his owne of right, it is his fe, 670
Whiche he askid, whan he said longe before,
Gyve me thy hert, and I desire no more.

Adue my Lorde, my love so faire of face,
Adué my turtle dove so freshe of hue,
Adué my mirthe, adue al my solace,
Adué alas! my Saviour Lorde Jesu,
Adué the gentillist that er I knewe,
Adué my most excellent paramour,
Fairir than rose, swetir than lylly flour.

Adué my hope of plesure eternal, 680
My lyfe, my welth, and my prosperite,
Mine herte of golde, my perle oriental,
Myne adamant of parfite charite,
My chese refuge, and my felycite,
My comforte, and my recreacioun,
Farewel my perpetual salvacioun.

Farewel mine Emperour Celestial,
And most beautiful prince of al mankinde,
Adué my Lord, of hert moste lyberal, 690
Farwel my swetist bothè soule and minde,
So loving a spouse shall I nevir finde,
Adué my soveraine, very gentilman,
Farewel dere herte, as hertely as I can.

Thy wordes eloquente flowinge in swetnesse
Shal no more alas: my minde recomforte,
Wherfore my life must ende in bittirnesse,
For in this worlde shal I nevir resorte
To The, whiche was mine hevinly disporte,
I se alas! it wol none othir be,
Nowe farewel the grounde of al dignite. 700

Adué the fairist that evir was bore,
Alas I may nat se your bleffid face:
Nowe welaway that I shal se no more
Thy bleffid visage, so replete with grace,
Wherin is printid my parfite solace!
Adué mine hert'is rote and al for ever,
Nowe farith wel, I must from The discever.

My soule for anguishe is nowe ful thrusty
I faint I faint right fore for hevines,
My Lorde, my spouse *Cur me dereliquisti?* 710
Sith I for The suffre al this distresse,
What causith The to seme thus mercileffe?
Sith it The pleseth of me to make an ende,
In manus tuas my spirite I commende.

F I N I S.

The Remedie of Love.

The PROLOGUE.



Eyng the manyfolde inconvenience
Falling by unbrydlid prosperite,
Whiche is not temprid with moral pru-
dence,

Nothing more welthie than in youth's frelte,
Moved I am, bothe of right and equite,
To youth's wele somewhat for to endite,
Whereby he may himselfin safecondite.

And firste I note as a thinge most noyous,
And unto youth a grevous malady,
Amongis us callid love encombrous,
Vexyng alway yonge peple straungely,
Oftin by force it causith 'hem to dye,
And age is also turmentid by love,
I mene bineth the girdle', and not above.

Wherefore this werke, whiche is right laborous,
For age me nedith nat in honde to take,
To youthe me owith to be' obsequious;
Nowe I begin thus to worke for his sake,
Whiche may the fervence of love aslake,
To the lovir, as a mitigative,
To him that is none a preservative.

That mighty Lorde, whiche that me govirneth,
'Tis youthe I mene, mesure if that I pace,
In every matir whiche that him concerneth,
First, as is behoveful, I wol aske grace,
And forthwithal now in this same place,
Er I begin, I wol yknele and say
These fewe wordis, and him of helpe praye.

Thou flouring youth, whiche hast the avauntage
In strength of body, in luste, and beaute,
Also a precelling haste above age
In many' a singuler commodite,
Howe be it one thing he hath beyonde The
To thy most profite, and gretist availe,
Whiche shuld The conduit, I mene sad counsaile,

And yet gode Lorde, of a presumption,
I n'il deprave thy might and deite,
I lyve but undir thy protection,
I am thy subiecte, I were thy lyverie,
For thou arte grounde of my prosperite,
And freshist flowir of al my garlande,
My singuler aide, as I well undirstande.

But as he that oweth his Lorde best service,
And entire faithe, his honour to supporte,
Right so I speke, and in none othir wise,
I knowlege my self one of the lest forte
Of thy servantes, to our eldirs comforte,
Drawe sadde counsaile unto The if thou list,
The and thy powir who maie then resiste.

Fie on age, I say, undir wordis fewe,
And his erronous opinion,
What spekest of him, whiche saith moste untrue
All youth to be of ill disposicion,
Dampnith us all without excepcion?
And for a colerable avauntage
He saith in hym restith all counsaill sage.

Well sothly maie sadde counsaile in him rest,

But yet his dedis ben full ferre therefro,
He maie wel sayin with our parishe prest,
Doith as I saie, and not as I do;
For I my selfin know wele one or two
Well strikin in age that for neighbourhedde
Ywollin to ther neighbours wivis bedde.

He will in presence of the yonge man
Her clippe and kisse, ye and her doune ylaie
And to blere his eye, thus he sayith than,
O suffre yet olde Morell for to plaie,
Now have I doin that I can or maie,
Thus he sayith her husband for to queme,
That he nor no man shouldin not misdeme.

In worde nor dede nedith him not be coie,
It' is impossible that he doe amisse,
If the yong man speke, anon he saith, boie,
To rebuke age besemeth The not iwis,
And thus his olde face aye his warrant is,
All is in hym but sleight and subtilte,
And ferre from right reson I tellin The.

And shortly age is not abovin me,
Age is impotent, and of no resistence,
Age unweldie ne maie not fight nor fle,
What werin age withoutin my defence?
Sad counsaile saiest givith hym assistance,
Right reson is freshist where that I ame,
Wherefore in thy sayng thou art to blame.

Sith reson to me' is rathir accompanied
Then unto age, whiche is the opinion
Of every wise man not to be denied,
And sith sad counsaile procedith of reson,
Sad counsaile in me hath his chefe mancion;
This is no naie, but what than is the ende
Of this thy suasion, what doest entende.

Age to compare unto thyne excellence,
I n'ill presume hym so to dignifie,
Ye be not egall, how be it experience
Hym avauntagerh, for she moste certainly
Hym techith what thing to hym is contrary,
And ofte to fore se, 'and warily eschewe,
Whiche thou never assaidist yet nor knewe.

Experience makith a man moste certain
Of thing ertly, and of necessite
Sad counsaile requirith certaintie plain,
So ferre to movin thus whereto nede we?
But to my purpose, as thou commaundest me,
Shortly mine entent is thus, and none other,
Under thy licence to counsaile my brother.

How shouldist give any counsaile so yong,
Lacking experience? unto thyne owne speche
I report me, I wote as for thy tong
Will serve The right wel, but than for to tech,
I doubt me lest that thy wit woll not rech,
Youth and experience thou saist be not convert,
How shouldist thou then teche well unexpert?

Scripture witnissith that God will oft shitte
Fro the' hie wittid man, and shew it the child,
To hym I mene that of his ownè witte

Presumeth

Prefumeth not, but is debonaire and milde,
By counsaile I entend vertue to bilde,
Whiche of myne elders part have I borowed,
And part of experience, which I' have sorowed.

Well than, if it be as thou lettist fare, 120
Shewe forthe thy doctrine, be not ought agaste,
I woll The supporte, loke thou doe not spare,
Maugre age, although that he frete or gnaste,
To aske age counsaile herein were but wast,
Boldely begin, go forthe to the processe,
Fere not, sithins thou art of soche surenesse.

Graunt mercie Lorde, sithin it The doeth like
To licence me, now I woll and dare boldly,
Assaile my purpose, with scriptures autentike
My werke woll I ground, undirset, and fortessie. 130
Aspire my ginning, O thou wode furie,
Alecto, with thy sustirs, and in speciall
To The, mother of jelousie, Juno I call.

Explicit Prologus.

This Book, taken for the most part out of the *Proverbs of Solomon*, is a Warning to take heed of the deceitful Company of Women.

 His werke who so shall se or yrede
Of incongruite doe me not impeche,
Ordinatelie behoveth me first to' procede
In deduccion thereof, right as the leche
His paciente's sicknes oweth first for to seche,
The which knowne medicin he should aplie,
And shortly as he can, shape remedie.

Right so by counsaile, willing The to' exhoit,
O yong man prosperous, which doth abounde
In thy floures of luste, belongeth on The sort, 10
Me first to considir what 'is rote and ground
Of thy mischefe, whiche is plainlie yfound
Woman yfarcid with fraude and disceipt,
To thy confusion moste allective baite.

Flie the miswoman, lest she The disceve,
Thus saith Salomon, which taught was fullie
The falsed of women in his daies to' conceive,
The lips of a strumpet ben swetir than honie,
Her throte souplid with oile of flatirie
How be it the ende and effecte of all 20
Bittir is then any wormwode or gall.

Flie the miswoman, if thou love thy life,
Beware of the straungir's blande eloquence,
Straungir I call her that is not thy wife,
Of her beautie have no concupiscence,
Her countinaunce, pretending benevo'lence,
Beware her signes and eye so amiable,
Holde it for ferme, thei ben discevable.

Lo here an ensample what women be
In ther signis and countinaunce shortlie! 30
I woll shewin The how loviris thre
Ylovid one woman right entirelie,
Eche of them knewe othiri's maladie,
Wherefore it was all ther daily labour
Who coud approchin next in her favour.

At fondrie sasons, as fortune requireth,
Severallie thei came to se her welfare,
But ones it happinid, love them so fireth,
To se ther Ladie thei all would not spare,
Of othir's comyng none of them were ware, 40
Till all thei mette, whereas thei in o place
Of ther Ladie sawe the desirid face.

To suppir set, full smallie thei coude ete,
Full sobir and demure in countinaunce,
There taried none of 'hem for any mete,
But on his Ladie to give attendaunce,

And in secrete wise some signifaunce
Of love to have, the whiche percevyng she
Fetelie' executid thus her properte.

In due seson, as she alwaie aspied 50
Every thyng to' execute convenientlie,
Her one lovir first frendelie she eyed,
The seconde she' offrid the cuppe curtislie,
The thirde she gave a token secretlie,
Undirneth the borde she trade on his fore,
Through his entrais tiklid the herte rote.

By your leve, might I here aske a question
Of you my maistirs that sewe lov'is trace,
To you likely belongeth the solucion
Whiche of these thre ystode now in her grace? 60
Clere to answere ye would aske long space,
The mattir is doubtfull and opinable,
To' ascertain you I woll my self enable.

Of the foresayid thre my self was one,
No man can answere it bettir then I,
Hertely of us bilovid was there none,
But watt'is packe we bare all by and by,
Whiche at the last I my self gan asprie,
And time as me thought, then I left the daunce,
O thoughtfull herte, gret is thy grevaunce! 70

Hence fro me, hence, that me for to endite
Halpe aie here afore, o ye musis nine,
Whilom ye were wont be mine aide and light,
My penne to direct, my brain to' illumine,
No lenger alas maie I sewe your doctrine!
The freshe lustie metirs, I wont to make
Have ben here afore, I' uttirie forsake.

Come hither Erinnys, and ye furies all,
Whiche fer ben undre' us, nigh the nethir pole, 80
Where Pluto reignith, o kyng internall,
Sende out thine arpies, send anguishe and dole,
Miserie and wo, leve ye me not sole,
Of right be present must pain and turment,
The pale deth besemeth not to be absent.

To me now I call all this lothsome sort,
My paines t' encrese, my sorowes to augment,
For worthie' I am to' be bare of all comfort,
Thus sith I have consumid and mispent
Not onely my daies, but fivesolde talent,
That my Lorde gave me, I can not recompence, 90
I maie n'ot to dely' abyn my negligence.

By

By the path of penaunce yet woll I revert
 To the well of grace, mercie there to fetch,
 Despisist not, God, the meke contrite herte,
 Of the cocke crowe, alas I would not retche
 And yet it is not late in the seconde wetche,
 Mercie shall I purchase by incessaunt cryng,
 The mercies of our Lorde er shall I syng.

But well mayist thou waile, wicked woman,
 That thou shuldest disceve thus an innocent, 100
 In recompence of my sinne, so 'as I can,
 To' al wol I make and leve this monument,
 In shewing part of thy falsheid is myne entent,
 For all were to moche, I cann'ot, well I wote,
 The cause shewith plainly he that thus wrote.

If al the yerth wer parchment scribable,
 Spedie for the hande, and all manir wode
 Wer hewed and proporcioned to pennis able,
 All water Ynke, eithir in damme or fode,
 Every man being a parfite Scribe and gode, 110
 The curfidenesse yet and desceipt of women
 Coud not be shewid by the mene of penne.

I flie all odious resembraunces,
 The Devil's bronde call women I might,
 Whereby man is encensid to mischaunces,
 Or a stinkyng rose, that faire is in sight,
 Or dedly' empoison, like the sugir white,
 Whiche by his swetnesse causith man to tast,
 And sodainly sleeth and bringeth him to' his last.

It is not my manir to use soche langage, 120
 But this my doctrine, as I maie lawfullie
 I woll wholly grounde with auctoritie sage,
 Willing wisdome, and vertue edefie,
 Wine and women into apostasie
 Cause wisemen to fall, what is that to saie?
 Of wisdome cause them to forget the waie.

Wherefore the wiseman doith The advise,
 In whose wordis can be founde no lesyng,
 With the straungir to sittin in no wise,
 Whiche is not thy wife, fall not in clippyn 130
 With her, but beware eke of her kysyng,
 Kepe with her in wine no altercacion,
 Lest thyne herte fall by inclinacion.

Maie a man thinkist hide and safely laie
 Fire in his bosome, without empairement,
 And brenning of his clothes, or whider he may
 Walke on horte colis, his fete not ybrente?
 As who sayith naie, and whereby is mente
 This foresaied proverbe and similitude,
 But that thou ridde The plainly to denude 140

From the flattirirs forgettyng her gide,
 The gide of her youth, i mene shamfastnes,
 Whiche should cause her maidinhed to abide,
 Her Godd's behest eke she full rechelesse,
 Not retching committeth to forgetfulnes,
 Neithir God ne shame in her havyn place,
 Nedis must soche a woman lacke grace.

And all that neighin her in waie of fin,
 To tourne of grace shall lacke the influence,
 The pathis of life no more to come in; 150
 Wherefore first frende The with Sapience,
 Remembring God, and afir with Prudence,
 To thyne owne wele that so thei may The kepe.
 Unto thyne herte lest her wordis crepe.

In his boke where I take my moste ground,
 And in his proverbis sage Salomon

Tellith a tale, which is plainly found
 In the fiveth chapter, whe'ir in dede don,
 Or mekely feined to our instruccion,
 Let clerkes determine, but this am I sure 160
 Moche like thyng I my self have had in ure.

At my windowe saieth he I lokid out,
 Faire yongè peple where I sawe many
 Emong 'hem all, as I lokid about
 To a yong man fortunèd I lent myne eye,
 Estraungid from his minde it was likely,
 By the strete at a cornir, nigh his own hous,
 He went about with eye right curious.

When that the daie his light began withdrawe,
 And the night approchid in the twilight, 170
 How a woman came and met hym I sawe,
 Talking with him undir shade of the night,
 Now bleffid be God (qð she) of his might,
 Whiche hath fulfillid myne hert's desire,
 Afflaked my painis, which were hote as fire.

And yet myne aucthour, as it is gode skill,
 To folowe, I must tell her araiment,
 She was full nice soulis like to spill,
 As nice in countenance yet as in garmente, 180
 For janglyng she was of rest impaciente,
 Wandiryn still in no place she ystode,
 But restless now, and now out forthe she yode.

Now in the hous she was, now in the strete,
 Now at a cornir she standeth in awaite,
 Incessauntly busie her praie to gete,
 To bring to the lure whom she doith laite.
 Now where I left, unto my mattir strait
 I woll tournin again, how she hym met,
 Swetely kissid, and frendly him grette.

With wordes of curtisie many 'and diverse, 190
 Right as in part I have before ytolde,
 Now as I can I purpose to reherse
 How she flattiring saied with visage bolde,
 I have made vowes and offringes manifolde
 For thy sake, O myne herte, O my love dere,
 This daie I thanke God all performid were.

Therefore I came out, and made thus asterte,
 Verie desirous your welfare to se,
 Now I have seen you plefid is myne herte,
 In faithe shall none yhave my love but ye, 200
 As true as I am to you be to me,
 I praie you hertily dere herte come home,
 No man should be to me so much welcome.

And in gode faithe, the sothè for to saie,
 Your comyng unto me ran in my thought,
 Harke in your ere, my beddè freshe and gaie
 I have behanged with tapettis new bought
 From Egypte, and from far countries ybrought,
 Steinid with many a lustie freshe hue,
 Excedyng Golde or Jaspir in value. 210

My chambir is strowed with Mirre and Infence,
 With sote sav'oring Aloes and Synamome,
 Brethyng an Aromatike redolence,
 Surmountyng Olibane, in any man's dome,
 Ye shall bitwene my brestes rest if ye come,
 Let us now have our desirid halfyng,
 For we maie safe be till in the mornyng.

Myne husband is not at home, he is went
 Forthe in his journey, a farre waie from hence,
 A bagge with money he hath with hym hent, 220
 As hym thought nedefull was for his expence,

Unto

Unto my wordis give faith and credence,
Now is the Mone yong, and of light dulle,
Ere he come home it woll be at the fulle.

And thus craftily hath she hym besette,
With her lime rodis, and pantir, and snare,
The felie soule ycaught hath in her nette,
Of her sugrid mouthe alas! nothyng ware.
And thus is he left gracelesse and bare
Of helpe, and comfort, and ghostlie succour, 230
And furthirmore as sayith myne authour,

As a best ledde to his deth doith pante,
This yong man folowith her in that stounde,
And as a wanton Lambe full ignorante
How he is pulled and drawin to be bounde,
Unto the tyme he hath his deth's wounde,
And like a birde that hastith to the grin,
Not knowyng the perill of his life therein.

Now gentle sonne, faith Salomon, take hede,
My wordis in thy brest kepe and make faste, 240
Let her not thy mynde in her waies mislede,
Be not decevid, leith not thy taste,
Many hath she woundid, many doune caste,
Many strong men by her hath losse ther breth,
Her waies are waies of hell ledyng to deth.

And in this lite narracion precedente
The womanne's manifolde gilt I attende,
The yong man alas how she hath shent!
Discevid her husbunde, her owne next frend,
In these bothe her God she doith offende, 250
To breke her spousail, to her is of noweight;
Furthirmore to shew woman's craft and sleight,

A woman at her dore fate on a stall
To se folke passe by stretes of the cite,
With eye and countinaunce eke she gan call,
If there be any pretie one, come to me,
Come hithir ye pigges nye, ye little babe,
At last she saied to a yong man hertlesse
Of her disceipt unware and defencelesse :

Moche swetir, she faith, and more acceptable 260
Is drinke when it is stollin privily,
Then when it is taken in form avowable,
Bread hiddin and gottin jeoperdouslie
Ymust nedis be swete and semblable
Venison stolin is aie the swetir,
The ferthir the narowir fet the bettir.

And whom this woman, faith Salomon, festes,
The yong man wotith not whom she doth fede,
Of the darke depenesse of hell ben her gestes;
Beware, O yong man, therefore I The rede, 270
And how be it chiefly for thy gode spede
This werke to compile I have take in charge,
I must of pitie my charitie enlarge.

With the felie man whiche is thus begiled,
Her husband I mene, I wol wepe and waile
His painfull infortune, whereby reviled
Causelesse he is, nevir to convaile,
Every man yong and olde woll him assaile
With wordes of occasion, with the loth name,
And alas! gode soule, he nothyng to blame. 280

But the whiche that coud so ill doe and wolde
Hers be the blame for her foule demerite,
And leve that opprobrious name cokcold
To apropir to hym as in dispite.
Ransake yet we wouldin if that we might
Of this wordè the true ortographic,

The verie discent and etymologie.

The well and grounde of the firste invencion
To knowe the ortographic we must derive, 290
Whiche is coke and cold in composition,
By reson, as nigh as I can contrive;
Then how it is writtin we knowe belive;
But yet lo! by what reson and what grounde
Ywas it of these two wordis compounde.

As of one cause to give very judgement,
The Etymology let us firste beholde,
Eche lettir an whole worde doeth represent,
As C put for colde, and O put for olde,
K is for knave, thus divers men don holde,
The firste parte of this name we have yfounded,
Let us ethimologise the secounde.

As the firste findir mente I am right sure
C for calot, for of we havin O,
And L for leude, and D for demenure,
The craft of the eventour ye maie se lo!
How one name signifieth personis two,
A colde olde knave, cokcold himself wenyng,
And eke a calot of leude demenyng.

The secounde cause of the imposition
Of this foresayid name was jelousie, 310
To be jelouse is gretist occasion
To be cokcold, that men can wel aspie,
And though the passion be very fire,
And of continuell fervence and hete,
The pacient aye sufferith colde on his fete.

And who that is jelous, and aye in a drede,
Is full of Melancolie and gallie ire,
His wiv's nose if she onis misfetrede
He woll cutte of, ye and he woll conspire
His deth who evir that woll her desire, 320
Whiche she percevyng brastith streight his gall,
And anone his grete wodenesse doith fall.

As sone as she hath knit for hym that knot,
Now is he tame that was so ramagious,
Mekely sittith he doune and taketh his lot,
Layid ben now his lokes so furious,
And he but late as a cocke batailous
Hore in his quarell, to avenge hym bolde,
Now is he callid both coke and colde.

This sayyng, to all curtisie dissonant, 330
Whiche ysemith that it of malice grewe,
In this rude tretise I ne woll not plant
As parcill thereof, but onely to shewe
The opinion of the talcatife shrewe,
Whiche in ill sayyng is ever merie,
No man as I is thereof so werie.

But I as parcill of this my lite boke
Woll graffin in some sadde counsaill wherby
The weddid man, if that he daigne to loke
In it, the bettir shall mowin hym gie, 340
And provide for his saied infortunie,
Whiche as I have sayid with him complaine
I woll, as partinir of his grete paine.

As moste expedient unto his wele
I woulde that all jelousie were abjecte,
If he be jelous, that he it concele,
And in his labour be full circumspecte
To knowe her waies, if thei semin suspecte,
And not for to breke, for one worde brokin
She woll not misse but she woll be wrokin. 350

Forbid her not that thou n'oldist have don,
For loke what thyng so e're she is forbod,
To that of all thyngis she is most prone,
Namely if it be ill and no gode,
Till it be executid, she' is nigh wode,
Soche is a woman, and soche is her fete,
Her craft by craft than labour to defete.

If thou hereaftir, now a single man,
Shouldist be jelous if thou haddest a wife,
Wedde not but if thou can trust a woman,
For els shouldist thou lede a carefull life,
That thou moste lothist should ybe full rife,
Yet I ne will gainsaie Matrimonie,
But *Melius est nubere quam uri.*

That is to saie, bettir is in Wedlocke
A wife to take as the churche doith kenne,
Then for to ben undir the flesh's yoke,
In fleshlie lustis alwaie for to brenne,
But as I sayid, for all jelous menne,
So thei livin chaste, I holde it lasse ill,
That thei ne wedde not, than them selfin spill.

The single man whiche that is yet to wedde,
And not the weddid man, thus I arede,
To warne hym now he is to farre yspedde,
It is all to late hym for to forbede,
But let hym take as for his owne nede
Soche counsaile as is hym before ytolde,
These wordis folowyng eke to beholde.

Thy watir to kepe the wiseman doeth teche,
That thou in no wise let it have issue
At a narowe rifte waie it woll yseche,
And semblablie the woman that 'is untrue
To give her fre walke in all wise eschue,
If she at large, not at thine hande walke,
She woll The shamyn, thou shalt it not balke.

Weddid or single, thus saith the wiseman
Her which that both daie and night evirmore
Lithe in thy bosome, wife or yet lemman,
Love not to hote, lest thou repent it fore,
Lest she The brynging into some ill lore,
Thy wife not to love yet I n'ill support,
But that thou dote not thus I The exhort.

Lo! if thou love her, love thine honestie,

Be she not idill, for what woll betide,
If she sit idle, of very necessitie
Her minde woll serchin ferre and eke wide,
Namelie if she be not accompanide;
How accompanied? not with yonge men,
But with maidinis I mene or women.

Maidin servauntes be right convenient
In house to helpin to doe her service,
In whom she maie use her commaundement,
In the selson all at her owne device,
To techin 'hem gode yeve her thine advice
To make them huswifs, thus businesse
Maie yet refrainin her from idlenesse.

But bid not her that thou wolt have her do,
Of thine entent that might be a lettyng,
But craftily encourage her therto
By othir menis, as by commendying,
And not to moche but duily mengyng
Bothe praise and blame, and in thy reson
First praise wisly the place and selson.

Of faithfull will, and herte full tender,
One thing I call into remembraunce
Again, whiche though my wit be to slender,
Aftir my powir and my suffisaunce
I purposie to makin a purveiaunce,
Sith women of nature ben chaungeable,
Frele, and not ware, also discevable,

Be' it that thy wife be excellently gode,
That none be bet of disposicion,
In processe of time she might turn her mode,
By some misse-liver's instigacion,
Divers men to thilke occupacion
Aplyin daily ther mynde and eke herte,
From ther godenelle frele women to perverte.

If thou asprie any suspect person
Drawe to thy wife, beware in alle wise,
To hym nor her of thy suspeccion
Breke not one worde, though that thin herte agrise.
Kindle no fire and no smoke woll arise,
Although he be of a corrupt entent,
She peraventure is not of assent.

Explicit.

The Complaint of Mars and Venus.

Ladith ye lovirs in the morowe graie,
Lo Venus risen emong yon rowis rede!
And flouris freshe honour ye this daie,
For when the sonne, uprist, then would
thei sprede;
But ye lovirs that lie in any drede,
Flyith leste wickid tonguis you asprie,
Lo yonde the Sonne, the candle' of jelousie!

With teris blewe, and with a woundid hert
Taketh your leve, and what saint Ihon to borowe
Apefith somwhat of your painis smert,
Time comith est, that cessin shall your sorow,
The glad night is worthe an hevie morowe,
Saint Valentine, a foule thus herde I sing,
Upon thy daie or Sonne gan up spring.

Yet sang this foule, I rede you all awake,
And ye that have not chosin in humble wise,
Without repentyng chesith now your make,
Yet at the lest renoveleth your service,
And ye that have full chosin, as I devise,
Confermith it perpetually to dure,
And pacientlie takith your avinture.

And for the worship of this highè feste,
Yet woll I in my bridd's wife ysyng,
The sentence of the complaint at the leste,
That wofull Mars made at the departyng
Fro freshe Venus in a morownyng,
When Phœbus with his frie torchis rede
Ranfaked hath every lovir in his drede.

Whilome

Whilome the thre hevenis lorde above,
As well by hevenliche revolucion,
As by deferte, hath wonne Venus his love,
And she hath take hym in subjeccion,
And as a maistresse taught him his lesson,
Commaundyng hym nevir in her service
He were so bolde no lovir to dispise.

For she forbade hym jelousie at all,
And crueltie, and bofte, and tirannie,
She made him at her luste so humble and thrall,
That when she dained to cast on him her eye,
He toke in pacience to live or die,
And thus she bridlith him in her manere,
With nothing, but with scorning of her chere.

Who reignith nowe in blisse but faire Venus,
That hath this worthi knight in govinaunce?
Who singith nowe but Mars that servith thus
The fayre Venus, the causir of plesaunce?
He bint him to perpetuel obeissaunce,
And she binte her to lovin him for ever,
But so be that his trespase it discever.

Thus be they knitte, and reignin as in heven,
By loking most, as it fel on a tide,
That by ther bothe assent was set a steven,
That Mars shall entre as fast as he may glyde
Into her nexte palays to abyde,
Walking his course til she had him ytake,
And he prayed her to haste her for his sake.

Than saide he thus myne hert's lady swete
Ye knowin wel my myschefe in that place,
For sikirly tyl that I with you mete
My lyfe stante there in avinture and grace,
But whan I se the beaute of your face
There is no drede of deth may do me smerte,
For al your luste is ese unto mine herte.

She hath so grete compassion of her knight,
That dwellith in solitude til she come,
For it stode so, that ylkè time no wight
Counsaillid him, ne saide to him welcome,
That nigh her wit for sorowe was oercome,
Wherefore she spedd her as fast in her way
Almoste in one daye as he did in tway.

The gret joye that ywas betwixe 'hem two,
Whan they be mette, there maye no tonge tel,
There is no more but unto bedde they go,
And thus in joye and blisse I lette 'hem dwel,
This worthy Mars that is of knighthode wel,
The floure of fairnesse happith in his armes,
And Venus kyssith Mars the god of armes.

Sojournid hath this Mars, of which I rede,
In chambre amydde the palais privily,
A certaine time, til that him fele a drede
Through Phœbus that was comin hastily
Within the palais yatis sturdily,
With torch in honde, of which the stremis bright
On Venus chambre knockidin ful light.

The chambre there as laye this freshe queene,
Depaintid was with white bolis grete,
And by the light she knew that shon so shene
That Phœbus came to bren 'hem with his herte,
This silly Venus ny dreint in teres were,
Enbraisith Mars, and said alas I die!
The torch is come, that all this worlde wol wrie.

Up sterte tho Mars, him listid not to slepe,
Whan he his lady herdin so complaine,

30 But for his nature was not for to wepe,
In stede of teris from his eyin twaine
The fire sparclis sprongin out for paine,
And hente his hauberke that lay him beside,
Fly wold he nought ne might him selfin hide.

He throwith on his helme of huge weight,
And girt him with his swerde, and in his honde
His mighty spere, as he was wont to feight
He shakith so, that it almost to wonde,
Ful hevy was he to walken ovir londe,
He may not holde with Venus company,
But badde her flye leste Phœbus her espy.

O woful Mars alas! what maist thou sain,
That in the palais of thy disturbaunce
Arte leste behind in paril to be slaine,
And yet thereto is double thy penaunce,
For she that hath thine hert in govinaunce
Is passid halfe the stremis of thine eyen,
That you n're swift wel maist thou wepe and crien.

Nowe flyeth Venus into Ciclinius tour,
With voidè corse, for fere of Phœbus light,
Alas! and there ne hath she no socour;
For she ne founde ne sey no manir wight,
And eke as there she had but litil might,
Wherefore her felvin for to hide and save,
Within the gate she fledde into a cave.

Darke was this cave, and smoking as the hel
Nat but two paas within the yate it stode,
A naturel day in darke I let her dwel,
Now wol I speke of Mars furious and wode,
For sorowe he wolde have seen his hert blode,
Sith that he might done her no companie,
He ne rought not a mite for to die.

So feble' he wext for hete and for his wo,
That nigh he swelt, he might unneth endure,
He passith but a sterre in dayis two,
But nertheles, for al his hevy armure,
He foloweth her that is his liv's cure,
For whose departing he toke gretir yre,
Than he did for his brenning in the fire.

Aftir he walkith softly a paas,
Complaining that it pite was to here,
He saide, O lady bright Venus alas!
That er so wide a compas is my sphere!
Alas, whan shal I mete you herte dere!
This twelve dayis of April I endure,
Through jelous Phœbus, this misavinture.

Now God helpe fely Venus all alone!
But as God wolde it happid for to be,
That while that weping Venus made her mone,
Ciclinius riding in his chyvaunche
Fro Venus, Valanus might this palais se,
And Venus he salvith, and makith chere,
And lier recevith as his frende ful dere.

Mars dwellith forth in his adversite,
Complaining evir in her departing,
And what his complaint was remembrith me,
And therefore in this lustie morowning
As I best can, I wol it saine and sing,
And aftir that I wol my leve ytake,
And God yeve every wight joy of his make.

The

The Complaint of Mars.

THE' ordir of complaynt requireth skilfully,
 That if a wight shall plainin pitously,
 Ther mote be cause wherfore that men yplaine,
 Or men may deme he playnith folily,
 And causeles, alas! that am not I,
 Wherfore the grounde and cause of all my paine,
 So as my troublid witte may it attaine,
 I wol reherse, not for to have redresse,
 But to declare my grounde of hevinesse.

The first time alas! that I was ywrought,
 And for certain effectis hiðir brought,
 By him that lordith eche intelligence,
 I yave my trewe service and my thought
 For evirmo, how dere I have it bought!
 To her, that is of so gret excellence,
 That what wight that shewith first her offence,
 Whan she is wrothe and taketh of him no cure,
 He may not longe in joye of love endure.

This is no fainid matir that I tel,
 My lady is the very fours and wel
 Of beaute, luste, fredome, and gentilnesse,
 Of riche array howe dere so men it sel,
 Of al disporte in whiche men frendly dwel,
 Of love and play, and of benigne humbleesse,
 Of sowne of instrumentes of al swetnesse,
 And thereto so wel fortunèd and thewid,
 That through the world her godenes is shewid.

What wondir is than though that I besette
 My service on soche one that may me knette
 To wele or wo, sithe it lithe in her might,
 Therfore myne herte for er I to her hette,
 Ne trewly for my deth shall I not lette
 To ben her trewist servant and her knight,
 I flattir nat, that may wete every wight,
 For this day in her service shal I dye,
 But grace be, I se her nevir with eye.

To whom shal I plainin of my distresse?
 Who may me help, who may my hert redresse?
 Shal I complaine unto my lady fre?
 Nay certis, for she hath soche hevynesse
 For fere and eke for wo, that, as I gesse,
 In litil time it wold her bane ybe,
 But were she safe, it were no force of me,
 Alas that evir lovirs mote endure
 For love so many per'ilous avinture!

For though so be that lovirs be as trewe
 As any metal that is forgid newe,
 In many' a case 'hem tidith oft sorowe,
 Somtime ther ladies wol nat on 'hem rewe,
 Somtims if that jelousy it knewe
 They mightin lightly lay ther hed to borowe,
 Somtime envious folke with tongis horowe
 Depravin 'hem, alas! whom may they plesse?
 But he be false, no lovir hath his ese.

But what availith soch a long sermoun
 Of avinturis of love up and down?
 I wol retourne and spekin of my paine,
 The point is this of my distructioun,
 My right lady and my salvacioun
 Is in affray, and not to whom to plaine;
 O herte swete, o lady soverayne!

For your disese I ought wel swoun and swelt,
 Though I none othir harme ne drede yfelt.

To what fine made the God that sytte so hie
 Beneth him othir love or companye,
 And strainith folke to love maugre ther hed,
 And than ther joye for aught I can espie
 Ne lastith not the twinkeling of an eye?
 And some have nevir joye til they be ded,
 What menith this, what is this mistithed?
 Wherto constrainith he his folke so fast
 Thing to desirin but it should ylast?

And though he made a lovir love a thing,
 And makith it seme stedfast and during,
 Yet putteth he in it soche misavinture,
 That rest ne is there none in his yewing,
 And that is wondir that so juste a king
 Ydothe soche hardnesse unto his cature,
 Thus whethir love breke or ellis dure,
 Algatis he, that hath with love to done,
 Hath astir wo, than chaungid is the Mone.

It semeth he hath to lovirs enmyte,
 And lyke a fishe, as men may al day se,
 Baitith his anglehoke with some plesaunce,
 Til many' a fishe is wode to that he be
 Cefid therwith, and then at erst hath he
 Al his desire, and therwithal mischaunce,
 And though the line ybreke he hath penaunce,
 For with that hoke he woundid is so fore,
 That he his wagis hath for evirmore.

The broche of Thebis was of soche a kinde,
 So ful of rubyes and of stones of Inde,
 That every wight, that sette on it an eye,
 He wende anone to worthe out of his mynde,
 So fore the beaute wold his hert ybynde,
 Til it he had, him thought he must ydie,
 And when that it was his, than should he drie
 Soche wo for drede aye while that he it had,
 That welnigh for the fere he should be mad;

And whan it was fro his possession,
 Than had he double wo and passion,
 That he so faire a jewil hath forgo;
 But yet this broche, as in conclusion,
 Was not the cause of his confusion,
 But he that wrought it enfortuned it so,
 That every wight that had it shoud have wo;
 And therfore in the worchir was the vice,
 And in the coveitour that was so nice.

So farith it by lovirs, and by me,
 For though my lady have so grette beaute,
 That I was mad to I had gette her grace,
 She was not cause of mine adversite,
 But he that wroughtin her, as mote I The,
 That put so gret a beaute in her face,
 That made me coveitin, and so purchase
 Myne ownè deth, him wite I that I die,
 And mine unwit that er I clambe so hie.

But to you hardy knightis of renowne,
 Sithe that ye be of my devisyowne,
 Al be' I not worthy to so gret a name,
 Yet saine these clerkis I am your patrone,
 Therfore ye ought have some compassioun
 Of my disese, and take it nat agame,
 The proudest of you may be made ful tame;
 Wherfore I pray you of your gentillese
 That ye complainin for mine hevinesse.

And

And ye my ladyes, that ben trew and stable,
By way of kinde ye oughtin to ben able
To have pite of folke that ben in paine,
Nowe have ye cause to clothin you in fable,
Sith that your empères the honorable
Is desolate, wel oughtin ye to plaine,
Nowe shoude your holy teris fal and raine,
Alas your honour and your emperice
Nigh ded for drede ne can her not chevice.

Complainith eke ye lovirs al in fere,
For her, that with unfainid humble chere
Was evir redy to do you focour,
Complainith her that er hath be you dere,
Complainith beaute, fredome, and manere,
Complainith her, that endith your labour,
Complainith thilke ensample' of al honour,
That nevir yet dyd ought but gentillesse,
Kythith therfore in her some kindenesse.



The Complaint of Venus.

THere n'ys so high comfort to my plesaunce,
Whan that I am in any hevinesse,
As for to have leysir of remembraunce
Upon the manhode and the worthynesse,
Upon the trouthe, and on the stedfastnes
Of him whose I am al while I maye dure,
There ought to blamin me no creature,
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

In him is bounte, wisedome, govirnaunce,
Weil more than any mann's witte can gesse,
For grace hath wolde so ferforth him avaunce,
That of knightthod he his parsite richesse,
Honour honourith him for his noblesse,
Therto so wel hath fourmid him nature,
That I am his for er, I him ensure,
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

And natwithstanding all his suffisaunce,
His gentil herte is of so gret humbleesse,
To me, in worde, in werke, and in countenaunce,
And me to serve is al his besinesse,
That I am sette in very sykirnesse,
Thus ought I to blisse wel mine avintour,
Sith that him list me servin and honour,
For every wight praisith his gentillesse.

Nowe certis, love, it is right covenable,
That men ful dere aby thy noble thinges,
As wake abedde, and fastin at the table,
Weping to laugh, and singe in complainynges,
And downe to castin visage and lokinges,
Oftin to chaunge visage and countinaunce,
Playe in slepinge, and dremyn at the daunce,
Al the revers of any gladd feling.

Jelousy he hangid by a cable,
She wolde al knowin through her espiying,
There dothe no wight nothing so resonable,
That al n'is harme in her ymagining,
Thus dere abought is love in his yeving,
Whiche ofte he yevith without ordinaunce,
As sorowe' ynough, and litil of plesaunce,
Al the revers of any glade feling.

A litil tyme his yest is agreable,
But ful accomberous is the usinge,
For subtil jelousy the discevable
Ful oftin tyme ycausith distourbinge,
Thus ben we evir in drede and sufiring,
In no certaine, we languishen in penaunce,
And have wel ofte many an harde mischaunce,
Al the revers of any gladd feling.

But certis, love, I saye not in soche wife,
That for to scape out of your lace I ment,
For I so longe have ben in your service,
That for to lete of wil I ner assent,
No force though jelousye me doe toutment,
Suffisith me to se him whan I may,
And therfore certis to mine ending day
To love him best shal me nevir repent.

And certis, love, whan I me wel advise,
Of any' estate that man may represent,
Than have ye made me thorough your franchise
Chesin the best that evir in erthe went,
Nowe love well, hert, and loke thou nevir stent,
And lette the jelous putte it in assaye,
That for no paine ne wol I not say naye,
To love him best shal I nevir repent.

O herte, to The it ought ynoughe suffice,
That love so highe a grace hath to you sent,
To chose the worthyist in allè wise,
And most agreable to mine entent,
Sekith no ferthir, neithir way ne went,
Sith ye have suffisaunce unto my paye.
Thus wol I ende this complaint or this lay,
To love him best shal I nevir repent.

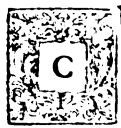
L'envoye.

Princes, receveth this complaininge in gre,
Unto your excellent benignite
Directe astir my litil suffisaunce,
For elde, that in my spirite dullith me,
Hath of enditing al the subtilte
Welnigh berafte out of my remembraunce,
And eke to me it is a grete penaunce,
Sith rime in Englishe hath soche scarcite,
To' folowe worde by worde the curiosite
Of Gransonflour, of'hem that make in Fraunce.

Explicit.

Here foloweth the Letter of CUPIDE.

This Letter is said to have been made by *Tho. Occleve* of the Office of the Privy Seal, *Chaucer's* Scholar; and the Author telling us at the Conclusion it was made *Anno Dom. 1402.* it can't be *Chaucer's*, who dy'd *A.D. 1400.*



Upido, unto whose commaundement
The gentill kinrede of goddis on hie,
And peple infernall ben obedient,
And al mortal folke servin busily,
Of the goddesse sonne Cythera onely,
Unto al tho that to our deite
Ben subiectes, hertily greting sende we.

In general we wollin that ye knowe,
That ladies of honour and of reverence,
And othir gentilwomen havin sowe
Soche fede of complaint in our audience
Of men that do 'hem outrage and offence,
That it our eris grevith for to here,
So pitous is the' effecte of this matere.

Passing al londis, on the lytil yle,
That cleped is Albion, they muste complaine,
They say that ther is croppe and rote of gile,
So con tho men dissimulin and faine,
With standing dropis in ther eyin twaine,
Whan that ther hertis felith no distresse,
To blindin women with ther doubleness.

Ther wordis spokin be so fighingly,
With so pitous a chere and countinaunce,
That every wight, that menith trewly,
Demith they in herte havin soch grevaunce,
They say so' importable is ther penaunce,
That but ther lady lust to shewe 'hem grace,
They right anone must stervin in the place.

Ah lady myne they say, I you ensure,
As dothe me grace, and I shal evir be,
While that my lyfe may lastin and endure,
To you as humble' and lowe in eche degre,
As possible' is and kepe al thinges in secre
Right as your selfin listith that I do,
And ellis myne hertè mote braft in two.

Ful harde it is to knowe a mann's herte,
For outwarde may no man the trouthe deme,
Whan word out of the mouth may none afterte,
But it by reson semed a wight to queme,
So it is said of herte as it would seme;
O faithful woman, ful of innocence,
Thou art discevid by false apparence.

By proceffe movith ofte woman's pite,
Wening al thing were as these men ysey,
They graunt 'hem grace of ther benignite,
For that men shouldin not for ther sake dey,
And with gode hert settin 'hem in the wey
Of blisful love, kepin it if they conne,
And thus othir while women bethe ywonne.

And whan this man the pan hath by the stele,
And fully is in his possession,
With that woman kepeth he no more to dele,
Astir yf he may findin in the toun
Any woman his blinde affectioun
Unto bestowe, but yvel mote he preve!
A man for al his othes is harde to' beleve.

And for that every false man hath a make,
As unto every wight is light to know,
Whan this traitour this woman hath forsake,
He fast spedith him unto his felowe, 60
Til he be there his herte is on a lowe,
His false discete ne may him not suffise,
But of his trayson tellith al the wife.

Is this a fair avaunt, is this honour,
A man himselfe accuse thus and diffame?
10 Is' it gode to confesse him selfe a traitour
And bring a woman unto sclaudrous name,
And tel howe he her body hath do shame?
No wurshippe may he thus to him conquer,
But grete disclaundir unto him and her. 70

To her? nay, yet ywas it no represe,
For al for vertue was that she ywrought;
But he that brewid hath al this mischefe,
That spake so faire, and falsely inwarde thought,
His be the sclauder, as it by reson ought,
And unto her be thanke perpetuell,
That in soche a nede helpin can so wel.

Although through mann's sleight and subtilte
A sely simple' and innocent woman
Betraied is, no wondir sithe the cite 80
Of Troye, as the storie tellin can,
Betrayed was through the discete of man;
And set on fyre, and al downe ovirthrowne
And finally destroyid as men knowen.

Betrayin nat men cites gret and kinges?
30 What wight is it that can shape remedy
Ayenist these falsely purposid thinges?
Who can the crafte soche craftis to espy,
But man, whose witte is er redy t' aply
To thing that sowning is into falschede? 90
Woman bethe ware of false men I The rede.

And farthirmore have these men in usage,
That where they nat lykily ben to spede,
Soche as they ben, with a double visage,
They procurin for to pursewe ther nede,
40 He prayith him in his cause to procede,
And largely guerdonith he his travayle,
Litol wote women howe men 'hem assaile.

Anothir wretche unto his felowe faith,
Thou fischist faire, she which that The hath fired, 100
Is false, inconstaunt, and she hath no faith,
She for the rode of folke is so desired,
And as an horse fro daie to daie she' is hired,
That when thou twinnist fro her companie,
Comith an othir, and blered is thine eye.

Now prick on fast, and ridin thy journey,
50 While thou art there, for she behinde thy backe
So liberall is, she woll nothyng withsey,
But smartly of an othir take a smacke,
And thus farin these women all the packe, 110
Who so 'hem trustith hangid mote he be,
Evir thei desire chaunge and novilt.

Whereof

Whereof procedith this but of envie?

For that he hymself her ne winnin maie,
He spekith her represe and villanie,
As mann'is blabbyng tong is wont alwaie;
Thus divers men full oftin make assaie
For to distourbin folke, in sondrie wise,
For thei maie not eschuin ther emprite.

Many one eke would spekin for no gode,
That hath in love his tyme spent and used,
Men wist his ladie his askyng withstode,
Ere that he were of her plainly refused,
Or waste and vaine al that he had ymused,
Wherefore he can none othir remedy,
But on his lady shapith him to lye.

Every woman he saithe is light to gete,
Can none say nay, yf she be wel ysought,
Who so may leisir have with her to trete,
Of his purpose ne shal he failin nought,
But he on madnesse be so depe ybrought,
That he shende al with opin homlynesse,
That loven women, they dotin as I gesse.

To sclaudir women thus what may profite?
To gentillesse namely that 'hem arme should
In defence of women, and 'hem delite,
As that the ordre of gentillesse wolde?
If that a man list gentill to be holde,
He must al eschewe that therto' is contrary,
A sclaudrous tonge is his gret adversarye. 140

A foul vice it is of tonge to be light,
For *who so mochil clappith, gabbith ofie,*
The tonge of man so swifte is and so wight,
That whan it is yreisid up on losfe,
Refon is shewid so slowly and softe,
That it him nevir ovirtakin may,
Lorde! so these men ben trusty in assay.

Al be it that men find one woman nice,
Inconstaunt, rechelesse, and variable;
Deignous, and proude, fulfillid of malyce,
Without faithe or love and discevable,
Slye, quaint, false, in al untrust coulpable,
Wickid, or feirse, or ful of cruilte,
Yet foloweth not that soche all women be.

Whan the High God aungelis fourmid had,
Amongis 'hem al fourmid were there none,
That foundin was malicious and bad?
Yet al men wotin ther were many one,
That for ther pride fill fro hevin anone,
Shuld weforthy yeve all angils proude name? 160
Nay, he, that that susteinith, is to blame.

Of twelve Apostils one a traitour was,
The remenante yet gode werin and trewe,
So yf it happin men findin percas
O woman false, soche gode is to eschewe,
And deme not al that they therfore be' untrewre,
I se wel that mennis owne falsines
'Hem causith woman for to trust the lesse.

O! every man ought have an hert tendre
To a woman, and deme her honorable,
Whethir his shape be thicke, or els slendre,
Or he be gode or badde, it is no fable,
Every wight wote that witte hath resonable,
That of a woman he discendid is,
Than is it shame of her to speke amyffe.

A wickid tre gode frute may non forth bring,
For soche the frute is aye as is the tre,

Take hede of whom thou toke thy beginning,
Let thy mother be mirrou unto The,
Honour her, yf thou wolte honourid be, 180
Dispisith her than not in no manere,
Lest that therby thy wickidnesse apere.

An olde proverbe there said is in Englishe,
That birde or foule sothly is dishonest,
What that he be, and holdin ful churlishe,
That usith to defoulin his own nest,
Men to say wel of women it' is the best,
And naught to dispisin 'hem ne deprave,
If that they wol ther honour kepe or save.

The ladies evir complaine 'hem on clerkes, 190
That they have made bokis of ther diffame,
In whiche they dispise women and ther werkes,
And spekin of him grete reprofe and shame,
And causelesse yeve 'hem a wickid name,
Thus they dispisid be on every side,
Disclaundirid and blowin on ful wyde.

Tho fory bokis makin mencion
Howe women betraide in especial
Adam, David, Sampson, and Salomon,
And many' one mo, who maye reherse 'hem al, 200
The treason that they havin do and shal?
The worlde ther malice may not comprehende,
As clerkis saine, for it ne hath none ende.

Ovide, in his boke callid Remedie
Of love, grete reprofe of women ywriteth,
Wherin I trowe that he dyd grete folie,
And every wight who' in soche case him delyteth,
A clerk'is costome is whan he enditeth
Of women, be it prose, or rime, or vers,
Say they be wicked, al know he the revers. 210

And the boke scholirs lerned in ther childhede,
For they of women beware should in age,
And to lovin 'hem evir be in dred,
Sithe to disceve is set al ther corage,
They say' of peril men should cast th'avauntage,
Namely of soche as men havin bewrapped,
For many' a man by women hath mishapped.

No charge is what so these clerkis ysaine,
Of all ther writing I ne doe no cure,
All ther labour and travaile is in vain, 220
For betwene me and my ladie nature
Shal not be suffrid, while the world maie dure,
Thus these clerkis by ther cruell tirannie
On felie women kithin ther maistrie.

Whilom for many of 'hem wer in my cheine
Ytyd, and now for unweldie age,
And unlust, thei maie not to love atteine,
And saine now that love' is but verie dotage,
Thus for thei 'hem selfin lackin courage,
Thei folke excitin by ther wickid sawes 230
For to rebell ayenst me and my lawes.

But maugre 'hem that blamin women moste,
Soche is the force of myne impressioun,
That sodainlie I can fell all ther bolste,
And all ther wrong imaginacion,
It shal not ben in ther elccion
The foulisf slutte in all the rounne to' refuse,
If that me luste, for all that thei conne muse,

But her in herte as brenningly desire,
As though she were a ducheffe or a quene, 240
So can I folkis hertis set on fire,
And as me list sendin 'hem joye or tene,

Thei

Thei that to women ben ywhet so kene,
 My sharpe perfyng strokis how thei smite
 Shull fele and knowin, how thei kerve and bite

Parde this clerke, this subtyll flyc Ovide,
 And many' an othir discevid have be
 Of women as it is knowin full wide,
 What? no men more; and that is great deinte;
 So excellent a clerke as was he, 250
 And othir mo, that coudin full well preche,
 Betrappid wer, for aught that thei coud teche.

And trustith well that it is no marvaile,
 For women knowin plainly ther entent.
 Thei wist how sottile thei coud assaile
 'Hem, and what faishede thei in herte mente,
 And thus thei clerkis in ther daungir hente,
With o venime an othir is destroyed,
 And thus these clerkis otin were anoied.

These ladies, ne these gentiles nerthelless, 260
 Were none of tho that wroughtin in this wise,
 But soche women as werin vertulelle,
 Thei quittin thus these oldé clerkis wise,
 To clerkis mochil lette ought to suffice,
 Then to dispravin women generally,
 For worship shullin thei none gette thereby.

If that these men that lovirs 'hem pretend,
 To women werin faithfull, gode, and true,
 And dredde 'hem to disceve, or to offende,
 Women to love 'hem wouldin not eschue, 270
 But every daie hath man an herte newe,
 It upon one abidin can no while,
 What tortie is it soche a wight to begile?

Men bering eke the women upon hond,
 That lightly and withoutin any pain
 Thei women be, thei can no wight withstond,
 That his disce liff to 'hem to complain,
 Thei be so trele, thei maie 'hem not refrain,
 But who so likith 'hem maie lightly have, 280
 So be ther hertis esie in to grave.

To maistr John de Mone, as I suppose,
 Then it was a leude occupacioun,
 In makynge of the *Romante of the Rose*,
 So many' a slygh imaginacioun,
 And perilles for to rollin up and down,
 The long processe, so many' a slyght cautell,
 For to disceve a felie damosell.

Nought can I saie, ne my wit comprehende,
 That art, and pain, and subtyltie should faile
 For to conquere, and sone to make an ende, 290
 When men a tible place shullin assaile,
 And sone also to venquishe a battaile,
 Of whiche no wight maie makin resistance,
 Ne herte hath none to make any defence.

Then mote it folowe of necessitie,
 Sith art askith so grete engine and pain,
 A woman to disceve, what so she be,
 Of constaunce be thei not so barain,
 As that some of these fely clerkis sain, 300
 But thei be as women oughtin to be,
 Sadde, constante, and fulfillid of pite.

How frendly was Medea to Jafon,
 In his conquirynge of the Fleece of gold:
 How fally quit he her true affection,
 By whom victorie he gate as he would!
 How maie this man for shame be so bolde
 To falsin her, that fro his deth and shame

Him kept, and gate him so grete prife and name!

Of Troie also the Traitour Æneas,
 The faithlesse wretche, how he himself forswore
 To Dido, which that quene of Carthage was,
 That hym relevid of his smertis fore!
 What gentilesse might she have doin more,
 Then she with herte unfainid to hym kidde,
 And what mischefe to her therof betidde!

In my legende of natures maie men finde,
 Who so ylikith therein for to rede
 That othis ne beheft maie man not binde,
 Of reprobable shame have thei no drede, 320
 In mann's herte trouthe ne hath no stede,
 The soile is naught, there maie no troth ygrow,
 To women namely it is not unknowe.

Clerkis saine also there is no malice
 Like unto womans wickid crabbidnesse;
 O woman, how shalt thou thy self chevice,
 Sith men of The so mochil harme witnesse!
 Beth ware o woman of ther sikilnesse,
 Kepith thine ownè, what men clappe or crake,
 And some of 'hem shall smarte I undirtake.

Malice of women what is it to drede? 330
 Thei sle no man, destroyin no citees,
 Ne oppresse peple, ne them ovirlede,
 Betraie Empiris, Relmis, or Duchees,
 Ne bireven men ther landis ne ther mees,
 Enpoyson folke, ne housis set on fire,
 Ne false contractis makin for no hire.

Trust, parfite love, and entire charite,
 Fervent will, and entalentid corage,
 All thewis gode, as sittith well to be,
 Have women er of custome and usage, 340
 And well thei connin mann's ire awage,
 With softè wordis, discrete and benigne,
 What thei be'inward thei shewe outward by signe.

Womanis herte unto no crueltie
 Enclinid is, but thei be charitable,
 Pitous, devote, full of humilitie,
 Shamefaste, debonaire, and amiable,
 Dredfull, and of wordis mesurable,
 What women these have not paraventure
 Folowith not the waie of ther nature. 350

Men saine that our first mothir nathelless
 Made all mankinde lesin his libertie,
 And nakid it of joyè doutilless,
 For Godd's heste disobeyid she,
 When she presumid to taste of the tre
 That God forbade, that she ete therof should,
 And ne 'had the devill be, no more she would.

The envious swelling, that the fende our foe
 Had unto man in herte for his welth,
 Sent a serpent, and made her for to goe 360
 To disceve Eve, and thus was man's welth
 Birafte him by the fende in a stelh,
 The woman not knowyng of that disceipt,
 God wote ful ferre was it from her conceipt.

Wherefore I saie that this gode woman Eve
 Our fathir Adam ne discevid nought,
 There maie no man for a disceipt it preve
 Propirly, but that she in herte and thought
 Had it compassid first or she it wrought,
 And for soche was not her impressioun, 370
 Men maie it call no deceipte by reson.

Ne no wight disceivith, but he purpose;
The fende this disceipt caste, and nothyng she;
Then it is wrong to demin or suppose,
That of his harme she should the cause be;
Wytith the fende, and his be the maugre,
And all excusid have her innocence,
Save onely that she brake obedience.

And touchyng this, full fewe men there be,
Unnethis any dare I safely saie, 380
Fro daie to daie, as men maie all daie se,
But that the beste of God thei disobaie;
Have this in minde sirs I you praie,
If that ye be discrete and resonable
Ye woll her holde the more excusable.

And wher men saie in man is stedfastnesse,
And woman is of her courage unstable,
Who maie of Adam bere soche a witnesse,
Tellith me this, was he not chaungeable?
Thei bothe werin in o case semblable, 390
Save that willyng the fende discevid Eve,
And so did she not Adam by your leve.

Yet was this sinne happie to mankinde,
The fende discevid was for all his sleight,
For aught he coud him in his sleightis winde,
For his trespase came fro hevin on height
God, to discharge man of his hevy weight,
He fleshe and blode ytoke of a virgine,
And suffrid deth, hym to deliver of pine.

And God, to whom there maie nothing hid be, 400
If he in woman knowen had soch malice,
As men record of 'hem in generalte
Of our Ladie of life reperatrice
He n'olde have be borne, but that she of vice
Was voide, and full of vertue, well he wiste,
Endowid, of her to be borne hym liste.

Her hepid vertue hath soche excellence,
That all to lene is mann's facultie
To declare it, and therefore in suspence
Her due praisyng put nedis must ybe, 410
But thus I sayin, verily that she
Next God, best frende is that to man longith,
The keye of mercie by her girdle hongith.

And of mercie hath every man soche nede,
That refyng that, farwell the joye of man,
And of her power now takith right gode hede,
She mercie maie well, and purchacin can,
Displeisith her not, honoureth that woman,
And othir women honour for her sake,
And but ye doe, your sorowe shall awake. 420

In any boke also where can ye finde
That of the werkis of deth or of life
Of Jesu spelleth or makith any minde,
That women hym forfoke for wo or strife,

Where was there any wight so ententife
Aboutin hym as woman? provid none,
The'Apostlis hym forlokin everichone.

Women forfoke hym not, for all the faieth
Of holic churche in women left onely, 430
This is no lecs, for thus holy writte saieth,
Loke and ye shall so finde it hardily,
And thereibre I maie well previn thereby
That in woman reignith stable constauce,
And in meh is the chaunge of variaunce.

Thus precious gemme of martirs Margarite,
That of thy blode dredest none effusion,
Thou lovir true, thou maidin manfuete,
Thou constante woman in thy passioh,
Ovircame the fend's temptacion, 440
And many' a wight convertid thy doctrine
Unto the faith of holy God, thou virgine.

But understandeth this, I commend her nought
By encheson of her virginite,
Trustith it came nevir into thought,
For evir were I ayenst chastitie,
And evir shall, but lo! this mevith me,
Her lovyng herte, and constant to her laie,
Drive out of my remembraunce I ne maie.

Now holdith this for ferme, and for no lie,
That this true and juste commendacion 450
Of women tell I for no flattirie,
Ne bicause of pride or elacion,
But onely lo! for this entencion,
To yeve 'hem courage of perseveraunce
In vertue, and ther honour to avaunce.

The more the vertue, the lasse is the pride,
Vertue so digne is and so noble in kinde
That vice and he woll not in fere abide;
He puttith vicis clene out of his minde,
He flieth fro 'hem, he levith 'hem behinde; 460
O woman that of vertue art hostfresse,
Grete is thy honour, and thy worthinesse.

Then woll I thus concludin and define,
We you commaunde our ministirs echone,
That redie ye be our hestes to encline,
That of these false men our rebell sone
Ye doin punishment, and that anone,
Voide 'hem our court, and banishe 'hem for ever.
So that therein more comin may thei never.

Fulfillid be it, cefyng all delaie. 470
Loke that there be none excusacion.
Writtin in the lustie moneth of Maie,
In our paleis, where many' a million
Of lovirs true have habitacion,
In the yere of grace joyfull and joconde
A thousande fowir hundrid and seconde

Thus endeth the letter of Cupide.

A Ballade in commendacion of our Ladie.

Thoufande stories coud I mo reherce.
A Of olde Poetis touching this matere,
 How that Cupide the hertis gan so perce
 Of his servauntis setting 'hem in fere!
 Lo here the fine of th' errour and the fere!
 Lo here of love the guerdone and grevaunce,
 That er what wo her servautes do avaunce!

Wherefore now plainly I woll my stile dresse
 Of one to speke, at nede that woll not faile;
 Alas for dole I ne can ne maie' expresse
 Her passyng prife, and that is no mervaille!
 O winde of grace, now blowe unto my saile,
 O auriate licour of Clio, to write
 My penne enspire of that I woll endite.

Alas! unworthie I am and unable
 To love soche one, all women surmountyng,
 But she be benigne to me and merciabie,
 That is of pitie the welle and the spryng;
 Wherefore of her in laude and in praisyng,
 So as I can, supportid by her grace,
 Right thus I saie, knelyng before her face.

O sterre of steris with thy stremis clere,
 Sterre of the Se, to shipmen light and gide,
 O lustie livyng moste plesaunt to appere,
 Whose bright bemis the cloudis maie not hide,
 O waie of life to 'hem that go or ride,
 Haven aftir tempest surist up to rive,
 On me have mercie for thy joyis five.

O rightfull rule, O bote of holinesse,
 And lightsome line of pitie for to plain,
 Originall of grace and all godnesse,
 And clenest conduct of vertue moste soverain,
 Mothir of mercie, our trouble to restrain,
 Chambir and cloist clenest of chastitie,
 And namid herbrough of the deitie,

O cloist garden voide of wedis wicke,
 Cristallin welle, of clerenesse clere consigned,
 Fructified olive of foiles faire and thicke,
 And redo'lent Cedre most dere worthy digned,
 Remember on sinnirs that to The be' affined,
 Or wickid fendis ther wrathe on 'hem wreche,
 Lanterne of light, thou art ther livis leche.

Paradise of plesaunce, gladsome to all gode,
 O benigne braunchet of the Pine tre,
 Vinarie' envermailed, refreshir of bode,
 Licour ayen langour that palled maie not be,
 Blisful blomie blomie, bidyng in bounte,
 Thy mantell of mercie on our miserie sprede,
 And er we' awaie wrappe us undir thy wede.

O rodie rofier, flouring without spine,
 Fountain filthlesse, as birill current clere,
 Sum drop of gracefull dewe to us propine;
 Light without nebule shynyng in thy sphere,
 Medecine to mischeves, pucell without pere,
 Flambe down the full light of thin influence,
 Remembring thy servantes for thy magnificence.

Of all christin protectrice and tutele,
 Retourne of exiled put in the proscriptcion,
 To 'hem that even in the' pathe of ther sequele,

To werie forwandrid, rent and pavillon,
 To faint and to freshe the pausacion,
 To unrestie bothe rest and remedie,
 Fructfull to all tho that in her affie.

To 'hem that rennin thou art itinerarie,
 O blisfull brave to knightes of thy werre,
 To werie werkmen the' is diourne denarie,
 Mede unto mariners that have failed ferre,
 Laureate coroune stremyng as a sterre,
 To 'hem put in palastre for thy sake
 Tours of ther conquest, white as any lake.

O mirthe of martyrs, sweter than Siole,
 Of Confessours also riche donatife,
 Unto virgines eterhall Laureole,
 Fore all woman havynng prerogative,
 Mothir and maide, bothe widowe and eke wife,
 Of all the worlde is none but thou alone,
 Now sith thou maie, be succour to my none.

Trustie turtle truefastist of all tyme,
 Curteise columbe, replete of all mekenesse,
 O Nightingale with thy notis newe,
 O Popinjaie purid with all clemensse,
 O laverocke of love, singyng with swetnesse,
 Phœbus waityng till on thy brest he light,
 Undir thy wing at domisdale us dight.

O rubie rubified in the passion
 Of thy sonne, us have emongis in minde,
 O steadfast diametre of duracion,
 That fewe feris any time might thou finde,
 For none to hym was foundin halfe so kinde,
 O hardie herte, O lovyng creature,
 What was 'it but love that made The so endure?

Semely saphre, depe loupe, and blew ewage,
 Stable as the loupe ewage of pitie,
 This is to saie the freshist of visage,
 Thou lovest unchaungid 'hem that servin The,
 And if offence or varyng in 'hem be
 Thou art aie redie on ther wo to rue,
 And 'hem recevist aye with herte full true.

O godelic gladdid when that Gabriel
 With joy The grette, that maie not be nombred,
 Or halfe the blithe who coud ywrite or tell,
 When the holy Ghooste to The was obumbrid,
 Wherthrough fendes were bittirly encombrid,
 O wemlesse maide, embelished in his birthe,
 That man and angill therof haddin mirthe.

Lo here the blomie, and the budde of glorie,
 Of whiche the prophet so long spake before!
 Lo here the fame that was in memorie
 Of Esaie, so long or she was yborne!
 Lo here of David the delicious corne.
 Lo here the grounde of life into bilde,
 Becomyng man our ransome for to yilde.

O glorious viole, vite inviolate,
 O frie Titan, persyng with thy bemes,
 Whose vertuous brightnes was in brest vibrat,
 That al the world embelished with the lumes,
 Conservatrice of Kingis, Dukes and relmes,
 Of Jesse his sede the swete * sunamite,

* Perhaps Cinnamonite, or Cinnamomite.

Mesure my mourning, mine own Margarite.

O soverainist yfought out of Syon,
Cockle with gold-dewe from above berainid,
Dewe-bushe unbrent, firelesse fire set on,
Flaming with fervence, not with hete painid,
Duryng daise that no wether stainid,
Fleece undefouled of gentilist Gidion,
And fructifying fairist yerde of Aaron.

The mightie arche, the probatise piscine,
Laughing aurora, and of pece olive,
Columpne and base, up beryng from abyme,
Why n'ere I connyng here for to discriue,
Chosyn of Joseph, whom he toke to wive,
Unknowyng hym, childyng by miracle,
And of our manly figure the tabernacle.

I have none Englishe convenient and digne,
Myne herte's hele lady, The with to honour,
Ivorie clepe, therefore I woll resigne
Into thyne hande till that thou list succour,
To helpe my makyng both florisse and flour,
Then should I shewe in love how that I brehde,
In songis makyng, thy name to commende.

For if I could before thyne excellence
Syngin in love I woldin what I fele,
And evir standin Ladie' in thy presence,
To shewe in opyn how I love you wele,
And sith although your hert be made of stele
To you withoutin any disceveraunce
J'ay en vous toute ma fiance.

Where might I love evir bettir beset,
Then in this Lillie likyng to beholde,
That lace of love, the bonde so well thou knit,
That I maie se The or myne herte colde,
And or I passe out of my dayis olde,
Tofore syngyng evirmore uttirly,
Your eyin two woll sle me sodainly.

For love I langour, blissed be soch sicknesse,
Sith it is for you my hertely suffisaunce,
I can not ellis saie in my distresse,
So faire one hath myne hert in govirnaunce,
And aftir I begin on esperance,
With feble entune, though it thine hert perce,
Yet for thy sake this lettir I reherse.

God wore on Musike I can not, but I gesse,
Alas why so, that I might saie or syng,
So love I you my own soveraine maistrelle,
And evir shall withoutin departyng,
Mirrour of beautie, for you out shuld I ring,
In remembraunce eke of your eyin clere,
Thus ferre from you my soverain Ladie dere.

So woldin God your love would me yflo,
Sith for your sake I singyng daie by daie,
O herte why he nilt thou breke a two,
Sith with my Ladie dwellin I ne maie!
Thus many a roundell, many a virolle,
In freshe Englishe, when I me leisir finde,
I doe recorde, on you to havin mynde.

Now ladie mine, sith I you love and drede,
And you' unchaunged evir finde in a degre,
Whose grace ne maie flie fro your womanhede,
Disdainith not for to remembre on me,
Myne herte bledith for I maie not you se,
And sith ye worre my menyng desirous
Pleures pour moy s'il vous plaist amoureux.

What marveile is though I in painybe,
I' am departid from you my soverain,
Fortune alas, dont vient la deslenie,
That in no wise I can ne maie attain
To se the beautie of your eyin twain,
Wherefore I saie, for tristesse doeth me grame,
Tout me fait mal departir de ma dame.

Why n'ere my wiffing brought to soche esloit,
That I might saie for joye of your presence,
Or *amoureur* ce qui voullon,
Or *amoureux*, the highist excellence,
That er had wight, and sith mine advertence
Is in you, rewith on my painis smerte,
I am so fore ywoundid to the herte.

To live well merie two lovins were isert,
So maie I saie withoutin any blame,
And if that any man to wilde were,
I could hym techin for to be full ramed,
Let hym go love and se where it be game,
For I am bridlid unto sobirnesse,
For her that is of women chief princelesse.

But ehir when thought my hert shuld unbrace,
Then unto me it is best remedie
When I take on your godely freshe face,
So merie a mirrour could I ner espie,
And if I could I would it magnifie,
For nevir none ywas so faire yfoude,
To reken hem all, and also Rosamonde.

And finally with mouth, and will present,
Of double eye withoutin repentance,
Mine hert I yeve you Ladie' in this entent,
That ye shall therof have the govirnaunce,
Takyng my leve with hert's obeisaunce,
(*Salve Regina*) synging last of all
To be our helpe when that we to The call.

All our love is nought els but idlenesse,
Save your love alone, who might therto' attain,
Who so woll have a name of gentillesse,
I counsaile hym in love that he not fain,
Thou swete Ladie, refute in every pain
Whose mercie moste unto me availith,
To gie by grace, when that fortune failith.

Nought maie be told withoutin any fable
Your high renome, your womanly beaute,
Your govirnaunce to all worship able,
Putteth every herte in cle in his degre,
O violet, O flowir desire,
Sithin I am for you so amorous,
Estreignes moy de cœur joyeux.

With fervent hert my brest hath brost on fire
L'ardant espoer en mon cœur point est mort.
D'avoir l'amour de celle que je desire,
I mené you swete moste plesaunt of porte
Et je scay bien que ce n'est pas mon tort.
That for you syng, so as I maie for monne,
For your departyng alone, I live alone.

Though that I might I would none othir chese,
In your service I woud ben foundin fadde,
Therefore I love no labour that ye lese,
When that in longyng sorist ye be stadde,
Loke up your lovins and be right gladde,
Now ayenist sainte Valentin's daie,
For I have chese that ner forsake I maie.

Explicit

John

JOHN GOWER, unto the noble King HENRY IV.



Noble worthie Kyng Henrie the ferth,
In whom the gladdè fortune is befall
The peple to governe here upon yerth,
God hath The chosèn in comfort of us all,
The worship of this land, which was down fal,
Now stant upright through grace of thy godnesse,
Which every man is hold for to blesse.

The most high God of his justice alone
The right whiche longith to thy regalie
Declarid hath to stande in thy persone,
And more then God maie no man justifie,
Thy title' is knowe upon thyne auncestrie,
The land's folk hath eke thy right affirmed,
So stant thy reigne, of God and man confirmed.

There is no man maie saie in othirwise,
That God hymself ne hath the right declared,
Whereof the lande is bounde to thy service,
Whiche for defeaute of helpe hath long yeared,
But now there is no mann's herte spared,
To love and serve, and worchin thy plesaunce, 20
And all this is through God's purveiaunce.

In allè thing whiche is of God begonne
There foloweth grace, if it be well governed,
Thus tellin thei whiche oldè bokis conne,
Wherof my lorde I wote well thou art lerned,
Aske of thy God, so shalt thou not be werned
Of no request the whiche is resonable,
For God unto the gode is favourable.

King Salomon, whiche had at his askyng
Of God, what thing hym was levist to crave, 30
He chafe wisdom to the right govirnyng
Of Godis folke, the whiche he wouldin save,
And as he chafe it fill hym for to have,
For through his wit while that his reign did last
He gate hym pece and rest into his last.

But Alexandre', as tellith his storie,
Unto the God besought in othir waie,
Of all the worlde to win the victorie,
So that undir his swerde it might obaie, 40
In werre he had all that he wouldin praie,
The mightie God behight hym that beheste,
The worlde he wanne, and had it of conqueste.

But though it fill at thilkè tyme so,
That Alexandre' his askyng hath atchived,
This sinfull worlde was all Painim tho,
Was none whiche hath the High God beleved,
No wondir was though thilk world was greved
Though a tyrant his purpose might ywin,
All was vengeance and infortune of sin.

But now the faith of Christ is come aplace 50
Emongis the princis in this yerth here,
It fitte 'hem well to doe pite and grace,
But yet it must be temprid in manere,
For that thei findin cause in the mattere,
Upon the point, what aftirward betide,
The lawe of right shall not be laied aside.

So maie a king of werrè the voyage
Ordain and take, as he thereto is holde,
To claime and aske his rightfull heritage,
In al placis whereas it is with olde,
But othirwise if God himselfe would

Affirmin love and pece bitwene the kinges,
Pece is the best above al erthely thinges.

Gode is to eschewe warre, and nathèles,
A king may makin werre upon his right,
For of bataile the final ende is pece,
Thus stant the lawè that a worthy knight
Upon his trowth may goin to the fight,
But if so werè that he mightin these,
Betit is pece, of which may no man lese. 70

To stere pece ought everyche one on lyve
First for to settin his liege lorde in rest,
And eke these othir men that they ne strive,
For so this lande may standin at best,
What king that woldè be the worthiest,
The more he might our dedly werris cese,
The more he shold his worthinesse encrese.

Pece is the chefe of al the world's weith,
And to the heven it ledith eke the way, 80
Pece is of soule and life the main's helth,
Of pestilence and doth the werre away,
My liegè lorde take hede of that I say,
If that werre may be leste, take pece on hande,
Whiche may not be withoutin Godd's sande.

With pece stant every creature in rest,
Withoutin pece there may no lyfe be gladdè,
Above al othir gode pece is the best,
Pece hath himself, whan werre is all bestadde,
The pece is safe, the werre is evir dradde, 90
Pece is of allè charite the kay,
Whiche hath the life and soule for to way.

My liegè lorde if that The lyst to seche
The soth ensamplis what the werre hath wrought,
Thou shalt wel herin of wise mennis speche,
That dedly werrè tournith into nought,
For if these old bokis be wel ysought,
There might thou se what thing that werre hath do
Both of conquest and conquerour also.

For vaine honour, or for the world's gode
They that whilom the strongè werris made, 100
Wher be they now, bethinke wel in thy mode,
The day is gone, the night is derke and fade,
Ther cruilte, whiche that made 'hem than glade,
They sorowen now, and yet have naught the more,
The blode is shad, which no man may restore.

The werre is mothir of the wrongis al,
It sleeth the priest in holy churche at masse,
Forlith the maide, and doth her flour to fal,
The werrè makith the grete cite lasse, 110
And dothe the lawe his rulis ovirpasse,
Ther is nothing, wherof mischefe may growe,
Whiche is not causid of the werre, I trowe.

The werre bringith in povirtie' at his heles,
Wherof the comin peple is fore greved,
The werre hath set his cart on thilkè wheles,
Where that fortune he may nat be beleved,
For whan men wenin best to have acheved,
Ful oftin it is al newe to begin,
The werre hath nothing sikir, tho he win.

60 Forthy, my worthy prince, in Christ's halve, 120
As for a parte whose faith thou hast be gide,
Ley

Ley to this oldè fore a newè salve,
And do the werre away, what so betide;
Purchacin pece, and set it by thy syde,
And suffre nat thy peple be devoured;
So shal thy name er aftir stand honoured.

If any man be nowe or evir was
Ayen the pece thy privy counsaillour,
Let God be of thy counsaile in this caas;
And put away the cruil warriour, 130
For God, whiche is of man the creatour,
He woldè not men slough his creature,
Withoutin cause of dedly forfaiture.

Where nedith most, behovith most to loke,
My lorde, howe so thy werris be without;
Of time ypassid who that hede ytoke,
Gode were at home to se right wel about,
For evirmore the worste is for to dout,
But if thou mightist parfite pece attaine, 140
There should ybe no causè for to plaine.

About a king gode counsaile is to preise,
Above al othir thinges most vailable,
But yet a king within himselfe shal peise,
And seen the thingis that ben resonable,
And therupon he shal his wittis stable,
Among the men to settin pece in evin,
For love of him whiche is the King of hevyn.

A! wel is him that ne shedde nevir blode,
But if it were in cause of rightwysenes,
For yf a kynge the peril undirstode, 150
What is to sle the peple, than I gesse,
The dedly werris and the hevines,
Wherof the pece distourbid is ful ofte,
Shuld at some timè cesse and wexin soft.

O kinge fulfillid of grace and knighthode,
Remembre upon this pointe for Christe's sake,
If pece be profered unto thy manhode,
Thine honour save, let it not be forsake,
Though thou the werris darst wel undirtake, 160
Aftir reson yet tempre thy courage,
For lyke to pece there is none avauntage.

My worthy lorde, thinke wel, howe so befall,
Of thilkè lore, as holy bokis faine,
Christ is the hed, and we be membris al,
As wel the subiecte as the soveraine,
So sitte it wel that charite be plaine,
Whiche unto God himselfe most accordeth,
So as the lore of Christ's worde recordeth.

In the olde lawe, or Christ himselfe was bore,
Amonge the x. commaundementes I rede, 170
Howe that manslaughter shoulde be forbore,
Soche was the wil that tyme of the Godhede,
But aftirward, whan Christ toke his manhede,
Pece ywas the first thing he let do crie,
Ayenst the world's rancour and envie.

And or Christ went out of this erthe here,
And stighed to heaven, he made his testament,
Where he bequath to his disciplis there,
And yave his pece, whiche is the foundement
Of charite, withoutin whose assent 180
The world's pece may nevir wel be tried,
Ne love be kept, ne lawe be justified.

The Jewis with the Painims haddin werre,
But they among 'hemselfe stode er in pece,
Why shoulidin than our pece stande out of erre,
Which Christ hath chose unto his owne encrese,

For Christ is more than ywas Moyfes,
And Christ hath sette the parfite of the lawe,
The whiche ne shoulde in no wise be withdrawe.

To yeve us pece was cause why Christ ydide, 190
Withoutin pece may nothing stonde availed,
But nowe a man may se on every side,
Howe Christ's faith is every day assailed,
With painims distroyid and so batailed,
That for defaute of helpe and of defence,
Unnethis hath Christ his dewe revèrence.

The right faith to kep'in of holy church
The first point is ynamid of knighthode,
And every man is holde for to worche
Upon the point that stante to his manhode, 200
But now alas! the fame is spred so brode,
That every man this thing complainith,
And yet is there no man that helpe ordainith.

The world's cause is waitid ovir al,
There be the werris redy to the ful,
But Christ's owne cause in special,
There ben the swerdis and the speris dul,
And with the sentence of the Pop's bul,
As for to done the folke paine obey,
The church is tournid al anothir wey. 210

It's wondir above any mann's wit
Withoutin werre how Christ's faith was won,
And we, that be upon this erthe yet,
Ne kepe it not as it was first begon,
To every creature undir the sonne
Christ bad himselfe that we shoulde preche,
And to the folke his Evangely teche.

More light it is to kepe than to make,
But that whiche we foundin made tofore honde
We kepe not, but let it lightly slake, 220
The pece of Christ hath al to broke his bonde,
We rest our selfe, and suffrin every lond
To sle eche othir, as thinge undefended,
So stant the werre, and pece is not amended.

But though the hed of holy church above
Ne doith not al his whole businessse
Amonge the peple to set pece and love,
These kingis oughtin of ther rightwysenesse
Ther owne cause among 'hemselfe redresse,
Tho Peter's ship as now hath lost his sterc, 230
It lythe in 'hem the barge for to sterc.

If that holy church aftir the dewte
Of Christ's worde ne be nat al avised,
To makin pece, accorde, and unite,
Amonge the kingis that be now devised
Yet natheles the lawe stand assised
Of mann's witte to be so resonable,
Withoutin that to stande himselfe stable.

Of holy church we ben the childrin al,
And every childe is holde for to bowe 240
Unto the mothir, how that er it fal,
Or ellis he must reson disalowe,
And for that cause a knight shall first avowe
The right of holy church for to defende,
That no man shal the privilege offende.

Thus were it gode to sette al in evyn,
The world's princis, and the prelats bothe,
For love of him whiche is the King of hevyn,
And if men shoulde algatis wexin wrothe,
The Sarazins, whiche unto Christ ben lothe; 250
Let

Let men be armid ayenst 'hem to fight,
So maye the knight his dede of armis right.

Upon iii. pointis stant Christ's pece oppressed,
First holy churchè in her selfe dividid,
Whiche ought of reson first to be redressed,
But yet so highe a cause is not defidid,
And thus whan humble pacience is pridid,
The remenaunt, whiche that they shuldin rule,
No wondir is though it stande out of rule.

Of that the hed is sicke the lymmis aken, 260
These reynis, that to Christ's pece belongen,
For world's is gode these dedly werris maken,
Whiche helpelisse, as in balaunce yhongen,
The hed above 'hem hath nat undirfongen
To set pece, but every man sleith other,
And in this wise hath charite no brother.

The two defautis bringin in the thirde,
Of myscreantes, that seen how we debate,
Betwene the two they fallin in amydde, 270
Where now al day they finde an opin gate;
Lo! thus the dedly werrè stant algate,
But evir I hope of king Henrie's grace,
That he it is which shal the pece embrace.

My worthy noble prince, and king anoynt,
Whom God hath of his gràcè so preserved,
Beholde and se the world upon this point,
As for thy part, that Christ's pece be served,
And so shal thy high medè be deserved,
To him, whiche al shal quite The at the laste,
For this life here ne may no while laste. 280

Se Alexandir, Hector, and Julius,
Se Machabeus, David, and Josue,
Se Charlemaine, and Godefray, and Arthus,
Fulfilled of werre, and of mortalyte,
Ther fame abytte, but al' is but vanite,
For deth, which hath the werris undir fore,
Hath made an ende, of which ther is no bote.

So many a man the soth wete and know,
That pece is gode for every kinge to have,
The fortune of the werre is er unknowe, 290
But wher pece is, ther is the marchis fave,
That now is up, to morow' is undir grave,
The myghtye God yhath al grace in hande,
Withoutin him men may not longe stande.

Of the tennis to winne or lese a chace
May no life wete or that the bal be ronne,
Al stant in God what thing men shal purchase,
Th' ende is in hym or that it be begonne,
Men faine the wolfe, when it is well ysponne,
Doth that the cloth is stronge and profitable, 300
And ellis it maye nevir be durable.

The world's chauncis upon avinture
Ben evir sette, but thilkè chaunce of pefe
Is so behovely to the créature,
That it is above al othir pereles,
But it may not begetin nathèles
Amonge the men to lastin any while,
But where the herte is plaine withoutin gile.

The pece is as it were a sacrament,
Tofore the God, and shal with wordis plaine, 310
Without any double entendement,
Be tretid, for the trouth ne can not faine,
But yf the men within 'hemselve ben vaine,
The substance of the pece may not be trewe,
But every day it chaungith upon newe.

But who that is of charite parfite,
He voidith allè sleightis ferre awaye,
And sette his worde upon the samè plyte
Where that his hert hath found a sikir waye,
And thus when conscience is trewly waye, 320
And that these ben yhandlid with the wise,
It shal abyde, and stande in allè wise.

The' Apostil saith, ther may no life be gode
Whiche is not groundid upon charite,
For charite ne shedde nevir blode,
So hath the werre as there no properte,
For thilkè vertue whiche is sayd pite,
With charite so ferforth is acquainted,
That in her may no false semblant be paynted.

Cassodore, whose writinge is authorised, 330
Saihte: where that pite reignith there is grace,
Thruugh which the pece hath al his welth assyfed,
So that of werre he dredith no manace,
Where pyte dwelith in the samè place
There may no dedly cruilte sojourne,
Wherof that mercy shoulde his wayè tourne.

To se what pyte forth with mercy doth,
The cronique is at Rome in thilke empire
Of Constantine, whiche is a tale sothe, 340
When him was levir his owne deth desire
Then do the yongè childrin to martire,
Of cruilte he lestin the quarele,
Pyte he wrought, and pyte was his hele.

For thilkè mann's pyte whiche he dede
God was pytous, and made him whole at al,
Silvester came, and in the samè stede
He yave him baptisme first in special,
Whiche did awaye the sinne original,
And al his lepre' it hath so purified,
That his pyte for er is magnified. 350

Pyte was the cause why this Emperour
Was whole in body and in soule bothe,
And Rome also was sette in thilke honour
Of Christ's faith, so that they leve or loth,
Whiche haddin be with Christ tofore wroth,
Recevid werin unto Christ's lore,
Thus shal pyte be praisid evirmore.

My worthy liegè lorde Henry by name,
Whiche Englande haste to governin and right, 360
Men oughtin wel thy pyte to proclame,
Whiche opinliche in al the world's fight
It shewith, with the helpe of God almight,
To yeve us pece, which long hath be debated
Wherof thy prife shal nevir be abated.

My lorde, in whom hath evir yet be founde
Pyte, withoutin spotte of violence,
Kepe thilkè pece alwayis within bounde,
Whiche God hath plantid in thy counscience,
So shal the cronique of thy pacience
Amonge the saintes be taken into memorie, 370
To the legende of perdurable glorie.

And to thin erthely prife, so as I can,
Whiche every man is holdin to commende,
I Gower, whiche am al thy liegè man,
This lettir to thine excellence I sende,
As I whiche evir unto my live's ende
Wol pray for the estate of thy persone,
In worshippè of thy sceptre and thy throne.

Not onely to my kinge of pece I write,
But to these othir princis Christin al, 380
That

That eche of 'hem his ownè herte endite,
And cese the werre or more mischese yfal,
Sette eke the rightful puppe upon his stall,
Kepe charite, and drawe pite to hande,
And maintaine lawe, and so the pece shall stande.

*Explicit carmen, de pacis commendatione, quod, ad
laudem & memoriam serenissimi principis domini regis
Henrici quarti, suus humilis orator Johannes Gower com-
posuit.*

*Electus Christi pie rex Henrice fuisti,
Qui bene venisti, cum propria regna petisti,
Tu mala vicistique bonis bona restituiisti,
Et populo tristi nova gaudia contibuiisti.
Et mihi spes lata, quod adhuc per te renovata
Succedent fata prisca probitate beata,
Est tibi nam grata gratia sponte data.
Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus,
Quo mihi defecit visus ad acta mea.
Omnia tempus habent, finem natura ministrat,
Quem virtute sua frangere nemo potest.
Ultra posse nihil, quamvis mihi velle remanet,
Amplius ut scribam non mihi posse manet.
Dum potui scripsi, sed nunc quia curva senectus
Turbavit sensus, scripta relinquo scholis.
Scribat, qui veniet post me, discretior alter,
Ammodo namque manus & mea penna silent.
Hoc tamen in finem verborum quæso meorum
Prospera quod statuatur regna futura Deus.*

Explicit.

A faiyng of dan John.

Ther bethe foure thinges that makith man a fole,
Honour first puttith him into outrage,
And aldir next solitarie and fole,
The second is unweldy crokid age,
Women also bring men into dotage,
And mighty wine in many divers wise
Distemprin folke whiche ben yholdin wise.

Yet of the same.

THer ben foure thingis causing grete folye,
Honour first, and second unwildy age,
Women and wine I dare eke specify
Ymake wise men fallin into dotage,
Wherfore by counseil of Philosophers sage,
In gret honour lernith this rule of me,
With thine estate havith humilite.

Balade de bon conseil.

If it befall that God The list visite
With any tourment or adversite,
Thanke firste the Lorde, and tho thy selfe to quite
Upon sufferance and humilite
Founde thou thy quaril, what er that it be,
Make thy defence, and thou shalt have no losse,
The remembraunce of Christ and of his crosse.

Explicit.

Of the Cuckowe and the Nightingale.

CHAUCER dreameth that he heareth the Cuckow and the Nightingale con-
tend for Excellency in singing.

THE God of love, ah benedicite!
Howe mighty and howe gret a Lorde is he!
For he can makin of lowe hertis hie,
And of hye lowe, and lyke for to die,
And hardè hertis he can makin fre:

He can makin within a litil stounde
Of sickè folke whole, and freshe, and sounde,
And of the whole he can ymake feke,
He can ybindin and unbindin eke,
That he wol have yboundin or unbounde,

To tel his might my wit may not suffise,
For he can makin of wise folke ful nice,
For he may do al that he wol device,
And lithy folke to distroyin vice,
And proude hertis he can make agrise.

Shortly al that evir he wol he may,
Against him there dare no wight say naye,
For he can glad and greve whom him lykith,
And who that he wol he loweth or sikith,
And most his might he shedith er in May.

For every true gentle hertè fre,
That with him is or thinkith for to be,

Against May nowe shal have some sferinge,
Or to joye, or ellis to some mourning,
In no feson so moche, as thinkith me.

For whan that they may here the birdis singe,
And se the flouris and the levis springe,
That bringith into ther remembraunce,
A manir ese ymedlid with grevaunce,
And lusty thoughtis ful of grete longing;

And of that longing comith heviness,
And therof growth oft grete sikèness,
And for the lacke of that that they desire;
And thus in May ben hertis set on fire,
So that they brennin forth in gret distresse.

I speke this of feling trewily,
What? tho that I be olde and unlusty,
Yet I have felse of the sicknesse through May,
Bothe hote and cold, and axis every day,
How fore iwis there wote no wight but I.

I am so shakin with the fevirs white,
Of al this May ne slepe I but a lite,
And also it is not lyke unto me
That any hertè shouldin slepy be,

In

In whom that love his fry darte wol smite.

But as I lay this othir night waking
I thought howe lovirs had a tokining,
And amonge 'hem it was a commune tale,
That it were gode to here the Nightingale,
Moche rathir than the leude Cuckowe singe.

And than I thought anon as it was day
I woldè faine go somewhere to assay
If that I might a Nightingale yhere,
For yet had I none herde of al that yere,
And it was tho the thirde night of May.

And right anon as I the day aspidè,
No lengir would I in my bedde abide,
But unto a wodde that was me fast by
I went forthe my self alone boldily,
And helde the way downe by a broke side,

Tyl I came to a launde of white and grene,
So faire an one had I nevir in bene,
The grounde was grene, ypoudrid with daisye,
The flouris and the grevis alike hie,
Al grene and white was nothing ellis sene.

There fate I downe among the faire flouris,
And sawe the birdes trippe out of ther bowris,
There as they restid 'hem had al the night,
They were so joyful of the day's lyght,
They began of Maye for to done honouris.

They coudin wel that service al by rote,
And there was many a full lovely note,
Some songin loudè as they had yplained,
And some in othir manir voice yfained,
And some songin al out with the ful throte.

They proynid 'hem, and madin 'hem right gay,
And daunsidin, and leptin on the spray,
And evirmore were two and two in fere,
Right so as they had chosin 'hem to yere,
In Feverere on saint Valentine's day.

And the rivir whiche that I sat upon,
It madin soche a noisè, as it ron,
Accordaunt with the birdis armony,
Me thought that it was the best melody
Thar mightin ben yherde of any mon.

And for delyte, I ne wotte nevir howe,
I fel in soche a flombre and a swowe,
Nat al aslepe, ne fully awaking,
And in that swowe me thought I herdè singe,
The sory birde, I mene the leude Cuckowe.

And that was upon a tre right fast by,
But who was than evil apaide but I?
Now God (qð I) that dyid on the crois,
Yeve sorowe on The, and on thy leude vois,
Ful litil joye havè I now of thy crie.

And as I with the Cuckow thus gan chide,
I herdin in the nextè bush beside
A Nyghtingale so lustily ysinge,
That with her clere voice she madin ringe,
Ecchoing thorough al the grene wode wide.

Ah! gode swete Nightingale (qð I) then,
A litil haft thou ben to longè hen,
For here hath ben the leude sory Cuckow,
And songin songis rathir than haft thou,
I pray to God that evil fire her bren.

But now I wol you tel a wondre thing,
As longe as I ylay in that swouning
Me though I wist what that the birdis ment,
And what they fayd, and what was ther entent,
And ofther speche I had full gode knowing. 110

There herdin I the Nightingale ysay,
Now gode Cuckow goith some where awaye,
And let us that can singin dwellin here,
For every wight eschevith Thé to here,
Thy songis ben so elenge in gode fay.

What (qð she) what may The aylin as nowe?
It thinkith me, I singe as wel as thou,
For my songè is both true and eke plaine,
And though I can not crakil so in vaine
As thou dost in thy throte, I wot ner how. 120

And every wight may understandin me,
But, Nightingale, so may they not done The,
For thou hast many a nice queintè crie,
I have The herdè faine, ocy, ocy,
Howe might I knowin what that should ybe?

Ah fole (qð she) wost thou not what it is?
Whan that I say, ocy ocy ywys
Than menin I that I would wondre faine,
That al they werin shamfully yslaine,
That menin ought against love amis. 130

And also' I would that al tho had the dede,
That thinkin not in love ther life to lede.
For who so wol not the God of love serve,
I dare wel say he is worthy to sterve,
And for that skil, ocy ocy I grede.

Eye (qð the Cuckow) this is a queint lawe,
That every wight shal love or be to draw,
But I forfakin al soche company,
For myne entent ne is not for to die,
Ne ner while I live on love's yoke to draw. 140

For lovirs ben the folke that ben on lyve
That most difese yhave, and most unthrive,
And most endurin sorow, wo and care,
And that the left yfelin of welfare,
What nedith it ayenist trowth to strive?

What (qð she) thou art alle out of thy minde,
How might thou in thy churlinesse yfynde
To speke of lov'is servauntes in this wise?
For in this world is none so gode service,
To every wight that gentle is of kinde. 150

For therof truly comith al godenesse,
Therof al honour and al gentilesse,
Thereof worship, ese, and al hert'is lust,
And parfite joye, and ful assurid trust,
And jolytie, and plesauce and freshenesse.

And lowlyhed, largesse, and curtisye,
And semelyhed, and trew company,
And drede of shamè for to done amys,
For he that truly lov'is servaunt is
Were lothir to be shamid than to die. 160

And that thys is the sothe whiche that I sey,
In that beleve I wil bothe live and dey,
And, Cuckow, so I rede thou do ywys.
Than (qð he) let me nevir havin blisse,
Yf evir I to that counsaile obey.

Nyghtingale, thou yspekist wondre faire,
But for al that is the soth contrayre,

For love ne is in yongè folke but rage,
And is in oldè folke a grete dotage,
Who most it usith he most shal enpaire. 170

For therof commeth disese and hevynesse,
So sorow' and care and many' a grete sikeness,
Despise, debate, and angre, and envy,
Depraving, shame, untrust and jelousie,
Pride, mischefe, povertie and wodeness:

Loving is aye an office of dispaire,
And one thing is therin that is not faire,
For who that getteth of love a litil blisse,
But if he be alwaie therewith iwis,
He maie full sone of age yhave his haire. 180

And Nightingale therefore hold The nie,
For leve me well, for all thy queintè crie,
If thou be ferre or longè fro thy make,
Thou shalt be as othir that ben forsake,
And then thou shalt yhotin as do I.

Fie (qð she) on thy namè and on The,
The God of Love ne let The nevyr the,
For thou art worfe a thousandfolde than wode,
For many' one is full worthie and full gode,
That had be naught ne haddin love ibee. 190

For evirmore love his servauntes amendeth,
And from all evill tachis 'hem defendeth,
And makith 'hem to brenne right in a fire,
In trouthe and in worshipfull desire,
And when him likith, joy inough 'hem sendeth.

Thou Nightingale he sayid, be still,
For love have no reson, but it is will,
For oft tymis untrue folke he esith
And true folke so birtirly displeith,
That for defaute of courage he let' hem spill. 200

Then toke I of the Nightingale kepe,
How that she cast a sigh out of her depe,
And saied, alas that evir I was bore!
I can for tene not saie one wordè more,
And right with that worde she braist out to wepe.

Alas (qð she) my hertè woll to breke,
To herin thus this leudè birdè speke
Of love, and of his worshipfull service,
Now God of love, thou helpe me in some wise,
That I maie on this Cuckowe ben awreke. 210

Me thoughtin then that he sterre up anon,
And glad was I tho that he was agon,
And evirmore the Cuckowe as he flaie
Ysayid farewell, farewell Poppingaie,
As though he had yscornid me alone.

And then ycame the Nightingale to me,
And sayid, frende, forsoth I thankè The,
That thou hast likid me for to rescowe
And one avowe to love ymake I now,
That all this Maie I woll thy singir be. 220

I thankid her, and was right well apaied,
Ye (qð she) and ne be thou not dismaied,
Tho thou have herd the Cuckow erst than me,
For if I live it shall amendid be,
The nextè Maie, if I be not affraied.

And one thing I woll redin The also,
Ne leve thou not the Cuckow ne' his loves so,
For all that he hath saied is strong lesyng;
Naie (qð I) thereto shall nothing me bryng,

For love and it hath do me mochil wo. 230

Ye hath it? use (qð she) this medicine,
Every daie this Maie or that thou dine
Go lokin upon the freshe Daïsie,
And though thou be for woe in poinct to die,
That shall full gretly lessen The of thy pine:

And loke alwaie that thou be gode and true,
And I woll sing one of the songis newe,
For love of The, as loude as I maie crie,
And then she began this songè full hie,
I shrewe all 'hem that ben of love untrue. 240

And when she had ysong it to the ende,
Now farewell (qð she) for I motè wende,
And God of love, that can right well and may,
As mochil joyè sendè The this daie,
As any yet lovir he evir sende.

Thus taketh the Nightingale her leve of me,
I praie to God alwaie with her to be,
And joye of love he sende her evirmore,
And shilde us fro the Cuckowe and his lore,
For there is not so false a birde as he. 250

Forthe she yflewe the gentill Nightingale
To all the birdis that were in that dale
And gate 'hem all into a place in fere,
And besoughtin 'hem that they wouldin here,
Her disese, and thus she began her tale.

The Cuckowe, well it is not for to hide,
How the Cuckowe and I fast havin chide
Evir sithin that it ywas daie light,
I praie you all that ye doin me right
Of that foule and false and unkindè bride. 260

Then speke o birde for all by one assent,
This mattir askith gode avisement,
For we ben allè birdis here in fere,
And sothe it is, the Cuckowe is not here,
And therefore we woll have a parlyment.

And thereat shall the Egle be our Lorde,
And othir peris that ben of recorde,
And the Cuckowe shall be aftir ysent,
And there shall be yevin the judgèment,
Or els we shall finally make accorde. 270

And this shall be ydone withoutin naie
The morowe aftir sainct Valentine's daie,
Undir a Maple that is faire and grene,
Before the chambir windowe of the quene,
At Wodestocke upon the grenè laie.

She thankid 'hem, and then her levè toke,
And flew into an Hawthorne by that broke,
And there she fate and song upon that tre,
For terme of life love hath withholdè me,
So loudè, that I with that song awoke. 280

Explicit.

O Leudè boke with thy foule rudeness,
Sithe thou hast neithir beautie ne' eloquence,
Who hath The caused or yeve The hardiness
For to appere in my Ladie's presence,
I' am ful sikir thou knowest her benevo'lence,
Full agreable to all her abiyng,
For of all gode she is the best livyng.

Alas that thou ne haddist worthiness

To shewin to her some plesant sentence
 Sith that she hath thorough her gentillesse 290
 Acceptid The servaunt to' her digne reve'rence!
 O! me repentith that I ne' had science
 And leisir als, to make The more flourishyng,
 For of all gode she is the best livyng.

Beseche her mekely with all lowlinesse,
 Though that I be ferre from her in absence,
 To thinke on my trowth to' her and stedfastnesse,
 And to' abridge of my sorowes the violence,
 Which caused is, wherof knowith your sapience,

She like among to notifie me' her liking, 300
 For of all gode she is the best living.

L'envoye.

A Urore of gladnesse, daie of lustinesse,
 Lucerne anight with hevenlie influence
 Illumined, rote of beautie and godenesse,
 Suspiris, whiche I effunde in silence
 Of grace I beseche aledge let your writyng,
 Now of all gode sith ye be best livyng.

Explicit.

SCOGAN, unto the Lordes and Gentilmen of the Kinge's House

Here followeth a Moral Ballad to the Prince, to the D. of *Clarence*, the D. of *Bedford*, the D. of *Glocester*, the King's son, by *Henry Scogan*, at a Supper among the Merchants in the Vintry at *London*, in the House of *Lewis John*.

MY noble sonnes and eke my lordis dere,
 I your fathir callid unworthilie,
 Sende unto you this litil tretise here,
 Writtin with mine owne hand full rudilie,
 Although it be that I not reverentlie
 Have written to your estatiss, I you prairie
 Myne unconnyng takith benigne lie
 For Godd's sake, and herkin what I saie.

I complain fore when I remembre me
 The sodain age that is upon me fall,
 But more complain my mispent juventute
 The whiche is impossible' ayen to call,
 But certainly the moste complaint of all
 Is to thinkin that I have be so nice
 That I ne wouldin vertues to me call,
 In all my youth, but vices aie cherice.

Of whiche I aske mercie of The, Lorde,
 That art Almightye God in majestie,
 Besekeyng to make so evin accorde
 Betwixt The and my soule, that vanitie,
 Ne worldlie lust, ne blinde prosperitie
 Have no lordship ovir my fleshe to frele,
 Thou Lorde of reste and perfite unitie
 Put fro me vice, and kepe my soule in hele.

And yeve me might, while I have life and space,
 Me to confirme fully to thy plesauce,
 Shewe to me the abundaunce of thy grace,
 And in gode werkes graunt me perseveraunce,
 Of all my youth forget the ignoraunce,
 Yeve me gode will to serve The aie to queme, 30
 Set all my life after thyne ordinaunce,
 And able me to mercaie or thou deme.

My lordis dere, why I this complaint write
 To you whom that I love most entirely,
 Is for to warne you as I can endite
 That tyme losse in youthhed folily
 Grevith a wight bodily and ghostly,
 I mene hym that to luste and vice entende,
 Wherefore, lordis, I prairie you specially, 40

Your youth in vertue shapith to dispende. 40

Plantith the rote of youth in soche a wise,
 That in vertue your growyng be alwaie,
 Loke alwaie godenesse be your exercise,
 That shall you mightie make at eche assaie,
 The fende to withstandin at eche affraie,
 Passith wisely this perillous pilgrimage,
 Thinke on this worde, and werke it every daie,
 That shall you yeve a parfite flourid age.

Taketh also hede how that these noble clerkes
 Writin in ther bokes of grete sapience, 50
 Saiyng that faith is ded withoutin werkes,
 And right so is estate with negligence
 Of vertue, and therefore with diligence
 Shapith of vertue so to plante the rote
 That ye thereof have full experience,
 To worship of your life and soul's bote.

Taketh also hede that lordship ne estate
 Withoutin vertue maie not long endure,
 Thinketh eke how vice and vertue at debate
 Have ben and shal while that the worlde maie dure,
 And evir the vicious by avinture
 Is ovirthrowe, and thinkith evirmore
 That God is Lorde of all vertue', and figure
 Of all godenesse, therfore folowe his lore.

My maistr Chaucer, God his soule save,
 That in his langage was so curious,
 He said the fathir whiche is ded and grave
 Biqueth nothing his vertue with his hous
 To his childrin, and therefore labourous
 Ought ye to be, besekeyng God of grace 70
 To yeve you might for to be vertuous,
 Thro whiche ye mightin have parte of his place.

Here maie ye se that vertuous noblesse
 Cometh not to you by waie of auncestrie,
 But it comith by lesfull businesse
 Of honest life, and not by slogardrie,
 Wherefore in youth I rede you edifie

The

The house of vertue in soche a manere,
That in your age it maie you kepe and gie
Fro the tempest of world's wawis here.

Thinkith how betwixe vertue and estate
There is a parfite blessid Mariage,
Vertue is cause of pece, vice of debate,
In manne's soule, the which be full of corage,
Cherishith then vertue, vice to outrage,
Driveth it away, let it have no winning
In your soules lesith not the heritage,
Whiche God hath yere to vertuous livyng.

Take hede also how men of pore degre
Through vertue have be set in gret honour,
And evir lived in grete prosperitie,
Through cherishyng of vertuous labour,
Thinkith also how many a govirnour,
Callid to estate hath be set full lowe,
Through misfusing of right, and of errour,
Therefore I counsaile you vertue to know.

By your auncestirs ye maie nothing claime,
As that my maistir Chaucer saith expresse,
But tempo'ral thing, that men may hurt or maim;e;
Then is God stocke of vertuous noblesse,
And sithe that he is lorde of blissidnesse,
And made us all, and for us all ydeide,
Folowe' hym in vertue with full businesse,
And of this thing herke how my maistir seide:

The first stocke the fathir of gentilnesse,
What man that claimith gentill for to be,
Must folowe' his trace, and all his wittis dresse
Vertue to love, and vicis for to flie,
For unto vertue longith dignitie,
And not the revers safely dare I deme,
All were he mitre, croune, or diademe.

The firste stocke was full of rightwisenesse,
True of his worde, sobre, pitous, and fre,
Clene of his ghost, and lovid businesse,
Ayenst the vice of sloth in honeste,
And but his heire love vertue as did he,
He is not gentill though he richè seme,
All were he mitre, croune, or diademe.

Vicè maie be an heire to olde richesse,
But there maie no man, as all men maie se,
Biqueth his heire his vertuous noblesse,
That is appropriated unto no degre,
But to the first fathir of Majestie,
That maketh his heiris 'hem that can him queme,
All were he mitre, croune, or diademe.

Lo here this noble Poete of Bretaine,
How lightlie he in vertuous sentence
The losse on youth of vertue can complain!
Therefore I praie you with your diligence,
For your profite and Godd's reverence,
Tempirith fully vertue in your mynde,
That when ye come to your judg's presence,
Ye be not founde vertulesse then behinde.

Many lordes have a manir now adaies,
Though one shewe hym a vertuous matterc,
Ther fervent youth is of so false alaies,
That of that arte thei have no joye to here,
But as a ship that is without a stere,
Drivith up and down without govirnaunce,
Wenyng that calme would lastin yere by yere,
Right so fare thei for very ignoraunce.

For verie shame knowin thei not by reson,

That aftir an eb cometh a flode ful rage?
In the same wise when youth passith his seson,
Cometh crokid, and unweldie pallid age,
And sone after the Kalendes of dotage,
And if her youth have no vertue provided,
All men woll saie fie on ther vassalage,
Thug hath ther sloth fro worship 'hem divided.

Boccus, as men may rede and se,
Saith in his boke of Consolacion,
What man desirith of Vine or of tre,
Plentuous fruit in the repyng seson,
Must er escue to doe oppression
Unto the rote, while it is yong and grene;
Thus maie ye se well by that inclusion,
That youth vertulesse doith mochil tene.

Seeth there ayenst how vertuous noblenesse
Rotid in youth with gode parseveraunce
Drivith awaie all vice and wretchidnesse,
As slogardrie, and riote, and distaunce,
Seeth eke how vertue causith suffisaunce,
Seeth eke how vertue voidith allè vice,
And who so' hath vertue hath all habaudaunce
Of wele, as ferre as reson can devise.

Taketh hede of Tullius Hostilius,
That fro povertè came to high degre,
Through vertue, redith eke of Julius
The conquerour, how pore a man was he,
Yet through his vertue' and his humilite
Many countrey had he in govirnaunce;
Thus vertue bringeth a man to gret degre,
Eche wight that lust to do hym entendaunce.

Rede here ayenst of Nero vertules,
Takith hede also of proude Belthasare,
Thei hatid vertue, equitie and pese,
And loke how 'Antiochus fill fro his chare,
That he his skin and bonis all to tare,
Loke what mischaunce thei had for ther vicis,
Who so woll not by these signis beware,
I dare well saie infortunate and nice is.

I can no more now saie, hereby ye se
How vertue causith parfite sikirnesse,
And vicis exilen all prosperite,
The best is eche man to chose as I gesse,
Doeth as you list, I me excuse expresse,
I would be right forie if ye mischese,
God confirme you in vertuous noblesse,
So that through negligence ye not it lese.

Explicit.

Somtime the worlde so stedfast was and stable,
That manne's worde was an obligacioun,
And now it is so false and discevable,
That worde and dede as in conclusioun
Is nothyng like, for tourned is up so down
All the worlde, thorough mede and sikilnesse,
That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse.

What maketh the worlde to be so variable
But lust that men have in discension?
For among us a man is holde unable,
But if he can by some collusion
Doe his neighbour wrong and oppression:
What causith this but wilfull wretchidnesse?
That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse.

Trouthe is put doune, reson is holde fable,
Vertue hath now no dominacion,
Pitie 'is exiled, no man is merciable,

Through

Through covetise is blente discrecion,
The worlde hath made a permutacion
Fro right to wrong, fro trouthe to fikelnesse, 210
That all is losse for lacke of stedfastnesse.

L' envoie.

Prince aye desire to be honourable,
Cherishe thy folke, and hate extorcion,
Suffre nothyng that maie be reprovable
To thine estate doeh in thy region,
Shewe forthe the yerde of castigation,
Drede God, do law, love treuth and worthines,
And wedde thy folke ayen to stedfastnesse.

Explicit.



Gode counsaile of Chaucer.

FLie fro the prese and dwell with sothfastnesse,
Suffise unto thy gode though it be small, 220

For horde hath hate, and climbyng tikilnesse,
Prece hath envie, and wele it brent oer all,
Savour no more then The behovin shall,
Rede well thy self, that othir folke canst rede,
And trouthe The shall delivir it 'is no drede.

Painè The not eche crokid to redresse,
In trust of her that tournith as a balle,
Grete rest standith in litil businesse,
Beware also to spurne again a nalle,
Strive not as doith a crocke with a walle,
Demith thy self that demist othir's dede,
And trouthe The shall deliver it 'is no drede.

That The is sent receive in buxomenesse;
The wraстыng of this worlde askith a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wildirnesse,
Forthe pilgrim, forthe o best out of thy stall,
Loke up on high, and thanke thy God of all,
Weivith thy luste and let thy ghoft The lede,
And trouthe The shall delivir, it 'is no drede.

Explicit.



Balade of the village without paintyng.

Plaintife to Fortune.

THis wretchid world 'is transmutacion
As wele and wo, nowe pore, and now
honour,
Without ordir or due discrecion
Govirnid is by fortun's errour,
But nathelless the lacke of her favour
Ne maie not doe me syng though that I die,
J'ay tout perdu, mon temps & mon labour
For finally fortune I doe desie.

Yet is me left the sight of my resoun
To knowin frende fro foe in thy mirrour, 10
So moche hath yet thy tournyng up and down,
Itaughtin me to knowin in an hour,
But truily no force of thy reddour
To hym that ovir hymself hath maistrice,
My suffisaunce yshal be my succour,
For finally fortune I do desie.

O Socrates, thou stedfast champion,
She ne might nevir be thy turmentour,
Thou nevir dreddist her oppression, 20
Ne in her chere foundin thou no favour,
Thou knewe wele the disceipt of her colour,
And that her moste worship is for to lie,
I knowe her eke a false dissimulour,
For finally fortune I do desie:

The answere of Fortune.

No man is wretchid but hymself it wene,
He that yhath hymself hath suffisaunce,
Why saiest thou then I am to The so kene,
That hast thy self out of my govirnaunce?
Saie thus graunt mercie of thin habundaunce,
That thou hast lent or this, thou shalt not strive,
What wost thou yet how I The woll avaunce?
And eke thou hast thy bestè frende alive.

I have The taught divison betwene
Frende of effeste, and frende of countinaunce,
The nedith not the galle of an Hine,
That curith eyin derke for ther penaunce,
Now seest thou clere that wer in ignoraunce,
Yet holt thine anker, and thou maiest arive
There bountie bereth the key of my substaunce,
And eke thou haste thy bestè frende alive. 40

How many have I refused to sustene,
Sith I have The soltrid in thy plesaunce?
Wolt thou then make a statute on thy quene,
That I shall be aie at thine ordinaunce?
Thou born art in my reign of variaunce,
About the whele with othir must thou drive
My lote is bet, then wicke is thy grevaunce,
And eke thou hast thy bestè frende alive.

The answere to Fortune.

Thy lore I dampne, it is adversitie,
My frend maist thou not revin blind goddesse, 50
That I thy frendis knowe I thanke it The,
Take 'hem again, let 'hem go lie a presse,
The nigardis in kepyng ther richesse
Pronostike is thou wolt ther toure assaile,
Wicke appetite cometh aie before sickenesse,
In generail this rule ne maie not faile.

Fortune.

Thou pinchist at my mutabilitie,
For I The lent a droppe of my richesse,
And now me likith to withdrawin me, 60
Why shouldist thou my roialtie oppresse?
The Se maie ebbe and flowin more and lesse,
The welkin hath might to shine, rain, and haile,
Right so must I kithin my brotilnesse,
In generail this rule ne maie not faile.

The

The Plaintiffe.

Lo, the' execucion of the majestie,
That all purveighith of his rightwisenesse,
That same thyng fortune yclepin ye,
Ye blindè bestis full of leudenes!
The heven hath propirtie of sikirnes,
This worlde hath evir restlesse travaille,
The last daie is the ende of myne entresse,
In generall this rule ne maie not faile.

Th' envoye of Fortune.

Princes I prairie you of your gentillesse,
Let not this man and me thus crie and plain,
And I shall quitin you this businesse,
And if ye liste releve hym of his pain,
Praie ye his best frende of his noblenesse
That to some bettir state he maie attain.

L'envoye.

TO brokin ben the statutes hie in heven,
That create were eternally t' endure,
Sith that I se the brighte Goddis seven
Mowe wepe and waile and passion endure,
As maie in yerth a mortall creature,
Alas fro whenis maie this thyng procede
Of whiche errour I die almofte for drede!

By words eterne whilom was it yshape,
That fro the fift circle in no manere
Ne might of teris nothing doune escape,
But now so wepith Venus in her sphere,
That with her teris she woll drench us here,
Alas Scogan! this is for thine offence,
Thou causist this deluge of pestilence.

Hast thou not saied in blasfeme of the goddis,
Through pride, or thorough thy gret rekilnes,
Soche thinges as in the law of love forboide is,
That for thy ladie sawe not thy distresse?
Therefore thou yave her up at Mighelmesse?
Alas Scogan! of oldè folke ne yong
Was nevir erst Scogan blamed for his tong.

Thou drewe in scorne Cupide eke to recorde
Of thilke rebell worde that thou hast spoken,
For whiche he wol no lengir be thy Lorde,
And Scogan, though his bowe be not ybroken,
He woll not with his arowes be iwroken,
On thee ne me, ne none of our figure,
We shall of hym have neithir hurte ne cure.

Now certis frende, I drede of thine unhappe,
Lest for thy gilte the wreche of love procede
On all 'hem that ben bore and round of shap,
That be so likely folke for to spede,
Then we shall of our labour have our mede,
But well I wot thou wolt answere and saie,
Lo oldè Grisill list to renne and plaie.

Naie Scogan saie not so, for I me' excuse,
God helpe me so in no rime doutiles
Ne thinke I nevir of slepe wake my muse,
That rustith in my steth still and in pese,
While I was yong I put her forthe in prese,
But al shall passin that men prose or rime,
That every man his tourne as for his tyme.

Scogan, thou knelist at the strem's hedde
Of grace, of honour, and of worthinesse,
In the ende of whiche I am dull as dedde,
Forgotten in solitarie wildirnesse,

Yet Scogan thinke on Tullius kindenesse,
Mynd thy frende there it maie fructifie,
Farwell, and loke thou ner est love desie.

Explicit.

GO forthe kyng, and rule The by Sapience;
Bishoppe, be able to ministir doctrine,
Lorde to true counsaie yeve thou audience, 130
Womanhode, to chastitie er encline,
Knight let thy dedis worship determine,
Be rightous, Judge, in favyng of thy name,
Rich, do almofte, lest thou lese blisse with shame.

Peple obei your kyng and eke the lawe,
Age, be rulid by gode religion,
True servaunt, be dredfull kepe the' undir awe,
And thou povir, sic on presumption,
Inobedience to youth is uttir destruccion,
Remembir you how God hath set you, lo! 140
And doe your parte as ye be ordained to.



80
Chaucer to his emptie purse.

TO you my purse and to none othir wight
Complain I, for ye be my ladie dere,
I am forie now that ye be so light,
For certis ye now make me hevie chere,
Me were as lese be laide upon a bere,
For whiche unto your mercy thus I crie,
Be hevy againe, or els mote I die.

Nowe vouchsafin this day or it be night
That I of you the blisful sowne may here, 150
Or se your colour lyke the sonne bright,
That of yelownesse ne had nevir pere,
Ye be my life, ye be my hert's flere,
Quene of comfort, and of gode companye,
Be hevy againe, or els mote I die.

Nowe purse, that art to me my lyv's light,
And favyour, as downe in this worde here,
Out of this towne helpe me by your might,
Sithin that you wol not be my tresoure,
For I am shawe as nighe as any frere, 160
But I prayin unto your curtisye,
Be hevy againe, or els mote I die.

Explicit.

Chaucer unto the kinge.

O conquereour of Brut's Albion,
Whiche that by lyne and fre eleccion
Ben very kinge this unto you I sende,
And ye whiche that may al harmis amende
Have minde upon my supplication.

Explicit.



A Balade of gode counsaile translated out of la-
tin verses into Englihe, by dan Ihon Lidgat
cleped the monke of Burie.

COnfydir well every circumstance,
Of what estate soever thou ybe,
Or riche, or stronge, or mighty' of puissaunce,
Prudent or wyle, or discret, or bely,
The dome of folkes in soth thou may nat flie,
What evir thou doist trustith wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

For in thy porte, or in thine appaile
If thou be cladde and honestly be saine,
Anone the peple' of malice wol not faile
Without advice or reson for to saine,
That thin array is made or wrought in vain,
Suffre 'hem speke, and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

Thou wil to kingis be equipolent,
With grete lordis evin and peregal;
And if thou be to tome and al to rent,
Than wol they say, and jangle ovr al,
Thou art a slogarde that never thrive shal,
Suffre 'hem speke, and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

If it befallin that thou take a wife,
They wollin falsly say in ther entent,
Thou art likely evir to lyve in strife,
Voide of al rest, without aledgement,
Wivis ben maistris, this is ther judgement,
Suffrin al ther speche, and trust right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

If thou be faire and exce'llent of beaute,
Yet wol they say that thou art amorous,
If thou be foule and ugie on to se,
They wol affirme that thou art vicious,
The peple' of langage is so dispitous,
Suffre al ther speche, and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

If so be that of holic parfitenesse
Thou hast vowid to live in chastite,
Than wollin folke of thy persone expresse,
Thou 'art impotent t' engendre' in thy degre,
And thus wher thou be chaste or deslavia,
Suffre 'hem speke, and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

If thou be fatter, othir corpulent,
Than woll thei say thou art a grete gloton,
A devourir, or ellis vinolent,
Yf thou be lene or megre of fashion,
Cal The a nygarde in ther opinion,
Suffre them speke, and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

If thou be richè, some wol yeve The laude
And say it cometh of prudent govinaunce,
And some wol sain that it comith of fraude,
Othir by sleight, or false chevisaunce,
To what the worst folke have so gret plesaunce,
What? suffre 'hem say, and trust right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

If thou be sadde or sobre' of countinaunce,
Men wollin sayn thou thinkist some trefon,
And if that thou be gladde of daliaunce,
Men wollin deme it desolucion,
And callin faire speche adulacion,
Yet let him speke, and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

Who that is holy by perfeccion,
Men of malice wol clip him ypocrite,
And who is mery' of clene entencion
Men sain in riot he doth hym delite,
Some mourne in black, some lovin clothis white,
Suffre men speke, and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

Honest araie men deme it pompe and pride,
And who goeth pore, men cal him a wastir,

And who goeth stil men marke him on the syde,
Seine that he is a spie or agilir,
Who wastith not men sain he hath trefoure,
Wherof conclude and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

Who spekith moche men clepith him prudent,
Who that debateth, men sain that he' is hardie,
And who saith litil with grete sentement,
Some folke yet wollin wite him of folie,
Trowth is put downe, and up goth flattiry,
And who list plainly knowe the cause of this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

For though a man ywere as pacient,
As was David throw his humilite,
Or with Salomon in wifdome as prudent,
Or in knighthode egale with Josue,
Or manly proved, as Judas Machabe,
Yet for al that ytrustith right wel this
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

And though a man yhad the grete prowesse
Of worthy Hector, Troy's champion,
The love of Troilus, or the kindnesse,
Or of Cesar the famous high renoun,
With al Alexandir's dominacioun,
Yet for al that ytrustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

Or thoughe a man of highe or lowe degre
Of Tullius had the fugrid eloquence,
Or of Seneca the moralite,
Or of Caton the foright and providence,
Conquest of Charles, Arrures magnificence,
Yet for al that ytrustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

Touchyng women the parfit innocence
Thoughe that they had, of Ffester the nobleste,
Or of Grisilde the humble pacience,
Or of Judith the previd stabillnesse,
Or Polixene's virginal clennessse,
Yet dare I seine, and trustith right wel this,
Some wickid tonge wol deme of them amis.

The wisely trowthè of Penelope,
Though they it had in ther possession,
Helene's beaute, the kindnesse of Medee,
The love unfained of Martia Caton,
Or Alceste's most trewe affection,
Yet dare I sain and trustith right wel this,
A wickid tonge wol alway deme amis.

Than sevith it that no man maye eschewe
The swerde of tonges, but it wil kerve and bite,
Ful harde it is a man for to remewe,
Out of ther daungir him for to acquite,
Wo to the tongis that 'hem selfe delite
To hinder or sleaunders, and set their study' in
this,
And ther plesaunce to deme alway amis,

Moste noble princis, cherishers of vertue,
Remembrith you of high discrecion,
The first vertue moste plesing to Jesu,
(By the writing and sentence of Caton)
Is a gode tonge in his opinion,
Chastice the reverse of wifdome do this
Voideth your heringe from al that deme amis.

A b

A Balade in the praise and commendation of
Maister Geffray Chaucer, for his golden elo-
quence.

MAistir Geffray Chaucer that now lithe in grave,
The noble Rhetoricien, and Poet of Grete
Bretaine,

Worthy was the laurir of Poetry to' have,
For this his labour, and the palme to' atteine,
Whiche first ymade for to distil, and reine,
The gold dewe dropes, of speche and eloquence
Into English tong, through his excellence.

Explicit.

Here foloweth certaine Workes of GEFFRAY CHAUCER, whiche hath not here-
tofore been printed, and are gathered and added to this Book by JHON
STOWE, Anno 1561.

A Balade made by Chaucer, teching what is
gentilnes, or who is worthy to be caled
gentil.

THE firste stocke fathir of gentilnes,
What man desirith gentill for to be,
Must folowe' his trace, and all his wittis dres
Vertue to love, and vicis for to fle,
For unto vertue longith dignite,
And not the revers safly dare I deme,
Al were he mitir, crowne or diademe.

This firste stocke was full of rightwisnes,
Trewe of his worde, sobir, pitous, and fre, 150
Clene of his goste, and lovid besinesse,
Against the vice of slooth, in honeste,
And but his eyre love vertue as did he,
He is not gentyl though he richè seme,
All were he mitir, crowne or diademe.

Vicè may wel be eyre to olde richesse,
But ther may no man, as men may well se,
Byquette his eire his vertuous noblesse,
That is appropriated unto no degre,
But to the first fathir in majeste, 160
That makith his eyre him that can him queme,
Al were he mitir, crowne or diademe.

Explicit.

A Proverbe agaynst Covetise and Negligence.

WHat shal thes clothes thus manifolde
Lo this hote somirs daye!
Aftir grete hère comith colde,
No man caste his pilche awaye;
Of al this world the large compasse
Wil not in myne armes tweine,
Who so mokil wol embrace. 170
Lite therof shall distreine.

Explicit.

A Balade whiche Chaucer made against women
unconstaunt.

MAdame, ye have for your newfanglenesse
Many a servaunt put out of your grace
I take my leve of your unstedfastnesse,
For well I wote, while ye to live have space,

Ye can not love full halfe yere in a place,
To new thingis, your luste is evere kene,
In stede of blew, thus may ye were al grene.

Ryght as a mirour that nothing may' enpresse,
But lightli as it cometh, so mote it passe,
So fareth your love, your workis bereth witnes, 180
Ther is no faithè may youre herte embrace,
But as a weðircock, that turneth his face
With every windè, ye fare, and that is sene,
In sted of blew thus may ye were al grene.

Ye might be shrinid for your brotilnesse
Bettir than Dalila, Cresseide, or Candace,
For ever in chaunging stondeth your sikirnesse,
That tatche may no wight strom your hert arace,
If ye lose one, ye can wel tweine purchase,
Allight for somar, ye' wot wel what I mene, 190
In stede of blewe thus may ye were al grene.

Explicit.

Here foloweth a Balade whiche Chaucer made
in the praise, or rather dispreise, of Women
for ther doublenes.

THis world is full of variaunce
In evere thinge who takith hede,
That faithè and truste, and all constauce
Exilid ben, this is no drede,
And save only in womanhed,
I can yse no sikirnes,
But for al that yet, as I rede,
Beware alwaye of doublenes.

Al so that the freshe somir floures,
The white and rede, the blewe and grene,
Ben sodenly with wintir shours 200
Made feinte and fade, withoutin wene,
That trust is none, as ye may sene,
In no thing, nor no stedfastenes,
Except in women, thus I mene,
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

The crokid Mone, this is no tale,
Some while ishene, and bright of hewe,
And aftir that, ful derke and pale,
And every monith, chaungith newe,
That who the veray sothè knew 210
Al thinge is bilt on broklenes,
Save that women alwaye be trewe,
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

The

The lusty freshe sommits daye,
And Phœbus, with his bemis clere,
Towardis night they drawe awaye,
And non lengir list to appere,
That in this presente life now here
Nothinge abieth in his fairenes,
Save women aye be found intere,
And devoide of alle doublenes.

The Se eke with his sternè wawes,
Eche daye yflowith new againe,
And by the concours of his lawes
The ebbe yflowith in certeine,
Aftir grete drought there cometh a raine,
That farewell here al stablilnes,
Save that women be whole and pleine,
Yet aye beware of doublenes.

Fortune's whele goith round aboute
A thousand timis daye and nighte,
Whose cours standith evir in doute
For to transmew, she is so lighte,
For whiche advertith in your fight
The' untrust of worldely sikilnes
Save women, whiche of kindly right
Ne hath no teche of doublenes.

What man ymay the wind restreine,
Or holdin a snake by the taile,
Who may a slippir elle constreine
That it will voide, withoutin faile,
Or who can drivin so a naile
To make suere newfongilnes,
Save women that can gie ther faile
To row ther bote with doublenes.

At every haven they can arive
Wher as they wote, is gode passage,
Of innocence they can not strive
With wawis, nor no rockis rage,
So happy is ther lodemanage,
With nedle' and stone ther cours to dresse,
That Salomon was not so sage
To finde in them no doublenes.

Therefore who so doth them accuse
Of any double entencion,
To speke rowne, othir to muse,
To pinch at ther condicion,
All is but false collusion,
I dare right wel the sothe expresse,
They have no bettir protection
But shroud them undir doublenes.

So wel fortunid is ther chaunce,
The dice to turnin uppe so doune,
With sife and sincke they can avaunce,
And than, by revolucioun,
They set a fel conclusioun
Of lombis, as in sothefastnes,
Though clerkis makin mencionioun
Ther kinde is fret with doublenes.

Sampson yhad experience
That women were ful trew ifound,
Whan Dalila, of innocence
With sferis gan his here to round,
To speke also of Rosamonde,
And Cleopatri's feithfulnes,
The stories plainly wil confounde
Men that apeche ther doublenes.

Single thinge ne is not ypraised,
Nor of olde is of no renoun,

In balance whan they be ypeised,
For lacke of waighe they be bore doune,
And for this caule of juste resoun
These women al of rightwisenes
Of chois and fre electioun
Most love eschaunge and doublenes.

L'envoye.

O Ye women whiche ben enclined
By influence of your nature
To ben as pure as golde yfined,
And in your trowth for to endure,
Armith your selfe in strong armure,
Lest men assaile your sikirnes,
Set on your brest, your self to' assure,
A mightie shelde of doublenes.

Explicit.



This Worke folowinge was compiled by
Chaucer, and is caled the Craft of Lovers.

Moral is a symylytude, who list ther balades
sewe,
The craft of lovirs curious arguments,
For som bin false and som ben foundin trewe,
And som bin double of entendements,
Thus lovirs with ther moral documents,
And elo'quent langage can examplifie
The craft of love what it doth signifie.

Who list unto this Balades have inspeccion,
Thinke that lov'is lordshipis excellent
Is remedy for disefe and correccion
To woful herte and body impotente,
Suppose the maker that he be negligent
In his compilinge, holde him excusable,
Because his spi'rites be sory' and lamentable.

Soverain lady, surmounting your nobles,
O' intenuate Jenipre' and daifi delicious,
My trust, mine helth, my cordial foundresse,
O medi'cine sanatife to sores lango'rous,
Comfortable cature of lovirs amo'rous,
O' excellent herbir of loveli countinaunce,
Registir my love in your remembraunce.

Certis, sir, your ypeintid eloquence,
So gay, so freshe, and eke so talcatife,
It doth transcende the wit of dame Prudence,
For to declare your thought, or to discrive
So gloriously glad langage ye contrive,
Of your conseite, your thought and your entente
I wil be ware for drede or I be shent.

O rubi'cunde Rose, and white as the lyly,
Clari'fied Christal of worldly portraiture,
O Courfin figure, resplendent with glory,
Geme of beaute', o Carbounle shining pure,
Your fairnes exceedeth the craft of nature,
Most womanli your lovely countinaunce,
Registir my love in your remembraunce.

What availeth, sir, your proclamacion
Of curious talking, not touching sadnes,
It is but winde, flatering and adulation,
Imesurable thought of worldly wildnes,
Whiche is chief cause of gostly feblenes;

Your

Your wil, your thought, your double entendement
I wil beware of drede, or I be shent.

My witte, my thought, and myne entencion,
Is for to plesse you my lady soveraine,
And for your love throw many a region
I would be' exiled, so ye wold not disdein 340
To have pity on me, when I compleine,
In wele and wo to suffre perturbaunce,
So that ye wol have me in remembraunce.

What is your wil plainly ye doe expresse,
That maketh this curious supplicacion,
Sey on fir on hertely tendirnesse,
Beth wel advised of veine delectacion,
At beginning think on the terminacion,
Passe not your boundes, be not to negligente,
And er beware for dred or ye be shente. 350

Your behaving, beaute, and countinaunce,
Maketh me encline to do you reverence,
Your lovely loking, glorious govirnaunce,
Oercometh my spirites, my wit, and prudence,
Some drop of grace, of your magnificence
Unto your servaunt ye shewe attendaunce
And register my love in your remembraunce.

O comberous thought of manne's fragilite,
O fervente wil of lustis furious,
O cruel corage causinge adversite, 360
Of women corrupcion, and contrariouse,
Remembir man that chaunge is perilous,
To breke the' virginite of virgines innocente,
Wherefore beware mankind or thou be shent.

My peine is prevy' impossible to' deferne,
My lamentabel thoughtes by casting mourninge,
O general Juge Jesu sitting superne,
Graciously converte the love of my swete thing,
O' amiable lady gracious and benigne,
I put me wholly in your govirnaunce, 370
Exile me not out of your remembraunce.

Me semeth by langage ye be some potestate,
Or els som curious glosir discevable,
What is your name mekely I make regrate,
Or of what science or craft commendable,
I' am a lady' excellent, and honorable,
He must be gay that should be to' min entente,
Wherefore I wil be ware or I be shent.

Lorde God, this is a sharpe examinacion
Of her that is most in my memorie, 380
Unto you lady' I make certification,
My name' is trew love of carnal desidery,
Of manne's copulacion the verye exemplary,
Which am one of your servauntes of plesaunce,
I must be chese callid to remembraunce.

I have fought true love of yeres gret proces,
Yet fond I never love but for a seson,
Some men be diverse, know no gentilnes,
And some lackin both wisdom and reson, 390
In som men is trust in som men is treson,
Wherefore I wil conclude by avysemente,
And er beware for drede that I be shente.

The retour Tullius gay of eloquence,
And Ovide that sheweth craft of love expres,
With habundaunce of Salomon's prudence,
And pulcritude of Absalon's fairenesse,
And I wer possess'd with Job's grette richesse,
Manly' as Sampson my persone to avaunce,
Yet shuld I submit me' in your remembraunce.

Now sir yf that it plesse your nobilnesse 400
To gyve advertence to my question,
What thinge is the plesure of swetnesse,
And most bittir in final successioun?
Or what thing gevith man occasion,
In tendir age to be concupiscent?
Resolve this question or drede sir ye' be shent.

My soveraigne lady', Ovide in his writinge
Saith desire of worldly concupiscent
As for a time is swete in his worching,
And in his ende he causith grette offence, 410
Notwithstandinge my lady dame Prudence,
Grene flowring age and manly countinaunce
Causith ladies to have' it in remembraunce.

Your godely answir, so notable' in substaunce,
Wold cause the hert of womanhede converte,
Unto delyte of natural plesaunce,
But of one thing I wold faine be experte,
Why menne's langage wol procure and transverte
The wil of women and virgines innocente, 420
Wherefore I am aferd or I be shente.

Let never the love of true love be losed,
My soveraigne lady, in no manir wise,
In your confidence my wordes I have closed,
My' amyable love to you I doe promise,
So that ye knit the knot of exercyse,
Both locke and key ye have in govirnaunce,
Emprint my love in your remembraunce.

Of very trust and I were certified,
The plain entencion of your herte's cordial, 430
Me semeth in blisse than were I glorified,
Unto your plesure I would be' at your call,
But er I fere of chauncis casual,
Of fraude, disceipte, and langage insolente,
Then were I sure maidined shoud be shent.

Ther was ner tresour' of terrestiall richesse,
Nor precious stones rekened innumerabell,
To be' of comparison to your high godenes,
Above al cretures to' me most amiable,
Trust not the contrary' I was ner discevable, 440
Kepe wel true love, forge no dissemblaunce,
And graciously take me to' your remembraunce.

Me semeth by feiture of manly properte
Ye shuld be trusty' and trewe of comprimis,
I finde in you no false duplicite,
Wherefore, true love, ye have my hert I wis,
And ermore shal endure, so have I blis,
The fede'rasy made with gode avisement,
God graunt grace that nothir of us be shent.

Whan Phoebus freshe was in his chare splendente 450
In the moneth of Maye erly in a morninge,
I herd two lovirs profir this argu'mente,
In the yere of our Lorde a M. by rekening,
CCCXL. and VII. yere folowing.
O potent princeesse, conserve true lovers al,
Graunt them thy region and blisse celestial.
Explicit the craft of lovers.

A Balade.

O F ther nature they gretly them delite,
With holy face yfeinid for the nones,
In saintwarie ther frendis to visite,

More for reliquis than for faintis bones, 460
 Though they be clofid undir precious stones
 To gete them pardon, lyke ther olde ufages,
 To kisse no shrines, but lusty quike images.

Whan maidens ar wedded and houshold have take,
 Al ther humility' is exiled awaye,
 And the' cruil hertes begynnith to awake,
 They do' al the besy cure they can or maye
 To vex ther housholdes-maistirs soth to saye,
 Wherefore ye yong men I rede you forthy
 Beware alwaye, *the blinde eteth many flye.* 470

Of this matir I dare make no relation,
 In defeaute of slepe my spirites wex fainte,
 In my studie I' have had long habitacion,
 My body' and goft are greuously attaint,
 And therefore I make no lengir complaint,
 But whethir that the blind ete flesh or fish,
 I pray God kepe the fly out of my dishe.

Now' I make an ende, and laie me doun to rest,
 For I knowe by experience veramente,
 If maidinis and wivis knewe and wist 480
 Who made the mattir, he should sone be shent,
 Wherefore I praie that God omnipotent
 Hym save and kepin bothe night and daie;
 Written in the lustie selson of Maie.

Explicit.

The X. Commaundementes of Love.

Certis ferre extendith yet my reson
 This matir as it should be to discrive,
 But I truste your grace will in this selson,
 Confidir howe with conyng that I strive,
 For in his favour coud I ner arrive,
 Eloquence this Balade hath in grete dispite, 490
 The makir lackith manir to endite.

Of Love's commaundementes x. is the nomber,
 As aftirward shall rudely be reherfed,
 And lovirs in no wise departe afunder,
 Where as thei be observid and redressed,
 Daungir and unkindnes yben oppressed,
 And he that is commaundid this to make
 Is your owne all othir for to forsake.

Faith.

Faith is the first and principally to tell,
 And verie love requirith soche credence, 500
 That eche beleve othir true as the Gospel,
 Without adulacion or flatteryng audience,
 In true menyng and trustie confidence.
 Paint not your connyng with colour ne fable,
 For then your love mult nedis be unstable.

Entencion.

In the seconde to trete of Entencion,
 Your lovir to plesse doe your busie cure,
 For as myn auethor Romance maketh mencion,
 Without entent your love maie not endure,
 As women will thereof I am right sure 510
 Endeavour with ther hertè, will, and thought
 To plesse hym onely that ther love hath sought.

Discrecion.

In your delyng evir ybe discrete,
 Set not your love there as it shall be losed,
 Advertise in your minde whether he be mete,
 That unto hym your herte maie be disclosed,
 And aftir as you finde hym then disposed
 Poinct by discrecion your hour, time, and place,
 Conveniently metyng with armes to' embrace.

Pacience.

Of these commaundementes, the iiiii. is pacience, 520
 Though by' irous corage your lovir be meved,
 With soft wordis and humble obedience
 His wrathe maie sone be swagid and releved;
 And thus his love obtainid and acheved
 Will in you rote, with gretir diligence,
 Bicause of your meke womanly pacience.

Secretnesse.

Secretlie behave you in your werkis,
 In shewing countenance or mevyng your eye,
 Though soche behavior to some folk be derke,
 He that hath lovid will it sone aspie, 530
 Thus you your self your counsaill maie descrie,
 Make privy to your delyng few' as ye maie,
 For iii. may kepe a counsel if twain be awaie.

Prudence.

Let prudence governe aye your bridil reine,
 Set not your love in so fervent a wise
 But that in godely hast ye may refreine,
 If that your lovirs list you to dispise,
 Romaunce min auctour wold you this advise,
 Ty slacke your love, for if ye doe not so,
 That wanton list will tourne you into wo. 540

Perseveraunce.

Stablishe your love in so stedfast a wise,
 If that ye thinke your lovir will be true,
 As entirely, as ere you can devise,
 Love hym onely, and refuse allè newe,
 Then shall not your worship ychaunge his hew,
 For certis, maistris, then is he to blame,
 But if that he will quite you with the same.

Pitie.

Be piteous to' hym, as womanhod requireth,
 That for your love endurith painis smerte,
 Whom so sorely your plesaunt loke enfireth, 550
 That printid is your beautie in his herte,
 And woundid lyith without knife or darte.
 There let your pitie spred without restrainte,
 For lacke of it let not your servaunt feint.

Mesure.

Take mesure in your talkyng be n'ot outrage,
 For this reherfith Romance de la Rose,
 A man endued with plenteous langage
 Ott tymis is denyid his purpose,
 Take mesure in langage, wiledome ingrose,
 For mesure, as rightwel proved is by reson, 560
 Thyngis unsefo'nable settith in selson.

Mercie.

Soche daungir exile hym all uttirly,
 Ovir all mercie to' occupie his place,

To

To piteous complaintis your eres applie,
And receve your true servaunte into grace,
To him that boundin is in lov's lace
Shewe favour, ladie, and be not merciles,
Lest ye be called a common murdires.

L'envoye.

When ye unto this balade have inspeccion,
In my making holde me excusable, 570
It is submittid unto your correccion,
Confidir that my connyng is disable,
To write to you the figure uniable,
All devoide of connyng and experience,
Maner of indityng, reson, and eloquence.

Trust it well the makir is alle your owne,
You to obeie while his life maie endure,
To doe you service as a man unknowne,
No guerdone desirying of yerthly trefure, 580
But if it might accorde with your plesure
For his true service hym for to avaunce,
And call hym into your remembérance.

Explicit the X. Commaundementes of Love.



The ix. Ladies worthie.

Quene Sinope.

Profulgent in preciousnes O Sinope the quene,
Of all feminine berynge the sceptir and regalie,
Subduyng the large cuntrye of Armenie as it was sene,
For maugre ther mightis thou ybrought them for
to applie,
Thin honor to encrefin, and thy power to magnifie,
O most renoumid Hercules with al thy pompous
bofte,
This princes toke the prisonir and put to fighte
thine host.

Ladie Hippolyte.

Yet Hercules waxed red for shame, when I spake of
Hippolyt 590
Chief patrones and captain of the peple of Sinope,
Which with her amorous chere and with coragious
might
She smote The unto the ground for all thy crueltie,
Wherefore the dukeship of Diamedes and dignitie
Unto her gretè laudè and glorie perpetuall
Attributid by all is with triumphè Laureall.

Ladie Deiphile.

The most noble triumphè of this Ladie Deiphile
In releve and succor of the gret duke of Athenis,
She chastifid and brought into perpetual exile
The aureat citizeinis of the mightie Thebis, 600
The strongè brasin pilliris there haddin no reles,
But she with her fistir Argife them did dounè cast,
And with furious fire the cite ybrent at last.

Ladie Teuca.

O pulchrior sole in beautie and full ylucident
Of all feminine creturis the mostè formous flour,
In Italy reigning with gret chevalry right fervent,
Chastifid the Romainis as maistris and conquèrour,
O lady Teuca mochil was thy glorie and honour,

Yet mochil more was to commende thy grete
benignite,
In thy perfite living and virginall chastitie.

Quene Penthesilea.

O ye Trojanis for this noble quene Penthesile, 610
Sorowe her mortalitie with dolorous compassion,
Her lovè was towardis you so pregnante and fertile,
Which that against the proude Grekis made de-
fension,
With her victorious hand was al her affection
To lashe the Grekis to ground, and with ther
hert's joie
To revengin the coward deth of noble' Hector
of Troie.

Quene Thamyris.

O thou most rigorous quene Thamyris invincible,
Upon the strong and hideous peple of citees reining,
Whiche by thy grete powir and by wittis sensible
Ytokist in bataille captive Cyrus the grete King, 620
Of Persia and of Media, his hed in blode lying,
Thou baddist him to drinkin of the blode he
had thurstid,
And xxii. M. of his hoste there were distresid.

Ladie Lampedo.

The famous loude trumpè ymade of gold yforgid so
bright,
Hath blowin so up the fame and glory environ
Of this lady Lampedo with her fistir Masifit,
That al the land of Feminie, Europe and Epheson,
Be yeldin and applied lowly to her subjeccion,
Many an high toure she raifid, and ybilt touris
long,
Perpetuall to lastin with hugè wallis strong. 630

Quene Semiramis.

Lo here Semiramis the quene of grete Babilon,
The mostè generous gem and the floure of lovily
favor,
Whose excellent powir from Mede unto Septentrion
Florished in her regally as a mightie conqueror,
Subdued al Barbary and Zorast the king of honor,
She slue Ethiop and conquirid Armenie and Inde,
In which non entrid but Alexander and she as I
finde.

Ladie Menalippe.

Also the ladie Menalippe thy fistir so dere,
Whose martial powir there was no man that coud
withstand,
For thorough the wide worldè there was not yfound
her pere, 640
The famous Duke of Athenis Theseus she had in
hande,
And she sorely chastifid him, and conquirid his
lande,
The proude Grekis mightilie also she did assaile,
And ovircame and vanquishid them bravely in
bataile.

Explicit the Balade of the ix. Worthies of Ladies.

A Lone walkyng
In thought plainyng } All desolate.
And fore sighyng

Me

Me remembryng
Of my livyng
My death wishyng } Bothe erly and late. 650

Infortunate
Is so my fate
That wote ye what } Out of mesure.

My life I hate
Thus desperate
In soche pore estate } Doe I endure.

Of othir cure
Am I not sure
Thus to endure } Is hard certain.

Suche is my ure
I you ensure
What creature } Maie have more pain?

My truthe so plain
Is take in vain
And grete disdaine } In remembraunce.

Yet I full faine
Would me complaine
Me to abstaine } From this penaunce.

But in substaunce
None allegeaunce
Of my grevaunce } Can I not finde. 670

Right so my chaunce
With displeaunce
Doeth me avaunce } And thus an ende.

Explicit.

A Ballade.

IN Feverere when that it was full colde,
Froste, Snowe, Haile, Raine, hath dominacion,
With chaungable' elementes, and windes manifolde,
Whiche hath of ground, floure, herbe jurisdiction,
For to dispose aftir their correccion,
And yet Aprilis with his plesant shoures 680
Disolveth the snow, and bringith forthe his floures.

Of whose invencion lovirs maie be glade,
For thei bring in the Kalendis of Maie,
And thei with countenaunce demure, meke and sad,
Owe to worship the lustie floures alwaie,
And in speciall one called Se of the daie,
The Daisie a flowir white and rede,
And in Frenche callid *La bel Margarete*.

O commendable floure and moste in minde,
O floure and gracious of excellence, 690
O amiable Marga'rite, of natife kind,
To whom I must resort with diligence,
With hert, wil, thought, most lowly obedience
I to be your servaunt, ye my regent,
For life ne deth, nevyr for to repent.

Of this processe now forth will I procede,
Whiche happith unto me with grete disdaine,
As for the time thereof I take lest hede,
For unto me was brought the fore paine,
Therefore my cause was the more to complaine, 700
Yet unto me my grevaunce was the lesse,
That I was so nigh my ladie' and maistresse.

4

There where she was present in this same place,
I having in herte grete adversite,
Except onely the fortune and gode grace
Of her, whose I am the whiche releved me,
And my grete dures unlasid hath she,
And brought me out of the ferfull grevaunce,
If it were her else it were to me plesaunce.

As for the wo whiche that I did endure 710
It was to me a verie plesant pain,
Seyng it was for that faire creature,
Whiche is my Ladie and my soverain,
In whose presence I would be passyng fain,
So that I wist it werin her plesure,
For she' is from all distaunce my protectour.

Though unto me dredfull ywere the chaunce,
No maner of gentilnes oweth me to blame,
For I' had levir suffre' of deth the penaunce,
Than she should for me' have dishonor or shame, 720
Or in any wise losin her gode name.
So wisely God for his endlesse mercie
Graunt every lovir joy of his lady.

Explicit.

A Ballade.

O Mercifull, and o merciabile,
Kyng of Kyngis, and fathir of pite,
Whose might and mercie is incomperable,
O Prince eterne, O mightie Lorde, saie we,
To whom mercie is given of propirtie,
On thy servaunt, that lieth in prison bounde,
Have thou mercie, or that his herte wounde. 730

And that thou wilt graunt to him thy prisoner,
Fre libertie, and lose hym out of pain,
All his desires, and all his hevie chere
To all gladnesse thei were restored again,
Thy high vengeance why should thou not refrain,
And shewe mercie, sith he is penitent?
Now helpe hym, Lorde, and let him not be shent.

But sith it' is so, there is a trespas done,
Unto mercie let yelde the trespassour, 640
It is her office to redresse it sone,
For trespasse to mercie is a mirrour,
And like as the swete hath the price by soure,
So by trespasse mercie hath all her might,
Without trespasse mercie hath lacke of light.

What should phisike doe but if sikenes were?
What nedith salve, but if there were a fore?
What nedith drink, wher thirst hath no power,
What should mercie doe, but trespas go' afore?
But trespas mercie woll be litil store, 750
Without trespas ner excusyon
Maie mercie have, ne chief perfeccion.

The cause at this tyme of my writyng,
And touchyng mercie, to whom I make mone,
Is for fere lest my soveraigne and swetyng,
I menin her, that lovelyir is none,
With me' is displefed for causis more than one,
What causis thei be that knoweth God and she,
But so do n'ot I alas it forthinketh me!

What se she' in me, what defeaute or offence?
What have I doe that she on me disdaine? 760
How might I doe come into her presence,

To

To tell my complaint whereof I were faine?
I drede to loke, to speke or to complaine,
To her that hath my herte every dele,
So help me God I would al thing wer wele.

For in this case came I nevir or now,
In lov'is dauncè so ferre in the trace,
For with myne ese escapin I ne mow
Out of this daungir, except her gode grace,
For though my countenaunce be mery in her face,
As semith to her by worde or by chere,
Yet her gode grace settith myne hertè nere.

And if my soveraine have any marvaile
Why I to her now and afore ywrote,
She maie well thinke it is no grete travaile
To him that is in love brought so hote,
It is a simple tre, that falleth with one stroke,
That mene I, though that my soveraine toforn
Me hath denied, yet grace may come to morn.

Maistris, for the gode will I have you ought,
And evir shall as long as life durith,
Pitie your servant, kepe him in your thought,
Give' him som comfort or medi'cin, and curith
His ague, that encrefith, that renuith:
So grevous ben his paines and sighis fore,
That without mercy his dais be forlore.

Go litil bill, go forth and hie The fast,
Recommende me', and excuse me as you can,
For very feble am I at the last, 790
My pen is worn, my hew is pale and wan,
My eyen ben sonke, disfigured like no man,
Till deth his dart, that causith for to smert,
My corps have consumed them farwel swet hert.

Doughtre' of Phœbus in vertuous apparence,
My love elect in my remembërance,
My carefull herte distreined cause of absence,
Till ye my' Empresse me relese my grevaunce,
Upon you 'is set my life, myne attendaunce,
Is sette without recure I wis untill 800
Ye grauntin my true herte to have his will.

Thus my dere swetyng in a traunce I lye,
And shal, til drops of pitie from you spring,
I mene your mercie, that lieth my herte nye,
That me maie rejoyce, and cause for to syng,
These termes of love, lo I have won the ring,
My godely maistris: thus of his gode grace
God graunt her blisse in heven to have a place.

Explicit.

Here foloweth how Mercurie with Pallas, Ve-
nus, and Minerva, appered to Paris of Troie,
he slepyng by a fountain.

Pallas loquitur ad Parin.

Sonne of Priam gentill Paris of Troie,
Wake of thy slepe, beholde us Goddesse thre,
We havin brought to The encrese of joye, 810
To thy discrecion reportyng our beautie,
Take here this Appill, and well advise The;
Whiche of us is the fairist in thy sight,
And give thou it, we prais The, gentil knight?

Pallas loquitur primo.

If so be thou give it to me, Parise,

This shal I give unto thy worthines,
Honour, and conquest, nobley, lose and prise,
Victorie, courage, force and hardines,
Gode avinture, and famous manlines,
For that appil all this give I to The, 820
Considir this, Parise, and give it me.

Venus loquitur ad Parin.

Naie give it me, and this I shall you give,
A glad aspekte with favour and fairnes,
And love of ladies also while ye live,
Famous stature and princely semelines,
Accordyng to your natife gentilnes,
Undirstand this gift well, I you advise,
And give it unto me hardly, Parise.

Minerva loquitur ad Parin.

Ye ye Parise takith hede unto me,
Thou art a prince yborne by thy discente, 830
And for to rule thy royall dignite
I shall The givin first intendemente,
Discrecion, prudence in right judgemente,
Whiche in a prince is thing most covenable,
Give it to me, I am to have it able.

Explicit.



A balade plesante.

I Have a Ladie where so that she be,
That seldome is she soveraine of my thought,
On whose beautie when I beholde and se,
Remembryng me how well she is ywrought,
I thanke fortune that to her grace me brought,
So faire is she, but nothyng angelike,
Her beautie is unto none othir like.

For hardily and she were made of brasse
Her face and all, she hath enough fairnesse,
Her eyen ben holow', and grene as any grasse,
And ravenish yelow is her sounitresse,
Thereto she hath of every comeliness
Soche quantitie givin her by nature,
That with the lest she is of her stature.

And as a bolt her browis ben ibent, 850
And betill browed she is also with all,
And of her witte as simple' and innocent
As is a childe that can no gode at all,
She is not thicke, her stature is but small,
Her fingirs ben litil, and nothyng long,
Her skin is smothe as any Ox'is tong.

Thereto she is so wise in daliaunce,
And beset her wordis so womanly,
That her to here it doeth me displeaunce,
For that she saieth, is saied so connyngly, 860
That when there be no mo then she and I,
I had levir she were of talkyng still,
Then that she should so godelie spechè spill.

And slothe none shall ye have in her entresse,
So diligent is she, and vertulesse,
And so busie aie all gode to undresse,
That as a she Ape she is harmelesse,
And as an Harnet meke and pitelesse,
With that she is so wise and circumspecte,
That prudence none her folie can infeste.

Is it not joye that soche one of her age
 Within the boundes of so grete tendirnesse
 Should in her werke be so fadde and so sage,
 That of the weddyng sawe all the noblesse
 Of quene Jane, and ywas tho as I gesse
 But of the age of yeris ten and five!
 I trowe there are not many soche alive.

For as Jesu my sinfull soule save
 There n'is cature in all this worlde livyng,
 Like unto her that I would gladly have, 840
 So plesith mine hert that godely swete thyng,
 Whose soule in haste unto his blis ybryng
 That first her formid to be a cature,
 For were she well, of me I did no cure.

Explicit the discrivyng of a faire Ladie.



An other Balade.

O Mossie Quince yhangyng by your stalke,
 The whiche no man dare plucke awaie nor
 take,
 Of all the folke that passe forthe by or walke,
 Your flouris freshe be fallen awaie and shake,
 I am right sorie, maistresse, for your sake,
 Ye seme a thyng that all men have forgotten, 890
 Ye be so ripe ye waxin almoste roten.

Your ugle chere deinous and froward,
 Your grene eyin frownyng and nothing glad,
 Your chekes enbolned like a melowe Costard,
 Colour of Oreng your brestes Satournad,
 Gilt on wara'ntise the colour wil not fade,
 Bawfin buttockid, belied like a tonne,
 Men crie S. Barba'ry at the' losyng of your gonne.

Lovely leude maistris, take consideracion,
 I 'am so sorowfull there as ye be' absent, 900
 Floure of the barkfate foulest of al the nacion,
 To love you but a little' is myne entent,
 The swert hath swent you the smoke hath you shent,
 I trow ye' have ben laid on some kill to drie,
 You do soch worship there as ye be present,
 Of al women I love you best a M. timis fie.

Explicit.



A balade warnyng men to beware of deceitfull
 women.

LOke well aboute ye that loviris be,
 Let not your lustis lede you to dotage,
 Be not enamoured on all thynges ye se,
 Sampson the forte, and Salomon the sage 910
 'Decevid were for all ther grete courage,
 Men demin it right that thei se with eye,
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a fie.*

I mene of women, for all ther cheres queint
 Trust them not to moch ther truthe is but trefon,
 The fairist outward wel can thei ypaint,
 Ther stedfastnesse endurith but a seson,
 For thei faine frendlines and worchin trefon,
 And for thei are chaungable natu'rally,
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a fie.* 920

What wight on lyve ytrustith on ther cheres

Shall have at last his guerdon and his mede,
 Thei can shave nerir than rasours or sheres,
Al is not gold that shinith, men take hede
 Their galle is hid undir a sugrid wede,
 It is but queint ther fantasie to' aspie,
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a fie.*

Though all the worldè doe his busie cure
 To make women standin in stablenesse,
 It would not be, it is against nature, 930
 The worlde is doe, when thei lacke doublenes,
 For thei laugh and love not, this is expresse,
 To trust on them it is but fantasie,
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a fie.*

Women of kindè hath condicions thre,
 The first is that thei be full of disseite,
 To spinnin also is ther propertie,
 And women have a wondirfull conseite,
 For thei can wepe oft, and all is a sleite, 940
 And when thei list the tere is in the eye,
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a fie.*

In soth to saie, though all the yerth so wanne
 Wer parchement smoth, white and scribabell,
 And the gret Se, that called is the' Ocean,
 Were tournid into ynke blackir then Sabell,
 Eche sticke a pen, eche man a scrivener abel,
 Not coud thei writin woman's trechirie,
 Beware therefore, *the blind eteth many' a fie.*

Explicit.



These Verses next folowing were compiled by
 Geffray Chaucer, and in the writen copies
 folowe at the ende of the complainte of
 pite.

THE longè nyghtis when every cature
 Shuld have ther rest in somewhat as by kind,
 Or ellis ne may ther life not longe endure,
 It fallith moste into my wofull minde,
 How I so farre have brought my self behind,
 That safe the deth ther may nothing me lisse,
 So dispairid I am from allè blisse.

This same thought me lastith til the morow,
 And from the morowe forth til it be eve,
 There nedith me no care for to borow,
 For both I have gode laisir and gode leve, 960
 There is no wight that will my wo byreve,
 To wepe enough and wailin all my fyll,
 The fore sparke of peine now doth me spil.

This love that hath me set in soche a place
 That my desire he wil nevir fultyl,
 For neithir Pite, Mercy, neithir Grace
 Can I not find, and yet my wofull herte
 For to be dede I can it not arace,
 The more I love the more she doth me smerte,
 Thorowe whiche I fe withoute remedie
 That from the deth I may no wise asterte.

Now sothly what she light I wol reherse, 970
 Her name is Bountie, set in womanhed,
 Sadnes in youth, and Beautie pridelesse,
 And Plesance undir Govirnaunce and drede,
 And her surname is eke faire Ruthelless,
 The wise knit unto gode avinture,
 That for I love her, she sleth me gitlese,
 Her love I best, and shall while I may dure:

Bett

Bett than my selfe a hundrid thousand dele,
Than al this world's richis or crature,
Now hath not lovè me bestowid wel,
To lovin there I nevir shal have parte?
Alas right thus is turnid me the whele!
Thus am I flaine with lov's furious darte:
I can but love her best my swetè fo,
Love hath me taught no more of his arte,
But servin alwaye, and stigt for nò wo.

Within my trewè carefull herte ther is
So mochil wo, and eke so litil blisse,
That wo is me that evir I was bore!
For al that thinge which I desirè I misse,
And al that evir I wolde not iwis
That finde I redy to me evirmore,
And of all this I n'ot to whom me plaine,
For she that might me out of this ybring
Ne rechith nought whethir I wepe or sing,
So litil routh hath she upon my paine!

Alas! whan slepinge tyme is then I wake!
Whan I shuld daunce, for fere lo than I quake!
This hevy life I lede lo! for your sake!
Though ye therof in nò wise hedè take,
Myn hert'is lady, and whole my live's quene,
For truly durst I say as that I fele,
My femth that your swetè herte of stele
Is whettid now againist me to kene.

My derè herte, and best beloved fo,
Why lykith you to do me al this wo?
What have I don that grevith you, or saide?
But for I serve and love you and no mo,
And whilest I live I wil evir do so:
And therefore swete, ne berthe not il apaide,
For so gode and so faire as that ye be,
It wer a right gret wondir but ye had
Of al servauntis both of gode and badde,
And best worthy of al them I am he.

But nevir the lesse, my righte lady swete,
Though that I be unkonninge and unmete
To serve as I could best aye your highnes,
Yet is ther none fainir, that would I hete,
Than I to do you ese or ellis bete,
What so I wist that were to your highnes,
And had I might as gode as I have wil,
Than shuld ye fele wher it were so or none,
For in this world livinge than is ther none,
That fainir wolde your hert'is wil fulfil.

For both I love and eke drede you so sore,
And ald gates mote and have don you ful yore,
That bettir loved is non ne nevir shal,
And yet I would besèche you of no more,
But lovith wel, and be not wroth therfore,
And let me serve you forth, lo this is al!
For I am nought so hardy, ne so wode,
For to desire that ye should lovin me,
For wel I wotte alas that may not be!
I am so litil worthy and ye so gode,
For ye be one the worthyist on live,
And I the most unlikely for to thrive.

Yet for al this wetith ye full righte wel,
That ye ne should me from your servyce drive,
That I ne wil aye with my witis five
Serve you truly what wo so that I fele,
For I am fet so hy upon your whele,
That though ye nevir wil upon me rewe,
I must you love and bene evir as trewe
As any man ycan or maye on live.

But the more that I love you godely fre,
The lasse finde I that ye lovin me,
Alas whan shal that hardè wit amende!
Wher is now al your womanly pite,
Your gentilnes and your debohairte!
Wil ye nothings therof upon me spend,
And so whole swete as I am youris all,
And so grete wil as I have to you serve?
Now certis, and ye let me thus ysterve
Yet have ye worin therupon but small.

For at my knowing I do nothing why,
And thus I wil besèche you hertily,
That if evir ye finde whiles ye live
A truir servaunte to you than am I,
Levith than, and sleith me hardily,
And I my deth to you wil al forgive,
And yf ye finde no trewir verily,
Wollin ye suffir than that I thus spil,
And for no manir gilt but my gode will?
As gode were than untrue as true to be.

Explicit.



A balade declaring that womens chastite doeth
moche excel all trefure worldly.

IN womanhede, as auctours al ywrite,
Most thing commendid is chaste honeste,
Thing most slaund'rous ther nobles to atwite,
As when women of hasty fraëlth
Exceden the bondes of wifely chastite,
For what availeth lynage or rial blode
When of ther lyving the report 'is not gode?

The holy bed defoild of mariage
For ones defoiled may not recovered be,
The vice goth forth, and the froward langage
By many a relme, and many a grete cite,
Slaundir hath a custome, and that 'is grete pite,
That true or fals, by a contrarious sounne,
Onis areised it goth not lyghtly downe.

For when a lechour by force or mastery
Defoild hath of virgins the clennes,
Widous oppressed, and lye in advoutry,
Assailid wives that stode in stablesnes,
Who may then ther slaund'rous harme redresse,
When ther gode name is hurt by soch report?
For fame lost ones can ner have his resort.

A thefe may robbe a man of his richesse,
And by some mene make restitution,
And some man maye dysherit and oppresse
A povir man from his possession,
And astir make him satisfaccion,
But no man may restore in no degre,
A maid robbid of her virginite.

A man may also bete a castil downe,
And bilde it astir more freshe to the sight,
Exile a man out of his regiounne,
And him revoke, whether it be wrong or right,
But no man hath the powir ne the might
For to restore the palace virginal
Of chastite when brokin is the wal.

Men may also put out of ther service,
And officirs remeve out of ther place,
And at a day, when fortune list devise,
They may again restorid be to grace,

But

But *ther n'is tim' nothir set ne space,*
Nor nev in story neithir rad ne sain,
That maydenhode lost recovered was again.

For whiche men shouldin have a conscience,
 Rewe in ther hertis, and repentin fore,
 And havin a remorse of gret offence, 1110
 To ravish thing, which they may not restore,
 For it is faide, and hath be faid ful yore,
The emeraud grene of parfite chastite
Stole ones away may not recovered be.

And hard it is to ravish a tresour,
 Whiche of nature is not recuperable,
 Lordship may not of Kinge nor Emperour

Reforme a thinge, whiche is nat reformable,
 Rust of defame is inseparable,
 And maidinhode ylost of newe or yore
No man on live may it again restore.

The Romanes olde thorough ther pacience
 Suffrid tyrauntes in ther tyranyes,
 On ther cites to do grete violence,
 The peple to oppresse, with ther robberies,
 But them to punishe, they set gret espies
 On false avouterers as it is wel couth,
 Which widowes ravish, and maidens in ther youth.

Explicit.

The Court of Love.

This Book is an Imitation of the Romaunt of the Rose, shewing that all are subject to Love, what impediments soever to the contrary, containing also those 20 Statutes that are to be observ'd in the Court of Love.

ith timorous herte, and trembling hand of drede,
 Of cunning nakid, bare of eloquence,
 Unto the flour of port in womanhede
 I write, as he that none intelligence
 Of metris hath, ne flouris of sentence,
 Saufe that me list my writing to convey,
 In that I can to plesse her high nobley.

The blofomes fresh of Tulus gardein sote
 Present thei not, my mattir for to borne
 Poemes of Virgile takin here no rote, 10
 Ne crafte of Galfride may not here sojourne,
 Why n'am I cunning 'o wel maie I morne
 For lacke of science, that I can nat write,
 Unto the princes of my lyfe aright!

No termes are digne unto her excellence,
 So is she spronge of noble stripe and high,
 A world of honour and of reverence
 There is in her, this wil I testifie,
 Caliope, thou sistir wise and fly,
 And thou Minerva guide me with thy grace, 20
 That langage rude my mattir not deface!

Thy sugir dropis swete of Helicon
 Distil in me, thou gentle muse, I praye,
 And The, Melpomene, I cal anone,
 Of ignoraunce the misse to chace awaye,
 And geve me grace so for to write and faie,
 That she my lady of her worthinesse
 Accept in gre this litil short trefesse,

That is entitlid thus, *the Courte of Love*,
 And ye, that ben Metriciens, me excuse, 30
 I you besече, for Venus sake above,
 For what I mene in this ye nede not muse,
 And if so be my lady it refuse
 For lake of ornate speche, I wolde be wo,
 That I presume to her to writin so.

But my entente and al my busie cure
 Is for to write this trefesse as I can,
 Unto my lady stable true and sure,

Faithful and kind sith firste that she began
 Me to accept in service as her man, 40
 To her be al the plesure of this boke,
 That when her like she may it rede and loke.

When I was yong at xviii yere of age
 Lusty and light, desirous of plesaunce,
 Approching on full sadde and ripe corage,
 Love artid me to do my observaunce
 To his estate and done him obeisaunce,
 Commaunding me the *Court of Love* to se,
 A lite beside the mounte of Cithere:

There Citherea goddesse was and quene, 50
 Honourid highly for her majeste,
 And eke her sonne, the mighty God I wene
 Cupide the blind, that for his dignite
 A M. lovirs worshipp on ther kne,
 There was I bid in paine of deth to pere,
 By Mercury the wingid messingere.

So than I went by strange and ferre countrees,
 Enquiringe aye what coaste had to it drewe
The Court of Love, and thiðward as bees 60
 At last I se the peple gan pursue,
 Anon me thought some wight was ther that yknew
 Where that the *Court* was holdin ferre or nie,
 And aftir than ful faste I ganne me hie.

Anon as I them ovirtoke I said
 Heile frendis, whithir purpose ye to wend?
 For soth (qð one) that answered lyche a maid,
 To *Lov's Courte*, now go we, gentil frend;
 Where is that place (qð I) my felowe hend?
 At Citheron, sir, saide he, withoute doute, 70
 The kinge of Love, and al his noble route,

Dwelling within a castil rially.
 So than apace I journid forth amonge,
 And as he saide, so fond I there truly,
 For I behelde the touris high and stronge,
 And high pinacis large of hight and longe,
 With plate of gold bespred on every side,

And

⁴ precious stones, the stone werke for to hide.

No Saphire of Inde, no Rube riche of price,
There lackid then, nor Emèraude so grene,
Balis Turkis, ne thing to my devise, 80
That may the castil makin for to shene,
All was as bright as sterres in Wintir bene,
And Phœbus shone to make his pece ageine
For trespas done to high estatis tweine :

Venus and Mars, the God and Goddesse clere,
When he them founde in armis cheinid faste,
Venus was than ful sad of herte and chere,
But Phœbus bemis streight as is the maste
Upon the castil ginnith he to cast, 90
To plesse the lady, princes of that place,
In signe he lokith aftir lov'is grace.

For ther n'is God in heven or hel iwys
But he hath ben right soget unto love,
Jove, Pluto, or what so evir he is,
Ne creature in erth or yet above,
Of this the revers may no wight approve ;
But furthirmore the castill to descric,
Yet sawe I nevir none so large and hie,

For unto heven it stretchith I suppose,
Within and out depeintid wondirly, 100
With many' a thousand daisy rede as rose,
And white also, this sawe I verily,
But what tho deifis might do signifie
Can I not tel, saufe that the quen'is floure
Alceste it was that kept ther her sojoure,

Which undir Venus lady was and quene,
And Admete kyng and soverain of that place,
To whom obeied the ladies gode xix,
With many' a thouland othir bright of face,
And yong men fele came forth with lusti pace, 110
And agid eke ther homage to dispoise,
But what they were I could not well disclose.

Yet nere and nere forth in I gan me dresse,
Into an halle of noble apparaile,
With arras spred and cloth of gold, I gessie,
And othir filke of esyir availe,
Undir the cloth of ther estate, fauns faile,
The king and quene there sat, as I beheld,
It passid joye of Helise the feld.

There saintis have ther cominge and resorte, 120
To seen the kinge so rially besene,
In purple clad, and eke the quene in sorte,
And on ther heddis sawe I crounis tweine,
With stonis fret, so that it was no paine
Withoutin mete and drinke to stand and se
The king'is honor, and the rialte.

And for to trete of statis with the king,
That ben of counsell chese, and with the quene,
The king had Daungir nere to him standing,
The quene of love Disdain, and that was sene, 130
For by the faith I shal to God, I wene,
Was nevir straungir none in her degre
Than was the quene in castinge of her eye.

And as I stode perceving her aparte,
And eke the bemis shininge of her eyen,
Me thought they werin shapin lyche a darte,
Sharpe, and perfinge, smale, and streight as a line,
And al her here it shone as golde so fine,
Disshivil, crispe, doune hanging at her backe,
A yard in length, and southely than I spake, 140

O bright *Regina*, who made The so faire?
Who made thy colour vermelet and white?
Wher wonneth the God, how far above the eyre?
Grete was his crafte, and grete was his delite,
Now marvil I nothing that ye do hight
The quene of love, and occupie the place
Of Cithare, now swete lady thy grace.

In mewet spake I, so that nought asterte
By no condicion word that might be hard, 150
But in my inward thought I gan adverte,
And oft I said my wit is dul and hard,
For with her beautie thus God wot I ferde
As doeth the man yravishid with sight,
When I beheld her cristal eyen so bright,

No respecte havying what was beste to done,
Till right anone beholding here and there
I spied a frend of myne, and that ful sone;
A gentil woman, was the chambirere
Unto the quene, that hote as ye shall here, 160
Philobone, that lovid al her life,
Whan she me sey she led me forth as blife,

And me demaundid how and in what wise
I thithir come, and what my erand was?
To sene the Courte (qð I) and al the guise,
And eke to sue for pardon and for grace,
And mercy aske for al my grete trespasse,
That I none erste come to the courte of love,
Foryeve me this, ye goddis al above.

That is wel said (qð Philobone) in dede,
But were ye not assomoned to appere, 170
By Mercurius, for that is al my drede?
Yes gentill feire (qð I) now am I here,
Ye, yet what tho? though that be true, my dere,
Of your fre wil ye shuld have come unsente,
For ye did not I deme ye will be shente.

For ye that reigne in youth and lustines,
Pampired with ese and jalous in your age,
Your dutie is as far as I can gesse
To lov'is courte to dressin your viage
Assone as nature makith you so sage, 180
That ye may know a woman from a swan,
Or whan your fote is growin halfe a span.

But sithe that ye by wilful negligence
This xviii. yere hath kept your selfe at large,
The gretir is your trespas and offence,
And in your neck you mote bere all the charge,
For bettir were ye ben withoutin barge
Amidde the Se in tempest and in rayne,
Then bidin here receving wo and pain,

That ordeined is for soche as them absente 190
Fro lov'is courte by yeris long and fele,
I ley my life ye shal ful sone repente,
For love wil reive youre coloure, lust, and hele,
Eke ye must baite on many' an hevy mele.
No force iwis, I stired you longe agon
To drawe to courte qð litil Philobon.

Ye shal wel se how rough and angry face
The king of Love wil shewe when ye him se,
By myn advise knele down and aske him grace,
Eschewing peril and adversite, 200
For wel I wot it wolle none othir be,
Comforte is none ne council to your ese,
Why wil ye then the king of Love displese?

O mercie God (qð iche) I me repent,
Caitife and wretche in hert, in wil and thought,
7 D And

And aftir this shal be mine whole entent
To serve and plesse, how dere that love be bought,
Yet sith I have mine owne penaunce isought,
With humble spirite shal I it receive,
Though that the king of Love my life bereve. 210

And though that fervent lov'is qualite
In me did never worche truly, yet I,
With al obeisaunce, and humilite,
And benigne herte shal serve him til I die,
And he, that Lord of might is grete and hie,
Right as him list me chastice and correcte,
And punishe me with trespase thus enfecte.

These wordis said, she caught me by the lap,
And led me furth in til a temple round,
Bothe large and wide, and as my blessid hap 220
And gode avinture was, right sone I founde
A tabernacle reifid from the grounde,
Where Venus sat, and Cupide by her side,
Yet half for drede I can my visage hide.

And eft againe I lokid and behelde,
Seing ful sundry peple in the place,
And mistir folke, and som that might not welde
There limmis wele, me thought a woundir case,
The temple shone with windowes al of glasse,
Bright as the day, with manie' a faire ymage, 230
And there I se the freshe quene of Carthage

Dido, that brent her beaute for the love
Of fals Æneas, and the weimenting
Of her Anelida true as Turtill dove
To Arcite fals, and there was in peinting
Of many' a prince, and many' a doughty king,
Whose martirdom was shewed about the walles,
And how that fele for love had suffrid falles.

But fore I was abashid and astonied
Of al tho folke that there were in that tide, 240
And than I askid where they haddin woned?
In divers courtis (qð she) here beside,
In fondrie clothing mantilwise full wide,
They were arraied, and did ther sacrifice
Unto the God and goddesse in ther guise.

Lo yondir folke (qð she) that knele in blewe!
They were the colour ay and evir shal,
In signe they were and evir wil be true,
Withoutin chaunge, and southely yondir all,
That ben in blak, with mourning crie and call 250
Unto the goddes, for ther lovis bene
Some ferre, som dede, som al to sherpe and kene.

Yea than (qð I) what done these prestis here,
Nonnis, and Hermites, Freris, and all tho,
That sit in white, in russet, and in grene?
Forsothe (qð she) they wailin of ther wo.
O mercie Lord may they so come and go
Frely to court, and have soche libertie?
Yea, men of eche condicion and degre,

And women eke, for truly there is none 260
Excepcion made, ne never was, ne may,
This courte is ope and fre for everichone,
The king of love he wil not say them nay,
He takith al, in pore or riche array,
That mekely sewe unto his excellence,
With al ther herte, and al ther reverence.

And walking thus aboute with Philobone
I se where come a messengere in hie
Streight from the king, whiche let commaunde anone,
Throughout the courte to make an ho and crie, 270

All new come folke abide, and wote ye why?
The king'is lust is for to seen you sone;
Come nere, let se, his wil mote nede be done.

Than gan I me present tofore the king,
Trembling for fere, with visage pale of hewe,
And many' a lovir with me was kneling,
Abashed sore, til unto the time they knewe
The sentence yve of his entent full trew,
And at the last the king hath me behold
With sterne visage, and seid what doth this olde

Thus ferre ystope in yeris com so late
Unto the courte? for sothe my liege (qð I)
An hundrid tyme I have ben at the gate
Afore thus tyme, yet coude I ner espie
Of myne acqueintaunce eny if mine eye,
And Shamefastenes away me ganne to chace,
But now I me submitte unto your grace.

Wel, al is pardoned with condicion
That thou be trew from hensforth to thy might,
And servin love in thine entencion, 290
Swere this, and than as ferre as it is right
Thou shalte have grace here in my quen'is sight,
Yes by the faith I owe your crown I swere
Though deth therfore me thirlith with his spere.

And whan the kinge had sene us everychone,
He let commaunde an officir in hie
To take our faith, and shew us one by one
The statutes of the courte full besily,
Anon the boke was leide before ther eye,
To rede and se what thing we must observe, 300
In *Lov'is Courte*, till that we dye and sterve.

AND for that I was lettrid there I red,
The statutes whote of *Lov'is Courte* and hall;
The firste statute that on the boke was spred,
Was to be true in thought and dedis al,
Unto the king of love the Lorde ryall,
And to the quene as faithful and as kinde,
As I coude thinke with herte and will and minde.

The seconde statute, secretly to kepe
Council of love, not blowing every where 310
Al that I knowe, and let it sinke and flete,
It may not sowne in every wight'is ere,
Exiling slaundir ay for dred and fere,
And to my lady, whiche I love and serve,
Be true and kinde, her grace for to deserve.

The thirde statute was clerely writ also,
Withoutin chaunge to live and die the same,
None othir love to take for wele ne wo,
For blinde delite, for ernest, nor for game,
Without repent, for laughing or for grame, 320
To bidin stil in ful perseveraunce,
Al this was whole the king'is ordinaunce.

The fourth statute to purchase er to here,
And stirin folke to love and betin fire
On Venus auter here aboute and there,
And preche to them of love and hote desire,
And tel how love wil quitin wel ther hire,
This must be kept, and loth me to displese,
If love be wroth, passe, for therby is ese.

The V. statute not to be daungirous, 330
If that a thought would reve me of my slepe,
Nor of a sight to be ovir squemous,
And so verely this statute was to kepe,
To turne and wallowe in my bed, and wepe,

When

When that my lady of her crueltie
Would from her herte exilin al pite.

The VI. statute it was for me to use
Alone to wandir voide of company,
And on my lad's beautie for to muse,
And to thinkin no force to live or die,
And eft again to thinke the remedy,
How to her grace I might anon attain,
And tel my wo unto my soveraine.

The VII. statute was to be pacient,
Whethir my lady lady joyful were or wroth,
For wordis glad or hevly diligent,
Whedir that she me heldin lese or loth,
And hereupon I put was to mine othe
Her for to serve and lowely to obey,
And shewe my chere the xx. sith aday.

The VIII. statute to my remembraunce
Was for to speke and pray my lady dere,
With hourelly labour and gret entendaunce,
Me for to love with al her herte entere,
And me desire and make me joyful chere,
Right as she is surmounting every faire,
Of beautie wel, and gentil, debonaire.

The IX. statute with lettris writ of golde,
This was the sentence how that I and al
Shulde evir dred to be to ovirbolde
Her to displese, and truly so I shal,
But ben content for all thing that may fale,
And mekely take her chastisement, and yerde,
And to offende her evir ben aferde.

The X. statute was egally to' discerne
Betwene the lady', and thine abilite,
And thinke thy selfe arte nevyr like to yerne
By right her mercy, nor of equite,
But of her grace, and womanly pite,
For though thy selfe be noble in thy strene,
A thousande folde more nobil is thy quene,

Thy liv'is lady, and thy soveraine,
That hath thin herte all whole in govirnaunce,
Thou maieft no wise it takin to disdaine
To put The humblie at her ordinaunce,
And give her fre the reine of her plesaunce,
For libertie is thing that women loke,
And truely els the mattir is acroke.

The XI. statute thy signis for to knowe,
With eye and fingir, and with smilis softe,
And lowe to couche, and alwaie for to showe
For drede of spyis, for to winkin ofte,
But secretly to bryng a sigh alofte,
And eke beware of ovir moche resorte,
For that para'venture spillith all thy sport.

The XII. statute remembir to observe,
For all the paine thou hast for love and wo
All is to lite her mercie to deserve,
Thou musten then thinke wher er thou ride or go,
And mortall woundis suffre thou also,
All for her sake, and thinke it well besette
Upon thy love, for it maie not be bette.

The XIII. statute, whilome is to thinke
What thing maie best thy ladye like and plesse,
And in thine hert's botome let it sinke,
Some thing devise, and take for it thine esse,
And sende it her, that maie her herte appese,
Some herte or ryng, or lettir, or devise,
Or precious stone, but spare not for no price.

The XIV. statute eke thou shalt assaie 400
Formely to kepe the moste parte of thy life,
Wifhe that thy ladye in thine armis laie,
And nightly dreame, thou hast thy night's herte's wife
Swetly in armis, straining her as blife,
And when thou seest it is but fantasie,
Se that thou sing not ovir merily.

For to moche joye hath ofte a wofull ende,
It longith eke, this statute for to holde,
To deme thy ladye evirmore thy frende,
And thinke thy self in no wise a cocolde, 410
In every thyng she doeth but as she should,
Construe the best, beleve no talis newe,
For many' a lye is tolde, that semeth full true.

But thinke that she, so bounteous and faire,
Coud not be false, imagine this algate,
And think that tonges wickid would her appaire,
Slanderyng her name, and worshipfull estate,
And lovirs true to settin at debate,
And though thou seest a faute, right at thine eye,
Excuse it blive, and glose it pretilie. 420

The XV. statute, use to swere and stare,
And counterfeite a lesyng hardily,
To save thy ladye's honour every whare,
And put thy self to fightin boldily,
Saie she is gode, vertuous, and ghostly,
Clere of entent, and herte, and thought, and will,
And argue not for reson, ne for skill

Againe thy ladye's plesure, ne entent,
For love will not be counterpleted in dede,
Saie as she saith, then shalt thou not be shent, 430
The Crowe is white; ye truly, so I rede;
And aye what thing that she The will forbode,
Eschue all that, and give her soverainte,
Her appetite folowe in all degre.

The XVI. statute, kepe it, if thou maie,
Seven sith at night, thy ladye for to plesse,
And seven at midnight, se'ven at morow daie,
And drinke a caudill, erely for thine esse,
Doe this, and kepe thine hedde from all disese,
And winne the garlande here of lovirs all, 440
That evir came in court, or evir shall.

Full fewe think I, this statute hold and kepe,
But truely this my reson giveth me fele,
That some lovirs should rather fall aslepe,
Then take on hande to plesse so oft and wele,
There laie none othe to this statute adele,
But kepe who might, as gave him his corage,
Now get this garlande, lustie folke of age.

Now win who maie, ye lustie folke of youth,
This garlande fresh, of flouris red and white, 450
Purple and blewe, and colours fell uncouth,
And I shall croune hym kyng of all delite,
In all the courte, there was not to my sight
A lovyr true, that he ne was adrede,
When he expresse hath herd the statute rede.

The XVII. statute, when age approacheth on,
And lust is laied, and all the fire is queint,
As freshly then thou shalt begin to sonne,
And dote in love, and all her image paint, 460
In thy remembraunce, till thou gin to faint,
As in the first seson thyne herte began,
And her desire, though thou ne maie ne can

Performe thy livyng aduell, and lust,
Registir this in thyne remembraunce,

Eke

Eke when thou maist not kepe thy thing from rust,
Yet speke and talke, of plesaunt daliaunce,
For that shall make thyne hert rejoyce and daunce,
And when thou maist no more the game assaie,
The statute bidde The praie for them that maie.

The XVIII. statute, wholly to commende, 470
To plesse thy ladie, is that thou eschewe
With fluttishnesse thy self for to offende,
Be joilife, freshe, and fete with thingis newe,
Courtlye with manir, this is all thy due,
Gentill of porte, and lovyng clenlinesse,
This is the thing, that likith thy maistresse.

And not to wandir, liche a dullid Assie,
Raggid and torne, disguisid in araie,
Ribaude in speche, or out of mesure passe,
Thy bounde excedyng, thinke on this alwaie, 480
*For women ben of tendir hertis aye,
And lightly set ther plesure in a place,
When thei misthinke, they lightly let it passe.*

The XIX. statute, mete and drinke forgete,
Eche othir daie se that thou fast for love,
For in the courte thei live withoutin mete,
Save soche as cometh from Venus al above,
Thei take none hede, in pain of grette reprove,
Of mete and drinke, for that is all in vaine,
Onely thei live by sight of ther soveraine. 490

The XX. statute, last of of everichone,
Enrolle it in thyne hert's privite,
To wring and waile, to turne, and sigh, and grone,
When that thy ladie absent is from The,
And eke renewe the wordis all that she
Betwene you twain hath said, and all the chere,
That The hath made thy liv'is lady dere.

And se thyne herte in quiete, ne in rest
Sojourne to tyme thou seen thy Ladie este,
But where she won, by South, or Est, or West, 500
With all thy force now se it be not leste,
Be diligent, till tyme thy life be restre,
In that thou maist thy ladie for to se,
This statute was of old antiquite.

An officir of high aucthorite,
Yclepid Rigour, made us swere anone
He n'as corrupt with parcialite,
Favour, prayir, ne gold that clerely shone,
Ye shall (qð he) now swerin here echone,
Both yong and old, to kepe in that thei maie, 510
The statutes truly, all aftir this daie.

O God! thought I, hard is to make this othe,
But to my powir shall I them observe,
In all this worlde n'as mattir halfe so lothe
To swere for all, for though my body sterve,
I have no might, them wholly to observe,
But herkin now the cace how it befell,
Aftir my othe was made, the trothe to tell.

I tournid levis, lokyng on this boke,
Where othir statutes were of women shene, 520
And right forth with rigour on me gan loke,
Full angrily, and saied unto the quene,
I traitour was, and chargid me let ben,
There maie no man (qð he) the statute knowe,
That long to woman, hie degre ne lowe.

In secrete wise, thei keptin ben full close,
Thei sounne echone to libertie my frende,
Plesaunt thei be, and to ther own purpose,
There wote no wight of them, but God and fende,

Ne naught shall witte, unto the world's ende, 530
The quene hath yeve me charge, in pain to die,
Nevir to rede ne seen them with myne eye.

For men shall not so nere of counsaill ben
With womanhode, ne knowin of ther guise,
Ne what thei think, ne of ther wit th' engine,
I me report to Salomon the wise,
And mightie Sampson, which begilid thrise
With Dalila was, he wot that in a throwe,
There maie no man statute of women knowe.

For it peraventure maie right so befall 540
That thei be bounde by nature to disceve,
And spinne and wepe, and sugre strew on gal,
The herte of man to ravishe and to reve,
And whet ther tonge, as sharpe as swerde or gleve,
It maie betide, this is ther ordinaunce,
So must thei lowlie doen ther observaunce,

And kepe the statute, yevin them of kinde,
Of soche as love hath yeve 'hem in ther life,
Men maie not wete, why turnith every wind,
Nor waxin wise, nor ben inquisitive 550
To knowe secrete of maide, widowe, or wife,
For thei ther statutes have to them reserved,
And nevir man to knowe them hath deserved.

Now dresse you forth, the God of love you guide,
Qð Rigour then, and seke the temple bright
Of Citherea, Goddes here beside,
Beseeche her by the influence and might
Of all her vertue you to teche aright
How for to serve your ladies, and to plesse,
Ye that ben sped, and set your herte in ese. 560

And ye that ben unpurveied, pray her eke,
Comforte you sone with grace and destinie,
That ye may set your hert, there ye maie like,
In soche a place, that it to love maie be,
Honour, and worship, and felicitie
To you for aie, now goeth by one assent.
Graunt mercie sir (qð we) and forth we went,

Devoutly soft and esie pace, to se
Venus the Godd's Image all of golde,
And there we found a thousand on ther kne, 570
Some freshe and faire, some dedly to beholde,
In fondrie mantils new, and some wer olde,
Some paintid were, with flamis red as fire,
Outward to shewe ther inward hote desire.

With dolefull chere, full fele in ther complaint,
Cried, "Ladie Venus, rewe upon our sore,
"Receve our billes, with teris all bedreint,
"We maie not wepe, there is no more in store,
"But wo and pain us frettith more and more,
"Thou blisfull Planet, lovirs sterre so shene, 580
"Have routh on us, that sigh and careful ben;

"And punishe, Ladie, grevously, we praie,
"The false untrue, with counterfeite plesaunce
"That made ther othe, be true to live or deie,
"With chere assurid, and with countinaunce,
"And falsly now thei forin lov'is daunce,
"Barain of routh, untrue of that thei saied,
"Now that ther lust, and plesure is alaid.

"Yet este againe a thousande milion,
"Rejoylyng love, ledyng ther life in blisse, 590
"Thei saied Venus, redresse of all division,
"Goddes eternell, thy name heryed is,
"By lovirs bonde is knit all thing iwis,

"Best

" Best unto best, the yerth to watir wanne,
" Birde unto birde, and woman unto man.

" This is the life of joye, that we ben in,
" Resemblyng life of hevenly paradise,
" Love is exilir aie of vice and finne,
" Love makith hert's lustie to devise,
" Honour and grace have thei in every wife, 600
" That ben to lov'is lawe obedient,
" Love makith folke benigne and diligent,

" Aie steryng them, to dredin vice and shame,
" In ther degre it maketh them honourable,
" And swete it is of love to bere the name,
" So that his love be faithfull, true, and stable,
" Love prunith hym, to femin amiable,
" Love hath no faute, there it is exercised,
" But sole with them that have all love dispised.

" Honour to The, celestiaall and clere 610
" Goddes of Love, and to thy celsitude,
" That yevest us light so ferre doune from thy spere,
" Persyng our hertis with thy pulchritude,
" Comparison none of similitude
" Maie to thy grace be made in no degre,
" That hast us set with Love in unitie.

" Grete cause have we to praise thy name and The,
" For thorough The we live in joye and blisse,
" Blessid be thou, moeste soveraine to se,
" Thy holy courte of gladnesse maie not misse, 620
" A thousande sith we maie rejoyce in this,
" That we ben thine, with herte and all yfere,
" Enflamid with thy grace, and hevenly fere.

Musyng of tho, that spakin in this wise,
I me bethought, in my remembraunce,
Myne orison right godely to devise,
And pleasauntly, with hert's obeisaunce,
Besече the Goddis voidin my grevaunce,
For I loved eke, saufe that I wist not where,
Yet down I set, and saied as ye shall here. 630

Fairist of all, that evir were or be,
Licour and light to pensife creature,
Myne whole affiaunce, and my ladie fre,
My Goddes bright, my fortune and my ure,
I yeve and yelde my herte to The full sure,
Humbly besechyng, ladie, of thy grace,
Me to bestowin in some bleffid place.

And here I vowe me, faithfull, true, and kind,
Without offence of mutabilitie,
Humbly to serve, while I have wit and mind, 640
Myne whole affiaunce, and my ladie fre,
In thilkè place, there ye me signe to be,
And sith this thing of newe is yeve me aie
To love and serve, nedely must I obeie.

Be merciable with thy fire of grace,
And fixe myne herte, there beautie is and routh,
For hote I love, determine in no place,
Saufe only this, by God and by my trowth,
Troublid I was, with slombir, slepe, and slouth,
This othir night, and in a visoun 650
I se a woman romin up and doune,

Of mene stature, and semely to beholde,
Lustie, and freshe, demure of countinaunce,
Yong, and well shap, with here that shone as golde,
With eyen as cristall, fercid with plesaunce,
And she gan stirre mine herte a lite to daunce,
But sodainlic she vanishe gan right there,
Thus I maie saie, I love, and wote not where.

For what she is, ne her dwellyng, I n'ot,
And yet I fele, that love distreinith me 660
Might iche her knowe, that would I faine God wor,
Serve and obeie, with all benignitie,
And if that othir be my destinie,
So that no wise I shall her nevir se,
Then graunt me her, that best maie likin me,

With glad rejoyce to live in perfite hele,
Devoide of wrathe, repent, or variaunce,
And able me to doe that maie be wele
Unto my ladie, with herte's hie plesaunce;
And, mightie goddes, through thy purviaunce, 670
My wit, my thought, my lust, and love so guide,
That to thine honour I maie me provide,

To set mine hert in place there I maie like,
And gladly serve, with all affection,
Grete is the pain, which at mine hert doth sticke,
Till I be sped by thyne eleccion,
Helpe, Ladie Goddes, that possession
I might of her have, that in all my life
I clepin shall my quene, and hert's wife.

And in the Courte of Love to dwell for aie 680
My will is, and doin The sacrifice
Daily with Diane eke to fight and fraie,
And holdin werre, as might will me suffice,
That Goddes chaste I kepin in no wise
To serve, a Figge for all her chastite,
Her lawe is for Religioufite.

And thus gan finishe prayir, laude, and preice,
Whiche that I yove to Venus on my kne,
And in myne herte to pondir and to peice,
I gane anone her Image freshe beautie, 690
Heile to that figure swete, and heile to The,
Cupide (qð I) and rose, and yede my weie,
And in the temple, as I yede, I seie

A shrine surmountyng all in stonis riche,
Of whiche the force was plesaunce to mine eye,
With Diamonde or Saphire, nevir liche
I have none seen, ne wrought so wondirliche,
So when I met with Philobone, in hie
I gan demaunde, whose is this sepulture?
Forsothe (qð she) a tendir creature 700

Is shrinid there, and Pitie is her name,
She sawe an Egle wreke hym on a flie,
And plucke his wing, and eke him, in his game,
And tendir herte of that hath made her die,
Eke she would wepe and morne right pitously,
To seen a lovir suffre grete destresse,
In all the courte n'as none, as I do gesse,

That coud a lovir half so well availe,
Ne of his wo the torment or the rage
Askin, for he was sure withoutin faile 710
That of his grief she coud the hete aswage,
In stede of Pitie spedith hote corage
The mattirs all of courte, now she is dedde,
I me reporte in this to womanhedde.

For weile, and wepe, and crie, and speke, and praie,
Women would not have pitie on thy plaint,
Ne by that mene to ese thine herte convaie,
But The recevin, for ther owne talent,
And saie that Pitie causith them consent
Of reuth to take thy service and thy paine, 720
In that thou maiest, to plesse thy soveraine.

But this is counsaill, kepe it secretly,
(Qð she) I n'olde for all the worlde about

The quene of Love it wist, and witte ye why?
 For if by me this mattir springin out,
 In courte no lengir shoulde I out of doubt
 Dwellin, but shame in all my life endry,
 Now kepe it close (qð she) this hardily.

Well, all is well, now shall ye seen, she saied,
 The fairist ladie undir Sonne that is, 730
 Come on with me, demene you lich a maide;
 With shamefast drede, for ye shall speke ywis
 With her, that is the mirrour, joie, and blisse,
 But somewhat straunge, and sad of her demene
 She is, beware your countinaunce be fene.

Nor ovrilght, ne rechelesse, ne to bolde,
 Ne malapert, ne rennyng with your tong,
 For she will you obeisin and beholde;
 And you demaunde, why ye wet hens so long
 Out of this courte, without resort emong, 740
 And Rosiall her name is hote aright,
 Whose herte is yet yvein to no wight.

And ye also ben, as I undirstonde;
 With love but light avauncid by your worde,
 Might ye by hap your fredom makin bond,
 And fall in grace with her, and wele accorde,
 Well might ye thanke the God of Love and Lord,
 For she, that ye sawe in your dreame appere,
 To love soche one, what are thei then the nere?

Yet wote ye what? as my remembraunce 750
 Me yevith now, ye faine where that ye saie,
 That ye with love had never acquaintaunce,
 Save in your dreame, right late this othir daie,
 Why yes parde, my life that durst I laie,
 That ye were caught upon an heth, when I
 Sawe you complain, and sigh full pitously,

Within an herbir, and a gardein faire,
 Where flowirs growe, and herbis vertuous,
 Of whiche the favour swete was and the eire,
 There were your self full hote and amorous, 760
 Ywis ye ben to nice and daungirous,
 I would ye now repent, and love some newe.
 Naie by my trothe I saied, I never knewe

The godely wight, whose I shal be for aye,
 Guide nie the Lorde, that love hath made and me,
 But forthe we went, into a chambre gaie,
 There was Rosiall, womanly to se,
 Whose stremis, sotill persyng of her eye,
 Mine hert gan thrill for beautie in the founte
 Alas (qð I) who hath me yeve this wounde! 770

And then I drede to speke, till at the laste
 I grete the ladie, reverently and wele,
 When that my sigh was gone and ovirpasse,
 And doune on knees full humbly gan I knele,
 Besechyng her, my fervent wo to kele,
 For there I toke full purpose in my mynde
 Unto her grace my painfull herte to bynde.

For if I shall all fully her discrive,
 Her hed was rounde, by compasse of nature,
 Her here as gold, she passid all on live, 780
 And Lillie forehed had this creature,
 With livelisse browis, flawe of colour pure,
 Betwene the which was mene disleveraunce
 From every browe, to shewin a distaunce.

Her nose directid streight, and even as line,
 With forme and shape thereto convenient,
 In which the godis milkewhite path doth shine,
 And eke her eyen ben bright and orient

As is the Smaragde, unto my judgement,
 Or yet these sterris heavenly small and bright, 790
 Her visage is of lovely rede and white,

Her mouthe is short, and shutte in litil space,
 Flamyng somdele, not ovir redde I mene,
 With prenaunt lips, and thicke to kisse percace,
 For lippis thinne not fat, but evir lene,
 They serve of naught, they be not worth a bene,
 For if the basse ben full, there is delite,
 Maximian truly thus doeth he write.

But to my purpose, I saie white as snowe
 Ben all her tethe, and in ordir thei stonde 800
 Of one stature, and eke her breth I trowe
 Surmountith all odours, that er I founde
 In swetenesse, and her body, face, and honde
 Ben sharply slendir, so that from the hedde
 Unto the fote, all is but womanhedde.

I holde my pece of othir thingis hidde,
 Here shal my soule, and not my tong bewraie;
 But how she was arraied, if ye me bidde,
 That shall I well discovir you and saie;
 A benche of gold and filke, full freshe and gaie, 810
 With her intresse ybroudirid full wele,
 Right smothly kept, and shynyng every dele.

About her necke a flower of freshe devise;
 With Rubies set, that lustie were to fene,
 And she in gounne was light and sommir wife,
 Shapin full wele, the colour was of grene,
 With aureat sent aboute her sidis clene,
 With divers stonis, precious and riche,
 Thus was she raied, yet sawe I ner her liche:

For if that Jove had this ladie yseine, 820
 Tho the faire Calisto, ne Alcmena,
 Thei never haddin in his armis leine,
 Ne he had lovid the faire Europa,
 Ye ne yet Danae ne Antiopa,
 For all ther beautie stode in Rosiall,
 She semid lich a thyng celestially,

In bountie, favour, porte and similineffe,
 Pleasunt of figure, mirrour of delite,
 Gracious to seen, rote of all gentilnesse,
 With angell visage, lustie, redde, and white, 830
 There was not lack, fause daungir had alite
 This godely freshe in rule and govirnaunce,
 And somdele straunge she was for her pleasaunce.

And truly sone I toke my leve and went,
 When she had me enquirid, what I was,
 For more and more impressin gan the dent
 Of lov's darte, while I behelde her face,
 And este againe I come to sekin grace,
 And up I put my bill, with sentence clere,
 That foloweth aftir, rede, and ye shall here. 840

O ye freshe lovelie, of beautie the rote,
 That nature hath formid so wele and made,
 Princes and quene, and ye that maie do bote
 Of all my langoure, with your wordis glad,
 Ye woundid me, ye made me wo bestad,
 Of grace redrelle my mortall grefe, as ye
 Of all my harme the very caucir be.

Now am I caught, and unware sodainly,
 With perfaunt stremis of your eyin clere, 850
 Subjecte to ben, and servin you mekely,
 And all your man, ywis my ladie dere,
 Abidyng grace, of whiche I you requere,

That

That mercilesse ye cause me not to sterue,
But guerdon me, liche as I maie deserve.

For by my trothe, the dayis of my breth
I am and will be your, in will and herte,
Pacient and meke for you to suffir deth,
If it require, now rue upon my smerte,
And this I swere, I nevyr shall out sterue
From lov's courte, for none adversitie,
So ye would rue on my distresse and me.

My destinie, my fate, and houre I blisse,
That have me set to ben obedient
Onely to you the floure of all ywis,
I trust to Venus nevyr to repent;
For evyr redy glad and diligent
Ye shall me finde in service to your grace,
Till deth my life out of my bodie rale.

Humble unto your excellence so digne,
Enforcing aye my wittis and delite
To serve and plesse with glad herte and benigne,
And ben as Troilus, Troie's worthie knight,
Or Antonie for Cleopatra bright,
And nevyr you me thinkis to renay,
Thus shall I kepe unto myne endyng day.

Enprint my speche in your memoriall
Sadly, my princes, salve of all my fore,
And thinke that for I would becomin thrall,
And ben your owne, as I have saied before,
Ye must of pitie cherishe more and more
Your man, and tendir attir his deserte,
And give hym corage for to ben experte.

For where that one hath set his herte on fire,
And findith neithir refute ne plesaunce,
Ne worde of comforte, deth will quite his hire,
Alas that there ne is none allegaunce
Of all ther wo, alas the grete grevaunce
To love, unloved! but ye, my ladie dere,
In other wise maie governe this matere.

Truly, gramercie, frende, of your gode will,
And of your profir in your humble wif,
But for your service, take and kepe it still,
And wher ye saie I ought you well to' cherishe
And of your grete the remedie devise,
I knowe not why, I n'am acquaintid well
With you, ne wote not sotily where ye dwell.

In art of love I write and songis make,
That maie be song in honour of the kyng,
And quene of love, and then I undirtake
He that is sadde, shall then full mery syng,
And daungirous not ben in every thyng,
Beseeche I you, but seen my will and rede,
And let your answere put me out of drede.

What is your name? reherse it here I praie,
Of whens and where, of what condicion
That ye ben of? let se come of, and saie,
Faine would I knowe your disposicion
Ye have put on your old entencion,
But whate ye mene, to serve me, I ne wote,
Saufe that ye saie, ye love me woundir hote.

My name alas, my herte why makes thou straunge
Philogenet I cal'd am ferre and nere,
Of Cambridge clerke, that nevyr thinke to chaunge
Fro you, that with your heavenly stremis clere
Ravishe myne herte and ghost, and all in fere,
Since at the first I write my bill for grace,
Me thinke I se some mercie in your face.

And what I mene, by God that al hath wrought,
My bille now makith finall mencion
That ye ben ladie in myne inward thought
Of all myne herte, withoutin offencion,
That I beste love, and have sith I begon
To drawe to courte, lo then what might I saie!
I yelde me here unto your high nobleye:

And if that I offende, or wilfully
By pompe of herte your precept disobaie,
Or doch againe your wille unskilfully,
Or grevin you for earnest or for plaie,
Correcte ye me right sharply then I praie,
As it is seen unto your womanhede,
And rewe on me, or els I n'am but dede.

Naie God forbede to fesse you so with grace;
And for a word of sugrid eloquence
To have compassion in so lityl space,
Then were it tyme that some of us wer hens,
Ye shall not finde in me soche insolence,
Aye, what is this, maie ye not suffre sight?
How maie ye loke upon the candill light,

That clere is and hottir then is myne eye?
And yet ye saied the bemis perfe and frete,
How shall ye then the candill light endrie?
For well wotte ye that hath the sharpir herte,
And there ye bidde me, you correct and bere,
If ye offende, naie that maie not be doen,
There come but few, that spedin here so sone.

Withdrawe your eye, withdrawe from presens eke,
Hurte not your self through foly with a loke,
I would be sory so to make you sicke,
A woman should beware eke whom she toke,
Ye beth a clerke, go serchin wel my boke,
If any women ben so light to winne,
Naie' abide a while, tho ye were all my kinne.

So sone ye maie not win myne hert in truth,
The guise of court will seen your stedfastnesse,
And as you doen to have upon you reuth,
Your owne deserte, and lowly gentilesse,
That will reward you joye for hevinessse,
And tho ye waxin pale; and grene, and dede,
Ye muste it use a while withoutin drede,

And it accept, and grutchin in no wif,
But whereas ye me hastily desire
To bene to love, me thinke ye be not wif,
Cese of your language cese I you requere,
For he that hath this xx yere bene here
May nat optaine, than marvaile I that ye
Be now so bold of love to trete with me.

A mercy, hert, my lady and my love,
My rightwif princeesse and my lyv's guide,
Nowe may I plein to Venus al above,
That routhles ye me gave this wounde so wide,
What have I done, why may it not betide,
That for my trouthe I may receivid be?
Alas than your daungit and cruiltie!

In woful houre I gote was welaway!
In woful hour toltirid and yfedde,
In woful hour yborne, that I ne may
My suplicacion swetely have yspedde,
The frosty grave and cold muste be my bedde;
Withoute ye list your grace and mercy shewe,
Death with his axe so faste on me doth hewe.

So grete disese and in so litil while,
So litil joy that felte I nevyr yet,

And

And at my wo Fortune ginnith to smyle,
That nevir arst I felte so harde a fitte,
Confoundid ben my spirites and my witte,
Til that my lady take me to her cure,
Whiche I love beste of erthely creature.

But that I like that may I not come by,
Of that I plain that have I habondaunce,
Sorowe and thought they sit me wondir nye, 990
Me is withhold that might be my plesaunce,
Yet turne again my worldly suffisaunce,
O lady bright, and saufe your faithful true,
And or I die yet ones upon me rewe.

With that I fell in founde, and dede as stone,
With coloure flaine and wanne as ashe pale,
And by the hande she caught me up anon,
Arise (qð she) what have ye dronkin dwale?
Why slepin ye? it is no nitirtale.
Now mercy swete (qð I) iwis affraied: 1000
What thing (qð she) hath made you so dismaied?

Now wote I wel that ye a lovir be,
Your hew is witnesse in this thing she said,
Yf ye were secret, ye might knowe (qð she)
Curteise and kinde all this shuld be aleide,
And now myne herte al that I have misseid
I shal amend, and set your herte in ese,
That worde it is (qð I) that doth me plesse.

But this I charge that ye the stentis kepe,
And breke them not for sloth nor ignoraunce, 1010
With that she gan to smile and laughin depe:
Ywis qð I) I will do your plesaunce,
The xvi statute doth we grete grevaunce,
But ye must that releffe or modifie:
I graunte (qð she) and so I wil truly.

And softely than her coloure gan appeire
As rose so red throughout her visage al,
Wherefore me thinketh that it is according here
That she of right be clepid Roial.
Thus have I wonne with wordis gret and smal
Some godely worde of her that I love best,
And trust she shall yet sette mine herte in rest.

GOth on, she said to Philobone, and take
This man with you, and lede him al aboute
Within the courte, and shewe him for my sake
What lovirs dwel within, and al the route
Of officers, for he is oute of doute
A straungir yet, come on (qð Philobone)
Philogenet, with me now must ye gon.

And stalking softely with esy pace I sawe 1030
Aboute the king ystondin environ
Attendaunce, Diligence, and ther fellow
Forthir Asperaunce, and many one,
Dred to offende there stode, and not alone,
For there was eke the cruil adversarye
The lovirs so that cleped is Displeasure,

Whiche unto me spake angrily and felle,
And said, my lady, me dissevin shall,
Trowest thou (qð she) that al that she did tell
Is true? nay nay but undir hony gall 1040
Thy birth and hers thei be nothing egal
Caste of thine herte, for all her wordis white,
For gode faith she lovith The but alite,

And eke remembre thine habillite
May not compare with her, this wel thou wot,
Ye than came Hope and said my frende, let be,

Beleve him not, Dispaire he ginnith dote.
Alas (qð I) here is both cold and hote!
The tone me biddith love, the toðir nay,
Thus wote I not what me is best to say. 1050

But wel wote I my lady grauntid me
Truly to be my wound's remedy,
Her gentilnesse may not infectid be
With doublenesse, thus trust I til I die.
So cast I voide dispairis company,
And takin hope to council and to frende,
Yea kepe that wel (qð Philobone) in minde.

And there beside, within a bay windowe
Stod one in grene ful large of bred and length,
His berd as black as fethirs of the Crow, 1060
His name was lust, of woundir might and strength,
And with Delite to argue there he thinkth,
For this was alway his opinion
That love was sinne, and so he hath begonne

To reson faste, and ledge auctorite.
Nay (qð Delite) love is a vertue clere,
And from the soule his progresse holdith he,
Blinde appetite of lust doth oftin stere,
And that is sinne, for reson lackith there,
For thou doest think thy neighbour's wife to
winne,
Yet thinke it wel that love may not be sinne.

For God and seint they love right verily,
Voide of al synne and vife, this know I well,
Affeccion of fleshe is sinne truly,
But verray love is vertue as I fele,
For verray love may freile desire ackele,
For love is love withoutin any sinne,
Nowe stint (qð Luste) thou spekest not worth
a pinne.

And there I left them in ther arguing,
Roming ferthir into the castil wide, 1080
And in a cornir Lier stode talking
Of lesings fast with Flattery there beside,
He said that women were attire of pride,
And men were founde of nature variaunte,
And coude be false, and shewin beau semblaunt.

Than flattery bespake and said iwis,
Se so she goth on patins faire and fete,
It doth right well, what pretty man is this,
That romith here? now truly drink ne mete
Nede I not have, mine herte for joye doth bete
Him to beholde, so is he godely freshe,
It semeth for love his herte is tendre and neshe.

This is the courte of lusty folke and glad,
And wel becometh ther abite and arraye,
O why be som so sory and so sadde,
Complaining thus in blak and white and gray?
Freris they ben and Monkis in gode fay,
Alas! for routh gret dole it is to sene,
To se them thus bewaile and sory bene!

Se how they crie and wring ther handis whit, 1100
For they so sone went to religion,
And eke the Nonnes with vail and wimple plight
Ther thought that they ben in confusion,
Alas! they fain we fain perfeccion
In clothis wide, and lacke our libertie!
But al the sinne more on our frendis be.

For Venus wote we wold as faine as ye,
That bene attirid here and wel be sene,
Desyrin man and love in our degre,

Ferre

Ferne and faithful, right as ywold the quene, 1110
Our frendis wicke in tendir youth and grene
Ayenst our will made us religious,
That is the cause we mourne and wailin thus.

Than saide the Monke and Freris in the tide
Wel may we curse our Abbis and our place,
Our statutes sharpe to sing in copis wide,
Chastely to kepe us oute of lov'is grace,
And nevir to fele comforte ne solace,
Yet suffre we the hete of lov'is fire,
And aftir othir happily we desire. 1120

O Fortune courlid, why nowe and wherfore
Hast thou, they said, berafte us libertie,
Sithe nature yave us instrument in store,
And appetite to love and lov'irs be?
Why mot we suffer soche adversite,
Diane to serve and Venus to refuse?
Ful oftin fythe this matier doth us muse.

We serve and honour sore ayenste our will
Of chastite the goddess and the quene, 1130
Us lesir were with Venus bidin stil,
And have reward for love and so get bene
Unto these women courtely freshe and shene,
Fortune, we curse thy whele of variaunce,
Ther we were wel thou revist our plesaunce.

Thus leve I them with voice of plaint and care
In raging wo cryng ful pitouly,
And as I yede ful nakid and ful bare
Some I beholde loking dispiteously,
On povirte that dedly cast ther eye,
And welaway they cried, and were not faine,
For they ne might ther glad desire attaine,

For lacke of richeffe worldly and of gode,
They banne and curse and wepe and fain alas!
That povertie hath us hent that whilom stode
At hert'is eke and fre and in gode case,
But now we dare not shew our selfe in place,
Ne us embolde to dwel in company,
There as our hert wold love right faithfully.

And yet againewarde shrikid every nonne,
The pange of love so strainith them to crie, 1150
Now wo the time (qð they) that we be boun,
This hateful orde nise wil doen us die,
We sigh and sobbe and bleding inwardly,
Fretting our selfe with thought and hard complaint,
That nye for love we waxin wode and faint.

And as I stode beholding here and there,
I was wate of a sorte ful languishing,
Savage, and wilde, of loking, and of chere,
Ther mantilles and ther clothisey tering,
And ofte they were of nature complaining, 1160
For they ther membirs lackid fote and hand,
With visage wry and blinde I undirstand.

They lackid shap and beautie to preferre
Them self in love, and said that God and kind
Hath forgid them to worshipping the sterre
Venus the bright, and leftin al behinde
His othir werkis clene and oute of minde,
For othir have ther full shappe and beautie,
And we (qð they) ben in deformite.

And nye to them there was a company, 1170
That have the sustirs waried and mislaide,
I mene the thre of fatall destine,
That be our werdis sodenly abraide

Oute gan they crie, as they had ben affraied,
We curse (qð they) that evir hath nature
Yformid us this wofull life to' endure.

And there he was, contrite, and gan repent,
Confessing whole the wounde that Cithere
Hath with the darte of hote desire him sent,
And howe that he to love muste subjeet be, 1180
Than held he al his skornis vanite,
And said that lov'irs lede a blissid life,
Yong men and olde, and widowe maid and wife.

Bereve me goddesse (qð he) of thy might
My skornis al and skoffis that I have,
No powir for to mockin any wight,
That in thy service dwel, for I did rave,
This knowe I wel right now, so God me save,
And I shal be the chief post of thy faith,
And love uphold, the revers who so faith. 1190

Dissemble stode not ferre from him in trouth,
With party mantil, party hode, and hofe,
And said he had upon his lady routh,
And thus he wound him in and gan to glose,
Of his ententful double I suppose,
And al the worlde he said he loved it wele,
But ay me thought he loved her nere adele.

Eke shamefastnesse was there, as I toke hede,
That blushid rede, and darst nat ben aknowe 1200
She lov'ir was, for therof had she drede,
She stode and hing her visage downe alowe,
But soche a sight it was to sene I trowe,
As of these rosis rody on ther stalke,
Ther coud no wight her spy to speke or talke.

In lov'is arte so gan she to abashe,
Ne durst not uttir al her privite,
Many a stripe and many a grevouise lashe
She gave to them that woldin lov'irs be,
And hindered fore the simple com'naltie, 1210
That in no wise durst grace and mercie crave,
For were not she, they nede but aske and have,

Where yf they now aprochin for to speke,
Than shamefastnesse returnith them again,
They thinke if we our secret counsel breke,
Our ladies wil have scorne on us certain,
And peravinture thinkin grete disdain,
Thus shamefastnesse may bringin in dispeire,
When she is dede the toðir will be heire,

Come forth, Avauntir, now I ring thy Bel, 1220
I spied him sone to God I make a vowe,
He lokid black as fendis doth in hell,
The firste (qð he) that evir did I wowe
Within a worde she come I wotte not how,
So that in armis was my lady fre,
And so hath ben a thoulande mo than she.

In England, Britain, Spain, and Picardie,
Artois, and Fraunce, and up in hie Holande,
In Burgoine, Naples, and in Italye,
Navarre, and Grece, and up in Hethin lond, 1230
Was nevir woman yet that wolde withstond
To ben at commaundement whan I wolde,
I lackid neithir silvir coigne ne gold.

And there I met with this estate and that,
And here I brochid her, and here, I trowe,
Lo! there goeth one of myn, and wotte ye what?
Yon freshe attirid have I leide ful lowe,
And soche one yondir eke right wel I knowe,
I kepte the statute whan we lay if ere,

And yet yon same hath made me right gode
chere. 1240

Thus hath Avauntir blowin every where
Al that he knoweth, and more a thousande fold,
His auncistrie of kinne was to lier,
For firste he makith promise for to hold,
His ladis council, and it not unfolde,
Wherefore the secrete when he doth unshutte,
Than lyith he that all the worlde maye witte.

For falsing so his promise and behest
I wondir fore he hath soche fantasie,
He lackith witte I trowe or is a beste, 1250
That can no bette himselfe with reson guy,
By mine advice love shall be contrarie
To his availe, and him eke dishonoure,
So that in courte he shall no more sojoure.

Take hede (qð she) this litil Philobone,
Where envie rockith in the cornir yonde,
And sittith derke, and ye shal se anone
His lene bodie, his fading face and honde,
Him self he frettith, as I undirstonde,
Witnesse of Ovide Metamorphosofe, 1260
The lovirs so he is, I wil not glose.

For where a lovir thinkith him promote,
Envie wil grutche repining at his wele,
It swellith fore about his hertis rote,
That in no wise he canne not live in hele,
And if the faithful to his lady stele,
Envie will noife and ringe it rounde aboute,
And sey moch worfe than done is out of doute.

And privie thought, rejoyfing of him selfe,
Stode not ferre thens in abite mervilous, 1270
Yon is, thought I, some spirite, or some else,
His sotil Image is so curious,
How is (qð I) that he is thadid thus
With yondir cloth I n'or of what coloure,
And nere I went, and gan to lere and pore.

And frainid him a question ful harde,
Whate is (qð I) the thing thou lovist beste?
Or what is bore unto thy painis harde?
Me thinke thou livist here in gret unrest,
Thou wandrist aye from south to est and west,
And est to northe as ferre as I canne se,
There is no place in Court may holdin The.

Whom folowest thou, wher is thy hert isat?
But my demaunde afoile I The require.
Me thought (qð he) no creature may let
Me to ben here and where as I desire,
For whare as absence hath done out the fire,
My mery thought it kindeleth yet againe,
That bodily me thinke with my soveraine,

I stand, and speke, and laugh, and kisse, and halfe,
So that my thought comfortith me ful oft,
I think, God wote, though al the world be false
I wil be true, I thinke also howe softe
My lady is in speche, and this on loft
Bringith mine herte with joie and gret gladnesse
This privey thought alaieth mine hevinesse.

And whate I thinke or where to be no man
In al this erthe can tel ywis but I,
And eke there n'is no swalow swift ne swan
So wight of wing, ne halfe so yerne can fle, 1300
For I canne ben and that right sodenly
In heven, in hell, in paradise, and here,
And with my lady whan I wil desire.

I am of counfel ferre, and wide I wote,
With lorde and lady, and ther privite,
I wotte it al, and be it hote or colde,
They shall not speke without licence of me,
I myne in soche as sefonable be,
For firste the thing is thought within the hert,
Er any worde oute from the mouth asterte. 1310

And what that word thought bad farewell and yede,
Eke furthe went I to sene the court's guife,
And at the dore came, in so God me spede,
Twenty courteours of age, and of assise,
Liche high and brode, and as I me advise,
The goldin love, and ledin love they hight,
The tone was sad, the t'oðir glad and light.

Yes draw your hert, with all your force and might
To lustinesse, and ben as ye have seid,
And thinke that I no drope of favour hight, 1320
Ne ner had unto your desire obeide,
Til sodenly me thought me was affraied
To sene you waxe so dede of countinaunce,
And pite bade me done you some plesauce.

Oute of her shrine she rose from deth to live,
And in mine ere ful privily she spake,
Doth not your servaunt hens away to drive,
Rosial (qð she) and than mine herte brake,
For tendiriche, and where I founde moch lacke
In your persone, then I my self bethought, 1330
And saide this is the man myne herte hath
sought.

Gramercy Pite might I not suffice
To yeve due laude unto thy shrine of golde,
God wotte I wold, for fith that ye did rise
From deth to live for me I am behold
To thankin you a thousand tymis tolde,
And eke my lady Rosial the shene,
Whiche hath in comforte set mine herte I wene.

And here I make myne protestacion,
And depely swere as mine powir to bene 1340
Faithful devoide of variacion,
And her forbere in angir or in tene,
And serviceable to my world's quene,
With al my reson and intelligence,
To done her honour high and reverence.

I had not spoke so sone the worde, but she,
My soverain did thanke me hertily,
And said abide, ye shal dwelle still with me,
Till sefon come of May, for than truly,
The king of love and al his company 1350
Shall holde his feste ful rially and welle,
And there I bode til that the sefon felle.

ON May-day whan the larke began to ryse,
To Matins went the lusty Nightingal,
Within a temple shapin hauthorn wise,
He might not slepe in all the nyghtirtale,
But *Domine labia* gan he crie and gale,
My lippis opin, lord of love, I crie,
And let my mouth thy prising now bewrye.

The Egle sang *Venite* bodies al, 1360
And let us joye to love that is oure helth
And to the deske anon they gan to fall,
And who came late he precid in by stelth,
Then saied the Faucon our owen hertis welth
Domine Dominus noster, I wote,
Tē be the God that donne us brenne thus hote.

Cæli enarrant said the Poppingay,
Your might is told in heven and firmament,
And then came in the goldfinche freshe and gay
And saied this Psalme with herrtely glad intent,
Domini est terra, This latin intent,
The God of love hath yerth in gouvraunce,
And than the Wren gan scippin and to daunce,

Jube Domine, O Lorde of love I pray
Commaunde me wel this lesson for to rede,
This legende is of al that woldin dye
Martirs for love, God yef the foulis spede,
And to The Venus singe we oute of drede,
By influence of al thy vertue grete,
Beseching The to kepe us in our hete. 1380

The seconde lesson Robin Redebreste sang,
Hail to the God and Goddes of our lay,
And to the lectorn amorily he sprang,
Hail (qð he) O thou freshe selson of May,
Our monith glad, that singin on the spray,
Hail to the flouris rede and white and blewe,
Whiche by ther vertue makith our lust new.

The thirde lesson the Turtill dove toke up,
And therat lough the Mavis in a scorne,
He said O God as mote I dine or suppe, 1390
This solishe Dove wil gife us al an horne,
There bin right here a M. bettir borne
To rede this lesson, whiche as wel as he,
And eke as hote, can love in al degre.

The Turtill dove said, welcom, welcom May,
Gladfom and light to lovirs that ben trewe,
I thanke the lord of love that doth purvey
For me to rede this lesson al of dewe,
For in gode soth of corage I pursue
To serve my make, tyll deth us must departe,
And than *Tu autem* sang he al aparte.

Te Deum amoris sang the Thrustil cocke,
Tuball him self the firste Musician
With key of armony coude not on locke
So swete a tewhe as that the Thrustil can,
The lorde of love we praisin (qð he) than,

And so done al the foulis gret and lite
Honour we May in fals lovirs dispite.

Dominus regnavit said the Pecoche there,
The lord of love that mighty prince was,
He is recevid here and every where. 1410
Nowe *Jubilate* sang, what menith this?
Said than the Lynet, welcom Lord of blisse,
Oute sterte the Owle with *Benedicite*,
What menith al this mery fare (qð he.)

Laudate sang the Larke with voice ful shril,
And eke the Kight O *admirabile*,
This quire wil throw min eris pers and thril,
But what? welcom this May selson (qð he)
And honoure to the lord of love mote be, 1420
That hath this feste so solempne and so hie,
Amen said al, and so said eke the Pic.

And forth the Cockowe gan procede anon,
With *Benedictus* thanking God in hast,
That in this May wolde visite them echon,
And gladdin them al while the fest shal last,
And therwithal a laughtir oute he braste,
I thanke it God that I shuld ende the song,
And al the Service whiche hath ben so long.

Thus sang they al the service of the feste, 1430
And that was done right erly to my dome,
And furth goth al the courte both most and lest,
To fetch the flouris fresh, and braunch, and blome,
And namely hauthorn brought both page and
grome,
With fresh garlantis party blew and white
And than rejoyfin in ther grete delite.

Eke eche at othir threwe the flouris bright,
The Prymerose, the Violete and the gold,
So than as I beheld the roial sight,
My lady gan me sodenly behold, 1440
And with a trewe love, plitid many' a folde,
She smot me through the very herte as blive,
And Venus yet I thanke I am alive.

Explicit.



CHAUCER'S Dreame, never before the Year 1597. Printed.
That which heretofore hath gone under the name of
his Dreame, is the Book of the Duchesse: or the Death
of *Blanch*, Duchesse of *Lancaster*.

This Dreame devised by CHAUCER, semeth to be a covert report of the Marriage of *John of Gaunt* the King's sonne, with *Blanch* the daughter of *Henry* Duke of *Lancaster*, who after long love, (during the time wherof the Poet faineth them to be dead) were in the end by consent of friends happily married: figured by a bird bringing in her bill an hearbe, which restored them to lyfe againe. Here also is shewed CHAUCER's match with a certain Gentlewoman, who although she was a stranger, was notwithstanding so well liked and loved of the Lady *Blanch*, and her Lord, as CHAUCER himselfe also was, that gladly they concluded a marriage betweene them.

When Flora the quene of plesaunce,
Had whole achievid th' obeysaunce,
Of the fresh and the new felon,
Thorow out every region,
And with her mantle whole covert
That wintir made had discovert,
Of avinture withoutin light,
In May I lay upon a night,
Alone, and on my lady thought,
And how the Lord that her ywrought,
Couth well entayle in Imagery,
And shewid had grete mailltiry,
When he in so litil a space
Made such a body and a face,
So grete beautie with swich fetures,
More than in othir creatures.
And in my thoughtis as I lay,
Within a lodge out of the way,
Beside a well in a forest,
Where aftir hunting I toke rest,
Nature and kind so in me wrought,
That halfe on slepe they me ybrought,
And gan to dreame to my thinking
With mind of knowliche like making:
For what I dremid, as me thought,
I saw it, and I sleptin nought,
Wherefore is yet my full beleve,
That some gode spirit that ilke eve
By mene of some curious port,
Bare me, where I saw payne and sport:
But whether it were I woke or slept,
Well wot I oft I lough and wept,
Wherefore I woll in remembrance,
Put whole the payne, and the plesaunce,
Which was to me axin and hele,
Would God ye wist it everydele;
Or at the lest, ye might o night
Of such anothir have a sight,
Although it were to you a payne,
Yet on the mo'row, ye would be fayne,
And wish that it might long endure,
Then might ye say ye had gode cure,
For he that dremes, and wenes he se,
Mochil the bettir yet maie he
Ywit what, and of whom, and where,
And eke the lasse it woll hindere,
To thinke I se this with mine eene,
Iwis this may not dremè kene,

But signe or a signifaunce,
Of hasty thing founing plesaunce;
For on this wise upon a night,
As ye have herd withoutin light,
Not all wakyng, ne full on slepe,
About such hour as lovits wepe,
And crie aftir thier ladies grace,
Betell me tho this wondir cace,
Which ye shall here and all the wise,
So wholly as I can devise:
In playne English evill writtin,
For slepe writir well ye wittin
Excusid is, though he do mis,
More than one whiche that waking is,
Wherefore here of your gentilnesse,
I you requyre my boistousnesse
Ye lettin passe, as thinge rude,
And herith what I woll conclude,
And of the endityng takerh no hode,
Ne of the termes, so God you spede,
But let all passe as nothing were,
For thus befell, as you shall here.

Within an yle methought I was,
Where wall, and yate was all of glasse,
And so was closid round about,
That levelesse none come in ne out;
Uncouth and straunge to behold,
For every yate of fine gold,
A thousand labris, aie turning,
Entunid had, and briddes finging,
Divers, and on eche, fane a paire,
With opin mouth again the aire;
And of a sute were all the toures,
Subtily corvin aftir floures,
Of uncouth colours, during aye,
That nevir ben none sene in May,
With many a small turret hie;
But man on live could I non sie,
Ne creturis, save ladies play,
Which werin such of ther array,
That as me thought of godelihed,
They passeden all, and womanhed,
For to behold them daunce and sing,
It semid like none erthly thing,
Such was ther uncouth countinaunce,
In every play of right usaunce,

And

And of one age everichone
 They semid all save onely one,
 Which had of yeris suffisaunce,
 For she might neythir sing ne daunce,
 But yet her countenaunce was so glad,
 As she so fewe yeris had had,
 As any ladie that was there,
 And as litil it did her dere,
 Of lustines to laugh and tale,
 As she had full stufid a male
 Of disportis and new playis:
 Faire had she ben in her dayis,
 And maistresse semid well to be
 Of all that lusty companie,
 And so she might, I you ensure,
 For one the conningist cature
 She was, and so said everichone,
 That er her knew, there failid none,
 For she was sober, and well avised,
 And from every fault disguised,
 And nothing used but faith and truth,
 That she n'as young it was grete ruth,
 For every where, and in ech place,
 She govirnid her, that in grace
 She stode alway with pore and riche,
 That at a word was none her liche,
 Ne halfe so' able maistres to be,
 To such a lusty companie.

Befell me so, when I avised
 Yhad the yle that me suffised,
 And whole th' estate every where,
 That in the lusty yle was there,
 Which was more wondir to devise,
 Than is the joyous paradise,
 I dare well say; for floure he tre,
 Ne thing wherein pleasaunce might be,
 There faylid none, for every wight,
 Had they desirid, day and night,
 Richis and helle, beauty and ese,
 With every thing that them might plesse,
 But thinke and have, it cost no more,
 In such a country there before
 Had I not ben ne herdin tell,
 That livis creature might dwell.
 And when I had thus all about
 The yle avised thoroughout,
 The state, and how they were arayed,
 In my hert I wexe well appayed,
 And in my selfe I me assured,
 That in my body' I was well ured,
 Sithin I might have such a grace,
 To se the ladies and the place,
 Which were so faire, I you ensure,
 That to my dome though that nature
 Would evir strive and do her paine,
 She should not con ne mow attaine
 The lest feture for to amend,
 Though she would all her conning spende,
 That unto beautie might availe,
 It were but paine and lost travaile,
 Such part in ther nativite
 Was then alargid of beautie,
 And eke they had a thing notable,
 Unto ther deth ay durable,
 And was, that ther beauty should dure,
 Which was never sepe in cature,
 Save onily there (as I trow)
 It ne hath not be wist ne know,
 Wherefore I praise with ther conning
 That during beautie, richè thing,
 Had they ben of ther lives certaine,
 They had ben quite of every paine,

And when I wend thus all have sene,
 The state, the riches, that might bene,
 That me thought impossible were
 To se one thing more than was there,
 That to beautie or glad conning
 Serve or availe might any thing,
 All sodainly, as I there stode,
 This lady, that couth so much gode,
 Unto me came with smiling chere,
 And said *benedicite!* this yere
 Saw I never man here but you,
 Tell me how ye come hiðir now?
 And your name, and where that ye dwell?
 And whom ye seke eke mote ye tell,
 And how ye come be to this place,
 The soth well told may cause you grace,
 And ellis ye mote prifoner be
 Unto the ladies here, and me,
 That have the governaunce of this yle:
 And with that word she gan to smile,
 And so did all the lusty rout
 Of ladies that stode her about.
 Madame (qð I) this night ypast,
 Lodgid I was and slepte fast,
 In a forest beside a well,
 And now am here, how should I tell,
 Wot I not by whose ordinance,
 But onely fortune's purveiance,
 Which puttith many, as I gesse,
 To travaile, paine, and businesse,
 And lettith nothing for ther truth,
 But some sleeth eke, and that is ruth,
 Wherefore I doubt her brittilnes,
 Her variance and unstedfastnes,
 So that I am as yet afraid,
 And of my beyng here amaid,
 For wondir thing it semith me,
 Thus many fresh ladies to se,
 So faire, so cunning, and so yong,
 And no man dwelling them among:
 N'ot I not how I hiðir come,
 Madame (qð I) this all and some,
 What should I faine a long processe,
 To you that seme such a princeffe?
 What plesith you commaund or say,
 Here I am redy to obay,
 To my powir, and all fulfill,
 And prifonir bide at your will,
 Till you duly enformid be
 Of every thing ye aske me.

This lady there right well apaid,
 Me by the hande ytoke, and said,
 Welcome prifoner adventurus,
 Right glad am I ye have said thus,
 And for ye doubt me to displese,
 I will assay to do you ese:
 And with that word, ye right anon,
 She, and the ladies everichon,
 Assemblid, and to counsaile went,
 And aftir that sone for me sent,
 And to me said on this manere,
 All word for word, as ye shall here.

To se you here us thinke marvaile;
 And how withoutin bote or faile,
 By any subtilty or wyle,
 Ye get have entre in this yle,
 But not for that, yet shall ye se,
 That we gentill women ybe,
 Loth to displese any wight,
 Notwithstanding our grete right;
 And for ye shall well undirfond
 The olde custome of this lond,

Which hath continued many yere,
Ye shall well wete that with us here
Ye may not bide, for causis twaine,
Which we be purposed you to saine.

The one is this, our ordinance,
Which is of long continuance,
Ne wolle not, sothly we you tell,
That no man here among us dwell,
Wherefore ye mote nedis retourne,
In no wise may you here sojourne.

The othir is eke, that our Quene,
Out of the Relme, as ye maie sene,
Is, and may be to us a charge,
If we let goe you here at large,
For whiche cause the more we doubt
To doe a fault while she is out,
Or suffir that may be noysance,
Againe our old accustomance.

And when I had these causis twaine
Yherd, O God, what mochil paine
All sodainly about mine hert
There came at onis, and how smert !
In creping soft as who should stele,
Or doe me robbe of all mine hele,
And made me in my thought so fraid,
That in courage I stode dismaid.
And standing thus, as was my grace,
A Lady came more than apace,
With a huge preise her about,
And told how that the Quene without
Was arivid, and would come in,
Well were they that hiȝir might twin,
They hied so they would not abide
The bridiling ther horse to ride,
By five, by sixe, by two, by thre,
There was not one abode with me,
The quene to mete everichone
They went, and bode with me not one,
And I went aftir a soft pale, :

Imagining how to purchase
Grace of the Quene, there to abide,
Till gode fortune some happy guide
Me sendin might, that would me bring
Where I was borne to my wonning,
For way ne fote ne knew I none,
Ne whithirward I n'ist to gone,
For all was Se about the yle,
No wondir though me list not smile,
Seing the case uncouth and straunge,
And so in like a perilous chaunge,
Imagi'ning thus walking alone,
I saw the Ladies everichone,
So that I might somewhat offer,
Sone aftir that I drew me nere,
And tho I was ware of the Quene,
And how the Ladies on ther knene,
With joyous words, gladly advised,
Her welcomed so that it suffised,
Though she the princes whole had be
Of all environed is with Se:
And thus avising, with chere sad,
All sodainly I was right glad,
That gretir joy, as mote I thrive,
I trow had nevir man on live,
Than I tho, ne an hert more light,
When of my lady I had sight,
Which with the Quene ycome was there,
And in one clothing both they were,
A knight also there well besene,
I saw that come was with the Quene,
Of whom the Ladies of that yle
Had hugè wondir a long while,
Till at the last right sobirly
The Quene her self full cunningly,

240 With softe wordis in gode wise,
Said to the Ladies yong and nise,
My sistirs, how it hath befall,
I trow ye know it one and all,
That of long time here have I bene,
Within this yle bidding as Quene,
Living at ese, that nevir wight
More parfit joy havin ne might,

250 Aftir our custome and our low,
Which how they first yfoundin were,
I trow ye wote all the manere,
And who the Quene is of this yle,
As I have ben this longè while,
Ech sevin yeres mote of usage,

260 Vifit the heavenly armitage,
Which on a rock so high ystonds,
In strangè Se out from all londs,
That to makin the pilgrimage,
Is called a long per'ulous viage ;

270 For if the wind be not gode frend,
The journey duris to the end
Of him whiche that it undirtakes,
Of twenty thousand one not scapes,
Upon which rock growith a tre,
That certaine yeres beres applis thre,

280 Which thre applis who so may have,
Ben from all displeaunce ysave,
That in the sevin yere may fall,
This wote ye well bothe one and all,
For the first apple and the hext,
Which ygrowith unto you next,
Yhath thre vertues notable,
And kepith youth aie durable,
Beauty and loke evir in one,
And is the best in everichone.

290 The second apple red and grene,
Onely with lokis of your yene
You nourishis in grete plefaunce,
Bettir than Partridge or Fesaunce,
And fedis every liv'is wight,
Plesantly onely with the sight.

300 And the third apple of the thre,
Which growith lowist on the tre,
Who it beris ne may not faile,
That to his plefaunce may availe,
So your pleisure and beauty rich,
Your during youth evir yliche,

310 Your truth, your cunning, and your wele,
Hath aye flourid, and your gode hele,
Without sicknes, or displeaunce,
Or thing that to you was noysaunce,
So that you have as goddesses,
Livid above all princesses:

320 Now is befall, as ye may se,
To gathir these said applis thre
I have not failed againe the day,
Thithirward is to take the way,
Wening to spede as I had oft,

330 But when I come, I find aloft
My sistir, which that here ystands,
Having those applis in her hands,
Avising them, and nothing said,
But lokid as she were well paid :

340 And as I stode her to behold,
Thinking how my joyis were cold,
Sith I those applis have ne might,
Evin with that so came this knight,
And in his armes of me aware
Me toke, and to his ship me bare,
And said, though him I ner had sene,
Yet had I long his lady ben,

Wherefore

Wherefore I should with him ywend,
 And he would to his liv'is end
 My servant be, and gan to sing,
 As one that had wonne a rich thing :
 Tho were my spirits fro me gone
 So sodainly everichone,
 That in me apperid but deth,
 For I felt neithir life ne breth,
 Ne gode ne harme none I knewe,
 The sodaine paine me was so new,
 That had not the hasty grace be
 Of this lady, that fro the tre
 Of her gentillesse so hyid,
 Me to comfort, I had dyid,
 And of her thre applis she one
 Into mine hand there put anone,
 Which brought againe my mind and breth,
 And me recovered from the deth ;
 Wherefore to her so am I hold,
 That for her all things do I wold,
 For she was lech of all my smert,
 And from grete paine so quite mine hert,
 And as God wote, right as ye here,
 Me to comfort with frendly chere
 She did her prowesse and her might,
 And truly eke so did this knight,
 In that he couth, and oftyn said,
 That of my wo he was ill paid,
 And curst the ship that them there brought,
 The mast, the mastir that it wrought ;
 And as ech thing mote have an end,
 My sistir here your brothir frend,
 Con with her words so womanly
 This knight entrete and conningly,
 For mine honour and his also,
 And said that with her we should go
 Both in her ship, where she was brought,
 Which was so wondirfully wrought,
 So clene, so rich, and so araid,
 That we were both content and paid,
 And me to comfort and to plesse,
 And mine hert for to put at ese,
 She toke grete paine in litil while,
 And thus hath brought us to this yle,
 As ye may se : wherefore echone
 I pray you thanke her one and one,
 As hertly as ye can devise,
 Or imagine in any wise.
 At once there tho men mightin seen,
 A world of Ladies fall on kneen,
 Fore my Lady that there about
 Was left none standing in the rout,
 But altogether they went at ones
 To knele, they spared not for the stones,
 Ne for estate, ne for ther blode,
 Well shewid there they couth much gode :
 To my Lady they made such fest,
 And with such wordis, that the left
 So frendly and so faithfully
 Ysaid was, and so cunningly,
 That wondir was seing ther youth,
 To here the language that they couth ;
 And wholly how they governed were,
 In thanking of my Lady there,
 And said by will and maundement,
 They were at her commaundement,
 Which was to me as grete a joy,
 As winning of the toun of Troy
 Was to the hardy Grekis strong,
 When they it wan with siege long,
 To se my Lady in such a place,
 And so recevid as she was.
 And when they talkid had a while
 Of this and that, and of the yle,

My lady, and the ladies there,
 Altogithir as they ywere,
 The Quene her self began to play,
 And to the agid lady say :
 390 Now semith you not gode it were,
 Sith we be altogithir here,
 To ordaine and devise the best,
 To set this knight and me at rest,
 For *woman is a feble wight*
 To *vere a warre against a knight*,
 And sith he here is in this place,
 At my left in dangir, or grace,
 470 It were to me grete villany,
 To do him any tyranny ;
 But faine I would, now will ye here,
 In his owne country that he were,
 And I in pece, and he at ese,
 This were a way us both to plesse :
 If it might be, I you besече,
 With him hereof you fall in speche.
 This lady tho began to smile,
 Avising her a litil while,
 480 And with glad chere she said anone,
 Madam, I will unto him gone,
 And with him speke, and oftyn fele ;
 What he desiris every dele :
 And sobirly this lady tho
 Her selfe, and othir ladies two
 She toke with her, and with sad chere,
 Said to the knight on this manere.
 Sir, the grete princes of this yle,
 Whom for your plesance many mile
 490 Ye sought have, as I undirstond,
 Till at the last ye have her fond,
 Me sent hath here, and ladies twaine,
 To herin all thing that ye faine,
 And for what cause ye have her sought,
 Faine would she wote, and whole your thought,
 And why you do her all this wo,
 And for what cause you be her so,
 And why of every wight unware,
 By force ye to your ship her bare,
 500 That she so nigh ywas agone,
 430 That mind ne spech ne had she none,
 But as a painfull creature,
 Dying, abode her advinture,
 That her to se indure that paine,
 Here we all say unto you plaine,
 Right on your selfe ye did amisse,
 Seing how she a princes is ?
 This knight the which ycowth his gode,
 Right of his truth mevid his blode,
 510 That pale he woxe as any led,
 440 And lok't as tho he wold be ded,
 Blode was there none in nothir cheke,
 Wordlesse he was and semid sicke,
 And so it provid well he was,
 For without moving any paas,
 All sodainly as thing dying,
 He fell at onis downe fowning,
 That for his wo this lady fraid
 Unto the quene her hyed and said,
 520 Cometh on anon as have you blisse,
 450 But ye be wise, thing is amisse,
 This knight is ded or will be sone,
 Lo ! where he lyith in a swone,
 Withoutin word, or answiring
 To that I have said any thing !
 Wherefore I doubt moche that the blame
 Might be hindiring to your name,
 Which flourid hath so many yere,
 So longe that for nothing here
 530 I would in no wise that he dyed.
 460 Wherefore it gode were that he hyed,

His

His life to fain at the lest,
 And aftir that his wo be cest,
 Commaundith him to voide, or dwell,
 For in no wise dare I more mell
 Of thing wherein such perill is,
 As like is now to fall of this.
 This Quene right tho full of grete fere,
 With all the ladies present there,
 Unto the knight came where he lay,
 And made a Lady to him say:
 Lo! here the Quene awake for shame,
 What will you doe, is this gode game?
 Why lye you here, what is your mind?
 Now is well fene your wit is blind,
 To se so many Ladies here,
 And ye to make none othir chere;
 But as ye set them all at nought,
 Arise, for his love that you bought:
 But what she said, a word not one
 He spake, ne answere gave her none.
 The Quene of very pitty tho,
 Her worship, and his life also
 To fain there she did her paine,
 And quoke for fere, and gan to faine:
 For woe alas! what shall I doe!
 What shall I say this man unto!
 If he die here, lost is my name,
 How shal I play this perillous game?
 If any thing be here amisse,
 It shall be said it rigour is,
 Whereby my name impayrin might,
 And like to die eke is this knight:
 And with that word her hand she laid
 Upon his brest, and to him said,
 Awake my knight, lo! it am I,
 That to you speke, now tell me why
 Ye faire thus, and this paine endure,
 Seing you be in country sure,
 Among such frends that would you hele,
 Your hert is ese eke and your wele?
 And if I wist what you might ese,
 Or know the thing that you might plesse,
 I you ensure it should not faile,
 That to your hele you might availle:
 Wherefore with all my hert I pray
 Ye rise, and let us talke and play,
 And se how many Ladies here
 Be comin for to make gode chere.
 All was for nought, for still as stone
 He lay, and word ne spoke he none,
 Long while was or he might braid,
 And of all that the Quene had said
 He wist no word, but at the last,
 O mercy twise he cryid fast,
 That pittie was his voice to here,
 Or to behold his painefull chere,
 Which was not feined was well to sein,
 Both by his visage and his eyn,
 Which on the Quene at once he cast,
 And sighid as he would to braft,
 And aftir that eke he shright so,
 That wondir was to se his wo,
 For sithin that payne was first named,
 Was ner more wofull payne attained,
 For with voyce ded he gan to plaine,
 And to himselfe these wordis saine;
 I wofull wight full of malure,
 Am worse than ded, and yet I dure,
 And maugre any paine or deth,
 Against my will I fele my breth:
 Why n'am I ded sith I ne serve,
 And sith my lady will me sterve?
 Where art thou deth, art thou agast?
 Well shall we mete yex at the last,

Though thou The hide, it is for nought,
 For where thou dwelst, thou shalt be sought,
 Maugre thy subtill double face,
 Here will I die right in this place, 610
 To thy dishonour and myne ese,
 Thy mannir is no wight to plesse,
 What nedis The sith I The seche,
 So The to hide my payne to eche?
 And well wost thou I will not live,
 Who would me all this world here give,
 For I have with my cowardise
 Lost joy, and hele, and my servise,
 And made my soveraigne Lady so, 620
 That while she lives I trow my fo
 She will be evir to her end,
 Thus have I neithir joy ne frend;
 Wote I not whethir hast or sloth
 Hath causid this now by my troth, 550
 For at the hermitage full hie,
 When I her saw first with myne eye,
 I hyid till I was aloft,
 And made my pace small and soft,
 Till in mine armes I had her fast,
 And to my ship bare at the last, 630
 Whereof she was displeid so,
 That endles there semid her wo:
 And I thereof had so grete fere,
 That me repent that I come there, 560
 Which hast I trow gan her displese,
 And is the cause of my disese:
 And with that word he gan to cry,
 Now deth, deth, come twyis or thry,
 And motrid I n'ot what of slouth,
 And even with that the Quene of routh 640
 Him in her armis toke and sayd,
 Now mine owne knight be' not ill apayd,
 That I a lady to you sent,
 To have knowledge of your entent, 570
 For in gode faith I men't but well,
 And would ye wist it every dele,
 Nor will not do to you ywis,
 And with that word she gan him kisse,
 And prayed him rise, and said she would
 His welfare by her truth, and told 650
 Him how she was for his disese
 Right fory, and faine would him plesse,
 His lyfe to save: these wordis tho,
 She said to him, and many mo, 580
 In comforting, for from the paine,
 She would he were delivered faine;
 The knight tho up ycast his een,
 And when he saw it was the Quene,
 That to him had these wordis said,
 Right in his wo he gan to braid, 660
 And him up dressis for to knele,
 The Quene avising wondir wele:
 But as he rose he ovirthrew,
 Wherefore the Quene yet eft anew 590
 Him in her armis anone toke,
 And pitiously gan on him loke,
 But for all that nothyng she sayd,
 Ne spake not like she were well payd,
 Ne no chere made, nor sad, ne light,
 But all in one to every wight, 670
 There was fene conning, with estate,
 In her without noyse or debate,
 For save onely a loke piteous
 Of womanhed undispiteous, 600
 That she showid in countenance,
 For semed her hert from obeifance,
 And not for that she did her reine,
 Him to recovir from the peine,
 And his hert for to put at large,
 For her entent was to his barge 680
 Him

Him for to bryng agaynst the eve,
 With certaine ladies, and take leve;
 And pray him of his gentilnesse,
 To suffir her thenceforth in pece,
 As othir Princis had before,
 And from thenceforth for evirmore,
 She would him worship in all wise,
 That gentilnesse ymight devise,
 And payne her wholly to fulfill,
 In honour, his plesure, and will.
 And during thus this knightis wo,
 Present the Quene and othir mo,
 My lady' and many' an othir wight,
 Ten thousand shippis at a sight,
 I saw come oer the wawy fode
 With sayle and ore, that as I stode
 Them to behold, I gan marvaile,
 From whom might come so many' a faile;
 For sith the tyme that I was bore,
 Such a navie there ne're before
 Had I not sene, ne so arayed,
 That for the sight my hert yplayed,
 Aye to and fro within my brest,
 For joy, long was or it would rest,
 For there was saylis full of floures,
 Aftir castils with huge toures,
 Yfeming full of armis bright,
 That wondir lusty was the sight,
 With large toppis, and mastis long,
 Richly depeint, and reare among
 At certaine timis gan repayre,
 Smale birdis doune from the aire,
 And on the shippis bounds about
 Yfate and song with voyce full out
 Ballades and Layes right joyously,
 As they couth in ther harmony,
 That you to write that I there se,
 Mine excuse is, it may not be.
 For why? the mattir were to long,
 To name the birds and write ther song;
 Whereof anon the tydings there
 Unto the Quene sone brought ywere,
 With many' alas, and many' a doubt,
 Shewing the shippis there without;
 Tho gan the agid lady wepe,
 And said alas! our joy on slepe,
 Sone shal be brought, ye long or night,
 For we discried ben by this knight,
 For certes it may none othir be,
 But he is of yond companie,
 And they be come him here to seche,
 And with that word her faylid speche;
 Without reme'dy we be destroid,
 Full oft said all, and gan conclude,
 Wholy at onis at the last,
 That best was shifit ther yatis fast,
 And arme them all in gode langage,
 As they had done of old usage,
 And of fayre wordis make ther shot,
 This was ther counsaile and the knot,
 And othir purpose toke they none,
 But armid thus forth they all gone
 Toward the wallis of the yle,
 But or they comin there long while,
 They mettin the grete lord of bove;
 That callid is the God of Love,
 That them avisid with such chere,
 Right as he with them angry were,
 Avayled them not ther wals of glasse,
 This mighty lord let not to passe,
 The shutting of ther yatis fast,
 All they had ordained was but wast,
 For when his ships had foundin land,
 This lord anon with bow in hand,

Into this yle with huge prese,
 Yhyid fast, and would not cese,
 Till he came there the knight ylay,
 Of Quene ne lady by the way
 Toke he no hede but forth he past,
 And yet all followed at the last,
 And when he came where lay the knight,
 Well shewid he, he had grete might,
 And forth the Quene callid anone,
 And all the ladies everichone;
 And to them said, is not this routh,
 To se my servaunt for his trowth
 Thus lene, thus sicke, and in this payne,
 And wor not unto whom to playne,
 Save onely one withoutin mo,
 Which might him hele, and is his fo?
 And with that word, his hevy brow
 He shewed the Quene, and lokid row,
 This mighty lord forth tho anone,
 With o loke her faultis echone,
 He can her shew in litil spech,
 Commaunding her to be his lech;
 Withoutin more, shortly to say,
 He thought the Quene sone should obay,
 And in his hond he shoke his bow,
 And said right sone he would be know,
 And for she had so long refused
 His service, and his lawes not used,
 He let her wit that he was wroth,
 And bent his bow and forth he goth
 A pace or two, and evin there
 A large draught, up to his ere,
 He drew, and with an arrow ground
 Bothe sharpe and new the Quene a wound
 He gave, that perfed unto the hert,
 Which aftirward full fore gan smert,
 And was not whole of many yere,
 And even with that, be of gode chere,
 My knight, q'ð he, I will The hele,
 And The restore to parfite wele,
 And for ech payne thou hast endured,
 To have two joies thou art enured,
 And forth he passid by the rout,
 With sobir chere walking about:
 And what he said I thought to here,
 Well wist he which his servaunts were,
 And as he passed anon he fond,
 My lady', and her toke by the hond,
 And made her chere as a Goddes,
 And of beaute called her princes,
 Of bounty eke gave her the name,
 And sayd there was nothyng to blame
 In her, but she was vertuous,
 Saving she would no pity use,
 Which was the cause that he her fought,
 To put that far out of her thought;
 And sithin she had whole richesse
 Of womanhed, and frendlinesse,
 He said it was nothing fitting,
 To void pity his owne leggyng,
 And gan her prech, and with her play,
 And of her beauty told her aie,
 And said she was a creature,
 Of whom the name should endure,
 And in bokis full of plesaunce,
 Be put for er in remembraunce,
 And as me thoughtin more frendly,
 Unto my lady, and godelily
 He spake, than any that was there,
 And for the' applis, I trow, it were,
 That she had in possession,
 Wherefore long in procession,
 Many a pace arme undir other,
 He welke, and so did with none other,

But what he would commaund or say,
 Forthwith nedis all must obay,
 And what he desired at the lest
 Of my lady, was by request,
 And when they long together had bene,
 He brought my lady to the Quene,
 And to her said, so God you spede,
 Shew grace and consent, that is nede;
 My lady tho full conningly,
 Right well avised, and womanly
 Downe gan to knele upon the floures,
 Which Aprill nourished had with shoures,
 And to this mighty lord gan say,
 That plesith you, I woll obay,
 And me restraine from othir thought,
 As ye woll all thyng shall be wrought,
 And with that word kneling she quoke.
 That mighty lord in armes her toke,
 And said you have a servaunt one,
 That truir living is there none,
 Wherefore gode were, seing his trowth,
 That on his painis ye had routh,
 And purpose you to here his spech,
 Fully avised him to lech,
 For of one thyng ye may be sure,
 He will be yours, while he may dure:
 And with that word right on his game
 Me thought he lough, and told my name,
 Which was to me marvaile, and fere,
 That what to do I ne wist there,
 Ne whethir was me bet or none
 There to abide, or thus to gone,
 For well wend I my lady wold
 Imagin, or deme, I had told
 My counsaile whole, or made complaint
 Unto that lord, that mighty saint,
 So verily ech thyng unfought,
 He said, as he had knowne my thought,
 And told my trowth and mine unese,
 Bet than I couth have for mine ese,
 Though I had studied all a weke,
 Well wist that lord that I was seke,
 And would be lechid wondir faine,
 No man me blame, mine was the paine:
 And when this lord had all ysaid,
 And long while with my lady plaid,
 She gan to smile with spirit glade,
 This was the answer that she made,
 Which put me there in double peine,
 That what to do, ne what to seine
 Wist I not, ne what was the best,
 Ferre was my hert then fro his rest;
 For as I thought, that smiling signe
 Was token, that the hert encline
 Would to requestis resonable,
Because smiling is favorable
To every thing that shall thrive;
 So thoughtin I tho anon blive,
That worldlesse answer in no toun
Was tane for obligatioun,
 Ne callid surety in no wise,
 Amongst them that callid ben wife.
 Thus was I in a joyous dout,
 Sure and unsurist of that rout,
 Right as mine hert ythought it were,
 So more or lesse wexin my fere,
 That if one thought ymade it wele,
 Anothir shent it everydele,
 Till at the last I couth no more,
 But purposed as I did before,
 To serve truly my lyv's space,
 Awaiting er the yere of grace,
 Which may yfall yet or I sterve,
 If that it pleseth her that I serve,

And servid have, and woll do ever,
 For thyng is none, that me is lever,
 Than is her service, whose presence
 Mine heven is whole, and her absence
 An hell all full of divers paines,
 Whych to the deth full oft me straines:
 Thus in my thoughtis, as I stode,
 That unneth felt I harme ne gode,
 I saw the Quene a litil paas
 Come where this mighty lord ywas,
 And knelid doune in presence there
 Of all the ladies that there were,
 With sobir countinaunce avised,
 In few wordis that well suffised,
 And to this lord anon present
 A bill, wherein whole her entent
 Was writtin, and how she besought,
 As he knew every will and thought,
 That of his godhed and his grace
 He would forgyve all old trespass,
 And undispleid be of time past,
 For she would evir be stedfast,
 And in his service to the deth
 Use every thought while she had breth;
 And sight and wept, and said no more,
 Within was writtin all the sore:
 At whyche bill the lord gan smile,
 And said he would within that yle
 Be lord and syre, both est and west,
 And cal'd it there his new conquest,
 And in grete counsell toke the Quene,
 Long were the talis them betwene,
 And ovir her bill he red thrise,
 And wondir gladly gan devise
 Her fetures faire, and her visage,
 And bad gode thrift on that Image,
 And saied he trowid her compleint
 Should astir cause her be corseint,
 And in his sleve he put the bill,
 Was there none that yknew his will,
 And forth he walke apace about,
 Beholding all the lusty rout,
 Halfe in a thought with smiling chere;
 Till at the last, as ye shall here,
 He turned unto the Queene agene,
 And said to morne here in this pleine,
 I woll that ye be, and all yours,
 That purposid ben to were flours,
 Or of my lusty colour use,
 It may not be to you excuse,
 Ne to none of yours in no wise,
 That able be to my servise,
 For as I said have here before,
 I will be lord for evirmore
 Of you, and of this yle, and all,
 And of all yours, that havin shall
 Joy, pece, or ese, or in plesaunce
 Your livis use without noysaunce,
 Here will I in state be ysene,
 And turned his visage to the Quene,
 And you give knowledge of my will,
 And a full answer of your bill;
 Was there no nay, ne wordis none,
 But very' obeisaunt semed echone,
 The Quene and othir that were there,
 Well semid it they had grete fere,
 And there toke lodging every knight,
 Was none departid of that night,
 And some to rede old Romances,
 Them occupied for ther plesances,
 Some to make verelaies and laies,
 And some to othir diverse plaies:
 And I to me a Romance toke,
 And as I reding was the boke,

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Methought the sphere had so run,
That it was rising of the Sun,
And such a pres into the plaine
Assemble gone, that with grete paine
One might for othir gone stand,
Ne none take othir by the hand,
Withoutin they distourbid were,
So huge and gret the pres was there.

And aftir that within two houres,
This mighty lord clad all in floures
Of divers colours many a paire,
In his estate up in the aire,
Well nigh two fathom, as his hight,
He fet him there in all ther sight,
And for the Quene and for the Knght,
And for my lady and every wight,
In hast he sent, so that ner one
Was there absent, but come echone:
And when they thus assemblid were,
As ye have herd me say you here,
Without more tarrying on hight,
There to be sene of every wight,
Up stode among the pres above
A counsaylir, servaunt of love,
Which semid well, of gret estate,
And shewid there, how no debate
Othir then godely might be used,
In gentilnesse and be excused,
Wherefore he said his lord's will
Was every wight there shoud be still,
And in pees, and of one accord,
And thus commaundid at a word,
And can his tongue to swiche language
To turne, that yet in all mine age
Herd I never so conningly
Man speke, ne halfe so faithfully,
For every thing he said there,
Semid as it infelid were,
Or approvid for very trew:
Swiche was his cunning language newe,
And well according to his chere,
That where I be, me thinke I here
Him yet alway, when I mine one,
In any place may be alone:
First con he of the lusty yle,
All the astate in lityl whyle
Reherse, and wholly every thing,
That causid there his lord's comming,
And every wele and every wo,
And for what cause eche thing was so,
Well shewed he there in esie spech,
And how the sicke had nede of lech:
And that whiche whole was, and in grace,
He told plainly why ech thing was,
And at the last he con conclude,
Voidid every language rude,
And said, that Prince, that mighty Lord,
Or his departing, would accord
All the parties were there present,
And was the fine of his entent,
Witnesse his presence in your sight,
Which sits among you in his might:
And knelid downe withoutin more,
And not o word yspake he more.

Tho gan this mighty Lord him dresse,
With chere avised, to do largesse,
And said unto this knight and me,
Ye shall to joy restorid be,
And for ye have ben true ye twaine,
I graunt you here for every paine
A thousand joies every weke,
And loke ye be no lengir seke,

And both your ladies, lo 'hem here!
Take ech his own, beth of gode chere,
Your happie day is new begun,
Sith it was rising of the sun,
And to all othir in this place
I graunt wholly to stand in grace,
That servith truely without slouth,
And to avauncid be by trouth.
Tho gan this knight and I downe knele,
Wening to doin wondir wele,
Seing, O Lord, your grete mercy
Us hath enriched so opinly,
That we deserve may never more,
The leste part, but evirmore
With soule and body truely serve
You and yours till that we ysterve.
And to ther Ladies there they stode:
This knight that *couth so mikil gode*,
Ywept in hast, and I also,
Joyous, and glad werin we tho,
And al so rich in every thought,
As he that all hath and ought nought,
And them besought in humble wise,
Us to accept to ther service,
And shew us of ther frendly cheres,
Which in ther trefure many yeres
They keptin had, us to grete paine,
And told how ther servauntis twaine,
We were, would be, and so had ever,
And to the deth chaunge would we never,
Ne doe offence, ne thinke like ill,
But fill ther ordinance and will:
And made our othis freshe and new,
Our old service for to renew,
And wholly ther's for evirmore
We there become, what might we more?
And well awaiting, that in slouth
We made no fault, ne in our trouth,
Ne thought not do, I you ensure,
With our will, whilis we may dure.

This sefon past, againe an eve,
This Lord of the Quene toke his leve,
And said he would hastely returne,
And at gode leisure there sojourne,
Both for his honour and his ese,
Commaunding fast the knight to plesse,
And gave his statutes in papirs,
And ordent divers officers,
And forth to ship the same night
He went and sone was out of sight.
And on the morow, when the aire
Attemprid was and wondir faire,
Erly at rising of the sun,
Aftir the night away was run,
Yplaying us on the rivage,
My Lady spake of her voyage,
And said she madin small journies,
And held her in straunge counteries,
And forthwith to the Quene went,
And shewed her wholly her entent,
And toke her leve with chere weping,
That pitty was to se that parting:
For to the Quene it was a paine,
As to a Martyr new yslaine,
That for her woe, and she so tender,
Yet I wepe oft when I remember,
She offerid there to resigne
To my Lady eight times or nine,
Th' astate, the yle, shortly to tell,
If it might plesse her there to dwell,
And said, for evir her linage
Should to my Lady doe homage,
And hers be whole withoutin more,

Ye, and all thers for evirmore!
 Nay, God forbid, my lady eft,
 With many conning word and soft,
 Said, that evir such thing should bene,
 That I consent should, that a Quene
 Of your estate, and so well named,
 In any wise should be attained:
 But would be faine with all my hert,
 What so befell, or how me smert,
 To doin thing that you might plesse,
 In any wise or be your ese,
 And kissid there, and bad gode night,
 For which leve wept many a wight.
 There might men here my Lady praised,
 And such a name of her araised,
 What of cunning and frendlinesse,
 What of beauty with gentilnesse,
 And what of glad and frendly cheres,
 That she usid in all her yeres,
 That wondir was here every wight
 To say well how they did ther might,
 And with a pres upon the morow
 To ship her brought, and what a forow
 They made, when she should undir faile,
 That and ye wist, ye would mervaile.
 Forth goeth the ship, our goeth the sond,
 And I as a wode man unbond,
 For doubt to be left behind there,
 Into the Se withoutin fere
 Anon I ran, till with a waw
 All sodenly I was oerthraw,
 And with the watir to and fro
 Backward and forward travailed so,
 That mind and breth nigh was ygone,
 For gode ne harme ne knew I none,
 Til at the last with hokis tweine
 Men of the ship with mikil peine,
 To save my life, did such travaile,
 That and ye wist ye would mervaile,
 And in the ship me drewe on hie,
 And saidin all that I would die,
 And laid me long downe by the mast,
 And of ther clothis on me cast,
 And there I made my testament,
 And wist my selfe not what I ment,
 But when I said had what I would,
 And to the mast my wo all told,
 And tane my leve of every wight,
 And closed mine eyen, and lost my sight,
 Avised to die, without more spech,
 Or any remedy to sech
 Or grace new, as was grete nede,
 My lady of my paine toke hede,
 And her bethought how that for trouth
 To se me die it were gretè routh,
 And to me came in sobir wise,
 And softly said, I pray you rise,
 Come on with me, let be this fare,
 All shall be wel, have ye no care,
 I will obey ye and fulfill
 Wholly in al that lordis will,
 That you and me not long ago
 Aftir his list commaundid so,
 That there againe no resistance
 May be withoutin gret offence,
 And therefore now loke what I say,
 I am and will be frendly aye,
 Rise up, behold this avauntage,
 I grauntin you in heritage,
 All peceably withoutin strive,
 During the dayis of your live,
 And of her applis in my fleve
 One she yput, and toke her leve
 In wordis few, and said gode hele
 He that all made you send and wele,

Wherewith my painis all at ones
 Tokin such leve, that all my bones,
 For the new durense plesauce,
 So as they couth desired to daunce,
 And I as whole as any wight,
 Up rose with joyous hert and light,
 Whole and unsicke, right wele at ese,
 And all forget had my difese,
 And to my lady where she plaid
 I went anone, and to her said:
 He that all joies, persons to plesse,
 First ordainid with parsite ese,
 And every plesure can depart,
 Send you, madame, as large a part,
 And of his godis such plenty,
 As he has done you of beauty,
 With hele, and all that may be thought,
 He send you all as he all wrought:
 Madame (qð I) your servaunt trew
 Have I ben long, and yet will new,
 Withoutin chaunge or repentaunce,
 In any wife or variaunce,
 And so will do as thrive I ever,
 For thing is none that me is lever
 Than you to plesse how er I fare,
 Mine hert's lady and my welfare,
 My life, mine hele, my lech also
 Of every thing that doth me wo,
 My helpe at nede and my futele
 Of every joy that longs to me,
 My succours whole in allè wise,
 That may be thought or man devise,
 Your grace, Madame, such have I found,
 Now in my nede that I am bound
 To you for er, so Christ me save,
 For hele and live of you I have,
 Wherefore is resoun I you serve
 With due obeisaunce till I sterve,
 And ded and quicke be evir yours,
 Late, erly, and at allè hours.
 Tho came my lady small alite,
 And in plaine english con consite
 In wordis few whole her entent
 She shewed me there, and how she ment
 To me ward in evèry wise,
 Wholly she came at ther devise,
 Without processe or long travell,
 Charging me to kepin counsell,
 As I would to her grace attaine,
 Of which commaundment I was faine.
 Wherefore I passe oer at this time,
 For counsell cords not well in rime,
 And eke the oth that I have swore
 To breke, me were bettir unbore,
 Why? for untrue for evirmore
 I should be hold, that nevirmore
 Of me in place should be report
 Thing that availe might, or comfort
 To mewardis in any wise,
 And eche wight wouldin me dispise
 In that they couth, and me repreve,
 Which were a thing sore for to greve;
 Wherefore hereof more mencion
 Make I not now, ne long sermon,
 But shortly thus I me excuse,
 To rime a counsell I refuse:
 Sailing thus two dayis or thre
 My lady towards her countre,
 Ovir the wavis high and grene,
 Which werin large and depe betwene,
 Upon a time me called and said,
 That of my hele she was well paid,
 And of the Quene and of the yle
 She talkid with me a long while,

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And

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And of all that she there had sene,
 And of th' estate, and of the quene,
 And of the ladies name by name,
 Two houres or mo this was her game,
 Till at the last the wind can rise,
 And blew so fast, and in such wise
 The ship, that every wight can say,
 Madame, er eve be of this day,
 And God tofore, ye shall be there,
 As ye would fainist that ye were,
 And doubtrith not within sixe hours
 Ye shall be there, as ail is yours.
 At which wordis she gan to smile,
 And said that was no longè while,
 That they her fet, and up the rose,
 And all about the ship she gose,
 And made gode chere to every wight,
 Till of the land she had a sight,
 Of whichè sight glad God it wot
 She was abashid and abote,
 And forth goeth, shortly you to tell,
 Where she accustomed was to dwell,
 And recevid was as gode right,
 With joyous chere and hert's light;
 And as a glad new avinture,
 Plefant to evèry cature:
 With which landing tho I awoke,
 And found my chambir full of smoke,
 My chekis eke unto the eres,
 And all my body wet with teres,
 And all so feble' and in such wise
 I was, that unneth might I rise,
 So far travaillid and so faint,
 That neithir knew I kirke ne faint,
 Ne what was what, ne who was who,
 Ne avised what way I would go;
 But by an adventurous grace,
 I rise and walkt, fought pace and pace,
 Till I a winding staire yfound,
 And held the vice aye in my hond,
 And upward softly so can crepe,
 Till I came where I thought to slepe,
 More at mine ese, and out of prece,
 At my gode leisure, and in pece,
 Till fomwhat I recomfort were
 Of the travill and the grete fere,
 That I endurid had before,
 This was my thought withoutin more;
 And as a wight witlesse and faint,
 Without more, in a chambir paint
 Full of stories old and divers,
 More than I can as now reherse.
 Unto a bed full sobirly,
 So as I mightin full southly,
 Pace aftir other, and nothing said,
 Till at the last downe I me laid,
 And as my mind would give me leve,
 All that I dremid had that eve,
 Before that all I can reherse,
 Right as a child at schole his verse
 Doth aftir that he thinketh to thrive,
 Right so did I for all my live,
 I thought to have in remembraunce,
 Both the paine and eke the plesaunce,
 The dreame whole, as it me befell
 Which was as ye herin me tell;
 Thus in my thoughtis as I lay,
 That happy or unhappy day,
 Ne wot I not, so have I blame,
 Of the two which shulde be the name:
 Befell me so, that there a thought
 By processe new on slepe me brought,
 And me governed so in a while,
 That ones againe within the yle

Me thought I was, where of the knight,
 And of the ladies I had sight,
 And were assemblid on a grene,
 Bothe knight and lady, with the quene,
 At which assembly there was said,
 How that they all content and paid
 Werin wholly as in that thing,
 That the Knight there should be the king,
 And they would all for sure witnesse,
 Yweddid be both more and lesse,
 In remembraunce withoutin more,
 Thus they consent for evirmore,
 And was concludid that the knight
 Departin should the samè night,
 And forthwith there toke his voiage,
 To journey for his marriage,
 And returnin with such an host,
 That weddid might be lest and most:
 This was concluded, written and seled,
 That it ne might not be repeled,
 In no wise but continue firme,
 And all should be within a terme,
 Without more excusation,
 Both fest and coronation.
 This knight, which had thereof the charge,
 Anon into a little barge
 Ybrought was late against an eve,
 Where of all he ytoke his leve,
 Which barge was as a man's thought
 Aftir his plesure to him brought,
 The Quene her selfe accustomed aye
 In the same barge oft for to play,
 It nedith neithir mast ne rothir,
 I have not herd of such another,
 No maistir for the govirnaunce,
 He saylid by thought and plesaunce,
 Withoutin labour Est and West,
 All ywas one, calme or tempest,
 And I went with at his request,
 And was the first praied to the fest.
 When he came into his countre,
 And passid had the wavy Se,
 In an havin bothe depe and large
 He left his rich and noble barge,
 And to the court shortly to tell,
 He went, where he wont was to dwell,
 And was recevid as gode right,
 As heire, and for a worthy knight,
 With all the statis of the lond,
 Which came anon at his first sond,
 With glad spiritis full of trouth,
 Loth to do fault, or with a slouth,
 Attaint to be in any wise,
 Ther richis was ther old servise,
 Which evir trew had ben yfond,
 Sith first inhabit was the lond.
 And so recevid thei ther King,
 That forgottin ywas no thing,
 That ought to be done ne might plesse,
 Ne ther sovèraine Lord do ese,
 And with them so, shortly to say,
 As they of custome had done aye,
 For seven yere past was and more,
 The father, the old, wise and hore,
 King of the land, ytoke his leve
 Of all his barons on an eve,
 And told them how his dayis past
 Were all, and comin was the last,
 And hart'ily prayed hem to remember
 His sonne, which yong was and tender,
 That borne ywas ther prince to be,
 If he returne to that countre
 Might by adventure or by grace,
 Within any shorte time or space,
 And

And to be true and frendly aye,
 As they to him had ben alway:
 Thus he them prayd, withoutin more,
 And toke his leve for evirmore.
 Knowin was, how tendir in age,
 This yonge prince a grete viage
 Uncouth and straung, honours to seche,
 Ytoke in hond with lityl speche,
 Which was to sekin a princes,
 That he desired more than riches,
 For her grete name that flourid so,
 That in that time there was no mo,
 Of her estate, ne so well named,
 For borne was none that er her blamed:
 Of which princes somwhat before
 Here have I spoke, and some will more.
 So thus befell as ye shall here,
 Unto ther lord they made such chere,
 That joy was there to be present,
 To se ther troth, and how they ment,
 So very glad they were ech one,
 That them among there was no one,
 Whiche that desired more riches,
 Than for ther Lord such a princes,
 That they might plesse, and that were faire,
 For fast desired they an heire,
 And said grete surety were ywis.
 And as they were speking of this,
 The prince himselfin him avised,
 And in plaine English undisguised,
 Them shewid wholly his journey,
 And of ther counsell can them prey,
 And told how he enfurid was,
 And how his day he might not passe,
 Withoutin diffame and grete blame,
 And to him for evir a shame;
 And of ther counsell and avise
 There he prayith them once or twise,
 And that they would within ten daies,
 Avise and ordaine him such waies,
 So that it were no displeaunce,
 Ne to this Relme oer grete grievance,
 And that he might have to his fest,
 Sixty thousand Gestes at the lest,
 For his intent within short while
 Was to returne unto this yle
 That he came fro, and kepe his day,
 For nothing would he be away.
 To counsaile tho the Lords anon
 Into a chambir everychone
 Togithir went, them to devise,
 How they might best and in what wise,
 Purvey for their Lord's pleasaunce,
 And the Relm's continuaunce
 Of honor, which in it before,
 Had continuid evirmore;
 So at the last they found the waies,
 How that within the next ten daies,
 All might with paine and diligence
 Be done, and cast what the dispence
 Might draw, and in conclusion,
 Made for ech thing provision.
 When this was done, wholly tofore
 The prince, the lordis all before
 Come, and shewid what they had done,
 And how they couth by no reson
 Findin that within the ten daies,
 He might departin by no waies,
 But would be fittene at the lest;
 Or he returne might to his fest:
 And shewed him every reson why
 It might not be so hastily
 As he desired, ne his day
 He might not kepe by no way,

For divers causis wondir grete,
 Which when he herd, in such an hete
 He fell, for sorow and was seke,
 Still in his bed whole that weke,
 And nigh the tothir for the shame,
 And for the doubt, and for the blame,
 That mightin on him be aret,
 And oft upon his brest he bet,
 And said alas! mine honour for aye,
 Have I here lost clenely this day,
 Ded would I be, alas my name
 Shall aye be more henceforth in shame,
 And I dishonoured and reprieved,
 And nevir more shall be beleved:
 And made swich sorow, that in trowth,
 Him to behold it was grete routh:
 And so endured the dayes fiftene,
 Till that the Lords on an even,
 Him come and told they redy were,
 And shewid in few wordis there,
 How and what wise they had purvey'd,
 For his estate, and to him said,
 That twenty thousand knights of name,
 And fourty thousand without blame,
 All come of noble liginie,
 Togiðir in a compane,
 Were lodgid on a river's side,
 Him and his plesure there t'abide.
 The prince tho for joy up arose,
 And where they lodgid were, he goes
 Withoutin more that samè night,
 And these his suppir made to dight,
 And with them bode till it was dey,
 And forthwith to take his journey,
 Leving the streight, holding the large,
 Till he came to his noble barge:
 And when this prince this lustie knight,
 With his peple in armis bright
 Was comin where he thought to pas,
 And knew well none abiding was
 Behind, but all were there present,
 Forthwith anon all his intent
 He told them there, and made his cries,
 Thorough his Hostè that day twise,
 Commaunding every livis wight
 There being present in his sight,
 To be the morow on the rivage,
 Where he begin would his viage.
 The morow come, the cry was kept,
 But few was there that night that slept,
 But trussed and purveid for the morow,
 For fault of ships was all ther sorrow,
 For save the barge, and othir two,
 Of shippis there saw I no mo:
 Thus in ther doubtis as they stode,
 Waxing the Se, comming the fode,
 Was cried to ship goe every wight,
 Then was but hie, that hie him might:
 And to the barge me thought echone,
 They went, without was left not one,
 Ne horse, ne male, trusse, ne baggage,
 Salad ne spere, gardbrace ne page,
 But was lodgid and rome ynough;
 At which shipping me thought I lough,
 And gan to marvaile in my thought,
 How evir such a ship was wrought,
 For what peple that can encrese,
 Ne ner so thicke might be the prese,
 But all had rome at ther will,
 There was not one was lodgid ill:
 For as I trowe, my selfe the last
 Was one, and lodgid by the mast,
 And where I loked I saw such rome,
 As all were lodgid in a towne.

Forth

Forth goth the ship said was the crede,
 And on ther knees for ther gode spede
 Downe knelid every wight a while,
 And prayid fast that to the yle
 They mightin comin in safety,
 The prince and all the company,
 With worship and withoutin blame,
 Or disclaundir of his gode name,
 Of the promise he should retourne,
 Within the time he did sojourne,
 In his londè biding his host,
 This was ther prayir left and most:
 To kepe the day it might not ben,
 That he' appointid had with the quene,
 To returnin withoutin slouth,
 And so assurid had his trowth,
 For which default this prince this knight,
 During the time slept not a night,
 Such was his wo and his disese,
 For doubt he should the quene displese.
 Forth goith the ship with such spede
 Right as the prince for his grete nede
 Desirin would aftir his thought,
 Till it unto the yle him brought,
 Where all in hast upon the sand
 He and his peple toke the land,
 With hertis glad, and chere light,
 Wening to be in heven that night:
 But or they passid had a while,
 Entring in towardis that yle,
 All clad in blacke with chere piteous,
 A lady, which ner dispiteous
 Had be in all her life tofore,
 With sory chere, and hert to tore,
 Unto this prince where he gan ride,
 Ycome and said, abide, abide;
 And have no hast, but fast retourne,
 No reson is ye here sojourne,
 For your untruth hath us discried,
 Wo worth the time we us allied
 With you that are so sone untrew,
 Alas! the day that we you knew!
 Alas! the time that ye were bore,
 For all this lond by you is lore,
 Accursed be he you hiðir brought,
 For all our joy is turnd to nought,
 Your acquaintance we may complaine,
 Which is the cause of all our paine.
 Alas! madame, qð tho this knight,
 And with that from his horse he light,
 With colour pale, and chekis lene,
 Alas! what is this for to mene,
 What have ye said, why be ye wroth?
 You to displese I would be loth,
 Knowe ye not full well the promesse,
 Which I made have to your princeffe,
 Which to perfourme is mine intent,
 So mote I spede as I have ment,
 And as I am her very trew,
 Withoutin change or thoughtis new,
 And al so fully her servand,
 As creature or man livand
 May be to lady or princeffe;
 For she mine heven, and whole richeffe
 Is, and the lady of mine hele,
 My worldis joy and all my wele.
 What may this be, whence coms this spech,
 Tell me, Madame, I you besech?
 For sith the first of my living
 Was I so ferefull of nothing,
 As I am now to here you speke,
 For doubt I fele mine hert to breke:
 Say on, madame, tell me you will,
 The remnaunt is it gode or ill?

Alas (qð she) that ye were bore
 For for your love this land is lore,
 The quene is ded and that is ruth,
 For sorow of your gret untruth,
 Of two partes of the lusty rout
 Of ladies that were there about,
 That wont werin to talk and play,
 Now are thei ded and clene away,
 And undir earth tane lodging new,
 Alas! that er ye were untrew!
 For when the time ye set was past,
 The quene toke counsaile sone in hast,
 What was to doe, and said grete blame
 Your acquaintance cause would and shame,
 And the ladies of ther avise,
 Prayid, for nede was to be wise,
 In eschewing talis and songs,
 That by them makin would ill tonges,
 And sey they were lightly conquest,
 And prayid to a pore fest,
 And foully had ther worship weved,
 When so unwisely they conceived
 Ther richè trefour, and ther hele,
 There famous namè, and ther wele,
 To put in such an avinture,
 Of which the sclaundir evir dure
 Was like, without helpe of appele,
 Wherefore they nede had of counsele,
 For every wight of them would say,
 Ther closid yle an opin way
 Was become to every wight,
 And well apprevyd by a knight,
 Which he alas! without payfaunce
 Had sone achevid th'obeisaunce:
 All this was moved at counsell thrise,
 And was concludid daily twise,
 That bet was die withoutin blame,
 Than lose the riches of ther name,
 Wherefore the deth's acquaintance
 They chese, and left have ther plesaunce,
 For doubt to livin as reprevd,
 In that they you so sone beleved,
 And made ther othes with one accord,
 That ete, ne drinke, ne speke o word,
 They should nevir, but er weping
 Bide in a place without parting,
 And use ther dayis in penaunce,
 Without desire of allegeaunce,
 Of which the truth anon con preve,
 For why? the quene forthwith her leve
 Toke at them all that were present,
 Of her defaults fully repent,
 And dyid there withoutin more,
 Thus are we lost for evirmore,
 What should I more hereof reherse?
 Comin within, come se her herse,
 Where ye shall se the piteous sight,
 That er yet was shewin to knight,
 For ye shall sein ladies stond,
 Ech' with a grete rod in her hond,
 Yclad in black with visage white,
 Redy ech othir for to smite,
 If any be that will not wepe,
 Or who that makes countenance to slepe,
 They be so bet, that all so blew
 They be as cloth that died is new,
 Such is ther parfite repentance,
 And thus they kepe ther ordinance,
 And will do evir to the deth,
 While them enduris any breth.

This knight tho in his armis twaine
 This lady toke and gan her saine,

Alas!

Alas! my birth, wo worth my life,
 And even with that he drew a knife,
 And thorough gown, doubler, and shert,
 He made the blode come from his hert,
 And set him doune upon the grene,
 And full repent closid his ene,
 And save that ones he drew his breth,
 Without more thus he toke his deth.
 For whichè cause the lusty host,
 Which in a battaile on the cost
 At once for sorrow such a cry
 Gan rere, thorow the company,
 That to the heven herd was the sowne,
 And undir th' erth als fer adowne,
 That wildè bestis for the fere,
 So sodainly afrayid were,
 That for the doubt, while they might dure,
 They ran as of their lives unsure,
 From the wodis unto the plaine,
 And from valleys the high mountaine
 They fought, and ran as bestis blind,
 That clene forgottin had ther kind.
 This wo not cesed, to counsaile went
 These Lords, and for that lady sent,
 And of avise what was to done,
 They her besought she say would sone;
 Weping full fore all clad in blake
 This lady softly to them spake,
 And said, my lordis, by my trouth,
 This mischefe it is of your slouth,
 And if ye had that judge would right,
 A prince that were a very knight,
 Ye that ben of affate echone,
 Die for his fault shoud one and one,
 And if he hold had the promesse,
 And done that longs to gentilnesse,
 And fulfilled the princes behest,
 This hastie farme had ben a fest,
 And now is unrecoverable,
 And as a slaundir aye durable,
 Wherefore I say as of counsaile
 In me is none that may availe,
 But if ye list for remembraunce
 Purvey and make such ordinaunce,
 That the quene whiche that was so mcke,
 With all her women dede or seke,
 Might in your land a chappill have,
 With some remembraunce of her grave,
 Shewing her end with the pity,
 In some notable old city,
 And nigh unto an highè way,
 Where every wight might for her pray,
 And for all hers that have ben trew,
 And even with that she changid hew,
 And twise withid aftir the deth,
 And sight, and thus passid her breth.
 Then said the Lordis of the host,
 And so concludid lest and most,
 That they would in housis of thacke
 Ther livis lede and were but blacke,
 And forsake all ther plesaunces,
 And turne all joy to penaunces,
 And bere the ded prince to the barge,
 And namid them shoud have the charge,
 And to the herse where lay the Quene,
 The remnaunt went and doune on knene,
 Holding ther honds on high con crie,
 Mercy, mercy, everich thrie,
 And cursed the time that evir slouth,
 Shoud have soche mastirdome of trouth,
 And to the barge a longè mile
 They bare her forth, and in a while
 Allè the Ladiès one and one,
 By companies were brought echone,

And past the Se and toke the land,
 And in new herfis on a sand,
 Put and brought werin all anon
 Unto a city closed with stone,
 Where it yhad ben usid aye,
 The kingis of the land to lay,
 Aftir they raigned in honours,
 And writ was which were conquerours,
 In an abbey of Nunnis blake,
 Which accusomid were to wake,
 And of usage rise ech a night,
 To pray for every livis wight:
 And so befell as is the guise,
 Ordeint and said was the servise,
 Of the prince and eke of the Quene
 So devoutly as might yben,
 And aftir that about the herfes
 Full many orisons and verses
 Withoutin note full softly,
 Said were and that full hertly,
 That all the night till it was day
 The peple in the Church con pray
 Unto the holy Trinitie,
 Of those soulis to have pitie.

And when the night ypast and ronne
 Was, and the newè day begonne,
 The yong morow with rayis red,
 Which from the Sonne oer all con spred,
 Atempirid clere was and faire,
 And made a tyme of wholsome aire,
 Befell a wondir case and strange,
 Among the peple, and gan change
 Sone the word and every wo,
 Unto a joy, and some to two:
 A bird all feðrid blew and grene,
 With bright rayis like gold betwene
 As small thred ovr every joynt,
 All full of colour strange and coint,
 Uncouth, and wondirfull to sight,
 Upon the quen's herse con light,
 And song full low and softly
 Thre songis in her harmony,
 Unlettid, of every wight,
 Till at the last an agid knight,
 Which semid a man in grete thought,
 Like as he set all thing at nought,
 With visage and ein all forwept,
 And pale, as a man long unslept,
 By the herfis as he ystode
 With hasty hondling of his hode,
 Unto a prince that by him past,
 Ymade the bridde somewhat agast:
 Wherefore she rose and left her song,
 And departid from us among,
 And spred her wingis for to passe
 By the place where he entrid was,
 And in his hast shortly to tell,
 Him hurt, that backward downe he fell,
 From a window richly ypeint
 With lives of many divers seint,
 And bet his wingis and bled fast,
 And of the hurt thus died and past;
 And lay there well an hour and more,
 Till at the last of briddes a score,
 Come and assemblid at the place
 Where the window ybrokin was,
 And made swiche wamentacioun,
 That pity was to here the soun,
 And the warblis of ther throtis,
 And the complaint of ther notis,
 Which from joy clene ywas reversed;
 And of them one the glas sone perfed,

And

And in his boke of colours nine,
 An herbe he brought flouresse all grene;
 All full of small levis and plaine,
 Swart and long with many a vaine,
 And where his fellow lay thus dede,
 This herbe he down laid by his hede,
 And dressid it full softly,
 And hong his hed and stode thereby:
 Which herb in lesse than half an houre
 Gan oer all knit, and astir floure
 Full out and wexin ripe the fede,
 And right as one anothir fede
 Would, in his beke he toke the graine;
 And in his fellowes beke certaine
 It put, and thus within the third
 Up stode and prunid him the bird,
 Which ded had be in all our sight
 And both toghithir forth ther flight
 Toke, singin from us, and ther leve,
 Was none disturb 'hem would ne greve.
 And when they partid were, and gone,
 Th' abbesse the fedis sone echone
 Gathirid had, and in her hand
 The herbe she toke, well avise
 The lese, the fede, the stalke, the floure;
 And said it had a gode favour,
 And was no common herb to find,
 And well approved of uncouth kind,
 And than othir more vertuouse,
 Who so have it might for to use
 In his nede, flowre or lese, or graine,
 Of ther hele might ybe certaine:
 And laid it downe upon the herse
 Where lay the quene, and gan reherse;
 Echone to' othir that they had sene,
 And taling thus the fede wex grene,
 And on the drie herse gan to spring,
 Which me thought was a wondrous thing;
 And astir that floure and new fede,
 Of which the peple all toke hede,
 And said it was some grete miracle,
 Or medicine fine more than triacle,
 And were well done there to assay,
 If it might ese in any way
 The corsis, which with torchè light
 They wakid had there all that night.
 Sone did the lordis there consent,
 And all the peple' thereto content,
 With ese words and litil fare,
 And made the quen'is visage bare,
 Which shewid was to all about;
 Wherefore in swone fell whole the rout;
 And were so sory most and lest,
 That long of weping they not cest,
 For of ther lord the remembraunce
 Unto them was such displeaunce,
 That for to live they called a paine,
 So were they very true and plaine.
 And after this the gode abbesse,
 Of the graine gan to chese and dresse,
 Thre, with her fingirs cleane and smale,
 And in the quen'is mouth by tale
 One astir othir esily,
 She put 'hem and full conningly,
 Which shewid sonè such vertue,
 That previd was the medi'cine true:
 For with a smiling countinaunce,
 The quene uprose, and of nsaunce,
 As she was wont to every wight,
 She made gode chere; for whichè sight,
The peple kneeling on the stones
Thought they in heven were soule and bones:
 And to the prince where he ylay,
 They went to make the same assay,

And when the Quene it undirstode,
 And how the medicine was gode,
 She prayid she might have the graines,
 To relevin him from the paines
 Which she and he had both endured,
 And to him went and so him cured,
 That streight within a litil space
 Lusty and fresh on live he was, 1940
 And in gode hele, and whole of spech,
 And lough, and said, gramercy, lech:
 For which the joy throughout the town
 So gret was that the bellis sown
 Afraied the peple, a journey.
 About the cite every way,
 And come and askid cause and why
 They rongin were so statily?
 And astir that the quene, th' abbesse,
 Made diligence or they would cesse, 1950
 Such, that of ladies sone a rout,
 Sewing the quene was all about,
 And called by name echone and told,
 Was none forgettin young ne old,
 There mightin men se joyis new,
 When the medicine fine and trew
 Thus restorid had every wight,
 So well the quenè as the knight,
 Unto full perfit joy and hele,
 That fleting they were in such wele 1960
 As folke that wouldin in no wise
 Desire more parfit paradise.
 And thus when passed was the sorow,
 With mikil joye sone on the morow,
 The king, the quene, and every lord,
 With all the Ladies by' one accord,
 Helde a generall assembly.
 Gret cry was made through the country;
 The which astir as ther intent
 Was turnid to a Parliament, 1970
 Where was ordainid and avised,
 Every thing and wel devised,
 That plesin might, to most and lest;
 And there concludid was the fest
 Within the yle for to behold
 With full consent of young and old.
 All in the same wise as before,
 As thing should be withoutin more,
 And thei shippid and thithir went,
 And into straunge Relmis sent, 1980
 To kingis, quenes, and duchesses;
 To divers princes and princeesses,
 Of ther linage, and can them pray,
 That it might like them at that day
 Of mariage, for ther disport,
 Come se the yle, and them disport,
 Where should be joustis and turnaies,
 And armis done in othir waies,
 Signifying oer all the day
 Astir Aprilis within May, 1990
 And was avised that ladies tweine,
 Of gode estate and well beseine,
 With certaine knightis and squiers,
 And of the quen'is officers,
 In mannir of an embassade,
 With certain lettirs closed and made,
 Should take the barge and depart,
 And seke my lady every part,
 Till they her found for any thing,
 Both chargid have the quene and king, 2000
 And as ther lady and maistres,
 Her to beseke of gentilnes,
 At the day there for to yben,
 And oft her recommaund the quene,
 And prayis for all loves to hast,
 For but she come all woll be wast,

And the fest but a businesse
 Withoutin joy or lustinesse :
 And toke them tokins and gode spede
 Praid God send 'hem aftir ther nede.
 Forth went the ladies and the knights,
 And were out fourtene daies and nights,
 And brought my lady in ther barge,
 And had well sped and done ther charge :
 Whereof the quene so herti'ly glad,
 Was, that in soth such joy she had,
 When that the ship approchid lond,
 That she my lady on the sond
 Met, and in armis so constraine,
 That wondir was behold them twaine,
 Which to my dome during twelve houres,
 Neithir for hete ne watry shoures,
 Departid not no company,
 Saving themselfe but none them by,
 But gave them layfour at ther ese
 To reherfin joy and disese,
 Aftir the plesure and couragis,
 Of ther young and tendir agis :
 And aftir, with many a knight,
 Brought thei were, where as for that night
 They partid not, for to plesaunce,
 Content, was hert and countinaunce,
 Both of the quene, and my maistresse,
 This was that night ther businesse :
 And on the morow with huge rowt,
 This prince of lordis him about,
 Come and unto my Lady said,
 Of her comming glad and well paid
 He was, and full right conningly
 Her thankid, and full hertily,
 And lough and smiled, and said ywis,
 That was in doubt, in safety is :
 And commaundid do diligence,
 And spare for neithir gold ne spence ;
 But make redy, for on the morow,
 Yweddid with Saint John to borow
 He would ybe, withoutin more,
 And let them wite this lese and more.
 The morow come, and the service
 Of mariage in such a wise
 Ysaïd was, that with more honour
 Was nevir prince ne conquerour
 Ywedde, ne with such company,
 Of gentilnesse in chivalry,
 Ne of Ladies so gretè routs
 Ne so befeen as all abouts
 They werin there, I certifie
 You on my life, withoutin lie.

And the fest hold was in tentis,
 As to tell you mine entent is,
 In a rome in a large plaine,
 Undir a wode in a champaine,
 Betwixt a rivir and a well,
 Where nevir had abbay, ne fell
 Yben, ne kirke, house, ne village,
 In time of any man's age :
 And durid three moniths the fest
 In one estate, and nevir cest,
 From erly rising of the sonne
 Till the day spent was and yronne,
 In justing, dauncing, lustinesse,
 And all that fowned to gentilnesse.

And as me thought the second morow,
 Whan endid was all oldè sorow,
 And in surety every wight
 Had with his lady slept a night,

The Prince, the Quene, and all the rest,
 Unto my lady made request,
 And her besought oftin and praied,
 To mewardes to be well apaied,
 And confidir mine oldè trowth,
 And on my painis havin routh,
 And me accept to her servise,
 In such formè and in such wise,
 That we both mightin be as one,
 Thus praied the Quene, and everichone :
 And for there should ne be no nay,
 They stintin justing all a day,
 To pray my lady and requere,
 To be content and out of fere,
 And with gode hert make frendly chere,
 And said it was a happy yere :
 At which she smiled, and said ywis,
 I trow well he my servaunt is,
 And would my welfare as I trift,
 So would I his, and would he wist
 How and I knewè that his trowth
 Continue would withoutin flouth,
 And be such as ye here report,
 Restraining both courage and sport,
 I couth consent at your request,
 To be ynamid of your felt,
 And doin aftir your usaunce,
 In obeying of your plesaunce :
 At your request this I consent,
 To plesin you in your entent,
 And eke the soveraine above,
 Commandid hath me for to love,
 And before othir him prefer,
 Against which Prince may be no wer ;
 For his powir ovir all raigneth,
 That othir would for nought him paineth.
 And sith his will and yours is one,
 Contrary in me shall be none,
 Tho (as me thoughtin) the promise
 Of marriage before the mese
 Desirid was of every wight,
 To be madin the same night,
 To put away all manir doubts
 Of every wight thereabouts.
 And so was do, and on the morow,
 When every thought and every sorrow
 Dislodgid was out of mine hert,
 With every wo and every smert,
 Unto a tent Prince and Princes,
 Me thought brought me and my maistres,
 And said we werin at full age,
 There to conclude our marriage,
 With ladies, knightis, and squiers,
 And a gret host of ministers
 With instruments and sounes diverse,
 That long werin here to reherse ;
 Which tent was church parochiall,
 Ordaint was in especiall
 For the fest and for the sacre,
 Where archbishop and archdiacre
 Ysongin full out the servise,
 Aftir the custome and the guise,
 And holie church's ordinaunce.
 And aftir that to dine and daunce
 Brought were we, and to divers plaies,
 And for our spedè ech wight praies,
 And merry was both most and lest,
 And said amendid was the fest,
 And were right glad lady and lord,
 Of the marriage and th' accord,
 And wishid us hert'is plesaunce,
 In joy and hele continuaunce,
 And to the minstrels made request,
 That in encrefing of the fest,
 They

They wouldin touchin ther cordis,
 And with some new joyeux accordis,
 Ymove the peple to gladnesse,
 And praidin of all gentilnesse,
 Ech to painin them for the day,
 To shew his cunning and his play.
 Tho began sownis mervelous;
 Entunid with accords joyous,
 Round about and in all the tents,
 With thousandis of instruments,
 That every wight to daunce them pained,
 To be merry was none that fayned:
 Which sowne me troublid in my slepe,
 That fro my bed anone I lepe,
 Wening to have be at the fest,
 But when I woke all was yfist,
 For there n'as lady ne creature,
 Save on the wals old portraiture
 Of horsmen, hawkis, and houndis,
 And hurt dere all full of woundis,
 Some like bittin, some hurt with shot,
 And as my dreame semed that was not.
 And when I wake, and knew the trowth,
 And ye had seen of very routh,
 I trow ye would have wept a weke,
 For nevir man yet halfe so seke,
 I went escapid with the life,
 And was for fault that sword ne knife
 I find ne might my life r' abridge,
 Ne thing that kervid, ne had edge,
 Wherewith I might my wofull pains
 Have voidid with bleding of vains.
 Lo! here my blisse, lo! here my paine!
 Which to my lady' I do complaine,
 And grace and mercy her requere,
 To end my wo and busie fere,
 And me accept to her servise,
 And to her service in such wise
 That of my dreme the substaunce
 Might turnin once to cognisaunce,
 And cognisaunce to very preve,
 By full consent, and by gode leve:
 Or els withoutin more I pray,
 That this same night, or it be day,
 I mote unto my dreame retourne,
 And sleping so forthe aie sojourne,

Aboutin the yle of plesaunce,
 Undir my ladie's obeisaunce,
 In her service, and in such wise,
 As it plesse her may to devise,
 And grace onis to be accept,
 Like as I dremid when I slept,
 And dure a thousand yere and ten,
 In her gode will, Amen, Amen.

2200

L'envoy.

Fairist of faire, and godelyist on live,
 All my secre to you I plaine, and thrive,
 Requiring grace and of my fore complaint
 To be helid or martired as a saint,
 For by my trowth I swere, and by this boke,
 Ye may both hele, and sle me with a loke.

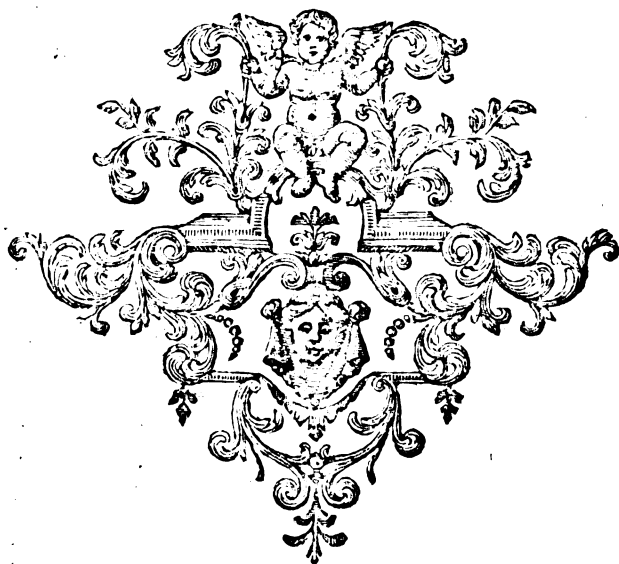
2210

Go forth mine ownè true hert innocent,
 And with humblenelle do thine observaunce,
 And to thy lady on thy knees present
 Thy service new, and think how grete plesaunce
 It is to live undir the obeisaunce
 Of her which that may with her lokis soft
 Give The the blisse that thou desirist oft.

Be diligent, awake, obey, and drede,
 And be not to wild of thy countinaunce,
 But meke and glad, and thy nature yfede,
 To do ech thing that may her doe plesaunce,
 When thou shalt slepe have aie in remembraunce
 Th' image of her which may with lokis soft
 Give The the blisse that thou desirist oft.

And if so be that thou her namè find
 Writtin in boke, or ellis upon wall,
 Loke that thou do as servaunt true and kind
 Thine obeisaunce, as she were therewithall,
 Fayning in love is breeding of a fall
 From the grace of her, whose lokis soft
 May give the blisse that thou desirist oft.

Ye which that this Ballade yredin shall,
 I pray you that you kepe you fro the fall.



CHAUCER'S A. B. C. called *La Priere de nostre Dame*.

CHAUCER'S A. B. C. called *La Priere de nostre Dame*: Made, as some say, at the request of *Blanch*, Duchesse of *Lancaster*, as a praier for her private use, being a woman in her religion very devout.

A.
lmightie and allmerciable Quene,
 To whom all this world fleith for foccour,
 To have relese of sinne, of so'row, of tene,
 Glorious Virgine of all flouris flour,
 To The I fle confoundid in errour;
 Helpe and releve, almightie, debonaire,
 Have mercy of mine perillous langour,
 Venquist me hath my cruill adverfaire.

B.
 Bountie so fixe hath in my hert his tent,
 That well I wote thou wilt my succour be,
 Thou canst not warnin that with gode entent
 Axith thyne helpe, thine hert is aye so fre,
 Thou art largesse of plaine felicite,
 Havin and refute of quiete and rest,
 Lo how that Thevis sevin chafin me,
 Helpe, Ladie bright, or that mine ship to brest.

C.
 Comfort is none, but in you, Lady dere,
 For lo! mine sinne and mine confusioun,
 Which ought not in thin presence for to' apere,
 Han taken on me a grevous actioun,
 Of veray right and disperatioun,
 And as by right they mightin well sustene,
 That I were worthy mine damnationn,
 Ne were it of thy mercy blisfull Quene.

D.
 Dout is there none, o Quene of mise'ricord,
 That thou n'art cause of grace and mercy here,
 God vouchidesafe, through The with us to' accord:
 For certis, Christ's blisfull mo'oir dere,
 Were now the bow ybent in swiche manere,
 As it was first of justice and of ire,
 The rightfull God would of no mercy here:
 But through The han we grace, as we desire.

E.
 Ever' hath mine hope of refute in The be:
 For here before full oft in many' a wise,
 Unto mercy hast thou recevid me,
 But mercy, Lady, at the gret assise,
 When we shall come before the high Justise,
 So litil freut shall then in me ben found,
 That but thou or that day correctin me,
 Of very right mine werke will me confound.

F.
 Flying I fle for succour to thine tent,
 Me for to hide fro tempest full of drede,
 Beseking you, that ye you not absent,
 Though I be wicke: O help yet at this nede,
 All have I ben a best in wit and dede,
 Yet, Lady, thou me close with thine owne grace,
 Thine enemye and mine (Lady take hede)
 Unto mine deth in point is me to chafe.

G.
 Gracious maid and mo'oir, which that never
 Were bittir, nor in erth nor in the Se,

But full of swetenesse and of mercy ever,
 Helpe that mine fa'oir be not wroth with me:
 Speke thou, for I ne dare him not yse,
 So have I done in erth, alas the while!
 That certis but if thou mine succour be,
 To sinke eterne he will mine ghost exile.

H.
 He vouchidesafe, tell him, as was his will,
 Become a man as for our alliaunce,
 And with his blode he wrote that blisfull bill
 Upon the crosse as generall acquitaunce,
 To every penitent in full cryaunce:
 And therefore, Lady bright, thou for us prey,
 Then shalt thou stentin alle his grevaunce,
 And maken our foe to faylin of his prey.

I.
 I wote well thou wilt ben our succour,
 Thou art so full of bountie in certaine;
 For when a soule fallith in errour,
 Thine pitie goeth, and halith him againe,
 Then makist thou his pece with his soverain
 And bringist him out of the crokid strete:
 Whoso The lovith, shall not love in vaine,
 That shall he find, as he the life shall lete.

K.
 Kalendiris enluminid ben they,
 That in this world ben lightid with thine name,
 And who so goith with The the right wey,
 Him dar not dredin in soule to ben lame,
 Now Quene of comfort, sith thou art the same,
 To whom I sechin for my medicine:
 Let not mine so no more mine wound entame,
 Mine hele into thine hond all I refine.

L.
 Lady, thine sorrow can I not portrey
 Undir the crosse, ne his grevous pennatunce:
 But for your bothis peine, I you do prey,
 Let not our aldir so make his bostaunce,
 That he hath in his lestis with mischaunce,
 Convict that, that ye both han bought so dere:
 As I said erst, thou ground of all substaunce,
 Continue' on us thin pitous eyin clere.

M.
 Moyfes that saw the bosh of flambis rede
 Brenning, of which then never a sticke brend,
 Was signe of thine unwemmid maidinhede,
 Thou art the bosh, on which there can descend
 The Holy Ghost, the which that Moyfes wend
 Had ben on fire: and this was in figure.
 Now, Lady, fro the fire us defend,
 Which that in hell eternally shall dure.

N.
 Noble princeffe, that never haddist pere,
 Certis if any comfort in us be,
 That commith of The, Christis mo'oir dere,
 We han none othir melodie ne gle,
 Us to rejoyce in our adversite,

Ne

Ne advocat, that will and dare so prey
For us, and that for as lite hire as ye,
That helpin for an Ave'mary or twey.

O.

O very light of eyin tho ben blind,
O very lust of labour and distresse,
O treforere of bountie to mankind!
The whom God chese to moðer for humbleffe,
From his ancille he made The maistèresse
Of heven and erth, our bill up for to bede,
This world awatith ay on thine godenes,
For thou ne failed'est nevir wight at nede.

P.

Purpose I have sometime for to enquire,
Wherefore and why the Holy Ghost The sought,
When Gabriel's voice come to thine ere,
He not to werre us swich a wondir wrought,
But for to save us, that he sithin bought:
Then nedith us no wepon us to save,
But onely there we did not as us ought,
Do penitence, and mercy aske and have.

Q.

Queene of comfort, right when I me bethinke,
That I agiltid have both him and The,
And that mine soule is worthy for to sinke:
Alas! I caitife, wheðir shall I fle?
Who shall unto thine sonne mine menè be?
Who but thine selfe, that art of pitie well?
Thou hast more routh on our adversite,
Than in this world might any tonguè tell.

R.

Redresse me moðir, and eke me chaſtise,
For certainly my faðir's chaſtising
Ne dare I not abidin in no wise,
So hidèous is his full reckining.
Moðir of whom our joy began to spring,
Be ye mine judge, and eke my soul's lech,
For ay in you is pitie abounding,
To each that will of pity you besech.

S.

Soth is that he ne grauntith no pite
Withoutin The, for God of his godenesse
Forgivith none, but it like unto The:
He hath The made vicaire and maistèresse
Of all this world, and eke govimeresse
Of hevin: and repressith his justise
Aftir thine will: and therefore in witnesse
He hath The crownid in so royall wise.

T.

Temple devout, ther God chese his wonning,
For which theſe misbeleved deprivid ben,
To you mine soule penitent I bring,
Receve me, for I can no ferthir flee.
With thoris venemous O hevin Quene,
For which the erth accurfid was full yore,
I am so woundid, as ye may well sene,
That I am lost almost, it smert so fore.

V.

Virgine that art so noble' of appaile,
That ledist us into the highè toure
Of Paradise, thou me wise and counsaile,
How I may have thy grace and thy succour:
All have I ben in filth and in errour,
Lady, on that countrey thou me adjourne,
That clepid is thine bench of freshe flour,
There as that mercy evir shall sojourne.

X.

Xpen thine sonne that in this world alight
Upon a crosse to suffir his passioun,
And suffred eke that Longeus his hert pight,
And made his hert's blodè renne adoun,
And all this was for my salvatioun:
And I to him am fals and eke unkind,
And yet he will not mine dampnatioun:
This thanke I you, succour of all mankind.

Y.

Ysaac was figure of his deth certaine,
That so ferreforth his faðir would obey,
That him ne rought nothing for to be slaine:
Right so thy sonnè list a lambe to dey:
Now, Lady, full of mercy I you prey,
Sith he his mercy surid me so large,
Be ye not scant, for all we sing or say,
That ye ben fro vengeaunce alway our targe.

Z.

Zacharie you clepith the opin well,
That wisht his sinfull soule out of his guilt,
Therefore this lessonn out I will to tell,
That n'ere thine tendir hert, we werin spilt.
Now, Lady bright, sith that thou canst and wilt,
Ben to the fede of Adam merciable,
Bring us unto that paleis that is built
To penitents, that ben to mercie able.

Explicit.



JACKE UPLAND.

In this Treatise is set forth the blind ignorance and variable discord of the Churchmen, how rude and unskilful they were in matters and principles of our Christian Institution. This is thought to be that Crede which the Pellican speaketh of in the Plowman's tale in these words:

Of Freris I have told before
Now, in a making of a Crede,
And yet I could tell worse and more,
But men would werrien it to rede.



Jacke Upland make my mone to very God, and to all true in Christ, that antichrist and his disciples (by colour of holines) walk and deceve Christ's church by many false figures, wherethrough (by antichrist and his) many vertues ben transposed to vices.

But the felliest folke that ever Antichrist found, ben last brought into the church, and in a wonder wise, for they ben of diverse sects of antichrist, sown of diverse countries and kindreds. And all men knowne well, that they be not obedient to bishops, ne legemen to kings: neither they tillen, ne sownen, weden, ne repen wode, corne, ne grasse, neither nothing that man should helpe; but onely themselves ther lives to susteine. And these men han all manner power of God, as they sein, in heaven and in yerth, to sell heaven and hell to whom that them liketh, and these wretches were never where to ben themselves.

And therefore (frere) if thine order and rules ben grounded on God's law, tell thou me, Jacke Upland, that I aske of The, and if thou be or thinkest to be on Christ's side, kepe thy paciens.

Saint Paule teacheth, That all our dedes should be do in charitie, and els it is nought worth, but displeasing to God and harme to our owne soules. And for that freres challenge to be gretest clerkes of the church, and next following Christ in living: men should for charitie aske them some questions, and pray them to ground ther answeres in reson and holy writ, for else ther answeres would nought be worth, be it flourished never so faire, and as me thinke men might skillfully aske thus of a frere.

1. Frere, how many orders be in erth, and which is the perfectest order? Of what order art thou? Who made thine order? What is thy rule? Is there any perfecter rule than Christ himself made? If Christ's rule be most perfect, why rulest thou The not thereafter? Without more, why shall a frere be more punished if he breke the rule that his patron made, than if he breke the hefts that God himself made?

2. Approveth Christ any more religions than one, that S. James speaketh of? If he approveth no more, why hast thou left his rule and takest another? Why is a frere apostata that leaveth his order, and taketh another sect, sith there is but one religion of Christ?

3. Why be ye weddid faster to your habits than a man is to his wife? For a man may leave his wife for a yere or two, as many men done: and if you leve your habite a quarter of a yere, ye should be holden apostataes.

4. Maketh your habit you men of religion or no? If it do, than ever as it wereth, your religion wereth, and after that your habit is better, your religion is better, and when ye have ligen it beside, then lig ye your religion beside you, and ben apostataes: why buy ye you so precious clothes, sith no man seeketh such, but for vaine glorie, as Saint Gregorie sayth?

What betokeneth your grete hode, your scaplerie, your knotted girdle, and your wide cope.

5. Why use ye all one colour, more than other christian men do? What betokeneth that ye ben clothed all in one manner clothing?

If ye say it betokeneth love and charitie, certes then ye be oft hypocrites, when any of you hateth another, and in that that ye wol be said holy by your clothing.

Why may not a frere were clothing of another sect of freres, sith holinesse stondeth not in the cloths?

6. Why hold ye silence in one house more than another, sith men ought over all to speke the gode and leve the evill?

Why ete you flesh in one house more than in another, if your rule and your order be perfect, and the patron that made it?

7. Why get ye your dispensations to have it more esie? Certes, either it semeth that ye be unperfect, or he that made it, so hard, that ye may not hold it. And siker, if ye hold not the rule of your patrons, ye be not then ther freres, and so ye lie upon your selves.

8. Why make you as dede men, when ye be professed, and yet ye be not dede, but more quicke beggars than you were before? and it semeth evil a dede man to go about and beg.

9. Why will ye not suffer your novises here your counsels in your chapter house, ere that they have ben professed, if your counsels ben true, and after God's law?

10. Why make ye you so costly houses to dwell in? sith Christ did not so, and ded men should have but graves, as falleth it to dede men, and yet ye have more courts than many lords of England: for ye now wenden thogh the relme, and ech night will lig in your own courts, and so mo but right few lords doe.

11. Why hire you to ferme your limitors, giving therefore ech yere a certain rent, and will not suffer one in another's limitation, right as ye were your selves lords of countries?

Why be ye not under your bishops visitations, and legemen to our king?

Why

Why aske ye no letters of bretherheds of other mens praiers, as ye desire that other men should aske letters of you?

If your letters be gode, why grant ye them not generally to all maner of men for the more charitie?

12. Mowe ye make any man more perfect brether for your prayers, than God hath by our beleve? by our baptisme and his own grant? if ye mow, certes then ye be above God.

Why make ye men beleve that your golden trentall sung of you, to take therefore ten shillings, or at lest five shillings, woll bring soules out of hell, or out of purgatorie? if this be soth, certes ye might bring all soules out of paine, and that woll ye nought, and then ye be out of charitie.

13. Why make ye men beleve, that he that is buried in your habit, shal never come in hel, and ye wete not of your selfe whether ye shall to hell or no? and if this were soth ye should sell your high houses to make many habites for to save many mens soules.

14. Why stele ye mens children for to make 'hem of your sect, sith that theft is against God's hefts, and sith your sect is not perfect? ye know not whether the rule that ye bind him to, be best for him or worst.

15. Why underneme ye not your brethren for ther trespasses after the law of the Gospell, sith that underneming is the best that may be? but ye put them in prison oft, when they do after God's law, and by S. Augustine's rule if any doe amisse, and would not amend him, ye should put him from you.

16. Why covet ye shrift, and burying of other mens parishens, and none other sacrament that falleth to christian folke?

Why busie ye not to here to shrift of pore folke, as well as of rich lords and ladies, sith they mow have more plentie of shrift fathers than pore folke mow?

Why say ye not the gospel in houses of bedrid men, as ye do in rich mens, that mowe goe to church and here the gospel?

Why covet you not to burie pore folke among you? sith that they ben most holy (as ye faine that ye ben for your povertie.)

17. Why will ye not be at ther diriges as ye have ben at rich mens? sith God praiseth 'hem more than he doth other men.

What is thy prayer worth? sith thou wilt take therefore, for all chapmen ye nede to be most wise for dred of simone.

What cause hast thou, that thou wilt not preach the gospel, as God saith that thou shouldst? sith it is the best lore and also our beleve.

Why be ye evill apaid that secular prestes should preach the gospel? sith God himseife hath bodden 'hem.

18. Why hate ye the gospel to be preached, si h ye be so much hold thereto? for ye win more by yere with *In principio*, than with all the rules that ever your patrones made, and in this minstrels ben better than ye, for they contrarien not to the mirths that they maken, but ye contrarien the gospel both in word and dede.

19. Frere, when thou recevest a penie for to say a masse, whether sellest thou God's bodie for that penie, or thy praier, or els thy travell? if thou saiest thou wolt not travell for to say the masse, but for the penie, than certes if this be soth, then thou lovest to litle mede for thy soule: and if thou sellest God's bodie, other thy prayer, then it is very simonie, and art become a chapman worse than Judas, that sold it for thirtie pence.

20. Why writest thou ther names in thy tables that yeveth The mony? sith God knoweth al thing? for it semeth by thy writing, that God would not reward him, but thou writest in thy tables, God would els forgotten it.

Why bereft thou God in hand, and slanderest him that he begged for his mete? sith he was Lord over all, for then had he bene unwise to have begged, and have no nede thereto.

Frere, after what lawe rulest thou The? where findest thou in God's lawe that thou shouldst thus beg?

21. What manner men nedeth for to beg?

For whom oweth such men to beg?

Why beggest thou so for thy brethren?

If thou saiest, for they have nede, then thou doest it for the more perfection, or els for the lest, or els for the mene. If it be the most perfection of all, then should all thy brethren do so, and then no man neded to beg but for himself, for so should no man beg but him neded. And if it be the lest perfection, why lovest thou then other men more than thy selfe? For so thou art not well in charitie, sith thou shouldst seke the more perfection after thy power, living thy self most after God. And thus leving that imperfection, thou shouldst not so beg for them. And if it is a gode mene thus to beg as thou doest, then should no man do so, but they ben in this gode mene, and yet such a mene granted to you may never be grounded on God's law, for then both lerid and leud that ben in mene degre of this world, should go about and beg as ye do. And if all should do so, certes well nigh all the world should go about and beg as ye done, and so should there be ten beggers against one yever.

Why procurest thou men to yeve The ther almes, and saiest it is so nedeful, and thou wilt not thy selfe win The that mede?

22. Why wilt thou not beg for pore bedrid men, that bin porer than any of your sect, that ligen and mow not go about to help 'hemselfes, sith we be all brethren in God, and that bretherhed passeth any other that ye or any man could make, and where most nede were, there were most perfection, either els ye hold them not your pure brethren, but worse, but then ye be unperfect in your begging?

Why make ye so many maisters among you, sith it is against the teching of Christ and his Apostles?

23. Whose ben all your rich courts that ye han, and all your rich jewels? sith ye seen that ye han nought ne in proper ne in common. If ye sain they ben the popes, why gather ye then of pore men and lords so much out of the king's hand to make your pope rich? And sith ye sain that it is grete perfection to have nought in proper but in common, why be ye so fast about to make the pope, that is your father, rich, and put on him imperfection? sithen ye faine that your godes ben all his, and he should by reson be the most perfect man, it semeth openlich that ye ben cursed children so to slander your father, and make him imperfect. And if ye faine that the godes be yours, then do ye ayenst your rule; and if it be not ayenst your rule, then might ye have both plough and cart, and labour as other gode men done, and not so to beg by losengery, and idle as ye done. If ye say that it is more perfection to beg, than to travell or to worch with your hand, why preach ye not openly, and tech all men to do so? sith it is the best and most perfect life to the help of ther souls, as ye make children to beg that might have ben rich heirs.

Why make ye not your fests to pore men, and yeveth 'hem yests, as ye done to the rich? sith pore men han more nede than the rich.

What

What betokeneth that ye goe tweine and tweine together? if ye be out of charitie, ye accord not in soule.

Why beg ye and take salaries thereto more than other priests? sith he that most taketh, most charge hath.

24. Why hold ye not S. Francis rule and his testament? sith Francis saith, that God shewed him this living and this rule: and certes if it were God's will, the pope might not fordo it; or els Francis was a liar, that saied in this wise. And but this testament that he made, accord with God's will, or els erred, he is a liar that were out of charitie, and as the law saith, he is accursed that letteth the rightful last wil of a ded man. And this testament is the last will of Francis that is a dead man, it semeth therefore that all his freres ben cursed.

25. Why will ye not touch no coined money with the crosse, ne with the king's hed, as ye done other jewels both of gold and silver? certes if ye despise the crosse or the king's hed, then ye ben worthy to be despised of God and the king: and sith ye will receive money in your herts, and not with your hands, it semeth that ye hold more holinesse in your hands than in your herts, and then be false to God.

26. Why have ye exempt you from our king's lawes, and visiting of our bishops more than other christen men that liven in this relme, if ye be not guiltie of traitorie to our relme, or trespassers to your bishops? but ye will have the king's lawes for the trespassse doe to you, and ye wil have power of other bishops more than other priests, and also have leve to prison your brethren as lords in your courts more than other folks that han ben the king's legemen.

27. Why shal som sect of your freres payeth a yere a certaine to ther generall provinciall or minister, or els to ther soverienes, but if he stele a certaine number of children (as some men saine) and certes if this ben soth, then ye be constrained upon certein pain to do theft against God's commaundement, *Non furtum facies*.

28. Why be ye so hardie to grant by letters of fraternitie to men and women, that they shal have part and merite of all your gode dedes, and ye weten never whether God be apayed with your dedes because of your sinne? Also ye witten never whether that man or woman be in state to be saved or damned, then shal he have no merit in heven for his owne dedes ne for none other mans. And all were it so, that he shold have part of your gode dedes: Yet should he have no more than God would give him after that he were worthie, and so much shal ech man have of God's yest without your limitation. But if ye will say that ye ben God's fellowes, and that he may not doe without your assent, then be ye blasphemers to God.

29. What betokeneth that ye have ordeined, that when such one as ye have made your brother or sister, and hath a letter of your sele, that letter mought be brought in your holye chapter, and there be rad, or els ye will not pray for him. And but ye willen pray especially for all other that were not made your brethren or sistren, then were ye not in right charitie, for that ought to be commen, and namely in ghostly things.

30. Frere, what charity is this, to overcharge the peple by mightie begging, under colour of preaching or praying, or masses singing? Sith holy write biddeth not thus, but even the contrarie: for all such ghostly dedes should be done frely, as God yeveth them frely?

31. Frere, what charitie is this, to beguile children or they commen to discretion, and bind 'hem to your orders, that ben not grounded in God's law, a-

gainst ther frends will? Sithen by this follie bene many apostataes, both in will and dede, and many bene apostataes in ther will during all ther life, that would gladly be discharged, if they wist how, and so many ben apostataes, that shoulden in other states have ben true men.

32. Frere, what charitie is this, to make so many Freres in every country to the charge of the peple? sith parsons and vicars alone, ye secular priests alone, ye monkes and cannons alone, with bishops above them were ynough to the church to doe the priests office? And to adde more than ynough is a foule error, and gret charge to the peple, and this openly against God's will, that ordained all thyngs to be done in weight, number, and mesure. And Christ himselfe was apayed with twelve apostles and a fewe disciples, to preach and doe priests office to all the whole world, then was it better doe than is now at this time by a thousand dele. And right so as foure fingers with a thombe in a man's hand, helpeth a man to worch, and double number of fingers in one hand should let him more, and so the more number that there were passing the mesure of God's ordinaunce, the more were a man letted to worch: right so (as it semeth) it is of these new orders that ben added to the church, without grounde of holy write and God's ordinance.

33. Frere, what charity is this, to the peple to lie, and say, that ye follow Christ in povertie more than other men done? and yet in curious and costly housing, and fine and precious clothing, and delicious and liking feding, and in trefure and jewels, and rich ornaments, freres passen lords and other rich worldly men, and sonest they should bring ther cause about, (be it never so costly) though God's law be put abacke.

34. Frere, what charitie is this, to gather up the bokes of holy write, and put 'hem in treforie, and so emprison them from secular priestes and curats, and by this cautell let 'hem to preach the gospell frely to the peple without worldly mede, and also to defame gode priestes of heresie, and lien on 'hem openly for to let 'hem to shew God's law by the holy gospell to the christian peple?

35. Frere, what charitie is this, to faine so much holines in your bodily clothing, (that ye clepe your habit) that many blind soles desiren to die therein more than in another? And also that a Frere that leaveth his habit late founden of men may not be affoiled till he take againe, but is apostata as ye saine, and cursed of God and man both? The Frere beleveth truth, and patience, chastitie, mekenesse, and sobrietie, yet for the more part of his life he may sone be affoiled of his prior, and if he bring home to his house much gode by the yere (be it never so falsely begged and pilled of the pore and nedie peple in countries about) he shal be hold a noble Frere, O Lord, whether this be charitie?

36. Frere, what charitie is this, to prese upon a rich man, and to intice him to be buried among you from his parish church, and to such rich men give letters of fraternitie confirmed by your generall sele, and thereby to bere him in hand that he shal have part of all your masses, mattins, preachings, fastings, wakings, and all other gode dedes done by your brethren of your order (both whilest he liveth, and after that he is ded) and yet ye witten never whether your dedes be acceptable to God, ne whether that man that hath that letter be able by gode living to receive any part of your dedes, and yet a pore man (that ye wite well or supposen in certen to have no gode of) ye ne given to such letters, though he be a better man to God than such a rich man: nevertheless this pore man doth not retch therof. For as men supposen, such

such letters and many other that Freres behoten to men, be full false deceits of Freres, out of all reson, and God's law and christian mens faith.

37. Frere, what charitie is this, to be confessors of lords and ladies, and to other mightie men, and not amend 'hem in ther living? but rathir as it semeth to be the bolder to pill ther pore tenants and to live in lechery, and there to dwell in your office of confessor for winning of worldlie godes, and to be hold grete by colour of such ghostly offices? this semeth rather pride of Freres, than charitie of God.

38. Frere, what charitie is this, to sain that who so liveth after your order, liveth most perfectlie, and next followeth the state of Apostles in povertie and penance, and yet the wisest and gretest clerkes of you wend or fend, or procure to the court of Rome to be made cardinals or bishops of the pope's chaplens, and to be assoiled of the vow of povertie and obedience to your ministers, in the which (as ye sain) standeth most perfection and merit of your orders, and thus ye faren as Pharisees that sain one and do an other to the contrarie.

Why name ye more the patron of your order in your *Confiteor* when ye begin masse, than other Saints, Apostles, or Martyrs, that holy Church hold more gloriotis than 'hem, and clepe 'hem your patrons and your avowries?

Frere, whether was St. Francis in making of his rule that he set thine order in, a sole and a liar, or else wise and true? If ye sain that he was not a sole, but wise; ne a liar, but true: why shew ye contrarie by your doing, when by your suggestion to the Pope ye said; that your rule that Francis made was so hard, that ye mow not live to hold it without declaration and dispensation of the Pope, and so by your dede ye let your patron a sole that made a rule so hard that no man may well kepe, and eke your dede proveth him a liar, where he saith in his rule, that he toke and lerned it of the Holy Ghost. For how might ye for shame pray the Pope undo that the holy ghost bit, as when ye prayed him to dispense with the hardnesse of your order!

Frere, which of the foure orders of friers is best to a man that knoweth not which is the best, but would faine enter into the best, and none other? If thou saiest that thine is the best, then saiest thou that none of the other is as gode as thine, and in this ech frere in the thre other orders woll say that thou liest, for in the self same maner ech other frere woll say that his order is best. And thus to ech of the foure orders bin the other thre contrary in this point: in the which if any say soth, that is one alone, for there may but one be the best of foure. So followeth it, that if ech of these orders answered to this question as thou doest, thre were false, and but one true, and yet no man should wite who that were. And thus it semeth, that the most part of freres bin or should be liars in this point, and they should answere thereto. If you say that another order of the freres is better than thine, or as gode, why toke ye not rather thereto as to the better, when thou mightst have chose at the beginning? And eke why shouldst thou be an apostata to leve thine order and take The to

that is better, and so why goest thou not from thine order into that?

Frere, is there any perfecter rule of religion than Christ God's sonne gave in his gospell to his brethren? Or than that religion that S. James in his epistle maketh mencion of? If you say yes, then puttest thou on Christ (that is the wisedome of God the father) unkunning, unpower, or evill will: for then he could not make his rule so gode as an other did his. And so he had be unkunning, that he might not make his rule so gode as an other man might, and so were he unmightie, and not God, as he would not make his rule so perfect as an other did his, and so he had bin evill willed, namely to himselfe.

For if he might, and could, and would have made a rule perfect without default, and did not, he was not God's sonne almighty. For if any other rule be perfecter, than Christe's, then must Christe's rule lacke of that perfection by as much as the other weren more perfecter, and so were default, and Christ had failed in making of his rule: but to put any default or failing in God, is blasphemie. If thou say that Christe's rule, and that religion which S. James maketh mencion of, is perfectest; why holdest thou not thilke rule without more? And why elepest thou the rather of S. Francis or S. Dominik's rule or religion or order, than of Christe's rule or Christe's order?

Frere, canst thou any default or assigne in Christe's rule of the gospell (with the which he taught all men sikerly to be saved) if they kept it to ther ending? If thou say it was to hard, then saiest thou Christ lied; for he said of his rule: My yoke is soft, and my burden light. If thou say Christe's rule was to light, that may be assigned for no default, for the better it may be kept. If thou saist that there is no default in Christe's rule of the Gospell, sith Christ himself saith it is light and esie: what nede was it to patrons of freres to adde more thereto? and so to make an harder religion to save freres, than was the religion of Christe's apostles and his disciples helden and were saved by? But if they woulden that ther freres sate above the apostles in heven for the harder religion that they kepen here, so would they sitten in heven above Christ himselfe, for ther more and strict observations, then so should they be better than Christ himself with mischance.

Go now forth and fraine your clerks, and ground ye you in God's law, and gif Jacke an answer, and when ye han assoiled me that I have said sadly in truth, I shall soile The of thine orders, and save The to heven.

If freres can not or mow not excuse 'hem of these questions asked of 'hem, it semeth that they be horrible giltie against God, and ther even christian; for which gilts and defaults it were worthy that the order that they cal ther order were fardone. And it is wonder that men susteine 'hem or suffer them live in such maner. For holie write biddeth that thou do wel to the meke, and give not to the wicked, but forbed to give 'hem bred, lest they be made thereby mightier through you.

This Prologue and the Tale which follows it, were never before printed, and are taken out of a MS. borrowed from the Honourable Lady *Thinn's*; and not to be met with in any of the other MSS. which Mr. *Urry* had perused: So that if the sense and measure of the Verse are not so perfect here as in the other Tales, it must be attributed to the want of MSS. upon the authority of which all the other corrections are chiefly grounded: The Verse in all probability is of the same kind with that of *Gamelyn*, and were it to be found in as many MSS. might no doubt be as easily compleated, but having no other besides the forementioned, the Reader must be content with only a faithfull Transcript of it out of that MS.

The PROLOGUE,

Or, the mery adventure of the Pardonere and Tapstere at the Inn at Canterbury.



WHEN all this fresh feleship were com to
Cantirbury,
As ye have herde to fore with talys glad
and merry;
Som of sotill sentence of vertue and of lore,
And som of othir mirthis, for them that hold no store
Of wisdom, ne of holynes, ne of chivalry,
Nethir of vertuouse matere, but to foly
Leyd wit and lustis all to such Japis
As hurlewaynes meyne in every hegg that rapes
Thorough unstabill mynde, ryght as the levis grene
Stondewn ageyn the weðir, ryght so by them I mene.
But no more hereof nowe at this ilche tyme
In saving of my sentence, my prolog, and my ryme.
They toke their In and loggit them at mydmorowe
I trowe,
Alle cheker of the hope that many a man doth knowe;
Their hooft of Southworke that with them went, as
ye have herde to fore,
That was rewler of them al of las and eke of more,
Ordeyned their dyner wisely, or they to church went,
Such vitailis as he fonde in town, and for noon othir
sent,
The Pardonere behelde the besynes how statis wer i-
servid,
Diskennyng hym al prively and a fyde swervid; 20
The hostelcre was so halowid fro o plase to another,
He toke his staffe to the tapstere; welcom myne own
brother,
Qð she, with a frendly loke alreedy for to kys;
And he, as a man i lerned of such kyndnes,
Bracyd hir by the myddyll and made hir gladly chere,
As thoughe he had iknowen hir al the rathir yeer:
She halid hym into the tapstry there hir bed was ma-
kid
Lo here I ligg, (qð she) my self al nyght al nakid
Without manny's company, syn my love was dede,
Jenkyn Harpour, yf ye hym knewe, from fete to the
hede
Was not a lustier persone to daunce ne to lepe,
Then he was, thoughe I it sey; and therwith to wepe
She made, and with hir napron feir and white ywafsh
She wyped soft hir eyen for teris that she out lath,
As grete as any myllstone, upward gon they stert,
For love of her swetyng, that sat so nighe hir hert.
She wept and waylid and wrong hir hondis and made
much to done;
For they that loven so passyngly such trowes they have
echon.

She snyffith, sighith, and shoke hire hede, and made
rouful cher;
Benedicite, qð the Pardonere, and toke hir by the swere,
Yee make sorowe inowgh, qð he, your life though ye
shuld lese;
It is no wondir, qð she than, and therwith she gan
to snefe.
Aha, al hole, qð the Pardonere, your pennaunce is
somewhat passid;
God forbede it els, qð she, but it were somewhat lassid;
I myght nat lyve els, thowe wotist, and it shuld long
endure;
Now blessid be God of mendement of hele and eke
of cure,
Qð the Pardonere tho anon, and toke hir by the
chynne,
And sayd to hir these wordis tho, alas! that love is syn!
So kynd a lover as yee be oon, and so trew of herte,
For be my trewe conscience yit for yewe I smerte, 50
And shall this month hereafter for your soden disese:
Now wele wer hym ye lovid, so he coud you plesse.
I durst swere upon a book that trewe he shuld yewe
fynd:
For he that is so yore dede is grene in yeur mynd.
Ye made me a sory man, I dred ye wold have stervid.
Graunt mercy, gentil Sir, qð she, that yee unaservid;
Yee be a nobile man, iblessid mut yee be:
Sit down ye shul drynk, nay I wis (qð he,)
I am fastyng yit, myne own hert'is rote,
Fastyng yit alas! qð she, therof I can gode bore. 60
She stert into the town and fet a py al hore,
And set to fore the Pardonere; Jenken, I ween I n'ote
Is that your name I yow prey ye I wis myne own
fustir;
So was I enformyd of them that did me fostir.
And what is yowrs? Kitt, iwis; so cleped me my
dame,
And Godd'is blessing have thow, Kitt; now broke
wel thy name;
And privylich unlasid his both eyen liddes,
And lokid hir in the visage paramour amyddis;
And sighed there with a litil time, that she it here
myghte,
And gan to rown and feyn this song, *Now love then do
me righte:* 70
Ete and be merry, qð she, why breke ye nowt your
fast?
To wait more feleship it were but work in waste.
Whi make ye so dull chere? for your love at home?

Nay
I

Nay forsooth, myne own hert, it is for yow aloon,
For me? alas! what sey ye? that wer a simple prey.
Trewlich yit, qð the Pardonere, it is as I yewe sey.
Ye etith and beth mery, we wol speke thereof sone;
Brennyd Cat dredith feir; it is mery to be aloon:
For by our lady Mary, that bare Jesus on hir arm,
I could nevir love yit but it did me harm: 80
For evir my manere hath be to love ovirmuch.
Now Crist is blessing, qð the Pardonere, go with al
such.

Lo! how the clowdis worchyn, ech man to mete his
mach,

For trewly, gentil cristian I use the same tach,
And have ydo many a yer; I may it nat forbere;
For *kynd will have his cours*, though men the contrary
swere.

And therewith he stert up smertly, and cast down a
grote,

What shal this do, gentil Sir? nay Sir for my cote
I n'old ye payd a peny her, and so sone pas.

The Pardonere swore his grett othe, he wold pay no
las.

I wis, Sir, it is ovir do, but sith it is yowr will,
I woll putt it in my purse, lest yee it take in ill
To refuse your curtesy: and therewith she gan to bowe.
Now trewly, qð the Pardonere, your maners been to
lowe.

For had ye countid streytly, and nothing left behind,
I might have wele ydemed that yee be unkind,
And eke untrew of hert, and sooner me forgete;
But ye list be my tresorer, for we shall offer mete.

Now certen, qð the tapster, ye have a redeful even,
As wold to God ye couth as wele undo my sweven
That I my self did mete this nyght that is ypassid,
How I was in a chirch, when it was all ymassid;
And was in my devocioun tyl service was al doon,
Tyl the preest and the clerk boystly bad me goon,
And put me out of the chirch with an egir mode.

Now Seynt Daniel, qð the Pardonere, your swevyn
turn to gode;

And I woll halow it to the best, have it in yeur mynd;
For comynly of these swevyngs the contrary men shul
fynd.

Ye have be a lover glad, and litil joy yhad;
Plick up a lusty hert, and be mery and glad; 110
For ye shul have an husbond, that shall yewe wed to
wyve,

That shal love yewe as hertly as his own lyve.
The preest that put yew out of chirch shal lede you
in ageyne,

And helpe to yeur mariage with al his might and main:
This is the sweven al and som Kit, how likith The?
Be my trowith wondir wele; bleffid mut thowe be,
Then toke he leve at that tyme, tyll he com efftione,
And went to his feleship (as it was to doon)

Thoughe it be no grete holynes to prech this ilk ma-
tere,

And that som list to her it, yit, Sirs, ner the latter
Endurith for a while and sufferith them that woll,
And ye shull her how the Tapster made the Pardonere
pull

Garlik all the long nyghte til it was ner end day;
For the more chere she made of love, the falsere was
her lay.

But litil charge gaff she therof, tho she aquit his while,
For ethir is thought and tent was othir to begile;
As ye shul here hereaftir, when tyme comith and
spafe

To meve such matere——but now a litil spafe
I wol return me ageyn to the company,
The knyghte and al the feleship and nothing for to ly,
Whan they wer al yloggit, as skil wold and reson,
Everich aftir his degre, to chirch then was seson
To pas and to wend, to make their offringis,

Righte as their devocioun was, of silver broch, and
ryngis.

Then at chirch dorr the curtesy gan to ryse,
Tyl the knyght, of gentilnes that knewe right wele
the guyse,

Put forth the prelatis, the parson, and his fere,
A monk, that took the spryngill with a manly chere,
And did as the manere is, moilid al their patis
Everich aftir othir, righte as they wer of statis. 140

The frei feynyd fetously the spryngill for to hold
To spryng oppon the remnaunt; that for his cope he
n'old

Have laft that occupacioun in that holy plafe;
So longid his holy conscience to se the Nonn's safe.
The knyght went with his compers toward the holy
shryne,

To do that they wer com for, and aftir for to dyne,
The Pardonere and the miller and othir lewde fotes
Sought hem self in the chirch, right as lewd gotes;
Pyrid fast and poudid high upon the glafe,

Counterfetyng gentilmen the armys for to blafe,
Diskynering fast the peyntur and for the story mournid
And a red al so right as rammys hornyd,
He berith a balstaff, qð the toon, and els a rakid
end;

Thow failest, qð the miller, thow hast nat wel thy
mynd;

It is a spere, yf thow canst se, with a prik tofore,
To bush a down his Enmy and through the shoulder
bore.

Pese, qð the hoost of Southwork, let stond the wyn-
dow glafid,

Goith up and doith your offerynge, ye semith half a-
massid,

Sith ye be in company of honest men and good,
Worchith somwhat aftir them and let the kynd of
brode 160

Pas for a tyme, I hold it for the best;
For who doith after company may live the bet in rest.

Then passid they forth boystly gogling with their
hedis,

Knelid adown to fore the shryne and hertlich their
bedis

They preyd to seint Thomas, in such wyse as they
couth;

And sith the holy relikes ech man with his mowith
Kissid, as a goodly monk the names told and taught.
And sith to othir places of holynes they raught,
And wer in their devocioun tyl service wer al doon:

And sith they drowgh to dynerward, as it drew to
noon, 170

Then, as manere and custom is, sigtes there they
bought;

For men of contre shuld know whome they had sought:
Eche man set his silver in such thing as they likid:

And in the meen while the miller had ypickid
His bosom ful of signys of Caunterbury brochis;

Though the Pardonere and he pryvely in hir pouchis
They put them afterwards, that noon of them it wist,

Save the Sompner seid somwhat, and seyde to he list
Half part, qð he, prively rownyng on their ere:

Hufst, pees, qð the miller, seist thow nat the frere,
How he lowrith undir his hood with a doggish eye?

Hit shuld be a privy thing that he could nat aspy:
Of every craft he can somwhat our lady give hym so-
rowe.

Amen, tho qð the Sompner, on eve and eke on mo-
rowe.

So curfid a tale he told of me, the devill of hell hym
spede,

And me, but yf I pay him wele and quyte wele his
mede,

Yf it hap homward that ech man tell his tale,
As we did hiðerward, though we shuld fet at sale

All

All the shrewdnes that I can, I woll hym nothing spare,

That I n'ol touch his takerd somwhat of his care.

They set their signys upon their hedes, and som upon their capp,

And fith to the dynerward they gan for to stapp;

Every man in his degre wissh and toke his fete,

As they wer wont to doon at soper and at mete,

And wer in silence for a tyme, tyl good ale gan arise,

And then as nature axith as these old wise

Knownen wele, when veynys been somwhat replete,

The spirits wol stere, and also metis swete

Causen oft myrthis for to be ymevid,

And eke it was no tyme tho for to be ygrevid: 200

Every man in his wyfe made hertly chere,

Telling his felowe of sportys and of chere,

And of othir mirthis that fellyn by the wey,

As custum is of pylgryms, and hath been many a dey.

The hooft leid to his ere, of Southworke as ye knowe,

And thenkid al the company both high and lowe,

So wele kepeing the covenaut, in Southwork that was made,

That every man shuld by the wey with a tale glade

All the whole company in shorting of the wey;

And al is wele performed, but than now thus I sey,

That we must so homeward ech man tel anothir,

Thus we wer accordit, and I shuld be a rathir

To set yewe in governaunce by right ful jugement.

Trewly hooft, qð the Frer, that was all our assent,

With a litil more that I shall sey therto.

Yee graunted of yeur curtesy that we shuld also

All the hole company sope with yewe at nyght:

Thus I trow that it was, what sey you, Sir knyght?

It shal nat hede qð the hooft, to axe no witnes;

Your record is good I now; and of yeur gentilnes

Yit I prey yew eft ageyn: for by feynt Thomas shryne

And ye woll hold covenaut, I woll hold myne.

Now trewly hooft, qð the knyght, ye have right wel yseyd;

And as towching my persone, I hold me payde;

And so I trowe that al doith. Sirs, what sey yee?

The Monk and eke the Marchaunte and al seid, ye.

Then al this afir-mete I hold it for the best

To sport and pley us, qð the hooft, eche man as hym left,

And go by tyme to soper and to bed also;

So mowe we erly ryfen, our journey for to do. 230

The knyght arose therwithal, and cast on a fresher gown,

And his sone anothir, to walk in the town.

And so did all the remnaunt that wer of that aray,

That had their chaungis with them, they made them fresh and gay;

Sortid them togidir, right as their lustis lay,

As they were more usid travelling by the way.

The knyght with his meyne went to se the walle,

And the wards of the town as to a knyght befall;

Devising ententiflich the strengthis al about,

And apointid to his sone the perell and the dout,

For shot of arblast and of bowe, and eke for shot of gonne, 241

Unto the wardis of the town, and how it might be wone;

And al defence ther ageyn afir his intent

He declarid compendiously, and al that evir he ment,

He sone perseyvid every poynt, as he was full abil,

To armes and to travaile and persone covenabill

He was of all factur afir fourm of kynd,

And for to deme his governaunce it semed that his mynd

Was much in his lady that he lovid best;

That made hym oft to wake when he shuld have his rest. 250

The clerk that was of Oxenforth onto the Sompnore feyd,

Me semeth of grete clerge that thow art a mayde;

For thou puttest on the Frer in maner of repreff,

That he knoweth falshe, vice, and eke a theff.

And I it hold vertuouse and right commendabill

To have very knowlech of things reprovabill.

For who so may eschew it, and let it pas by,

And els he myght fall theron unward and fodenly.

And thouge the Frer told a tale of a Sompnour;

Thow oughtist for to take it for no dishonour: 260

For of al craftis and of eche degre

They be not al persite, but som nyce be.

Lo! what is worthy, feyd the knyght, for to be a clerk.

To sommon among us them this mocioume was ful derke;

I comend his wittis and eke his clerge;

For of ether parte he saveth honeste.

The Monk toke the Parson then and the grey Frer

And preyd them for curtesy for to go in fere.

I have ther acquaintaunce, that al this yeris thre

Hath preyd hym by his lettris that I hym wold se:

And ye my brothir in habit and in possessioun.

And now I am here, methinkith it is to doon,

To preve it in dede what chere he wold me make,

And to yew my frende also for my sake.

They went forth togidir talking of holy matere;

But woot ye wele, in certeyn they had no mind on watere

To drynk at that tyme, when they wer met in fere:

For of the best that myght be founde and therewith mery chere

They had, it is no doute, for spycys and eke wine

Went round about the gastoyne, and eke the ruyne.

The wyfe of bath was so wery she had no wyl to walk;

She toke the Piores by the honde; Madam, wol ye stak

Pryvely into the garden to se the herbis growe?

And afir with our host's wife in hir parlour rowe?

I wol gyve yewe the wyne, and ye shul me also.

For tyl we go to soper we have naught ellis to do.

The Piores, as woman taught of gentil blood and hend,

Assentid to hir counsel; and forth gon they wend,

Passyng forth sofftly into the herbery:

For many a herb grewe for fewe and surgery; 290

And all the aleys feir and parid, and raylid, and y-makid:

The savage and the isope yfretid and ystakid;

And othir beddis by and by fresh ydight,

For comers to the hooft righte a sportful sight.

The Marchaunt, and the Mancipill, the Miller, and the Reve,

And the Clerk of Oxenforth, to townward gan they meve;

And al the othir meyne; and lassit noon at home,

Save the Pardoner, that pryvelich when al they wer goon

Stalkid into the tapstry: for nothing wold he leve,

To make his covenante in certeyn that same eve,

He wold be loggit with hir, that was his hole ententioun.

But hap and eke fortune and all the constellacioun

Was clere hym ageyns, as ye shul afir here.

For hym had better be yloggit al nyght in a myere,

Then he was the same nyght or the sun was up:

For such was his fortune he drank without the cupp,

But thereof wist he no dele; ne no man of us alle

May have that high connyng, to know what shal befall.

He stappid into the tapstry wondir pryvely,

And fond hir ligging liryng with half slopy eye, 310

Pourid fellich undir hir hood, and sawe al his comyng, And

And lay ay still, as naught she knewe, but feynid hir
 slepyng.
 He put his hond to hir brest, awake, qð he, awake:
 A! *benedicite*, Sir, who wist yew her? out tho I myght
 be take
 Prisoner, qð the tapstere, being al aloon;
 And therwith breyd up in a frite, and began to groon:
 Now sith ye be my prisoner, yeld yew now, qð he,
 I must nedis, qð she, I may nothyng fle;
 And eke I have no strength and am but yong of age,
 And also *it is no mastery to catch a mouse in a cage*, 320
That may no where stert out, but closid wondir fast;
 And eke, Sir, I tell yew, though I had grete hast,
 Ye shuld have coughed when ye com, wher lern you
 curtesy;
 Now trewlich I must chide, for of right pryvery
 Women ben som tyme of day, when they be aloon.
 Wher coud I yew prey when ye com cistone?
 Nowe mercy, dere swetyng, I wol do so no more:
 I thank you an hundrit sithis; and also by your lore
 I wol do hereafter in what plase that I com.
 But lovers, Kitt, ben evil avysid full oft and to lom.
 Wherfor I prey you hertlich hold me excusid,
 And I behote yew trewly it shall no more be usid.
 But now to our purpose; how have ye fare,
 Sirh I was wyth you last? that is my most care.
 For yf yee eylid eny thing othir wife then good,
 Trewly it wold chaunge my chere and my blood.
 I have farid the wers for yewe, qð Kitt, do ye no
 drede
 God that is above? and eke ye had no nede
 For to congir me, God woot, wyth your nygro-
 mancy,
 That have no more to vaunte me but oonly my body;
 And yf it were disteynid, then wer I on do;
 I wis I trowe, Jenkyn, ye be nat to trust to.
 For evir more ye clerkis con so much in book,
 Yee wol wynn a woman at first look.
 Thought the Pardonere, this goith wele; and made
 his beter chere,
 And axid of hir softly; love, who shall ligg here
 This nyght that is to comyng? I prey yewe tell me.
 I wis it is grete nede to tell yewe, qð she:
 Make it nat overqueynt, though yew be a clerk,
 Ye knowe wele inough iwis, by loke, by word, by
 work. 350
 Shal I com than, christian, and fese away the cat?
 Shal ye com? *per benedicite*, what question is that?
 Wherfor I prey you hertly to be my Counsail;
 Comyth somwhat late, and for nothing fail;
 The dorr shall stond thar up; put it from yew soft:
 But be wele avysid, ye wake nat them on lofft.
 Care ye nat, qð Jenkin, I can theron at best;
 Shal no man for my stepyng be wakid of his rest.
 Anoon they dronk the beverage, and wer of oon ac-
 cord
 As it femed by their chere, and also by their word: 360
 And al a staunce she lovid hym wele, she toke hym
 by the swere;
 As though he had lernyd cury favel of som old frere,
 The Pardonere plukkid out of his purs, I trow the
 dowry;
 And toke it Kitt, in hir hond, and bad her pryvely
 To orden a rere sopor for them both to,
 A cawdell ymade with swete wyne, and with fugir
 also;
 For trewly I have no talent to ete in yeur absence;
 So longith my hert toward yew to be in yeur pre-
 sence.
 He toke his leve and went his wey as though nothing
 wer,
 And met wyth al the felfhip; but in what plase ne
 wher 370
 He spake no word therof, but held hym close and styll;
 As he that hopid sikirlich to have had al his wyll;
 And thought many a mery thought by hymself aloon;
 I am a loggit, thought he, best, how soevir it goon;
 And thoughe it have costid me, yit wol I do my peyn
 For to pike hir purs to nyghte and win my cost ageyn.
 Now leve I the Pardonere tyll that it be eve,
 And wol returne me ageyn righte ther as I did leve.
 Whan al wer com togiðir in their herbegage,
 The hooft of Southwork, as ye knowe, that had no
 spice of rage, 380
 But al thing wrought prudenciall as sobir man and wife;
 Now wol we to the soup, Sir knyght, scith yeur a-
 vyse,
 Qð the hooft ful curteysly, and in the same wise.
 The knyght answer'd him ageyn, Sir as ye devyse
 I must obey, ye woot wele; but yf I fail wytt,
 Then takith these prelatys to yewe and waslith and
 go sit;
 For I woll be yewr Marchall and serve yewe ech one,
 And then the officers and I to soper shall we gone.
 They wissh and sett right as he bad, eche man wyth
 his fere,
 And begonne to talk of sportis and of chere, 390
 That they had the astir-mete whiles they wer out;
 For othir occupacioun tyll they wer servid about
 They had nat at that tyme, but eny man kitt a loff;
 But the Pardonere kept hym close, and told nothing of
 The myrth and hope that he had, but kept it for
 hymself;
 And thoughe he did it is no fors; for he had nede to
 solve.
 Long or it wer mydnyght, as ye shul her sone;
 For he met with his love in croking of the moon.
 They wer yservyd honestly, and eche man held hym
 payde:
 For of o manere of service their soper was araide, 400
 As skill wold and reson, sith the lest of all
 Payid ylike much, for growing of the gall.
 But yit as curtesy axith, though it wer som dele streight,
 The statys that wer above had of the feyrest endreyte.
 Wherfor they did their gentilnes ageyn to all the rout,
 They dronken wyne at their cost onys round about;
 Now pass I lightly ovir, when they soupid had,
 Tho that were of governaunce as wyse men and sad
 Went to their rest, and made no more to doon;
 But Miller and the Coke dronken by the moon 410
 Twyes to eche othir in the repenyng.
 And when the Pardonere them espy'd, anoon he gan
 to sing,
 Doubill me this bourden, chokelyng in his throte;
 For the Tapster shuld here of his mery note.
 He clepid to hym the Sompnour that was his own
 discipill,
 The Yeman, and the Reve, and the Mancipill;
 And stoden so holowyng; for nothing wold they leve,
 Tyl the tyme that it was well within eve.
 The hooft of Southwork herd them wele, and the
 Marchaunt both,
 As they wer at a countis, and wexen somewhat wroth.
 But yet they preyd them curteysly to rest for to wend,
 And so they did all the rout, they dronk and made an
 end:
 And eche man droughe to cussy to slepe and take his
 rest.
 Save the Pardonere, that drew apart, and weytid by
 a cheste
 For to hide hymself, tyl the candill wer out;
 And in the meen while, have ye no doute,
 The Tapster and hir Paramour, and the hosteler of
 the house
 Sitt togiðir pryvelich, and of the best gause
 That was yfound in town and yset at sale.
 They had there of sufficiant, and dronk but litill
 ale; 430
 And

And fit and ete the cawdell, for the Pardoner that
was made,
With fugir and with swete wyne, right as hymself
bade:

So he that payd for all in feer had not a twynt;
For oft is more better ymerkid then ymynt.
And so farid he ful right, as ye have yherd.
But *who is that a woman could not make his berd,*
And she wer therabout and set hir wytt therto?
Ye woot wele I ly nat, and wher I do or no
I wol nat here termyn it, lest ladies stond in plase
Or els gentil women, for lesing of my grace 440
Of daliaunce and of sportis and of goodly chere;
Therfor anenst their estatys I wol in no manere
Deme ne determyn, but of lewd kitts,
As Tapsters, and othir such that hath wyly wyttis,
To pike mennys pursis, and eke to bler their eye;
So wele they make seme soth when they falsest by,
Now of Kitt Tapster, and of hir Paramour,
And the hosteler of the house that sit in Kittis bour,
When they had ete and dronk right in the same plase,
Kit began to rendir out all thing as it was: 450
The wowing of the Pardoner, and his cost also,
And how he hopid for to lygg al nyght wyth hir also;
But therof he shall be sikir as of God's cope.
And sodeynly kysid her Paramour; and seyde, we
shul scope

Togidir hul by hul, as we have many a nyght:
And yf he com and make noyse, I prey yewe dub
hym knyght.

Yes dame, qð hir Paramour, be thow not agast;
This is his own staff thou seyest, therof he shall a taff.
Now trewly, qð the hosteler, and he com by my lot
He shall drink for Kittis love wythout cup or pot;
And he be so hardy to wake eny gift,

I make a vowe to the peacock there shal wake a foul
mist,

And arose up therewithal and toke his leve anon;
It was a shrewid company, they had servid so many
oon.

With such manere of feleship ne kepe I never to dele
Ne no man that lovith his worship and his hele.

Qð Kitt to hir Paramour, ye must wake a whyle
For trewlich I am sikir that within this myle
The Pardoner wol be comyng his hete to aswage;
But loke ye pay hym redelich to kele his corage;
And therfor love dischance yewe not tyll this chek
be do.

No for God Kitt that wol I no.

Then Kitt went to bed, and blewe out all the light;
And by that tyme it was ner hond quarter nyght,
Whan all was still, the Pardoner gan to walk,
As glad as eny goldfynch, that he herd no man talk:
And drowghe to Kittis dordward to herken and to list,
And went to have fond the dor up by the hasp, and
eke the twist

Held hym out a whils and the lok also;
Yit trowid he no gile, but went ner to, 480
And scrapid the dorr welplich, and wynyd wyth his
mowith,

Aftir a doggis lyden, as nere as he couith.
Away dog with evill deth, qð he, that was within,
And made hym all redy the dorr to unpin.

A! thought the Pardoner, tho I trow my berd be
made,

The Tapster hath a Paramour and hath made them
glade

With the cawdell that I ordeyned for me as I gues:
Now the devill hir speide, such oon as she is.
She seid I had ycongerid hir, our lady gyve hir sorowe
Now wold to God she wer in stokis-tyl I shuld hir
borowe: 490

For she is the falsest that evir yit I knewe,
To pik the mony out of my purs; Lord! she made
hir trewe.

And therewyth he caught a cardiakill and a cold sot;
For who have love longing and is of corage hote,
He hath ful many a myry thought tofore his delyte;
And right so had the Pardoner, and was in evil plight:
For fayling of his purpose he was nothing in ese;
Wherfor he fill sodenlich into a wood rese;

Entryng wondir fast into a frensy,
For pur very angir, and for jelousy, 500
For when he herd a man within, he was almost wood;
And because the cost was his, no marvel tho the moud
Wer turned into vengauce, yf it myght be:
But this was the myschief, all so strong as he
Was he that was within, and lighter man also;
As provid wele the bataile betwene them both to.
The Pardoner scrapid eftt ageyn, for nothyng wold
he blyn;

So feyn he wold have herd more of hym that was
within.

What dog is that, qð the Paramour? Kit, wost thou
ere?

Have God my trowith, qð she, it is the Pardoner.
The Pardoner with myscheff! God gyve hym evil
preff.

Sir, she seid, by my trowith he is the same theff.
Therof thou lieft, qð the Pardoner, and might nat
long forbere,

A thy fals body, qð he, the devil of hell The tere!
For by my trowith a falscher sawe I never noon:

And nempnid hir namys many mo then oon.
Though to rech hir wer noon honeste,
Among men of good of worship and degre.

But shortly to conclude; when he had chid inowe;
He axid his staff spitouslich wyth wordis sharp and
rowe. 520

Go to bed, qð he within, no more noyse thow make,
Thy staff shal be redy to morowe I undertake,
In soth, qð he, I wol nat fro the dorr wend,
Tyl I have my staff, thow bribour, then have the
toðir end,

Qð he that was within; and leyde it on his bak,
Right in the same plase, as chapmen berith their pak;
And so he did to mo, as he could a rede,
Graspyng aftir with the staff in lengith and eke in
brede;

And fond hym othir whyle redlich inoughe
With the staffys end high upon the browe. 530

The hosteler ley oppon his bed, and herd of this af-
fray,

And stert hym up lightlich, and thought he wold asay:
He toke a staff in his hond, and highed wondir blyve
Tyl he wer with the feleship that shuld never thryve:
What be yee, qð the hosteler? and knew them both
wele,

Hyust pese, qð the Paramour; Jak, thow must be fele.
Ther is a theff I tell The within this hall dorr.

A theff, qð Jak? this is a nobill chere
That thou hym hast yfound; yf wee hym myght cach.
Yis, yis, care The nought; with hym we shul mach
Wele inowe, or he be go, yf so we had lighte;
For we to be stronge inowe with o man for to fighte.

The Devill of hell, qð Jak, breke this thev's bonis.
The key of the kitchen, as it wer for the nonys,
Is above with our dame? and she hath such usage,
And she be wake of her slepe, she fallith in such a rage,
That al the weke aftir there may no man hir plese,
So she sterith aboute this house in a wood rese.

But now I am avysid bet how we shul have lyte;
I have too giftis within, that this same nyght 550
Sopid in the halle, and had a litill feir.

Go up, qð Jak, and loke and in the ashis pire;
And I wol kepe the dorr, he shall not stert out.

Nay for God that woll I nat, lest I cach a clout,
Seid the toðir to Jak; for thou knowist bettir then I.
All the eftis of this house, go up thy self and spy.

Nay

Nay for soth, qð Jak, that were grete unrighte:
To aventur oppon a man that with hym did not fighte.
Sithens thou hast hym bete and with thy staff ypiit,
Me thinkith it wer no reson that I shuld bere the
gilt: 560

For by the blyfing of the cole he myght se myne hede,
And lightly leve me such a stroke my hond to be dede.
Then wol we do by common assent sech hym al a-
bout,

Who that metith hym first pay him on the snout:
For methought I herd hym here last among the pannys.
Kepe thou, the toðir side, but ware the watir cannys,
And if he be herin, ryght sone we shull hym fynde;
And we to be strong inowghe o theffe for to bynde.
Aha ha, thought the Pardoner, beth the pannys aryn?
And drowghe oppon that side, and thought oppon a
gynne; 570

So at last he fond oon, and set it on his hede.
For, as the case was fall, ther'to he had grete nede.
But yit he graspit ferthir more to have somwhat in
honde,

And fond a grete ladill, right as he was gonde,
And thought for to sterte out betwene them both to;
And waytid wele the Paramour that had doon hym
woo;

And set him with the ladill on the gruscill on the nose,
That all the week after he had such a pose,
That both his eyin waterid erlich by the morowe.
But the that was the cause of it had ther'of no fo-
rowe. 580

But now to the Pardoner; as he wold stert away
The hosteler met with hym, but nothyng to his pay:
The Pardoner ran so swith the pan fill him fro,
And Jak hosteler astir hym, as blyve as he myght go;
And flapid oppon a brondeal unware,
That hym had bin beter to have goon more asware:
For the egg of the pann met with his shynne,
And karff atoo a veyn, and the next syn.
But whils that it was grene he thought litil on,
But when the grenenels was apast, the greff fat ner
the bone. 590

Yit Jak leyd to his hond to grope wher it sete,
And when he fond he was yhurt, the Pardoner he
gan to threte;

And swore by Seynt Amyas, that he shuld abigg
With stroks hard and sore, even oppon the rigg;
Yf he hym myght fynd, he nothyng wold hym spare,
That herd the Pardoner wele, and held hym bettir a
square.

And thought that he had strokis ryght inough,
Wytnes on his armys, his bak, and his browe.
Jak then, qð the Paramour, wher is the theff ago?
I n'ote, qð tho Jak; right now he lepte me fro, 600
That Crist's curs go with hym, for I have harm and
spite;

Be my trowith and I also and he goith nat al quyte;
But and we myght hym fynd, we wold aray hym so
That he shuld have legg, ne foot, to morowe on
to go.

But how shull we hym fynd? the moon is adown,
(As grace was for the Pardoner) and eke when they
did roun,

He herd them evir wele inowe, and went the more
asyde,

And drew him evir bakward, and let the strokis glide.
Jak, qð the Paramour, I hold it for the best,
Sith the moon is down, for to go to rest, 610
And make the gatis fast; he may not then astert,
And eke of his own staff he berith a redy mark,
Wherby thou mayest him knowe among all the route,
And thou ber a redy ey and weyt wele aboute,
To morowe when they shul wend; this is the best rede.
Jak, what seyft thou therto? is this wele yseyd?
Thy wit is clere, qð Jak, thy wit mut nedis stonde.

He made the gatis fast; ther is no more to doon,
The Pardoner stode asyde, his chekis ron and bled,
And was ryght evil at ese al nyght in his hede: 620
He must of force lige lyke a colyn swerd;

Yit it mevid him wondir fore for making of his berd,
He payd at full ther'fore, through a womans art,
For wyne, and eke for cawdill, and had ther'of no
part;

He ther'for preyd Seynt Juliane, as ye mowe order-
stonde,

That the devill her shulde spede, on watir, and on
londe;

So to disseive a travellyng man of his herbegage;
And coud not els, save curs, his angir to aswage;
And was distract of his wit, and in grete despayr;
For aftir his here he caught a cold through the nyght's
eyr; 630

That he was ner afoundit, and coud none othir help,
But as he fought his loggyng, he happid oppon a
whelp

That ley undir a steyir, a grete Walssh dog,
That bare about his neck a grete huge clog;
Because that he was spetoufe, and wold sone bite:

The clog was hongit about his nek, for men shuld
nat wite

Nothyng the dogg's maister, yf he did eny harm;
So, for to excuse them both, it was a wyly charm.

The Pardoner wold have loggit hym ther, and lay
somwhat nigh;

The Warrok was awakid and caught hym by the
thigh, 640

And bore hym wondir spetoufly, defending wele his
couch,

That the Pardoner myght nat ne hym nether touch,
But held hym a square by that othir side,
As holfom was at that tyme, for tereing of his hyde:
He coud noon othir help, but leyd adown his hede
In the dogg's littir, and wisshid aftir brede,
Many a time and oft, the dog for to plesse;

To have yley more nere for his own ese.
But wifh what he wold, his fortune seyde ney;
So trewly for the Pardoner it was a dismal dey. 650

The dog ley evir grownyng, redy for to snache;
Wher'for the Pardoner durst nat with hym mache;
But ley, as still as eny stone, remembryng his foly,
That he wold trust a tapster of a common hostry:
For commonly for the most part they ben wyly echon.
But now to alle the company a morrow, whan they
shuld gon,

Was noon of all the feleship half so sone ydight
As was the gentil Pardoner; for al tyme of the nyght
He was aredy in his aray, and had nothing to doon,
Saffe shake alite his eris, and trus, and be goone. 660
Yet or he cam in company, he wissh away the blood,
And bond the sorys to his hede with the typet of his
hood;

And made lightfom chere; for men shuld nat spy
Nothyng of his turment, ne of his luxury;
And the hosteler of the house, for nothyng he coud
pry,

He coud nat knowe the Pardoner among the company.
Amorowe when they shuld wend, for ought that they
coud pour,

So wysfely went the Pardoner out of the dogg's bour;
And blynched from the hosteler, and turned oft about;
And evir more beheld hym amyward of the rout; 670
And was evir syngyng to make al thyng good;
But yit his notis wer somwhat low, for aking of his
hede.

So at that tyme he had no more grame;
But held hym to his hapynes to scape shame.

The knyght and al the feleship forward gon they
wend,

Passyng forth merely to the town's end;
And

And by that tyme they wer ther, the day began to rype,
 And the Son merely upward gan he pike,
 Pleying undir the egge of the firmament.
 Now, q^d the hooft of Southwork, and to the felsehip
 bent;
 Who sawe evir so feyr, or so glad a day?
 And how sote this seson is entring into May:
 The Thrustelis, and the Thrushis, in this glad mor-
 nyng,
 The Ruddok, and the Goldfynch, but the Nyghtyn-
 gale
 His amorous notis lo! how he twynyth small.
 Lo! how the trees grenyth, that nakid wer, and no-
 thing
 Bare this month afore, but their sommer clothing!
 Lo! how nature makith for them everichone!
 And, as many as ther be he forgettith noone!
 Lo! how the seson of the yere, and averell shouris, 690
 Doith the busshis burgyn out blossoms, and flouris!
 Lo! the pryme rosis how fresh they ben to sene!
 And many othir flouris among the gras grene!
 Lo! how they spryng, and sprede, and of divers hue!
 Beholdith, and seith both rede, white, and blue!
 That lusty bin and comfortabill for mann's sight!
 For I sey for my self, it makith my hert to light.
 Now sith Almighty Soveryn hath sent so feir a dey,
 Let se now, as covenantis, in shorting of the wey,
 Who shall be the first that shall unlace his male, 700
 In comfort of us al, and gyn some mery tale?
 For and we shuld now begyn to draw lot,
 Peraventure it myght fal ther it ought not,

On som unlusty persone, that wer not wele awakid,
 Or semybousy ovyr eve, and had ylong, and crakid,
 Somwhat ovir much; how shuld he than do?
 For *who shuld tell a tale he must have good wyll therto.*
 And eke som men fastyng beth glewid, and ybound
 In their tongis; and some fastyng beth nothyng jo-
 cound;
 And som in the morning their mouthis beth adoun, 710
 Tyll that they be charmyd their wordis woll not
 foun.
 So thys is my conclusioun, and my last knot,
 It wer grete gentilnes to tell without lot.
 By the rood of Bromholm, q^d the Marchant tho,
 As fer as I have sailed, riden, and ygo,
 Sawe I nevir man yet, tofore this ilk day,
 So wele coud rule a company, as our host in fay.
 His wordis ben so comfortabill, and comyth so in
 seson,
 That my wit is ovircome, to make eny reson
 Contrary to his counsaill, at myn ymagynacioun, 720
 Wherfor I woll tell a tale to your consolacioun;
 In ensampill to yowe; that when that I have do,
 Anothir be right redy then, for to tell; ryght so
 To fulfyll our hooft's wyll, and his ordinaunce.
 There shall no fawte be found in me, gode wyl shal
 be my chaunce,
 With this I be excusid of my rudines,
 Altho' I cannot peynt my tale, but tell it as it is;
 Lepyng ovir no sentence, as ferforth as I may,
 But tell yewe the Yolke, and put the White away.

The MERCHANT'S second Tale, or the History of BERYN.



Whilom yeris passid in the old dawis,
 When rightfullich by reson governyd wer
 the lawis,
 And pryncipally in the cete of Rome that
 was so rich,
 And worthiest in his dayes, and noon to hym ilich,
 Of worship, ne of wele, ne of governaunce;
 For alle londis christened therof had dotaunce;
 And all othir nationis, of what feith they were;
 Whils the Emperour was hole, and in his paleys there
 I mainteyned in honour, and in Pop's Se,
 Rome was then obeied of all Cristiante. 10
 But it farith therby, as it doith by othir thingis:
 For though nethir cete, regioun, ne kyngis
 Beth nat now so worthy, as wer by old tyme;
 As we fynd in romaunces, in gestis, and in ryme.
 For *all things doith wast, and eke mann's lyff*
Is more shorter then it was; and our wittis fyve
 Mowe nat comprehende, now in our dietes,
 As som tyme myght these old wise poetes.
 But sith that terrene things ben nat perdurabill;
 No mervaille is, though Rome be somewhat variabill 20
 Fro honour and fro wele, sith his frendis passid;
 As many anothir town is payrid, and ylassid
 Within these few yeris, as we mowe se at eye,
 Lo! sirs here fast by Wynchelse and Ry.
 But yit the name is evir oon of Rome, as it was
 groundit
 After *Remus & Romulus*, that first that cete foundit;
 That brethren weren both to, as old bokis writen;
 But of ther les and governaunce I wol nat now en-
 diten;

But of othir mater, that fallith to my mynd,
 Wherfor, gentill sirs, ye that beth behind, 30
 Drawith somwhat nere thikker to a rout;
 That my wordis may soun to ech man about.
 Aftir these 2 brethren Romulus and Remus,
 Julius Caesar was Emperour, that rightful was of
Domus:
 This cete he governed nobilich wele,
 And conquered many a regioun, as cronicull doth us
 telle.
 For shortly to conclude, al tho wer adversaries
 To Rome in his dayis, he made them tributaries:
 So had he in subjeccioun both frend and foon;
 Of which I tell yew trewly Englonde was oon. 40
 Yit aftir Julius Caesar, and sith that Crist was bore,
 Rome was governed as wele as it was before.
 And namelich in that tyme, and in the same yeris,
 When it was governed by the doseperis:
 As semeth wele by reson, who so can entend,
 That *o man's wyt, ne wyll, may not comprehend*
The boucheff and the myscheff, as may many hedis:
 Therfor ther operaciouns, ther domes, and ther dedes;
 Were so egallich ydoon; for in all cristen londis,
 Was noon that they sparid for to mend wrongis. 50
 Then Constantyne the third, aftir these doseperis,
 Was Emperour of Rome, and regnyd many yeris.
 So shortly to pas ovir, after Constantyn's dayis,
 Phis Augustinus, as songen is in layes,
 That Constantyn's son, and of plener age,
 Was Emperour ychose, as fill by heritage;
 In whose tyme likerlich, the 7 Sages were
 In Rome dwellyng decently; and yf yee lust to lere,
 How

How they were yclepid, or I ferther goon,
I woll tell you the names of them everichone; 60
And declare yeu the cause why they ther namys bere,
The first was ycleped Sother Legifeer;
This is thus much for to sey, as *man bering the lawe*;
And so he did trewly; for levir he had be sclawe,
Then do; or sey, eny thing that fownyd out of reson:
So cleen was his conscience yset in trowith and reson:
Marcus Stoycus the second, so pepill hym highte;
That is to mene in our constert, *a keper of the right*:
And so he did full trewe; for the record and the
plees,
He wrote them evir trewly; and took noon othir fees,
But such as was ordeynid to take by the yere.
Now, Lord God? in Cristendom I wold it were so
clere.
The third Crassus Asulus among men clepid was;
An huse of rest, and ese, and counsail in every case;
For to onderstond that was his name full right,
For evirmore the counsails he helpid wyth al his myght.
Antonius Judeus, the fcrth was yclepid:
That was as much to meen, as wele me myght have
clepid,
As eny pposid of all the long yere,
That myght have made hym sory or chongit onys
chere; 80
But evirmore rejoycing, what that evir betid;
For his hert was evir mery, right as the somer bridd.
Summus Philopater was the fift's name:
That thoughe men wold flee hym, or do hym al the
shame,
Angir, or disese, as evil as men couthe;
Yet wold he love them nevir the wers, in hert, ne in
mowith.
His will was cleen undir his foot, and nothing hym
above;
Therfor he was clepid *fathir of perfite love*.
The 6. and the 7. of these sevin Sages,
Was Stypio, and Sithero; as thes word astrolages 90
Was sirname to them both, aftir their sciences.
For of Astronomy sikerlich the cours, and all the
fences
Bothe they knowhit wele inoughe, and wer right sotil
of art.
But now to othir purpose for her I woll depart,
As lightly as I can, and draw to my matere.
In that same tyme, that these Sages were
Dwellyng thus in Room, a litill without the walles,
In the subarbis of the town, of chambris, and of hallis,
And all othir howseing, that to a Lord belongit,
Was noon wythyn the cete; ne noon so wele be-
hongit;
With docers of highe pryse, ne wallid so aboute,
As was a Senatours hous, wythyn, and eke wythoute.
Favinus was his name, a worthe man, and rich;
And for to sey shortlych, in Room was noon hym
lyche.
His portis and his esttis were full evenaunte
Of tresour, and of lordshyp; also the most vailant
He was, and eke ycom of high lynage.
And at last he toke a wyff, like to his peerage;
For *noriture, and connyng, bewte, and parentyne*
Wer tho coun'id more worth, than gold or sylvir fyne. 110
But now it is al othir in many mann's thought;
For *muk ys now ymarried, and vertu set at nought*.
Fawnus and his worthy wyff wer to giðir aloon,
Fyveteene wyntir fullliche, and issu had they noon.
Wherfor ther joyis wer nat half perfite;
For uttirlich to have a child was al ther delite,
That myght enjoy ther heritage, and weld their ho-
nour;
And eke, when they were febill, to their trew socoure.

Their fastyng, and their preyir, and all that evir they
wrought.
As pilgrimage, and almsded, ever they besought 120
That God would of his goodnes som fruyte betwene
them send.
Fro gynnynge of their spousaill, the myddil, and the
end,
This was their most besynes; and all othir delites,
And eke this world's rychis they set at litil price.
So at last, as God wold, it fill oppon a dey;
As this lady fro chirchward went in the wey;
A child gan stere in her womb, as Godd's wyl was;
Wherof she gan to mervill, and made shortir pas,
Wyth colour pale, and eke wanne, and full in he-
vynes;
For she had nevir, tofore that day, such manere seke-
nes. 130
The wymmen, that with her were, gon to behold
The lady and her chere, but nothyng they told;
But feir and soft wyth ese homward they her led:
For her soden sekenes full fore they were adred.
For she was inlich gentil, kynd, and amyabill,
And eke trewe of hert, and nothyng variabill.
She lovid God above all thing, and dred syn and shame;
And Agea sikerly was her rightfull name.
So aftir in breff tyme, when it was purseyvyd,
That she had done a womans dede, and had a child
conseyvyd; 140
The joy that she made, ther may no tung tell:
And al so much, or more, yf I ne ly shell,
Favinus made in his behalf, for this glad tyding:
That I trowe, I leve the Emperour, ne the Kyng,
Made no bettir cher to wyff, ne no more myrth,
Then Fawnus to Agea. And when the tyme of birth
Nygheid ner and ner, aftir cours of kynd,
Wetith wele in certen, that all the wyt and mynd
Of Fawnus was continuell of feir delyveraunce,
Betwene Agea and his child; and made grete orde-
naunce, 150
Ageyn the tyme it shuld be bore, as it was for to doon.
So as God wold, whan tyme cam, Agea had a Son.
But joy that Fawnus made, was dobil tho to fore,
When that he knew in certen she had a son ybore:
And sent anoon for nurfis four, and no less,
To reule this child: afterward as yeris did pas,
The child was kept so tenderly, that it throff wel
the bet:
For what the norishes axit, anoon it was yfett.
In his chambir it norished was, to town it mut nat go;
Fawnus lovid it so cherely, hit myght nat part hym
fro. 160
It was so feyr a creature, as myght be on lyve,
Of lymys, and of fetours, and growe wondir blyve.
This child, that I of tell, Berinus was his name,
Was ovir much cherished, which turned hym into
grame;
As yee shull here aftir, when time comyth and spase:
For *aftir swete the soure comyth full oft, in many a plase*.
For as sone as he coud go, and also speke;
All that he set his ey on, or aftir list to beke,
Anoon he shuld it have; for no man hym wernyd.
But it had be well bettir, he had be wele ylernyd 170
Noriture, and gentilnes; and had yhad some hey.
For it fill so aftir, wyth what child he did pley,
Yf the pley ne likid hym, he wold breke his hede;
Or wyth a knyff hym hurt, ryght nygh hond to be
dede.
For ther nas knyght, ne squyer, in his faðirs hous,
That thought his owne persone moste corajouse,
That did, or seyde, eny thing Berinus to displese,
That he n'old spetoussly anoon oppon him rese.
Wherof his faðir had joy, and his moðir also:
Yit it semeth to many a man, it was nat wisely do. 180
When

When Beryn passid was 7 yere, and grew in more age,
He wrought ful many an evil chek; for such was his
corage,

That there he wist, or might, do eny evill dede;
He wold nevir sefe, for ought that men him seid.
Wherfor many a pore man ful oft was agrevid:
But Fawnus and Agea ful light theron belevid:
And thoughe men wold pleyne, full short it shuld a-
vaile;

For Fawnus was so myghty, and cheff of all counsaill,
With Augustyn the Emperour, that all men hym drad,
And lete pas ovir mischefe, and harmys that they
had. 190

Berinus ferthermore lovid wel the dife,
And for to pley at hazard, and held ther'of grete pryfe,
And all othir gamys, that losery was in;
And evirmore he lost, and nevir might wyn.
Berynus at hazard many a nyght he wakid;
And oft tyme it fill so, that he cam hom al nakid;
And that was all his joy: for right wele he knew,
That Agea his moðir wold cloth hym newe.
Thus Berynus lyvid, as I have told to fore,
Tyll he was of the age of 18 yere or more. 200

But othir whyls amongis for pleyntis, that were grete,
Fawnus made amendis, and put them in quiete:

So was the faðir cause the sone was so wyld:
And so have many mo such, of his own child
Be cause of his undoyng, al we mowe se al day;

For thing ytake is hard to put away;

As hors that ever trotid, trewlich I yew telle,

It were hard to make hym astir to ambill welle;

Ryght so by Beryn, when he had his lust and wyll,
when he was lite,

It shuld be hevy afterward to reve his old delite; 210
Save the whele of fortune, that no man may with-
stonde;

For every man on lyve ther'on he is gond,
O spoke she turnyd bakward, righte at high noone,
All ageyn Berinus, as ye shull here sone.

Agea his moðir fell in grete sekeneis,
And sent astir husbond wyth wordis hire to lis;
And for she wold tell hym hir hole hertis wyll,
Er she out of the world partid, as it was right and skill.
When Fawnus was ycome, and saw so rodylese
Hys wyff, that was so dcre, that for love he chese; 220
No mervell, though his hert wer in grete mournyng,
For he purseyvyd fullich, she drew to hir endyng:
Yit made he othir chere, then in his hert was,
To put away discomfourt, dissimilyng wyth his fise
The hevynes of his hert, wyth chere he did it close:
For such a manner craft ther is wyth them can glose,
Save that tournyng all to cantele: but Fawnus did
nat so,

For, wetith wele, in certeyn his hert was full of wo,
For his wyff Agea; and yit for craft he couth
The teris fro his eyin ran down by his mowith; 230
When he saw the pangis of deth comyng so fast
Oppon his wyff Agea, almost his hert to braist.
Agea lyft up hir eyen, and beheld the chere
Of hir husbond Fawnus, that was so trew a fere;
And seyde, Sir, why do ye thus? this is an elyng fare,
In comfourt of us both, yf yee myght spare,
And put away thys hevynes; whyle that yee and I
Myght speke of othir thyngis; for Deth me nyghith
nygh.

For to body, ne to soule, this vailyth nat a karfe.
Now tellyth on, qð Fawnus, and I wol lete it pas, 240
For the tyme of talkyng, as wele as I may:
But out of my remembraunce, onto my endyng day,
Yeur deth woll nevir, I woot it wele, but evir be in
my mynd.

Then, good Sir, qð Agea, beth to my soule kynd,
When my body is out of sight; for therto have I nede:
For truer make, then yee be, in word, ne in dede,

Had nevir woman; ne more kyndnes
Hath shewed unto his make; I know, right wele iwis:
Now wold ye so her astir, in hert be as trewe,
To lyve wythout make; and on yeur sone rewte, 250
That litill hath ylernid, sithens he was bore.
Let hym have no stepmoðir; for children have tofore
Comelich they lovith nat. Wherfor wyth hert I prey,
Have chere onto yeur sone, astir my endyng day:
For so God me help, and I lassit yew behynd;
Shuld nevir man on lyve bryng it in my mynd
To be no more yweddit, but lyve soule aloon.
Now yee know all my wyll, good sir, think ther'on.
Certis, qð Fawnus, whils I have wyttis fyve,
I think nevir, astir yew, to have anothir wyff. 260
The Preeft was com therwythall, for to do hir
rightis:

Fawnus toke his leve, and all the othir knyghtis,
Hir kyndrid, and frendis, kissed hir echone.
It is no nede to axe, wher ther was dole, or noon.
Agea cast hir ey up, and lokid all aboute,
And wold have kissid Beryn; but then was he wythoute
Pleying to the hazard, as he was wont to doon.
For as sone as he had ete, he wold ren out anoon;
And when she saw he was not ther, that she thought
most on;

Hire sekeneis, and hire mournyng, berst her hert a-
noon. 270

A damfell tofore that was ron into the tounne
For to seche Beryn, that pleyed for his gowne,
And had almost lost it, right as the damfell cam;
And swore, and starid, as he was wood, as longit to
the game.

The damfell seyde to Beryn, Sir, ye must com home:
For, but ye hygh blyve, that yee wer ycome,
Your mothir woll be dede; she is yit on lyve;
Yf ye wol speke wyth her, yee must hygh blyve.
Who bad so, lewd Kitt? your faðir, sir, qð she;
Go home, lewd visenag, that evil mut thow the, 280
Qð Beryne to the damfell, and gan her fray and feer;
And bad the devill of hell hir shoud to tere.
Hast thow ought els to do but let me of my game?
Now by God in hevin, by Peter, and by Jame,
Quoth Beryn in grete angir, and swore be book and
bell,

Rehersyng many namys, mo than me lyst to tell;
N'er thow, my faðirs messenger wer thou shuldist
nevir ete brede;

I had levir my moðir, and also thou, wer dede,
Then I shuld lese the game, that I am nowgh in:
And smote the damfell undir the ere, the weet gon
upward spyn. 290

The death of Agea he set at litill pryfe:
So in that wrath frolick, Beryn threw the dyse,
And lost wyth that same cast al was leyde adown;
And stert up in a wood rage, and ballid on his crown,
And so he did the remnaunt, as many as wold abyde:
But, for drede of Fawnus, his felawis gan to hyde;
And nevir had wyll, ne list, wyth Beryn for to fyght,
But evir redy to pley, and wyn what they myght.
The deth of Agea sprang about the towne;
And every man, that herd the bell for her sowne, 300
Bemony'd her full fore; fast Beryn toke none hede,
But sought anothir feleship, and quyklich to them
yede,

To such manner company, as shuld nevir thryve,
For such he lovid, bettir then hir moðir's lyve:
And evirmore, it shuld be nyght or he wold home
drawe;

For of his faðir, in certeyn, he had no manner awe.
For evir in his yowith he had al his wyll,
And was ypassid chastising; but men wold hym
kyll.

Fawnus for Agea, as it was well fitting,
Made grete ordenaunce for hir burying;

310
Of
3

Of prelatys, and of preeftis, and of al othir thyng;
As thoughe she had be a wyff of a worthy kyng,
It myght nat have be mendit; such was his gentilnes;

For at hir enteryng was many a worthy messe.
For four weeks full, or he did her intere,
She ley in lede wythyn his houle. But Beryn cam not there,

Namelich into the place where his moðir ley,
Ne onys wold he a *Pater noster* for hir soule sey.
His thought was all in unthryft, lechery, and dyse,
And drawyng all to foly; for *yowith is rechles*; 320
But there it is refreyned, and hath som manere eye.
And therfore methinkith, that I may wele sey,
A man ypassid yowith, and is wythout lore,
May be wele ylikened to a tre wythout more,
That may nat bowe, ne bere fruyte, but root, and ever waft.

Ryght so by yowith farith, that no man list to chaste.
This mowe we know verely by experience,
That *yerd makith vertu and benevolence*

In childhode for to growe, as provith ymagynacioun;
A plant, whils it is grene, or it have dominacioun, 330
A man may wyth his fyngers ply it, wher hym lyst,
And make therof a shakill, a with, or a twist;
But let the plant stond, and yeris ovirgrowe,
Men shull not wyth both his hendis unnethis make it growe:

No more myght Fawnus make his sone Beryn,
When he grew in age, to his lore enclyne.
For every day when Beryn rose, unwasch he wold dyne,
And draw hym to his sekship, as even as a lyne;
And then com home, and ete, and soop, and slepe at nyght:

This was al his besynes, but yf that he did fight. 340
Wherfor his faðir's heart Fawnus gan for to blede,
That of his moðir, that ley at home, he toke no more hede;

And so did all the pepill that dwellid in the town
Of Beryn's wildnes gon speke, and eke roun.
Fawnus oppon a dey, when Beryn cam at eve,
Was set oppon a purpose to make his sone leve
All his shrewd raichis, wyth goodnes if he myght,
And taught hym feir and soft: but Beryn toke it light,

And countid at litill pryse al his faðir's tale.
Fawnus saw it wold nat; with colour wan and pale
He partid from his sone, and wyth a sorowfull hert.
I ne can write halfyndele, how fore he did smert
The disobeying of his sone, and his wyf's deth:
That, as the book tellith, he wisshed that his breth
Had ybeen above the serkill celestyne:
So fervent was his sorowe, his angir, and his pyne.
So shortly to conclude Agea was interid;
And Fawnus livid wythes 3 yere wer ywerid;
Wherof ther was grete speche for his high honour.
Tyll at last word cam onto the Emperour, 360
That Fawnus was without wyfe, and feld was jo-
counde,

But mournyng for Agea, that he was to ybound,
And lyvid as an hermyte, soule and destitute,
Wythout consolacioun, pensyff oft and mute.
Wherfor Augustinus, of Rome the Emperour,
Was inwardlich fory, and in grete dolour.
Wyth that the 7 Sagis and senatouris all
Were assemblid, to discryve what shuld therof fall.
The wych seyde shortly, for a molestatioun
Ther was noon othir remedy, but a consolacioun. 370
For *whoso wer in any thing displeid or agrevid,*
Must by a like thing egall be remeid.
And when the Emperour knew all their determinacioun;

Quicklich in his mynd he had imaginacioun,
That Fawnus for Agea was in high distres,

And must ycurid be wyth passyng gentilnes
Of som lusty lady, that of pulchritude
Were excellent al othir; so shortly to conclude,
The Emperour had a love, tofore he had a wyf,
That he lovid as hertlich, as his own lyf, 380
As was as feir a creature, as Sone myght beshyne;
So excellent of bewte, that she myght be shryne
To all othir wymmen, that wer tho lyvand.
But for the Emperour had a wyf, ye shul wele onder-
stond,

He cam nat in hir company, to have his delite.
For cristendome and conscience was tho more perfite,
Then it is now adayis; yf I durst tell:
But I woll leve at this tyme. Than Fawnus al so
swell

Was aftir sent in haft, of seknes to be curyd.
So what for drede, and ellis, they wer both ensuryd 390
In presence of the Emperour; so Fawnus myght nat flee:

It was the Emperours wyll, it myght noon othir be.
So wythin a tyme Agea was forgete:
For Fawnus thought litill on that he hir behight.
For, as the 7 Sagis had afore declarid,
It cam all to purpos; for Fawnus litil carid
For eny thyng at all, save his wyf to plese,
That Rame was yclepid; for rest, nethir ese
Fawnus nevir had, but of her presence:
So was his hert on her yset, that he coud no de-
fence, 400

Save evirmore be wyth hir, and stare on hir visage;
That the most part of Room held it for dotage;
And had much marvell of his variaunce.
But *what is that Fortune cannat put in chance?*

For ther n'as man on lyce on woman more bedotid,
Then Fawnus was in Rame, ne half so much ylotid.
Wyth that Rame had knowlech that Fawnus was
ysmyt

Wyth the dart of love; yee moweryght wele it wyt,
That all that evir she coud cast or ythynck,
Was all ageyn Berynus, for many a sotill wrench 410
She thought, and wrought day by day, as meny we-
men doon,

Tyll they have of their desire the full conclusioun.
For the more that Fawnus of Rame did made,
The more dangerous was Rame, and of chere fader;
And kept wele her purpose undir coviture:
She was the las to blame, it grew of nature.
But though that Rame wrought so; God forbede
that alle

Wer of that condicioun. Yet touch no man the gall;
It is my plein counsell, but doith as othir doith;
Take your part as it comith, of roughe, and eke of
smoothe. 420

Yit noritur, wit, and gentilnes, reson, and perfite
mynde,

Doth all these worthy women to worch ageyns kynde;
That thoughe they be agrevid they suffir, and endure,
And passith ovir, for the best, and folowith nothing
nature.

But now to Rame's purpose, and what was hir desire
Shortly to conclude, to make debate and ire
Betwene the faðir and the sone, as it was likely tho;
What for his condicioun, and what for love also;
That Fawnus owt to his wyf, the rathir he must hir
leve,

And grant for to mend, yf ought hir did greve. 430
Berinus evir wrought, right as he did before,
And Rame made hym chere of love, ther myght no
woman more,

And gaff hym gold and clothing, evir as he did lese,
Of the best that he coud ought wher in town chese;
And speke full feir wyth hym, to make al thyng dede:
Yit wold she have yete his hert, wythout salt, or
brede;

She

She hid so hir felony, and spak so in covert,
That Beryn myght nat spy it but lite of Ram's hert.
So shortly to pas ovir; it fill oppon a nyghte,
When Fawnus and his fresh wyf wer to bed ydight,
He toke hir in his armys, and made hir hertly chere,
Ther myght no man betir make to his fere;
And seyde, myn ertly joy, myne hertis full plesauce,
My wele, my woo, my paradise, my lyv'is sustenance
Why ne be ye mery? why be ye so dull?

Sith ye know I am your own, right as your hert woll.
Now tell on love, myn own hert, yf ye eylyth ought;
For and it be in my power, anon it shall be wrought.
Rame wyth that gan fighe, and wyth a wepeing
chere

Undid the bagg of trechery, and seide in this ma-
nere; 450

No mervell though myn hert be fore and full of dele,
For when I to yew weddit was, wrong went my whele:
But who may be, ageyns hap and aventure?
Therfor, as wele as I may, myne I mut endure:
Wyth many sharp wordis she set his hert on feir,
To purchase with hir practik that she did desire.
But hoolich all hir wordis I cannot wele reherse,
Ne write, ne endite, how she did perce

Through Fawny's hert, and his scull also:
For more petouse compleynt, of sorowe, and of woo,
Made nevir woman ne more petously,
Then Rame made to Fawnys; she smote full bitterly
Into the veyn, and through his hert blood;
She bloderit so, and wept, and was so high, on mode,
That unneth she myght speke but othir while among
Wordis of discomfort, and hir hondis wrong;
For alas! and woo the tyme, that she weddit was,
Was evir more the frefreit, when she myght have spafe;
I am yweddit; ye, God woot best, in what maner
and how:

For yf it wer so fall, I had a child by you; 470
Lord! How shuld he lyve? how shuld he com away?
Sith Beryn is your first sone, and heir aftir your day.
But yf that he had grace to scoole for to goo,
To have som maner connyng, that he myght trust to:
For as it now stondith it were the best rede;
For, so God me help, I had levir he wer dede,
Than wer of such condicioun, or of such lore
As Beryn your sone is, it wer bett he wer unbore.
For he doith nat ellis, save at hazard pley,
And comyth home al nakid, ech othir dey. 480

For within this month, that I have wyth yew be,
Fiftene sithis, for verrey grete pite,
I have yclothid hym al new, when he was to tore:
For evirmore he seyde, the old were ylore.
Now, and he wer my sone, I had levir he were yfod;
For and he pley so long, half our lyvelode
Wold scarly suffise hymself oon,
And n're yee wold be grevid: I swere be feynt John,
He shuld aftir this dey be clothid no more for me;
But he wold kepe them bettir, and draw fro nycete.
Now gentill wyff, gramcy of your wise tale
I think wel the more, that I sey no falc:
For towchyng my grevaunce, that Beryn goith al na-
kid;

Treulich that grevaunce is somewhat asclakid.
Let hym aloon, I prey yew, and I woll con yew thank;
For in such losery he hath lost many a frank.
The devil hym spedde that rech, yf he be to tore;
And he use it hereaftir, as he hath doon to fore.
Beryn arose a morowe, and cried wondir fast,
And axid aftir clothis, but it was all in wast:
Ther was no man tendant for hym in all the hous;
The whele was ychaungit into anothir cours.
Fawnus herd his sone wele, how he began to cry;
And rose up anon, and to hym did high;
And had forgete nothyng, that Rame had yseyde.
For he boillid so his hert, he was nat well apayde;

He went into the chambir, ther his sone ley;
And set hym down in a chair, and thus he gan to sey;
My gentil sone Beryn, now feir I woll ye teche;
Rew oppon thy self, and be thyne own leche. 510
Manhode is ycom now, myne own dere sone,
It is tyme thow be aweynyd of thyn old wone;
And thow art 20 wynters, and naught hast of do-
ctryne;

Yit woldist thow draw to perfite, the worship wold
be thyne,

To noritur, and goodship, and al honest thing,
Ther myght com to myn hert no more glad tyding.
Leve now al thy foly, and thy rebawdry,
As tablis, and mervellis, and the hazardry;
And draw The to the company of honest men and
good,

Els leve thow me as wele as Criste died on the rode,
And for al menkynd his Ghost pas lete,
Thow shalt for me hereaftir stond on thyn own fete;
For I woll no longir suffir this aray,
To clothe The al new eche othir dey.

Yf thow wolt draw The to wit, and rebawdry with-
draw,

Of such good, as God have sent, yn part shalt thow
have.

And yf thow wolt nat, my sone, do as I The tell;
Of me shalt thow naught have, trust me right well.
Wenyft thow wyth thy dise-pleying hold myn honoure,
Aftir my deth dey? then Beryn gan to loure, 530
And seide, is this a sermon? or a prechément?

Ye were nat wont herto, how is this ywent?
Sendith for some clothing, that I wer ago;
My fellowis lokith aftir me, I woot well they do so;
I woll nat leve my feleship, ne my rekelagis,
Ne my dise-pleying, for all your heretages:
Doith your best wyth them by your lyf day;
For when they fall to me, I wol do as I may.

Benedicite, faðir, who hath enformyd you?
And set you into ire? to make me chere rowe? 540
But I know wele inough whens this counsaill cam;
Trewlich of your own wyfe, that evil dame:
Com oppon hir body that fals putaigne,
For trewlich, faðir, yee dote on hir, and so al men
seyne.

*Alas! that evir a man shuld, that is of high counsaile,
Set all his wysdom on his wyv's taile!*

Yee lovith hir so much, she hath benome your wyt;
And I may curs the tyme, that evir ye wer yknyt:
For now, I am in certen, I have a stepmoðir:
They been shrewis, som ther been, but few othir. 550
Vel fikil flaptail, such oon as she ys,
For all my pleying at dise, yit do yee more amys;
Yee have ylost your name, your worship, and your
feith;

So dote ye on hir, and levith all she sayith.
Fawnus, wyth the same word, gaff the chayir a but,
And lepe out of the chambir, as who seyde cur:
And swore, in verrey woodnes, be God omnipotent,
That Beryn of his wordis shuld fore repent.
Beryn set nought ther'of, with a proude hert
Answerd his faðir, and axid a new shert. 560

He gropid al about to have found oon,
As he was wont tofore, but ther was noon.
Then toke he such willokis as he fond ther,
And beheld hymself what man he wer:
For when he was arayde, then gan he first be wrothe:
For his womb lokid out, and his rigg both:
He stert aftir his faðir, and he began to cry,
For seth myn aray; for the villany

Ys as wele yours, as it is myne.
Fawnus let him clatir, and cry wel and fyne, 570
And passid forth still, and spak nat a word.

Then Beryn gan to think, it was nat al bord

That

That his faðir seyde, when he wyth hym was;
 And gan to think all about; and therwyth seid, alás!
 Now know I wele forsoth, that my moðir is dede:
 For tho gan he to glow first a fory mann'ys hede.
 Now kepe thy cut, Beryn; for thou shalt have a fit,
 Somwhat of the world to lern betir wit:
 For and thou wist sikerly what ys for to com,
 Thou woldist wissh aftir thy deth full oft and ylome:
 For *ther n'ys beryng half so fove wyth staff, nehir swerd,*
As man to be bete with his own yerd.
 The pyry is yblowe, hop; Beryn, hop,
 That ripe wol herastir, and on thyn hede drop.
 Thou tokist noon hede, whils it shoon hoot;
 Ther'for wynter The nyghith asay by thy cote.
 Beryn for shame to town durst he nat go;
 He toke his way to Churchward, his frend was made
 his fod.
 For angir, sorowe, and shame, and hevynes that he
 had,
 Unneth he might speke, but stode half as mad. 590
 O alas! qð Beryn, what wyt had I?
 That coud nat, tofore this dey, know sikerly.
 That my moðir dede was; but now I know to fore:
 And drede more, that eche dey hereastir more and
 more
 I shall know, and fele, that my moðir is dede.
 Alas! I smote the messangere, and toke of hir noon
 hede.
 Alas! I am right pore alas! that I am nakid:
 Alas! I slept to fast, tyl sorowe now hath me wakid:
 Alas! I hungir fore; alas! for dole and peyn!
 For eche man me seith hath me in disdeyn: 600
 This was all his mirth, to the churchward,
 That of his moðir Agea he toke so litill reward.
 When Beryn was within the chirch, then gan he wers
 fray;
 As sone as he saw the tomb where his moðir lay,
 His colour gan to chaunge into a dedely hew:
 Alas! gentil moðir, so kynd you wer, and trew,
 It is no mervell, for thy deth though I fore smert.
 But therewythal the sorowe so fervent smote his hert,
 That sodenly he fil down stan dede in swowe;
 That he had part of sorowe, methinkith that myght I
 avowe. 610
 Beryn lay so long, or he myght awake,
 For al his fyve wittis had clene hym forsake.
 Wel myght he by hymself, when refon ycom were,
 Undirstond that fortune had a sharp spere,
 And eke grete power, among high and lowe,
 Som to avaunce, and som to ovirthrowe.
 So at last, when Beryn a litill wakid were,
 He trampelid fast with his fete, and al to tare his ere,
 And his visage both, right as a woodman,
 With many a bitir tere, that from his eyen ran; 620
 And sighid many a fore sigh, and had much hevynes;
 And evirmore he cursid his grete unkyndnes
 To foreyit his moðir, whils she was alyve;
 And lenyd to hir tombe upon his tore sclyve;
 And wisshid a thousand sithis, he had ybe hir by:
 And beheld hir tombe with a petouse eye.
 Now, glorious God, qð Beryn, that al thing madist
 of nought,
 Heaven and erth, man, and beste; sith I am myf-
 wrought,
 Of yewe I axe mercy, socour, and help, and grace,
 For my mysdede, and foly, unthryffe, and trespafe. 630
 Set my sorowe and peyn somwhat in mesure
 Fro dispeir and myscheff, as I may endure.
 Lord of all Lordis, though fortune be my foo,
 Yit is thy myght above, to turn hym to and fro.
 First my moðirs lyfe fortune hath me berevid,
 And sith my faðirs love, and nakid also me levid.
 What may he do more? yis, take away my lyfe.
 But for that wer myn ese, and end of al stryfe,

Ther'for he doith me lyve, for my wers, I sey,
 That I shuld evirmore lyve, and nevir for to dey. 640
 Now leve I Beryn with his moðir, tyl I com aye,
 And wol return me to Rame; that of hir sorilte
 Bethoughte hir al aboute, when Beryn was agoon,
 That it shuld be wittid hir; wher'for she anoon
 In this wise seyde to Fawnus; Sir, what have ye do?
 Althoughe I speke a mery word, to suffir your sone go
 Nakid into the town? it was nat my counsail.
 What wol be seyde ther'of? sikir without faile,
 For I am his stepmoðir, that I am cause of alle
 The violence, the wrath, the angir, and the gall, 650
 That is betwene yew both, it wol be wit me:
 Wher'for I prey you hertly, doith hym com hom aye.
 Nay by trowith, qð Fawnus, for me comyth he nat
 yit;
 Sithe he of my wordis so litil prife set;
 As litil shall I charge his estate also.
 Sorowe have that rechith, though he nakid go:
 For every man knowith, that he is nat wise;
 Wher'for may be supposid, his pleying at dise
 Is cause of his aray, and nothyng yee, my wyff.
 Yes iwis, qð Rame, the tale woll be ryff 660
 Of me, and of noon othir, I know right wel asyne:
 Wher'for I prey you, gentil sir, and for love myn,
 That he wer yfet hom, and that in grete hast;
 And let asay oft ageyn with feirnes hym to chaste:
 And send Beryn clothis, and a new shert:
 And made al wele in eche side, and kept close her
 hert.
 Now sith it is your wyll, qð Fawnus, tho anoon
 That Beryn shall home com; for your sake aloon
 I woll be the message to put your hert in ese:
 And eis, so God me help, wer it nat yew to plesse, 670
 The gras shuld grow on pament, or I hym home
 bryng.
 Yet nethiries, forth he went, wyth too or thre, tiding
 From o strete to anothir, enqueryng to and fro
 Aftir Beryn, in every plase wher he was wont to go;
 Seching eviry halk, howris too or thre,
 With hazardours, and othir such, ther as he was wont
 to be;
 And fond hym nat ther; but to Chirch went echone,
 And at dorr they stode a while, and herd Beryn made
 his mone.
 They herd all his compleynt, that petouse was to here.
 Fawnus into the Chirch pryvely ch gan pire; 680
 But al so sone as he beheld wher Agea lay,
 His teris ran down be his chekis, and thus he gan
 to sey;
 A! Agea, myn old love, and my new also!
 Alas! that evir our hertis shuld depart atoo!
 For in your graciouse dayis, of hert'is trobilnes
 I had nevir knowleche, but of all gladnes.
 Remembryng in his hert, and evir gan renewe
 The goodnes betwene them both, and hir hert trewe;
 And drew hym ner to Beryn, with an hevy mode.
 But as sone as Beryn knew, and ondirstode 690
 That it was his faðir, he wold no longir abide;
 But anoon he voidit by the toðir side:
 And Fawnus hym encountrid, and seyde; we have
 The fought
 Through the town, my gentil sone, and ther'for void
 The nought,
 Though I seyde a word or two, as me thought, for
 the best
 For thyne erudicioune, to draw The onto lyfe honest;
 Thou shuldist nat so fervently have take it to thyn hert.
 But sith I know my wordis doith The so fore smert,
 Shall no more hereastir; and eche dey our diete
 Shall be mery and solase, and this shall be forgete. 700
 For wele I woot, for thy moðir that thou art to tofe;
 Also thou hast grete sorowe, but onys nedith and no
 more;

And ther'for, sone, on my blessing, to put sorowe a-
wey;

Drawe The nowe heraftir to honest myrth and pley.
Lo ther is clothing for yewe, and yeur hors ydight
Wyth harneys all freshe new; and if yeelift be knyght,
I shall yit or eve that bergeyn undirtake,
That the Emperour for my love, a knyght shall you
make:

And what that evir ye nede, anoon it shall be bought.
For whils that I have eny thing, ye shall lak naught. 710
Graunt mercy, qð Beryn, with an hevy chere;
Of yeur worshipfull profir that ye have proferid me
here:

But ordir of knyghthode to take is nat my liking;
And sith yeur will is for to do somewhat my plesing;
Ye have a wyfe ye love wele, and so tendirlich,
That, and she have childrin, I know right sikerlich
All that she can devyse, both be nyght and dey,
Shall be to make her childryn heirs of that she may:
And eke sowe sedis of infelicite;

Wher'of wold growe devysioune betwene yewe and me.
For yf ye spend on me yeur good, and thus riallich
Levith wele, in certen yeur wyfe wold sikerlich
Eche dey for angir her tuskis whet,
And to smyte with her tunge, yeur hert in wrath
to set

Toward me from dey to dey, but ye wold aply
Somwhat to hir purpose, and aftir hir yew guy;
She wold wex so ovirtwart and of so lither tach,
And evir lour undir her hood, a redy for to snache;
She wold be shortying of yeur lyfe, and that desire I
naught.

Wher'for to plesse all about, my purpose and my
thought 730

Is for to be a marchaunte, and leve myne heritage,
And relese it for evir, for shippis fyve of stage
Full of marchaundise, the best of all this londe.

And yf ye wol so, faðir, quyk let make the bonde.
Fawnus was right well apayd, that ilk word outstert,
But yit he seyde to Beryn; I mervell in myn hert
Wher haddist thou this counsaile, to leve thyne honour,
And lyve in grete aventure, and in grete labour.

And rid so forth talkyng, a soft esy pase,
Homward to his plase, ther that Rame was. 740

And as sone as Fawnus was ylight adown;
And highid fast to his wyfe, and with hir gan to rown;
And told hir all the purpose, and made Fawnus chere;
She did hym nat half so much, the tyme she was his
fere.

She hullid hym, and mollid hym, and toke hym about
the nekk,

And went low for the kite, and made many a bekk;
And seyde sir by yeur spech now right well I here,
That yf ye list, ye mowe do thing that I most desire;
And that is this yeur heritage, there yeu best likid,
That ye myght gyve, and evir among the brussh a-
wey she pikid 750

From hir clothis here and there, and sighid ther-
withall:

Fawnus, of his gentilnes, by hir myddil smale
Hertlich hir bracyd, and seyde; I woll nat leve,
I suy yew my trowith, that onys or it be eve
That I shall do my devoir without feintise,
For to plesse your hert fullich in all wyse.

Graunt mercy, myn own soverene, qð Rame, tho
mekely;

And made protestatioune, that she shuld sikerly,
All the dayis of hir lyfe, be to hym as hende.

As evir woman was to man; as ferforth as hir mynd
And wit hir wold serve, and made grete othe.

Fawnus bood no longir, but forth therwith he goith.
A! precious God in heven, kyng of majeste!

So plentivouse this world is of iniquite,
Why is to yfuffrid? that trowith is brought adown

Wyth trechery, and falsbede, in feld, and eke in town?

But now to Fawnus, and his entent. When he his
sone met,

He toke hym soft by the hond, his tung he gan to
whet

Sotilly to engyne him; first he gan to preche,
Leve thy foly, my dere sone, and do as I The teche;
Sith thou hast wit, and reson, and art of mann's age;
What nedith The be marchaunt? and shall have heri-
tage.

For and thy good wer ylost, the sorowe wold be myne,
To tell the soth right, nigh peregall to thyne.

And yf that I were dede, whils thou wer oute,
Lond, and rent, and all my good, have thou no doute,
It wold be plukkid from The, thy part wold be left:
And also ferthermore, I make oon beheest,

That I trowe my moblis wol nat suffise
To charge fyve shippis ful of marchandise. 780

But yf I leyde in mortgage my lond, and eke my rent,
And that I leve be nat thy wyll, ne thyn entent:

Yit nethirles, yf thy hert be so inly set
For to be a marchaunt, for nothing woll I let,

That I n'yl do thy plesauce, as ferforth as I mey,
To go ryght nygh myn own estate, but levir I had nay.

Their wordis, ne their dedis, ne matters them be-
twene,

I wol nat tary now ther'on my perchemen to spene:
But fynallich to the end of their accordement;

Fawnus had so goon about, yturned, and ywent, 790
That he had brought his sone tofore the Emperour,

To relese his heritage, and al his honour,
That he shuld have aftir his dey, for shippis fyve, and
full

Yled of marchaundise, of lynnyn, and of wool,
And of othir thingis, that wer yusid tho.

Engrosid was the covenaut betwene them to,
Yn presence of the Emperour, in opyn and no rown,

Tofore the gretist Cenators, and eldest of the town.
So when the relese selid was with a syde bonde;

They wer yleyd both in a meen honde, 800
Into the tyme that Beryn fullich sesid were

In the fyve shippis, that I yew told ere.
But who was glad but Fawnus? and to his wyff went,

And seyde; now, my hert is swete, all thyn hole entent
Ys uttirlich perfourmyd; us lakkith now no more,

But marchaundise and shippis, as I told tofore.
That shall not fail, qð Rame, and began to daunce:

And aftirward they speken of the purveaunce.
Alas! this fals world so ful of trechery!

In whom shuld the sone have trust and feith skirly, 810
If his faðir faylid hym? whether myght he go

For to fynd a skir frend, that he myght trust to?
So when these 5 shippis wer rayid and dight;

Fawnus and his sone to the Emperour ful right
They went, and many a grete man for the same case,

To see both in possessioun, as their covenante was.
Beryn first was sesid in the shippis fyve;

And Fawnus had the relese, and bare it to his wyff:
And eche held them payde, and Rame best of all;

For she had conquerd thing, that causid most hir
gall. 820

Now leve I Fawnys and his wyff: and of the gover-
naunce

Of Beryn I wol speke, and also of his chaunce.
When lodismen, and maryneris, in al thing redy was;

This Beryn into Alisaunder, yf God wold send hym
grace,

That wynde hym wold serve, he wold: so on a day,
The wynd was good: and they seyld on their way

Too dayis fullich, and a nyght therwythal,
And had weðir at wyll; tyll at last gan fall

Such a myst among them, that no man myght se othir;
That wele was hym that had ther the blessing of his

moðir. 830

For thre dayis incessantly the derknes among them was,
That no shipp myght se othir; wherfor, full oft alas!
They seyde, and to the high God they made their
preyere,

That he wold of his grace them govern and stere;
So that their lyvis myght ysavide be;
For they were cleen in dispeyr, because they myght
nat se

The loder, wherby these shippmen ther cours toke
echone.

So at last, the ferth dey, making thus hirmone,
The dey gan clere; and then such wynd arose,
That blew their shippis, elswere then was their first
purpose. 840

The tempest was so huge, and so strong also,
That wele was hym that coude bynde or ondo
Any rope within the shipp, that longit to the craft;
Every man shewid his connyng, to fore the shipp, and
baftit.

The wynd a wook the see to braft, it blew so gresly
fore,

That Beryn and all his company, of synnys las and
more

Eche man round about shroff hymself to othir;
And put in Godd's gowernaunce lyf, shipp, and stro-
thir.

For ther was shippis meyne, for owght they coud hale,
That myght abate of the shipp the thiknes of a scale:
The weðir was so fervent of wynd, and eke of thundir,
That every shipp from othir was blowe of sight a-
sondir;

And durid so al day and nyght; tyll on the morowe,
I trow it was no questioune wher they had joy or so-
rowe.

So aftirward, as God wold, the wynd was somewhat
soft:

Beryne clepid a maryner, and bad hym sty on loft,
And weyte aftir our four shippis aftir us doith dryve;
For it is but grace of God, yf they be alyve.

A maryner anoon wyth that, right as Beryn bad,
Styed into the topcastell, and brought hym tydings glad.
Sir, he seith, beth mery; your shippis comith echone
Saff and sound, sailing, as ye shul se anoon;
And eke sir ferthermore, lond also I sigh:

Let draw our cors estward, thys tyde woll bryng us ny.
Blessed be God, qð Beryn, then wer our shippis com;
We have no nede to dout werr, ne molestatioune;
For there n'ys wythin our shippis no thyng of spolia-
tioune,

But al trew marchaundise; wherfor for Lodisman,
Stere onys into the costis, as well as thou can;
When our shippis be ycom, that we mowe pas in fere,
Lace on a bonnet or tweyn, that we mowe faile
nere.

And when they wer the costis nygh, was noon of
them alle

That wist what lond it was. Then Beryn gan to
calle

Out of every ship anoon a maryner or tweyne,
For to take counsell; and thus he gan to seyne;
The fronntis of this ilk town been wondir feir wyth-
all;

Methinkith it is the best rede, what that evir be-
fall,

That I my self aloon walk into the towne,
And here, and se, both her and there, upward and
downe,

And enquire fullich of their gowernaunce. 880

What sey ye, Sirs? woll ye sent to this ordonaunce?
All they accordit well therto and held it for the best;
For thus yf it be profitabill, we mowe abide and
rest,

And yf it be othirwise, the rathir shall we go;
For aftir that The spedde, we woll work and do.

But nowe mowe ye her right, a wondir thing;
In all the world wyde, so fals of their lyvyng
Was no pepill ondir sone, ne none so disseyvabill,
As was the pepill of this town, ne more unstabill;
And had a curfed usage of sotill ymaginacioune, 890
That yf so wer the shippis of any straunge nacioune
Were com into the port; anoon they wold them hide
Within their own howsis, and no man go, ne ryde,
In no strete of alle the town; ascaunce that they wer
lewde,

And coud no skill of marchandise, a skill it was a
shrewde;

As ye shull here aftir, of their wrong and falskede:
But yit it fill, as worthy was, oppon their own hede,
Beryn arayd hym freschly, as to a marchand longith.
And set hym on a palfrey wel be sey and hongit;
And a page rennyng by his hors fete: 900
He rode endlong the town, but no man coud he
meet.

The dorrys wer yclosid in both too sidis;
Wherof he had mervell; yet ferthermore he ridis;
And waytid on his right hond a Mancipil's plase,
All fresch and new, and thiðir gan he pase:
The gatis wer wyde up, and thiðir gan he go;

For throughout the long town he fond so no mo.
Therin dwellid a Burgeyse the most sclicer man
Of all the town throughout, and what so he wan
With trechery and gile, as doith som freris, 910
Right so must he part with his comperis.

Beryn light down on his hors, and inward gan he
dres,

And fond the good man of the house pleying at ches
With his neyghbour, as trewe as he, that dwellid hym
fast by.

But as sone as this burgeyse on Beryn cast his eye,
Sodenly he stert up and put the ches hym fro;
And toke Beryn by the hond, and seyde these wordis
tho;

Benedicite! what manere wynd hath ybrought you
here?

Now wold to God I had wherof, or coud make yew
chere!

But ye shull lowe my good wyll, and take such as
ther is;

And of your gentil paciens suffir that is amys.

For well he wist by his aray, and by his countenaunce,
That of the shippis, that wer ycom, he had som go-
vernaunce:

Wherfor he made hym chere, semeyng amyabill,
Icolerid all with cautelis, and wondir disseyvabill:
He bracyd hym by the myddil, and preyde hym sit a-
down;

And lowly with much worshipp dresid his cosshon.
Lord God! seyde this burgeyse, I thank this ilk dey,
That I shuld see yew hole and found here in my con-
tray;

And yf ye list to tell the cause of yewr comyng, 930
And yf ye have nede to any manere thing,
And it be in my power, and thoughe I shuld it sech
It shuld go right wonder streyte, I sey yew siker-
lich,

But yee it had in haste, therwith yew to plesse;
For now I see yew in my house, my hert is in grete
ese.

The toðir burgeyse rose hym up, for to make rouse,
And axid of his felaw, that Lord was of the house,
Whens is this worshipfull man? with wordis hend
and low,

For it semith by the manere, that ye hym shuld knowe,
And have sey hym tofore this tyme I have sene, qð
the toðir, 940

Ye ywis an 100 sithis, and right as to my broðir,
I wold do hym plesaunce, in al that evir I can;
For trewlich in his contray he is a worshipful man.

For

For soth, Sir, and for your love, a thousand in this town
 Wold do hym worship, and be right feyne and boun
 To plesse hym, and avail to have thonk of you.
 I woot wele, God them yeld, so have they oft er now.
 And arose up therewithall, and with his felaw spak
 Of such manere mater, that faylid nevyr of lakk.
 So when their counsell was ydo; this burgeyse preyd
 his fere 950
 To sit a down be Beryn, and do hym sport and chere:
 And in the while, I wol se to his hors;
 For every gentil hert, afore his own cors,
 Desirith that his riding best be servid and ydight,
 Rathir than hymself. Wherfor wyth all my myght.
 I woll have an eye therto; and sich parte wyyn,
 Wich tonne or pipe is best, and most fyne.
 Beryn was all abashid of his soden chere;
 But nethirles the burgeyse sat hym somewhat nere,
 And preyd hym, of his gentilnes, his name for to tell,
 His contrey, and his lynnage; and he answer'd Snell,
 Berinus I am ynamid, and in Rome ybore,
 And have fyve shippis of myn own, las and more,
 Full of marchaundise, ligging tofore the town,
 But much mervaille have I, the good man is so boun
 To serve me, and plesse, and how it might be.
 Sir, seyde the burgeyse, no mervelle it is to me:
 For many a tyme, and oft, I cannot sey how lome;
 He hath be in your marchis; and as I trow, in Room
 Also he was ybore, yf I ne ly shall. 970
 Yf it be so, qð Beryn, no mervelle it is at all,
 Thoughe he me have ysey; and eke his gentill chere
 Previth it all opynly: but be hym that bought me
 dere,
 I have ther'of no knowlech, as I am now avysid.
 With that cam in the good man, with countenance
 disgilid,
 And had enquiryd of the child, that with Beryn cam,
 Fro gynnyng to the endyng, and told his maltris
 name,
 And of Agea his moðir, and all thing as it was:
 Wher-through he was ful perfite, to answer to every
 cas.
 So entryng into the hall the Burgeys spak anon, 980
 A! my gentill Beryn, alas! that under stonne
 Myne own hert Agea, thy moðir, leff and dere!
 Now God assoyl hir soule: for nevyr bettir chere
 Had I of frend woman, ne nevyr half so good.
Benedicite! a marchaunt comyng ovir flood.
 Who brought yew in this purpos? and beth your
 faðir's heir.
 Now by my trew conscience, ryght nygh in dispeyr
 I wax for your sake; for now frendlesse
 Ye mowe welesey that ye been; but yit for nethirles
 Yee mut endure fortune, and hevynes put away; 990
 Ther is noon othir wisdom. Also your shippis gey,
 That been ycom in savete, ought to amend your
 mode;
 The wich, when we have dyned, I swere for by the
 Rood,
 We wol se them trewly, within and eke without,
 And have wyne wyth us, and drynk al about.
 They set, and wissh, and fed them, and had wherof
 plente;
 The burgeyse was a stuffid man, ther lakkid noon
 deynte.
 So when they had ydined, the cloth was up ytake;
 A chese ther was ybrought forth: but tho gan so-
 rowe to wake.
 The ches was all of ivory, the meyne fressh and new,
 I pulsshid, and ypikid, of white, asure, and blew.
 Beryn beheld the cheker, it semed passyng feir;
 Sir, qð the burgeys, ye shul fynd her a payr,
 That woll mate yew trewly, in las than half a myle.

And was yseyd of forlite, Beryn to begile.
 Now in soth, qð Beryn, it myght wel hap nay,
 And n'er I must my shippis se, els I wold assay.
 What nedith that, qð the burgeyse? trewlich I wol
 nat glose;
 They been nat yit ysetelid, ne fixid in the wofe:
 For I have sent thries, sith ye hithir cam, 1010
 To wait oppon their governaunce. Wherfor let set
 o game,
 And I shall be the first that shall yew atast.
 The meyne wer yset up, and gon to pley fast:
 Beryn wan the first, the second, and the third;
 And at fourth game, in the ches amyd,
 The burgeyse was ymatid: but that lust him wele;
 And all was doon to bryng hym yn, as ye shul her
 snel.
 Sir, then, seyde Beryn, ye woot well how it is;
 Me list no more to pley; for yee know this;
 Wher is noon comparisoun, of what thing so it be,
 Lust and liking fallith ther; as it semeth me,
Ne myrth is nat commendabill, that ay is by o fide,
But it rebound to the tothir; wherfor tyme is to ryde.
 And as many thonkis, as I can or may,
 Of my sport, and chere, and also of your pley.
 Nay iwys, gentill Beryn, I woot ye wol nat go;
 For noritur wol it nat, for to part so,
 And eke my condicioun; but I ley somthing,
 Is no more to pley, then who so shoke a ryng
 Ther no man is wythyn the ryngyng to answer;
 To shete a fethirles bolt, almost as good me were.
 But and ye wold this next game som maner wager
 legg;
 And let the trowith, on both sidis, be morgage and
 yplegg,
 That whofo be ymatid, graunt and assent
 To do the toðirs bidding; and whofo do repent
 Drynk all the watir, that salt is of the See.
 Beryn belevid that he coud pley betir than he;
 And sodenly assentid, with hond in hond assurid;
 Men that stode besides, ycappid, and yhurid,
 Wist wele that Beryn shuld have the wers mes; 1040
 For the burgeyse was the best pleyer at ches
 Of all the wyde marchis, or many a myle about.
 But that ne wyft Beryn of, ne cast ther'of no doute:
 He set the meyne efft ageyn, and toke betir hede
 Then he did tofore, and so he had nede.
 The burgeyse toke avysement long on every draught;
 So wyth an hour or too, Beryn he had ycaught
 Somwhat oppon the hipp, that Beryn had the wers.
 And albeit his mynd and wyll was for to curs,
 Yit must he dure his fortune, when he was so fer ygo.
For who is that that fortune may alway undo?
 And namelich stout even in eche side
 Of *pro* and *contra*; but God help, down woll he glide.
 But now a word of philosophy, that fallith to my
 mynd.
Who take hede of the begynnyng, what fal shall of the end,
He leyth a bussh tofore the gap, ther fortune wold in ryde;
 But comynlich yowith forgetith that throughout the
 world.
 Right so be Beryn I may wele sey, that confaillis in
 rakid
 Likly to lese his marchaundise, and go hymself al
 nakid.
 Beryn studied in the ches, although it nought availid:
 The burgeyse in the mene while, with othir men con-
 faillid,
 To fech the sergauntis in the town, for thing he had
 ado.
 So when they com were, they walkid to and fro,
 Up and down in the hall, as skaunce they knew
 nought;
 And yit of all the purpose, wit, and mynd, and thought,
 Of the untrew burgeyse, by his messengeris

They wer ful enformyd. Wherfor with eye and
eris,
They lay await full doggidly, Beryn to areft;
For therfor they wer aftir sent, and was their charge
and heft
Lord how shuld o fely lomb among wolvis weld, 1070
And scape unyharmyd? it hath been seyn feld.
Kepe thy cut now, Beryn, for thow art in the case.
The hall was full of pepill, the serjauntis shewid
their mafe:
Beryn kast up his hede, and was ful fore amayid;
For then he was in certen the burgeyse had hym be-
trayde.
Draw on, seyde the burgeyse; Beryn, ye have the
wers:
And every man to othir the covenaut gan reherse.
The burgeys, whils that Beryn was in hevy thought,
The next draught aftir, he toke a rook for nought.
Beryn swat for angir, and was in hevy plight; 1080
And drede full fore in hert; for wele he wist al quyt
He shuld nat escape, and was in high distrefs;
And pryvelich in his hert, that evir he saw the ches
He cursid the day and tyme; but what awaylid that?
For wele he wist then, that he shuld be mate:
Hogan to chaunge his colour, both pale, and wan.
The burgeyse seith; comyth nere, ye shul se this man
How he shull be matid, with what man me list:
He droughe and seyde, chek mate. The serjauntis
wer full prest,
And sefid Beryn by the scleve, and seyde, Sirs, what
think ye for to do? 1090
Q^d Beryn to the serjauntis, that ye me hondith so?
Or what have I offendit? or what have I seide?
Trewlich, q^d the serjauntis, it vaylith nat to breyde;
Wyth us ye must a while, wher ye wol or no,
Tofore the steward of this town aryse, and trus,
and go:
And ther it shall be openyd, how wisely thow hast
wrought:
This is the end of out tale, make it nevir so tought.
Sirs, farith feir, ye have no nede to hale.
Pas forth, q^d the serjauntis, we wol nat her thy tale.
Yis, Sirs, of your curtesy, I prey yew of o word;
Although my gentill hooft hath playd with me in
borde,
And ywon a wager, ye have naught to doon;
That is betwene hym and me, ye have nothyng to
doon.
The hooft made an hidouse cry, in gesolreut the haut,
And fet his hond in kenebowe, he lakkid nevir a
faute;
Wenyth thow, seid he to Beryn, for to scorne me?
What evir thow speke, or stroute, certis it woll nat be;
Of me shalt thow have no wrong; pas forth a betir
pafe;
In presence of our steward I woll tell my case.
Why, hooft, sey yee this in ernest, or in game? 1110
Ye know my contray, and my mo^odir, my lynnage,
and my name;
And thus ye have yseyd me X sith on this dey.
Ye what though I seyde so? I know wele it is nay:
Ther lyth no more ther'to. But anothir tyme
Leve me so much the les, when thow comyst by me.
For all that evir I seyde was to bryng The in care;
And now I have my purpose, I woll nothyng The
spare.
Thus janglyng to ech othir, endenting every pafe,
They entrid both into the hall, ther the steward was:
Evandir was his name, that sotill was, and so fell,
He must be well avysid tofore hym shuld tell.
Anothir burgeyse wyth hym was, provost of the cete,
That Hanybald was yclepid, but of sotilte
He passid many anothir, as ye shul here sone.
Berynus hooft gan to tell al thyng as it was doon,

Fro gynnyn to the endyng, the wordis wyth the
dede;
And how they made their covenaut, and waget how
they leyde.
Now, Beryn, q^d the steward, thow hast yherd this
tale;
How and in what manere thow art ybrought in bale.
Thow must do his byddyng, thow maist yn no wyse
flee,
Or drynk all the watir, that salt is in the See:
Of these too thingis, thow must chese the toon;
Now be well avysid, and sey thy will anon.
To do yee both law, I may no betir sey,
For thow shalt have no wrong, as ferforth as I mey;
Chese The self right as The list, and wit thow no-
thing me,
Though thow chese the wers, and let the betir be.
Beryn stode astonyd, and no mervail was,
And preyde the steward, of a dey to answeere to the
case:
For I might lightlich in som word be ycaught, 1140
And eke it is right herd to chese of to, that beth
right naught.
But and it wer your likyng to graunt me day tyl to
morowe,
I wold answer, through Godd's help. Then must
thow fynd a borowe,
Seyde the steward to Beryn, and yit it is of grace.
Now herith me, q^d Hanybald, I prey a litil spafe:
He hath 5 shippis ondir the town, lyggyng on the
strond,
The wich been sufficient, ysefid in our hond,
By me, that am your provost to execute the law.
He must assent; q^d Evander, let us onys here his
law.
I graunt wele, q^d Beryn, sith it may be noon othir.
Then Hanybald arose hym up, to sese both ship and
strothir;
And toke Beryn wyth hym; so talkyng on the wey,
Beryn, q^d Hanybald, I suy The be my fey,
That thow art much ybound to me this ilk dey;
So is thy ple amendit by me; and eke of such a wey
I am avysid in thy cause, yf thow wolt do by rede,
That lite or nought by my counsaill ought The to
drede.
Yee know wele, to morowe the dey of ple is set,
That ye mut nedis answeere; or els wythout lett
I must yeld them your shippis, I may in no wyse
blyn; 1160
So have I undirtake. But the merchaundise wythin
Is nat in my charge, ye knowe as wele as I,
To make therof no livery: wherfor now wysely
Worch, and do aftir rede; let all your merchaundise
Be voidit of your shippis; and at hiest prise
I wol have it every dele in covenaut; yf ye list,
To se myne house here onys tofore, I hold it for the
best;
Wher ye shul se of divers londis, housis to or thre
Full of merchaundise, that through this grete cete
Is no such in preve, I may right well avowe. 1170
So when ye have all seyn, and I have your also;
Let som bargin be ymade betwene us both too.
Graunt mercy sir, q^d Beryn, your profir is feir and
good:
Feyn wold I do ther'aftir, yf I ondirstood
I myght, wythout blame of breking of areft.
Yis, q^d Hanybald, at my perell me trust.
So to Hanybald's house togi^odir both they rode;
And fond, as Hanybald had yseyd, an houe houe,
long, and brode,
Full of merchaundise, as rich as it may be,
Passyng all the marchantis that dwellid in that
cete. 1180
Thus

Thus when all was shewid; they dronk, and toke
 their leve,
 To se Beryn's shippis in hast they gon to meve:
 And when that Hanybald was avysid what charge
 the shippis bere,
 He gan to speke, in his wyse ascaunce, he rought
 nere
 Whethir he bargeynyd or no, and seyde thus; Beryn,
 frend,
 Your marchaundise is feir and good, now let us make
 an end,
 If yee list, I can no more, yee knowith how it is.
 Com of short let tuk them yn, methinkith I sey nat
 mys,
 And then your meyne, and ye, and I to my house
 shall we go,
 And of the marchaundise I saw, I wol nat part
 therfro: 1190
 Chese of the best of that ye find there,
 Throughout the long house, ther shall no man yeu
 dere;
 And therwith shall your shippis be fillid all fyve;
 I can sey no betir, yf ye list to dryve
 This bargeyn, to the end, counsellith with your men:
 I may nat long tary, I must nedis hen.
 Beryn clepid his meyne, counsell for to take;
 But his first mocione was of the woo, and wrake,
 And all the tribulacioun, for pleying at ches,
 That he had every dcle, his shame, and his dures, 1200
 Fro poynt to poynt, and how it stode, he told how it
 was;
 And then he axid counsaill, what best was in the case;
 To chaunge with the burgeyse, or els for to leve:
 Eche man seyde his avise; but al that they did meve,
 It wer to long a tale for to tell it here.
 But fynally at end, they cordit al in fere,
 That the chaunge shuld stond; for as the case was fall,
 They held it clerely for the best; and went forth
 wythall,
 The next wey that they couth, to Hanybald's plafe.
 But now shull ye here the most sotill fallace, 1210
 That evir man wrough till othir, and highest trechery,
 Wich Hanybald had wrought hymself to this com-
 pany;
 Go in, qð Hanybald, and chese, as thy covenaut is.
 In goon these Romeyns ech oon, and fond amys;
 For there was nothing, that eny man might se,
 Saff the wall, and tyle stonys, and tymbir made
 of tre.
 For Hanybald had do void it, of all thing that was
 there;
 Whils he was at shippis his men away it bere.
 When Beryn saw the house ler, that ful was ther'to-
 fore
 Of riche marchaundise; alas! thought he I am lore,
 I am in this world, and wittith well, his hert
 Was nat al in likeing, and outward gan he stert,
 Like half a woodman, and bete both his lippis,
 And gan to hast fast towards his own shippis,
 To kepe his good within, wyth al that evir he myght,
 That it were nat dischargit, as hym thought verrey
 right.
 But al for naught was his hast; for 300 men,
 As fast as they myght, they bere the good then;
 Through ordenaunce of Hannybald, that pryvelich
 tofore.
 Had purposid, and ycast, shuld be out ybore. 1230
 Beryn made a swyff pafe, ther myght no man hym ler;
 But Hanybald was ware inough, and with Beryn met,
 All for nought; Beryn, thou knowist well and fyne,
 The shippis ben areistid, and the good is myne.
 What woldest thou do ther? thou hast ther nowght
 to do,
 I wol hold thy covenaut, and thou myne also.

For yit saw I nevir man, that was of thy manere;
 Sometime thou wolt avaunte, and some tyme arere;
 Now thou wolt, and now thou n'olt; wher shul men
 The fynd?
 Now sey oon, and sith anothir; so variant of mynd 1240
 Saw I nevir tofore this dey man, so variabill:
 Sith I The fynd in such plyte; our bargaen for to sta-
 bill,
 We woll tofore the steward, ther we both shull have
 right.
 Nay forsoth, qð Beryn. Yis treulich The tite,
 Qð Hanybald, wher thou wolt or no; and so I The
 charge,
 As Provost; know, that yf me list, my warant is so
 large,
 And thou make eny diffence, to bynym thy lyffe.
 Take thyn hors, it gaynyth nat for to make stryffe.
 So wyth sorowfull hert Beryn toke his hors;
 And softly seyde to his men, of me, qð he, no fors; 1250
 But wend to your shippis; I wol com when I may.
 Ye seth well everichone, I may no bet away.
 Now here by this fame tale, both fre and bond
 Mow fele in their wittis, and eke ondirstonde,
 That *liill vailith wysdom, or els governaunce;*
*Ther fortune evir werrith, and eke hap, and chaunce.**
Or what availith bounte, bewte, or riches,
Frendship, or sotile, or els hardines,
Gold, good, or catell, wyt, or by lynage,
Lond, or lordis service, or els high peerage? 1260
What may all this avayle, ther fortune is a foo?
I wis right liill, or nevir a dele: full oft it fallith so.
 So shortly to pas ovir; they fill to such an end,
 That Beryn shuld have day ageyn a morowe, and so
 to wend
 He set hym in ful purpose to his shippis ward:
 But yit or he cam ther, he fond the passage hard.
 For how he was begiled, throughout all the towne
 Ther and ther a coupill, gan to speke and to roun;e;
 And every man his purpose was to have parte,
 With falsnes, and with sotiltees; they coud noon othir
 art. 1270
 Beryn rode forth in his wey, his page ran hym by,
 Full fore adred in hert, and cast about his eye
 Up and down, even long the strete, and for angir swet;
 And er he had riden a stone's cast, a blynd man with
 him met;
 And spak no word, but sesid hym fast by the lap;
 And cried out, and harowe; and nere hym gan to stap.
 All for nought, qð this blynd, what wenyst thou for
 to skape?
 Beryn had thought to prik forth, and thought it had
 be jape.
 The blynd man cast away his staff, and set on both
 his hondis;
 Nay thou shalt nat void, qð he, for all thy rich londis,
 Tyll I of The have reson, lawe, and eke righte;
 For treulich, I may wit it The, that I have lost my
 sight.
 So for ought that Beryn coud othir speke, or prey,
 He myght in no wyse pas, ful fore he gan to may.
 And namelich for the pepill throug hym so about,
 And eche man gan hym hond; and seyde, without
 doute
 Ye must nedis stond, and rest, and bide the lawe;
 Be ye nevir so grete a man. So wold I, wondir fawe,
 Qð Beryn, yf yee had cause; but I know noon.
 No thou shalt know or thou go, thou hast nat al y-
 doon, 1290
 The blynd man seyde to Beryn; tell on then, qð he.
 Here is no place to plete, the blynd man seyde age;
 Also we have no juge here of autorite:
 But Evandir the steward shall deme both The and me;
 When I my tale have told, and thou hast made an-
 swere;

By

By that tyme men shull know how thow canst The clere.
 Now, soveren God, I thank The of this ilk dey :
 Then I may preve The be my lyve, of word, and eke of fay
 Fals, and eke untrewe of covenaut, thow hast y-makid.
 But litill is thy charge now, though that I go nakid,
 That sometyme wer partinere, and rekenydst nevyr yit,
 But thou shalt here, or we depart, ther'of a litill witt.
 For aftir comyn feyng, evir atte ende
 The trowith wold be previd, how so men evir trend.
 Thus they talkid to eche othir, tyl they com into the palse,
 And wer yentrid in the hall, ther the steward was.
 The bynd man first gan to spake, fir steward, for Godd's sake
 Herith me a litill while; for her I have ytake
 He that hath do me wrong, most of man of mold;
 Be my help, as law wold, for hym that Judas sold. 1310
 Ye know wele that oft tyme I have to yew ypleynid,
 How I was betrayed, and how I was ypeynid,
 And how a man some tyme and I our yen did chaunge:
 This is the same persone, though that he make it straunge.
 I toke them hym but for a tyme, and wenyd trewly
 Myne to have yhad ageyn; and so both he and I
 Were ensurid uttirlich, and was our both will;
 But for myne the bettir were wrongfullich and ille
 He hath them kept hi'dirto, wyth much sorowe and pyne
 To me, as ye wele knowith; because I have nat myne,
 I may nat se with his; wher'for me is ful woo;
 And evirmore ye seyde, that ye myght nothing do,
 Without presence of the man that wrought me this un-
 quert:
 Now sith he is tofore you now, let hym nat astert.
 For many tyme and oft, yee behete me,
 And he myght be take, he shuld do me gre.
 Sith ye of hym be sefid, howevir so yee tave,
 Let hym nevyr pas, tyl I myn yen have.
 Beryn, qð Evandir, herist thow nat thy selve
 How sotilly he pletith, and ware by eche halve? 1330
 Beryn stode all muet, and no word he spake.
 And that was tho his grace; ful sone he had be take,
 And he had mysseyd onys, or els yseyd nay:
 For then he had been negatyff, and undo for ay.
 For they were grete Sevilious, and usid probat law;
 Where evirmore affirmatyf shuld preve his own saw.
 Wher'for they wer so querclouse, of all myght com in
 mynd,
 Though it wer nevyr in dede ydo; such matere they
 wold fynd
 To benym a man his good, through som manir gile.
 For the bynd man wist right wele, he shuld have lost
 his whyle, 1340
 To make his pleynt on Beryn, and suyde oppon his
 good,
 For shippis, and eke marchaundise, in a balaunce stode;
 Ther'for he made his challenge his yen for to have:
 Or els he shuld for them fyne, yf he wold them have,
 And ligg for them in hostage, tyl the synaunce cam:
 This was all the sotilte of the bynd man.
 Beryn stode all muet, and no word he spak.
 Beryn, qð Evander, lest thow be ytake
 In defaute of answer, thou myghtist be condempnyd,
 Be right wele avysid, sith thou art examenyd. 1350
 Sir, seyde Beryn, it wold litill availe
 To answer thus aloon, without good counsaill:
 And also ferthermore, full litill I shuld be levid,
 Whatevyr I answerd, thus stonyd, and reprevid;
 And eke my wit doith faille, and no wondir is:
 Wher'for I wold prey yew, of yewr gentilnes,
 To graunt me dey tyll to morowe I might be avysid

To answer forth, wyth othir that on me been sur-
 mysid.
 Deperdeux, qð the steward, I graunt wel it be so.
 Beryn toke his leve, and hopid to pas and go: 1360
 But as sone as Beryn was on his hors ryding,
 He met a woman, and a child, wyth sad chere comyng,
 That toke hym by the reyn, and held hym wondir fast;
 And seid, sir, voidith nat, yit vailith nat to haste:
 Ye mow in no wyse scape, ye must nedis abyde;
 For though ye list to know me nat, yit lien by your
 side
 I have ful many a tyme, I can nat tell yew lome.
 Come tofore the steward, ther shall ye here your dome,
 Of thing that I shall put on yew, and no word for
 to ly:
 To leve me thus aloon it is your villany. 1370
 Alas! the day, and tyme that evir I was your make:
 Much have I endurid, this too yere, for your sake.
 But now it shall be know who is in the wronge.
 Beryn was all abashid, the pepill so thik thronge
 About hym in eche side; for ought that he couth peyn:
 He must to the steward of fyne fors ageyn.
 Now shull ye here how sotillich this woman gan hir
 tale,
 In presence of the steward; with colour wan, and
 pale,
 Petoufly she gan to tell; and seid, sir to yew
 Full oft I have compleynyde, in what manere and
 how 1380
 My child's faðir left me, by my self aloon,
 Wythout help, or comforte, as grete as I myght goon,
 Wyth my son here and his, that shame it is to tell
 The penury that I have yhad, that afors sell
 I must nedis myne aray, wher me list or lothe,
 Or els I must have beggit, for to fynd us both.
 For there was nevyr woman I leve, as I ges;
 For lak of hede of lyvelode, that lyvid in more distres,
 Then I my self for oft tyme, for lak of mete and drink:
 And yit I trow no creature was feyner for to swinke 1390
 My lyff to sustene: but as I mut nede,
 Above all othir thingis, to his child take hede,
 That wondir is and mervaille that I am alyve;
 For the sokyng of his, right as it were a knyve
 It ran into my hert, so low I was of mode
 That well I woot in certen, without percell of my
 blode
 His child I have ynorisshid, and that is by me seen;
 For my rede colour is turnid into grene.
 And he that cause is of all, here he stondith by me;
 To pay for the fosteryng methinkith it is tyme. 1400
 And sith he is my husbond, and hath on me no rowith,
 Let hym make amendis in saving of his trowith.
 And yf he to any word onys can say nay;
 Lo! here my gage, al redy to preve all that I sey.
 The Steward toke the gage, and spak in soft wyse;
 Of this petouse compleynt a mann's hert may grife;
 For I know in percell, hir tale is nat all lese;
 For many a tyme and oft, this woman that here is,
 Hath ybe tofore me, and pleyndid of hir greffe;
 But wythout a party hir cause myght nat preffe. 1410
 Now thou art here present, that she plenyth on;
 Make thy defence now, Beryn, as wele as thow con,
 Beryn stode all muet and no word he spak.
 Beryn, qð the steward, doist thow slepe, or wake?
 Sey onys oon or othir; is it soth or nay,
 As she hath declarid? tell on saunce delay.
 Lord God! qð Beryn, what shuld it me availe,
 Among so many wise, without right good counsaill,
 To tell eny tale? full litil as I ges.
 Wher'for I wold prey you, of your gentilnes, 1420
 Graunt me day tyl to morowe to answer forth with
 othir.
 I graunt wele, qð the steward, but for faðir and
 moðir:

Thow

Thow getist no lenger tyme, pleynty I The tell.
Beryn toke his leve, his hert gan to swell
For pure verrey anguysch; and no mervail was.
And who is that that n'old, and he wer in such case;
For al his trist and hope in eny worldlich thing
Was cleen from hym passid, save sorowe and myf-
lykyng.

For bouy, good, and catell, and lyff, he set at nought:
So was his hert ywoundit, for angir, and for thought.
Beryn passid softly, and to his hors gan go:
And when he was without the gatis, he lokid to and
fro,

And coud noon othir countenance; but to his page
he feyd,

Preciouse God in heven! how falsly am I betrayd?
I trow no man alyve stont in wers plight.
And all is for my synne, and for my yong delite;
And pryncipally, above all thyng, for grete unkyndnes
That I did to my moðir: for litil hede iwis
I toke of hir, this know I wele, whils she was alyve:

Therfor al this turment is sent to me so ryve. 1440
For ther was never woman kynder to hir child,
Then she was; and ther ageyns never thing so wyld,
Ne so evil thewid, as I was my self:

Therfor sorowe and happs environ me by eche helve;
That I n'ote whiðir ryde, nethir up ne down,
Ther been so many devillis dwellyng in this town;
And so ful of gile, and trechery also,

That well I woot in certeyn, they woll me ondo.
Now wold to God in hevyn, what is my best rede?
He toke his hors to his page, and thus to hym he
layd; 1450

Lede my hors to shipward, and take it to some man;
And I woll go on foot, as pryvely as I can;
And asay, yf I may, in eny manere wise,
Escape unarrested more in such manner wise.

The child toke his maistir's hors, and laft hym there
aloon,

Walking forth on foot, making oft his moon:
And in his most musing, I can nat sey how lome,
He wosshid, nakid as he was bore, he had be in
Room.

And no mervail was it, as the case stode:
For he drad more to lese his eyen, than he did his
shippis, or his good. 1460

Now yee that listith to dwell and here of aventure,
How petously dame Fortune, Beryn to inure,
Turnyth hir whele about in the wers side;
With hap of sorowe, and anguysch, she gynyth for to
ride.

Beryn passid toward the strond, ther his shippis were;
But yee now ondisfond, his hert was ful of fere:
Yet nethirles he sat hym down softly on a stall,
Semyrte for sorowe; and lenyd to the wall,
For turment that he had, so wery he was and feynt;
And to God above thus he made his pleynt; 1470
Glorious God in heven! that al thing madist of nought;
Why sufferist thou these cursid men to stroy me for
nought?

And knowest well myn innocent, that I have no gilt
Of al that they pursu me, or on me is pilt:
And in the meen whils that Beryn thus gan pleyne,
A cachepoll stode besidis, his name was Machaign,
And herd all the wordis; and knew also tofore
How Beryn was turmented, both with las and more.
It was ysprong through the town, so was he full en-
sensid,

How he hym would engyne, as he had propensid; 1480
And had araid hym fortillich, as man of contempla-
cioune,

In a mantell wyth the list, with fals dissimulacioune,
And a staff in his honde, as thoughe he febill were;
And drow hym toward Beryn, and seid in this ma-
nere;

The high God of heven, that al thing made of nought,
Bles yew, gentill sir, for many an hevvy thought
Me thinkith that ye have, and no wondir is:

But good sir dismay yew nat, but levith yewr hevines,
And yf ye list to tell me somwhat of yeur distres,
I hope to God Almighty in party it redres 1490

Through my pore counsaill, and so I have many oon;
For I have pete on yew, be God and by Seint Jön:

And eke pryvy hevines doith eche man apeir,
Sodenly, or he be ware, and fall in dispeir;
And who be in that plage, that man is incurabill;
For consequent comyth aftir sekene abominabill:
And therfor, sir, diskeverith yewe, and be nothing
adrad.

Graunt mercy, sir, qð Beryn, ye seme trew and sad;
But o thing lyith in myn hert, I n'ote to whom to trust;
For tho that dynded me to dey ordeyned me to arest;
A! sir, be yew that man? of yew I have yherd.

Gentill sir doutith nat, ne be nothing aferd
Of me; for I shall counsell yew as well as I can:

For trewlich in the cete dwellith many a fals man,
And usyn litil els but falshode, wrong and wyle;
And how they might straungers with trechery begile;
But ye shul do right wisely somwhat be my counsaill;
Speke with the steward; that may you most avail:
For ther is a comyn byword, yf ye it herd havith;

Wele setith he his peny, that the pound savith. 1510

The steward is a covetouse man, that long hath disfid
A knyff I have in kepeing, wherwith his hert I wirid;
Shall be yew to help, in covenante that yee
Shall give me fyve mark, yeur treu frend to be.

The knyff is feir, I tell yew; yit never tofore this day,
Myght the steward have it for aught he coud prey:
The wich ye shuld gyve hym, the betir for to spede,
And behote hym 20*l.* to help yew in yeur nede;
And yf he grauntith; trustith wele, ye stond in good
plight:

For betir is, then lese all, the las the more quyt. 1520
And I woll go wyth yew straight to his plase,
And knele down, and speke first, to amend yewr case;
And sey yee be my cosin; the betir shul ye spede:
And when that I have all ytold; the knyff to hym yee
bede.

Beryn thankid hym hertlich, and on hym gan trust;
With hond in hond ensurid, and all for the best;
Beryn thought noon othir, al that it othir was.
Machaign hym comfortid, talkyng of their case,
And passid forth stilly toward the steward blyve,
Beryn and Machaign; but Beryn bare the knyff; 1530
And trust much in his felawe to have som help.

But or they departid were, they had no cause to yelp
Of no maner comfort, as ye shull here anon;
For as sone as Machaign tofore the steward com,
He fill plat to the erth, a grevous pleynt and an huge
He made; and seyð sir steward, now be a trew juge
Ageyns this fals treytour, that stondith me besyde;
Let take of hym good hede, els he woll nat abide.

Now mercy God, steward, for yee have herd me yore
For my faðir Melan pleyne to you ful sore; 1540

Thar with 7 dromedarys, as I have told yew lome,
With marchandise chargit, went toward Rome;
And it is 7 yere ago, and a litill more,
Of hym, or of his gooddis, that I herd les or more.
And yit I have enquerid, as bysely as I couthe,
And met never man yit, that me coud tell with
mowth

Any tyding of hym, onto this same day:
But now I know too much, alas! I may wel sey.
When Beryn herd these wordis, he kist down his hede;
Allas! he thought in hert, alas! what is my rede? 1550
And would fayn have voidit, and outward gan to
stapp:

But Machaign arofe, and sefid by the lapp;

Nay thou shalt nat void, he seid; my tale is nat ydo:
For be trowith of my body, yf thou scapidist so,
I shuld nevir have mery whils I wer on lyve,
And set hond fast on Beryn's othir scleve;
And seid, good sir steward, my tale to the end
I prey ye wold here; for wend how men wend,
There may no man hele murðir, but it will out at last:
The same knyff my faðir bere, when he of contre
past,

Let ferch wele this felon, ther ye shul hym find;
I know the knyff wele inough, it is nat out of my
mynd:

The cotelere dwellith in this toun, that made the
same knyff;

And for to preve the trowith, he shall be here as
blyve.

Beryn swat for angir, his hert was full of fere;
He toke the knyff to the steward, or he ferchid wher.
The steward onto Beryn, my frend, lo! qð he,
And thou think The well about, this is foule plee;
I can know noon othir, but thou must or thou go
Yeld the body of Melan and his good also. 1570
Now be well avysid ageyn to morowe day;
Then shalt thou have thy jugement; ther is no more
to say.

When Beryn fro the steward thus departid was,
And was without the gate, he lokid oppon the plase,
And cursid it wondir bitterly in a fervent ire,
And wisshid many tymes it had been a feir:
For I trowe that man of lyve was nevir wors betrayid
Then I am; and therwithall my hert is cleen dif-
mayid:

For here I have no frendship, but am all counselles;
And they been falssher then Judas, and eke mer-
cyless: 1580

A Lord God in hevyn, that my hert is woo;
And yit suyrly I mervel nat though that it be so;
For yit in all my lyve, sithe I ought undirfode,
Had I nevir wyl for to lern good:
Foly I hauntid it evir, ther myght no man me let;
And now he hath ypaid me, he is cleen out of my
dett.

For whils I had tyme, wysdom I myght have lernyd;
But I drow me to folly and wold nat be governed;
But had al myne own wyll and of no man aferd;
For I was nevir chastid: but now myne own yerd
Betith me to fore, the strokis been to hard:
For these devillis of this town takith but litil reward
To sclee my body to have my good; the day is set
to morowe:

Now wold to God I wer in grave; for it wer end of
sorowe.

I was iwis to much a sole; for hate I had to Rame
I wold forsake myn heritage; therfor sorowe and
shame

Is oppon me fall, and right wele deservid;
For I toke none maner hede, when my moðir stervid;
And disobeyid my faðir, and set hym at naught also;
What wondir is it than though that I have woo? 1600
Fortune and eke wisdom have werrid with me evir,
And I with them in all my lyf, for fortune was me
levir

Then eny wit or governaunce for them too I did hate;
And though I wold be at oon, now it is to late.
O myghtfull God in heven, wher was evir man
That wrought hymself more folly than I my self did
than?

A cursid be the tyme that I out of Rome went;
That was my faðir's right heir, of lyvelode, and of
rent,

And al the rial lordship that he hath in the town;
Had I had wit, and grace, and hold me low and
boun,

It wer my kynd now among my baronage, 1610

To hawk, and to hunt, and eke to pley, and rage,
With feir freshe ladies, and daunce when me list:

But now it is to late to speke of had I wist.
But I fare like the man that for to swele his flyes
He stert into the bern, and aftir stre he hies,
And goith about the wallis with a brennyng wafe;
Tyll it was at last that the leem and blafe

Entrid into the thynys, where the wheate was,
And kissid so the evefe, that brent was all the plase;
But first in the begynnyng, tyll feer smote in the rastris,
He toke no manere kepe, and thought of nothing aftir
What perell there myght fall: ne more did I ywis,
That wold forsake myn honour, for the unkyndnes
Of Rame, that was my stepmoðir, for yf I shall
nat ly,

They beth soure: wherfor the more wisely
I shuld have wrought, had I had wit, and suffrid for
a tyme,

And aftir com to purpose wel inowghe of myne;
But evil avengit he is deol, that for a litil mode,
And angir to his neybour, sellith away his good; 1630
And goith hymself a beggyng; aftir in breff tyme,
He mut be countid a lewd man in all manere ryme:
So have I wrought and wers; for I dout of my lyve,
How that it shal stond, for plukking of my scleve
The knyff that was me take, as ye have herd tofore:
And yit it grevith mine hert also much more
Of myn own pepill, that no difese aservid:
I wore wele aftir pleding, ryght nought wold be re-
servyd

To sustene their lyvis, I trow ryght nought or lite,
And peraventur lightly stond in wors plight: 1640
Of me it is no fors, though I be thus arayed,
But it is dole and pete, that they shull be betrayid,
That hath nought aservid, but for my gilt aloon.
And when that Beryn in this wise had ymade his
mone;

A crepill he saw comyng with grete spede and haste,
Oppon a stilt ondir his kne bound wondir fast;
And a crouch undir his armys; with hondis al for-
skramyd:

Alas! qð this Beryn, shall I be more examenyd?
And gan to turn aside onto the see stronde:
And the cripill aftir, and wan oppon hym londe. 1650
Tho began Beryn to drede inwardlich fore,
And thought thus in his hert; shall I be comberid
more:

And it wer Godd's wyll my sorowe for to cese.
Methinkith I have inowghe: the cripill began to
preche,

And had ytraught nere hond Beryn by the scleve.
Beryn turnyd, as an hare, and gan to ren blyve:
But the cripill knew betir the pathis, smale and grete;
Then Beryn; so tofore hym he was, and gan hym
mete.

When Beryn saw it vaylid naught to renne, ne to
lepe;
What for dole and anguyssh, no word myght he
speke; 1660

But stode still amafid, and starid fast about:
The cripill began to speke, sir, to drede or to dout:
Of me wold ye right light, and yeknew myne hert:
So where ye like well or ill, fro me shall ye nat part;
Tyl I have tretid with yew, and yee with me also,
Of all your soden happis, your myscheff, and
your wo;

For by the tyme that I have knowlech of your case,
Yeurrennyng, and your trotting into an cly pas,
I shall turn or that we twyn, so ye aftir my stoke
Woll do, and as I rede yew; for yee wer a sole 1670
When ye cam first alonde, ye had met with me;
For I wold have ensensid yew all the iniquite
Of thes fals marchandis, that dwellen in this town;
And outid all your chaffare without gruch or goun:

For had ye dwellid within yeur shippis, and nat go
them among;

Then had ye been undaungerid, and quyrt of all their
wrong

On yew that been surmysid through fals suggestioun.
Beryn gan to sigh, unneth he might founne,
Saf o word or rweyn, and mercy was the first;
Preying with all his hert, that he myght have his
rest, 1680

And be no more enpledit, but pas fro hym quyte.
Good sir, qð Beryn, doith me no more dispite;
And suffir me to pas, and have on me rourhe;
And I suyrr yew feithfully, have here my trowith,
To morowe when I have plectit, and eny thing be laft
Of ship or marchaundise, afore the ship or baft,
I woll shew yew all ifere, and opyn every cheft,
And put it in yewr grace, to do what ye lest;
And in the meen while that Beryn gan to clapp;
The crypill nyghid hym nere and nere, and hent hym
by the lap:

And as sone as Beryn knew that he was in honde;
He unlacyd his mantell, for drede of some command;
And pryvelich ovir his shuldris let hym down glide;
And had levir lese his mantell then abide.
The crypill all perceyvid, and hent hym by the sleve
Of his nethir surcote. Alas! now mut I strive,
Thought Beryn by hymself; now I am yhent,
There helpith naught save strengith; therewith the
sleve to rent

Beryn gan, to scape he sparid for no cost.
Alas! thought this crypill, this man woll be lost; 1700
And be ondo for evir; but he counsell have:
Iwis, thoughe he be lewde, my contremen to save.
Yit will I my besines do, and peyn that I may;
Sith he is of Room, for that is my contray.
This crypill was an hundrit yere full of age;
With a long thik berd, and a trow visage
He had; and manly, and july was he;
And Geffrey was his name, yknow, in that contre.
Alas! thought this Geffrey, this man hath grete drede
Of me, that by my power wold help hym in his
nede. 1710

Iwis, though he be nyce, untaught, and unwise,
I woll nat for his foly leve myne enpryse:
And lept aftir Beryn, and that in right good spede.
Beryn was so sore agast, he toke no maner hede
To look onys bakward, tyll he to the watir cam;
Then lokid he behynd, and saw sir Clekam
Commaund wondir fast, with staff and with his stilt;
Allas! thought Beryn, I now am yspilt;
For I may no ferthir, without I wold me droune
In'ote, wich were the betir, or go ageyn to toun. 1720
Geffrey was so nygh com, that Beryn myght nat fle:
Good sir, qð this Geffrey, why do yee void me?
For by heven quene, that bare Crist in hir barme,
But right as to my self, I woll yew no more harme.
Sittith down here by me oppon this see stronde;
And yf ye drede any thing, clepe yewr men to
londe;

And let them be here with us all our speche tyme:
For I woll nat feyn oon word, as makers doon to
ryme,
But counsell yew as prudently as God woll send me
grace:

Take comfort to yw, and herk a litill spafe. 1730
And when that Beryn had yherd his tale to the end;
And how goodly as Geffrey spak, as he were his
frende;

None obstant his drede, yet part of sapience
Stremyd into his hert, for his eloquence;
And seyde; God me counsaill for his high mercy;
For I have herd this same dey men as sotilly
Speke, and of yeur semblant, and in such manere,
And by hete me frendship outward by their chere,

But inward it was contrary their intellectuone;
Wherfor the blame is les, though I suspicioun. 1740
Have of yewr wordis, lest othir be yewr entent;
For I n'ote whom to trust, by God omnipotent:
Yit nethirles, yf your will is to com into the ship with
me,

I woll somwhat do by yeur rede, how so it evir be:
Then, qð Geffrey, if it be so that I in yewr powere
Entir into your shippis, and yew help in yewr my-
stere,

That yee ageyn yewr adversaryes shull have the betir
fyde,
And gyve yow such counsell to bate down their pride,
And that yee wynne in every pleynt, al so much or
more

As they purpose to have of yew; yf they be down
ybores, 1750

And ye have amendis for their iniquite,
And I yew bring to this end, what shall my guerdon
be?

In verrey soth, qð Beryn; yf I yew may trust,
I woll quyte yew trewly, I make yew behest:
In feith then, qð Geffray, I woll with yew wende.
What is yewr name, seid Beryn, though my frende?
Gefferey, he seid; but in these marchis I was nat bore;
But I have dwellid in this cete yeeris heretofore
Ful many, and turmented wers then wer yee;

And endurid for my trowith much adversite: 1760
For I wold in no wise suffir their falschedes;
For in all the world so corrupt of their dedis
Been noon men alyve, I myght ryght well avow;
For they set all their wittis in wrong, all that they
mowe:

Wherfor full many a tyme, the grettist of them, and I,
Have stonden in altercacioun, for their trechery.

For I had in valew in trow marchaundise
A M. l. all have they take in such maner wise:
So ferforth to save my blode no longer myght I dryve
dure;

For drede of wors, thus thought I my self to disfi-
gure; 1770

And have among them 12 yere go right in this plight,
And evir have had in memory how I myght them
quyte:

And so I hope now, as sotill as they be,
With my wit engine them, and help yew and me.
My lymes been both hole and sound; me nedith stilt,
ne crouch.

He cast asyde them both, and lepe oppon an huche,
And adown ageynes; and walkid to and fro,
Up and down, within the ship; and shewid his hondis
tho,

Stretching forth his fingris, in sight and all about,
Without knot, or knor, or eny sign of goute; 1780
And dyght them efft ageyns right disfetirly,
Som to ride ech othir, and som aweward wry.

Geffrey was right myghty, and wele his age did bere;
For natur was more substantiall, when tho dayis wer,
Then now in our tyme; for all thing doith waste,
Saff vile and cursid lyving; that growith all to faste.
What shuld I tell more? but Geffrey sat hym down;
And Beryn hym besydis; the Romeyns gan to rown,
And marvelled much in Geffrey, of his disgifenes:
And Beryn had anothir thought, and spak of his di-
stres; 1790

Now Geffrey, seid this Beryn, and I durst trust in yewe,
That and ye knewe eny man that is alyve anowe,
That had of discrecioun so much influence,
To make my party good to morowe in my defence,
And delivir me of sorowe, as ye behote have;
I wold become his legeman, as God my soule save.
That wer to much, qð Gefferey, that woll I yew re-
lese;

But I desire of othir thing to have yewr promes;
That

That and I bryng yewr enmyes into such a traunce,
To make for yewr wrongis to you right high fe-
naunce; 1800

And so declare for you, that with you pas such dome;
That yee oppon your feith bryng me at Rome;
Yf God wol send yew weðir, and grace to repaſe.
Qð Beryn, but I grant yew I wer lewder then an
aſſe.

But or I fullich truſt yew, holdith me excuſid;
I woll go counſell with my men, leſt they it reſuſid.
Beryn drew aſyde, and ſpak with his meyne;
And expreſſid every word, in what plight and degre
That he ſtoðe, from poynt to poynt, and of his falſ
areſtis:

His meyne were aſtonyd, and ſtarid forth as beſtis:
Spekith ſom word, qð Beryn, ſith I am betrayd:
Yee have yherd what Geffrey to me hath ſayd.
Theſe Romeyns ſtoðe alle ſtill; o word ne coud they
meve;

And eke it paſſid their wittis. Then Beryn gan re-
leve,

And to Geffrey eſt ageyn; and mercy hym beſought.
Help me, Sir, qð Beryn, for his love that us bought,
Dying on the rood, and wept full tendirly;
For but ye help, qð Beryn, ther is no remedy:
For comfort nethir counſaill of my men have I noon:
Help me, as God yew help, and els I am undoon.
When Geffrey ſaw this Beryn ſo diſtract and wept;
Pite into eche veyn of his hert crept:

Allas! qð Geffrey, I might nat do a more ſynful
dede,

I leve by my trowith, then ſayl yew in this nede:
Faill me God in heven, yf that I yew faill;
That I ſhall do my beſines, my peyn, and my tra-
vaile,

To help yew be my power; I may no ferther goo.
Yis yee behete me more, ſeid Beryn, tho
That yee wold help me, at all that I ſhuld ſtond cler:
Beryn gan to wepe and make wers chere. 1830
Stillith yew, qð Geffrey; for how ſo evir ye tire,
More than my power ye ought nat deſire.
For thorough the grace of God ye ſhul be help wele;
I have ther of no dout: but trewlich I you tele,
That ye wold hold me covenante, and I woll yew
alſo,

To bryng me at Rome, when it is all ydo.
In ſigne of trowith of both ſidis of our acordment,
Eche of us kys othir of our comyn aſſent;
And all was do. And aſtirward Beryn commaundit
wyne,

They dronk, and then Geffrey ſeid, Sir Beryne, 1840
Yee mut declare yeur maters to myne intelligence,
That I may the bet perſeyve all inconvenience,
Dout, pro, contra, and ambiguite,
Thorough your declaracioun, and enformyd be:
And with the help of our ſoveren Lord celeſtiale,
They ſhall be behynd, and we ſhall have the ball.
For now the tyme aprochith, for their curſidnes
To be ſomwhat rewardit, and cauſe of yewr diſtres
Hath my hert yſetlid, and fixid them a nye,
As trowith wold and reſon, for their trechery. 1850
For many a man, tofore this day, they have do out
of daw,

Diſtroid, and turmentid, thorough their falſ law.
For they think litill ellis, and all their wyttis fyve,
Save to have a mann's good, and to benym his
lyve:

And hath a curſid cuſtom, all ageyns reſon,
That what man they enpeche, they have noon en-
cheſon,

Thoughe it be as falſ a thing as God hymſelf is
trewe:

And it touche a ſtraunger, that is com of newe,
Atte fiſt mocione that he begynneth to meve,

Ther ſtondith up an hundrit hym to repreve. 1860
The lawes of the cete ſtont in probacy;
They uſen noon enqueſtis the wrongis for to try:
And yf thow haddiſt eny wrong, and woldiſt pleyñ
The,

And were as trewe a cauſe as eny myght be,
Thow ſhuldiſt nat find o man to bere The witnes;
Though every man in the town knew it, more or
les;

So burriſh they togiðir, and holdith with eche o-
thir;

That as to counterplede them, though ye wer my
brother,

I wold gyve yew no counſaill, ne their empechement
In no word to deny; for that wer combirment:
For then wer they in the affirmatyf, and wold preve
anoon:

And to yew that wer negatyff the law wold graunt
anoon:

So for to plede ageyn them it woll litill avail;
And yit to every mann's wit it ought be grete mer-
vaile:

For their lawes been ſo ſtreyt, and peynous ordi-
naunce,

Is ſtallid for their falſhede; for this is their ſynaunce,
To leſe their lyff for leting; and Hoſpe it may knowe
That Lord is riall of the town, and holdith them ſo
lowe:

Wherfor they have a cuſtom a ſhrewid for the nonys;
Yf eny of them ſeya thing, they cry all at onys, 1880
And ferm it for a ſoth, and it bere any charge;
Thus of the danger of Hoſpe they kepe them ever at
large:

And therfor wiſdow weer, whoſo might eſchewe,
Nevir to dele with them; for wer it wrong, or
trewe,

It ſhuld litill avail ageyns their falſhedes:
For they been acurſid, and ſo been their dedes.
Wherfor we muſt, with all our wit ſenſibill,
Such answers us purvey, that they been inſolibill:
To morowe at our aparaunce, and ſhall be reſpon-
ſaill;

For of wele and ellis it is thy day ſynall. 1890
Now ſoveren Lord celeſtiale, with many ſorowful
fighis,

Seyd Beryn to Geffray, ymmemorat of lyes,
Graunt me grace to morowe; ſo that God be pleſid,
Make ſo myne anſwere; and I ſomwhat y-eſid
By The that art my counſaill, for othir help is noon,
Reherce me then, qð Geffrey, the cauſis of thy ſoon.
Fro poynt to poynt, al in fere, on The is ſurmyſid;
Wherthorough I myght to morowe the betir be a-
viſid.

Now in ſoth, qð Beryn, thoughe I ſhuld dy,
I cannat tell the tenyth part of their trechery; 1900
What for ſorowe, and angir, that they to me have
wrought;

So ſtond I clene desperat, but ye con help ought.
Deperdeux; ſeid Geffrey, and I The woll nat faill,
Sith I have enſurid The to be of thy counſaill;
And ſo much the more, that thou art nat wiſe,
And canſt nat me enform of no maner aſiſe.
Here therfore a while, and tend wel to my lore:

The Lord that dwellith in this town, whoſe name I
told tofore,

Hoſpe eſt reherſid, is ſo inly wiſe,
That no man alyve can pas his deviſe; 1910
And is ſo grow in yeris, that lx yeer ago
He ſawe nat for age; and yit it ſtondith ſo,
That thorough his-wit, and wiſdom, and his gover-
naunce,

Who makith a fray ef; or ſtryvith aught or mel to
much or praunce,

Within

Within the same cete, that he n'ys take anoon;
And hath his pennaunce forthwith, for pardon usith
he noon.

For ther n'ys pore ne riche, ne what state he be,
That he ny's undirfote for his inquite;
And it be previed on hym, ther shall no gold hym
quyte,

Right as the forfeite axith, moch or lite:
For geys his commaundment is noon so hardy quek,
So hard setith he his fote in every mann'ys nek:
For undir sky and sterris this day is noon alyve
That coud amend hym in o poynt, al thing to di-
stryve.

The 7 sages of Rome, though al ageyn hym were,
The shuld be insufficient to make his answe:re:
For he can all langagis, Greck, Hebrew, and Latyne
Caldey, Frensch, and Lombard, yee know well fyne;
And all maner that men in bokis write;

In poyse, and philosophie, also he can endite. 1930
Cevile, and canoune, and al maner lawis;
Seneca, and Sydrak, and Salamon'ys Sawys;
And the 7 sciences, and eke law of armys,
Experimentis, and pompery, and all maner charmys;
As ye shul here aftir, er that I depart,
Of his imaginaciouns and of his fotill art.

For he is of age 300 yere and more:
Wherfor of all sciences he hath the more lore.

In Denmark he was gotten and ybore also;
And in Grece ynorished, tyl he coud speke and go:
Ther was he put to scole, and lernyd wondir fast;
For such was his grace that all othir he past.
But first in his begynnyng litil good he had;
But lernyd evir paillyngly, and was wise and sad;
Of stature and of feture ther was noon hym like,
Thorough the lond of Grece, though men wold hym
seke.

A kyng ther was in tho yeris, that had noon heir
male,

Saff a doughter, that he lovid as his own saal:
Ifope was his servaunt, and did hym such plesaunce,
That he made hym his heir, and did hym so avaunce,
To wed his doughter, and aftir hym to bere crowne;
Thorough prowes and his port so low he was and
boun.

So as fortune wold, that was Ifope's frend,
This worthy kyng that same yere made his carnel
end.

That 27 yere is passid that Ifope thus hath reigned;
And yit was ther never for wrong on hym compleyned,
For no jugement that he gaff; yit som ageyn hym
wylid,

A grete part of his pepill, and wold have hym ex-
ilid:

But his grete wisdom, and his manfulnes,
His governaunce with his bounte, and his rightfulnes
Hath evir yit preserved hym unto this ilk day;
And woll whyle that he lyvith, for aught that men
can say.

For who hath eny quarel or cause for to wonde,
Within this same cete, quiklich woll he fond,
And it be fotill matir, to Ifope for to fare,
Fro gynnyng to the end, his quarrell to declare.

And eve afore, as custum is, peple shal be on the mo-
rowe;

But who so ly, he scapith nat wythout shame or sorowe.

Beryn, thow must go thiðir, wher thyn enpechement

Shall be ymevid; and therfor pas nat thens, 1970
Tyll thou have herd them alle; and report them wele

To me, that am thy counsell, and repeer snele:
But so rial mancione, as Ifope dwellith in,

Ther is noon in the world, ne so queynt of gyn;
Wherfore be well avifid, how I enform The

Of the wondir wayis, and of the pryvyte,
That been wythyn his paleyse, that thou must pas by:

And when thou approachist, and art the castell nygh,
Blench fro the brode gate, and enter thou nat there;
For ther been men to keep it; yit have thou no
fere; 1980

Pas down on the right hond by the castell walle,
Tyll thou fynd a wyndow; and what so The by fall,
Entir ther, yf thou may, and be nothyng agast;
But walk forth in that entre: then shalt thou see in
haste

A portcolyse The tofore; pas in boldly,
Tyll thou com to an hall, the feyrift undir sky.
The wallis been of marbill, yjoynid, and yclosid;
And the pilours of crystall, grete and wele proposid;
The keveryng of bove is of selondyn;
And the pament beneth of gold and asure fyne. 1990
But who so passith thorough this hall hath nede to ren
blyve;

Or els he myght be disware of his own lyve;
For ther wythin liith a stoon, that is so hote of kynd,
That what thing com for by, anoon it woll atend,
As bryght as eny kandell leem, and consume anoon:
And so wold the hall also, n'er coldnes of a stoon
That is yclepid Dionyse, that set is hym ageyn.
So and thou lepe lightly, thou shalt have no peyn;
For ethir ston in kynd proportioned they be
Of hete, and eke of coldnes, of oon equalite. 2000
Thow must pas thorough the hall; but tary nat I
rede;

For thou shult fynd a dur, up right afore thyn hede;
When thou art entrid ther, and the dore apast;
Whatso thou se ligg, or stond, be thou nat agast;
And yf thou drede eny thing, do no more saff blowe
But yit I rede The, beware that it be somewhat lowe:
Ther been to libardis, loos and untied,
If that thy blowing of that othir in eny thing be spied,
Anoon he rakith on The to sese The by thy pate;
For ther n'ys thing in erth that he so much doith
hate, 2010

As breth of mann'ys mowith: wherfore refreyne The,
And blow but fair and soft; and when that nede be.
When thou art passid this hall, anoon then shalt thou
com

Into the fayrest garden that is in Christendom:
The wich thorough his clergy is made of such devise,
That a man shall ween he is in paradise,
At his first comyng in, for melody and song,
And othir glorious thingis, and delectabill among;
The wich Tholomeus, that somtyme paynym was,
That of astronomy knew ev'ry poynt and case, 2020
Did it so devise, thorough his high connyng,
That ther n'ys best in erth, ne bird that doith sing,
That he n'ys there in figur, in gold, and sylvir fyne,
And now, as they wer quyk, know the fotill engyne.

In mydward of this gardyn stant a feir tre,
Of all maner levis, that undir sky be,
Yforgit, and yfourmit, eche in his degre,
Of sylvir, and of gold fyne, that lusty been to see.
This gardeyn is evir grenè, and full of May flowris,
Of rede, white, and blew, and othir fresh colouris;
The wich been so redolent, and sentyn so about,
That he must be right lewde, therin shuld route.
These monstrefull thingis I devise to The;
Because thou shuldist nat of them abaschid be.

When that thou comyst there, so thou be strong in
thought,

And do be my counsell, drede The right nought:
For ther beth viii tregetours that this gardyn kepith;
Four of them doith waak, whils the four slepith;
The wich been so perfite of nygramance,
And of the art of apparene, and of tragetrie, 2040
That they make semen as to a mann'ys sight
Abominabill wormys, that fore ought be a fright
The hertiest man on erth; but he warnyd were
Of the grisly fightis, that he shuld see there.

Among

Among all othir; there is a lyon white;
That, and he be a straungir, he rampith for to bite;
And hath tofore this tyme 500 men and mo
Devourid, and yete, that thereforth have ygo:
Yit shalt thou pas suyrly, so thou do as I tell.
The tre I told tofore, that round as eny bell 2050
Berith bow, and braunce, traylyng to the ground;
And thou touch oon of them, thou art fass and
found;

The tre hath such vertu, there shall nothing The dere.
Loke that be the first, when thou comyst there.
Then shalt thou se an entre, by the ferther side;
Thoughe it be streyte tofore, inner large and wyde
It growith more and more, and as a dentour wryith;
Yit woll that wey The bryng there that I hope liith,
Into the feyrift chambir that evir man saw with eye.
When thou art there wythyn, govern The wisely:
For there shalt thou here al thyn enpechement,
Opynly declarid, in Ilop's present.
Report them wele, and kepe them in thy mynd;
And astir thy relacioun, we shall so turn and wend,
Thorough help of God above, such help for to make,
That they shall be acombrit, and we right well to
scape.

Now in soth, qð Beryn, a manny's hert may grise
Of such wondir weyis; for al my marchandise
I had levir lese, then oppon me take
Such a wey to pas. Then, Sir, for your sake 2070
I woll my self, qð Geffrey; sith I am ensuryd
To help The with my power, thou shalt be amyrid,
As fertorth as I may; that I woll do my peyn
To bryng yow plefaunt tyding, and retourn ageyn,
Yit or the cok crow: and therfor let me se,
Whils I am out, how mery ye can be.
Geffrey toke his leve: but who was sory tho,
But Beryn, and his company? for when he was go,
Thei had no maner joy; but dout, and hevynes;
For of his repeyryng thei had no sikernes. 2080
So every man to othir made his compleynt;
And wisshid that of felony they had been atteynt:
And so them thought betir to end hevynes;
Then every day to lak brede atte first mes:
For when our good is go, what shall fal of us?
Evir to be their thrallis, and peraventure wers:
To lese our lyf astir, yf we displese them ought:
Astir Geffrey went, this was all their thought,
Throughout the nyght, tyl cokkis gan to sing:
But then encrefid anguishe; their hondis gan to wryng;
And cursid wynd and watir that them brought ther:
And wisshid many tymes that he had been in bere:
And were apassid, and entrid into dispeyr,
In as much as Geffrey did nat repeer:
Eche man seyde to othir, it myght nat be ynayid,
But Geffray had uttirlich falsly them betrayid,
Throughout all the long nyght:

.....
Tho went they to counsell, a litill tofore the day
And were all acordit for to sayl away: 2100
And so them thought betir, and leve their good ther;
Then abyde theroppon, and have more fere.
They made their takelyng redy, and wend the fail
acros,

For to save their lyvis, and set nat of their los:
So fore they wer adred to be in servitude;
And hopid God above wold send them som refute;
By som othir costis ther wynd them wold bryng:
And therwithall cam Geffrey on his stilt lepeing,
And cried wondir fast by the watir fyde;
When Beryn herd Geffrey; he bid his men abyde,
And to launch out a bote, and bryng Geffrey in;
For he may more avayl me now, then al my kyn;
And he be trew, and trusty, as myn hope is:
But yit therof had Beryn no full sikernes.
These Romeyns fet in Geffrey with an hevychere;

For they had levir fail forth, then put them in weer
Both lyve and goodis; and evill suspicioun
They had of this Geffrey: wherfore they gon rounne,
Talkyng to eche othir; this man woll us betray.
Geffrey wist well inowghe, he was nat to their pay;
And for verry angir he threw into the see 2120
Both stilt and eke his crouch, that made wer of tre;
And gan them to comfort, and seid in this manere;
Benedicite, Beryn; why make ye such chere?
For and yee wex hevychere; what shall yewr men do,
But take ensampill of yew? and have no cause to:
For yit or it be eve, yewr adversaries all
I shall make them spurn, and have, a fore fall:
And yee go quyte, and all yewr good; and have of
theirs too:

And they to be right feign for to scape so,
Wythout more daungir, and yewr wyl be. 2130
For of the lawys het such is the equitye;
That *who pursu othir, and his pleynt be wrong,*
He shall make amendis, be he never so strong;
Right as shuld the t'oðir, yf he condempned were:
Right so shall the pleyntiff, right as I yew lere:
And that shall preve by them, have ye no doute,
Yit or it be eve, right low to yew to loute,
And submit them to yew, and put them in yewr
grace,

By that tyme I have ymade all my wanlase:
And in hope to spede well, let shape us for to dyne.
Geffrey axid watir, and sith brede, and wyne;
And seid it is holsom to breke dur fast betyme:
For the steward woll to the court at hour of pryme:
The sonne gan to shyne and shope a feir dey:
But for aught that Geffrey could do or sey,
These Romeyns spekyn fast, all the dynet while;
That Geffrey with his sotill wordis wold them begile.
So when they had ydyned, they rysen up echoone,
And drew them to counsell, what was best to doon:
Som seyde, the best rede that we do may, 2150
To throw Geffrey ovir the bord, and seyll forth our
way:

But for drede of Beryn, som wold nat so:
Yit the more party assentid wele therto.
Geffrey, and Beryn, and worthy Romeyns tweyn,
Stood a part within the ship, to Geffrey gan to seyn;
Beryn beth avisid, your men beth in distaunce;
Sith ye been her soveren, put them in governaunce:
For methinkith they holdith contrary opynyoun;
And *grace faylith comynlich wher is divisoun.*
In the meen whyle that they gan thus to stryve; 2160
Hanybald was up, and ycom as blyve
To the brigg of the town, ther the shippis rood;
And herd much noyse, but litil while he bood:
For when he saw the saylis stond all acros;
Alas! qð this Hanybald, here growith a smert los
To me, that am provost; and have in charge and hest
All these fyve shippis undir myn arest;
And ran into the town, and made an hidouse cry,
And chargit all the cetezins to armys for to hy,
From o strete tyl anothir, and rerid up al the town;
And made the trompis blowe up, and the bellis soun;
And seyde that the Romeyns wer in poynt to pas:
Tyl ther wer a thousand, rathir mo then les,
Men y-armyd cleen, walkyng to the stonde
When Beryn them aspied; now Geffrey in thy honde
Stoht lyf and goodis: doth with us what The list;
For all our hope is on The, comfort, help, and trist.
For we must bide aventure, such as God woll shape;
For now I am in certen we mow in no wise scape.
Have no dout, qð Geffrey, beth mery, let me aloon:
Getith a peir sisours, shirith my berd anoon;
And astirwerd lete top my hede hastilych and blyve.
Som went to with scsours, som wyth a knyffe;
So what for sorowe, and hast, and for lewd tole,
Ther was no man alyve bet like to a sole

Then Geffrey was, by that tyme they had al ydo,
Hanybald clepid out Beryn, to mote hall for to go;
And stode upon the brigg, with an huge route
Geffrey was the first to Hanybald gan to loute,
And lokid out a foreship: God bles yew, Sir, qð he
Wher art thou now, Beryn? com forth, behold
and se,

Her is an huge pepill prayd and ydight;
All these been my children, that been in armys bryght,
Yiftirdey I gat them: is nat mervail
That they been hñdir ycom, to be of our counsaill,
And to stond by us, and help us in our ple.
A! myne own childryn, bleffid mut ye be!

Qð Geffrey, with an high voise, and had a nyce vi-
sage,

And gan to daunce for joy, in the fore stage.
Hanybald lok'd on Geffrey, as he wer amafid, 2200
And beheld his countenance, and how he was y-
rafid:

But evirmore he thought that he was a sole
Naturell of kynde, and had noon othir tool,
As semed by his wordis and his visage both:
And thought it had been foly to wex with hym wroth,
And gan to bord ageyn, and axid hym in game,
Sith thou art our faðir, who is then our dame?

And how, and in what plafe, were we begete?
Yiftirday, qð Geffrey, pleyng in the strete
At a gentil game, that clepid is the quek, 2210
A long peny halter was cast about my nek;
And yknet fast with a riding knot,
And cast ovr a perch, and hale along my throte.
Was that a game, qð Hanybald, for to hang thy
selve?

So they seyde about me, a thousand eche by hymself.
How scapiddist thou, qð Hanybald, that thou wer
nat dede?

Therto can I answer without any rede;
I bare thre dife in myn own purs:
For I go nevir without fare, I betir or wers;
I kist them forth all thre, and too fill am'ys ase: 2220
But here now what fill astir, right a mervelouse case;
Ther cam a mowse lepe forth, and ete the third boon,
That puffid out her skyn, as grete as she myght goon;
And in this maner wise, of the mowse and me,
All ye be ycom my children, fair and fre:
And yit or it be eve, fall woll such a chaunce,
To stond in my power yew all to avaunce:
For and we plede well to day, we shull be riche i-
nowghe.

Hanybald of his wordis hertlich loughe;
And so did all that herd hym, as they myght wele;
And had grete joy wyth hym for to tell.
For they knew hym noon othir but a sole of kynd;
And all this was his discrecioun, and that provid the
end.

Thus whils Geffrey japid, to make their hertis light,
Beryn and his company were rayid and ydight,
And londit them in botis, ferefull how to spede;
For all their thoughtis in balance stode, betwene hope
and drede.

But yit they did their peyn to make lightfome chere,
As Geffrey them had enfourmed, of port and all ma-
nere

Of their governaunce, all the long day, 2240
Tyll their plee wer endit; so went they forth their
wey,

To the court with Hanybald: then Beryn gan to sey,
What nedith this, sir Hanybald, to make such aray?
Sith we been pefe-marchantis, and use no spoliacioun.
For soth sir, qð Hanybald, to me was made rela-
cioun

Yee wer in poynt to void; and yef yee had do so,
Yee had lost yewr lyvis without wordis mo.
Beryn held hym styll. Geffrey spak anoon;

No les wed then lyvis? Whi so good Sir Jon?
That wer somwhat to much, as it semeth me; 2250
But ye be ovrwise that dwell in this cete:

For ye have begonne a thing makith you right bold;
And yit or it be eve, as folis shull yee be hold.

And eke yee devyne for shipmanny's craft,
And wotith litil what longith to afore the ship and
bafft;

And namelich in the dawning when shipmen first a-
rise.

My good frend, qð Hanybald, in a scornynge wife,
Yee must onys enfourm me thorough yowr discre-
cioun:

But first yee must answer to a questioun?
Why make men crof-saill in myddis of the mast? 2260
For to talow the ship and fesch more blast.

Why goon the yemen to bote ankirs to hale?
For to make them redy to walk to the ale.

Why hale they up stonys by the crane lyne?
To make the tempest sese and the sonne shyne.

Why close they the port with the see bord?
For the mastir shul awake at first word.

Thow art a redy reve, qð Hanybald, in fay:
Yee sir trewly, for sothe is that yew sey.

Geffrey evir clappid, as doith a watir myll, 2270
And made Hanybald to laugh al his hert fyll.

Beryn, qð this Geffrey, retourn thy men ageyn;
What shull they do with The at court? no man on
them pleyn.

Plede thy case thy selve, right as thou hast ywrought,
To bide with the shippis my purpose is and thought.

Nay forsoth, qð Hanybald, thou shalt abyde on lond;
Wee have no folis but The; and toke hym by the
hond;

For thou art wife in law to plede all the case.
That can I betir, qð Geffrey, then eny man in this
plafe.

What seyest thou therto, Beryn? shall I tell thy tale?
Hanybald likid his wordis wele, and forward gan
hym hale.

Beryn made hym angry, and sighid wondir fore;
For Geffrey hym had enfourmid of every poynt tofore;
How he hym shuld govern all the long day.

Geffrey chafid hym ageyn; sey me ye or nay,
Mayst owe nat here speke some maner word;
Leve thy blab, lewd sole, me likith nat thy bord.

I have anothir thought, qð Beryn, wherof thou ca-
rist lite.

Clepeist thou me a sole, qð Geffrey? al that I may
The wite.

But first when we out of Rome faillid both in fere;
Tho I was thy felawe and thy partinere;

For tho the marchandise was more then half myne;
And sith that thou com hñdir thou takist all for thyne.

But yit or it be eve, I wol make oon behest;
But thou have my help, thy part shall be lest.

Thyn help, qð Beryn; lewde sole, thou art more
then masid:

Dres The to the shippis ward with thy crown yrafid;
For I myght nevir spare The bet, trus, and be agoo:

I woll go with The, qð Geffrey, wher thou wolt
or no;

And lern to plede law, to wyn both howse and lond.
So thou shalt, qð Hanybald, and led hym by the
hond;

And leyde his hond oppon his nek: but and he had y-
know

Whom he had led, in sikernes he had well levir in
showe

Have walkid xl myle, and rathir then fail more:
For he wisshid that Geffrey had ybe unbore

Full oft tyme in that day, or the ple wer do;
And so did all that wrought Beryn sham and woo.

Now

Now yee that list abide and here of solite,
Mowe know how that Beryn sped in his ple;
And in what aray to the court he went; 2310
And how Hanybald led Geffrey, disware of his entent.

But yet he axid of Geffrey, what is thy name I pray?
Gylhochet, qð Geffrey, men clepid me yistirday.
And wher weer thow ybore? I note I make a vow;
Seyd Geffrey to this Hanybald, I axe that of yew:
For I can tell no more, but here I stond nowe.
Hanybald of his wordis hertlich lowghe,
And held hym for a passyng sole to serve eny Lord.
Thus they romyd janglyng into the court ward:
But or they com ther, the steward was yfet; 2320
And the grettist of the town a company ymet;
And gon to stryve fast, who shuld have the good
That com was with Beryn ovir the salt flood.
Som seyde oon and som seyde anothir;
Som wold have the shippis, the parell, and the ro-
thir;

Som his eyen, som his lyf wold have, and no les;
Or els he shuld for them fyne, or he did pas,
And in the mene, whils they wer in this afay,
Beryn and these Romeyns wer com, in good aray
As myght be made of woll, and of colour graynyd;
They toke a fyde bench that for them was ordeynyed.
When all was husht and still, Beryn arose anoon,
And stode in the myddis of the hall tofore them everi-
chone;

And seyde, sir steward, in me shall be no let:
I am ycom to answer, as my day is set;
Do me ryght and reson, I axe yew no more.
So shall I, qð the steward, for ther'to I am swore.
He shall have right, qð Geffrey, wher thow wolt
or no.

For and thow mys onys thy jugement ondo;
I wolt to the Emperour of Rome my cosyh; 2340
For of o cup he and I full oft have dronk the wyne;
And yit we shull herastir, as oft as we mete,
For he is long the gladder, when I send hym to grete.
This Geffrey stode upon a fourm, for he wold be sey
Above all othir the shuldris, and the cry;
And starid al about, with his lewd berd,
And was yhold a very sole of ech man hym herd.
The steward, and the officers, and the burgeyfis all,
Laughid at hym hertlich; the criour gan to call
The burgeyse, that had pleyd with Beryn at ches;
And he arose quiklich, and gan hym for to dres
Afore the steward at barr, as the maner is;
He gan to tell his tale wyth grete redines;
Here me, sir steward, this day is me set;
To have right and reson; I axe yew no bet,
Of Beryn, that here stondith; that with me yistirday
Made a certen covenaut, and at ches we did pley;
That whofo were ymatid of us both too,
Shuld do the toðir's bidding; and yf he wold nat so,
He must drink all the watir that salt wer in the Se: 2360
Thus I to hym surid, and he also to me.

To preve my tale trew, I am nat all aloon;
Up rose 10 burgeyfis quylich anoon;
And affermyd eviry word of his tale soth;
And made them all redy for to do their othe.
Evander the steward, Beryn, now qð he,
Thow most answere nede; it wolt noon othir be;
Take thy counsell to The: spede on, I have doon,
Beryn held hym styll: Geffrey spak anoon;
Now be my trowith, qð Geffrey, I marvell much of
yew

To bid us go to counsell, and knowith me wife i-
nowghe, 2370
And evir full avifid, in twynkelyng of an eye,
To make a short answer, but yf my mowith be dry.
Shuld we go to counsell for o word or tweyn?
Be my trowith we n'yll, let se mo that pleyn.

And but he be yanswer'd, and that right anoon;
I geve yew leve to rise and walk out everychoon,
And aspy redily yf ye fynd me there,
In the meen whils I wolt abyde here;

Nay, I tell trewly, I am wiser then ye ween: 2380
Forther n'ys noon of you woot redely what I meen.
Every man gan laughe all his hert fill,
Of Geffrey and his wordis; but Beryn held hym still
And was cleen astonyd; but yit ner the lattir;
He held it nat al foly that Geffrey did clattir;
But wisely hym governyd, as Geffrey hym taught;
For percell of his wisdom he had tofore smaught.

Sir steward, qð Beryn, I ondirstond wele
The tale of this burgeyse; now let anothir tell:
That I may take counsell, and answer all at onys. 2390
I graunt, qð the steward, then axing for the nonys;
Sith thow wolt be rewld by the fol's rede;
For he is right a wise man to help The in thy nede.
Up arose the accusours queyntlich anoon;
Hanybald was the first of them everichoon,
And gan to tell his tale with a proud chere;
Yistirday, soverens, when I was here;
Beryn and thes burgeyse gon to plede fast
For pleyng at ches; so ferforth at last,
Thorough vertu of myn office, that I had in charge
Beryn's fyve shippis, for to go at large,
And to be in answer her this same day:
So walkyng to the strondward we bargeynyed by the
wey,

That I shuld have the marchandise that Beryn with
hym brought,

Wherof I am fefid, as ful sold and bought,
In covenante that I shuld his shippis fill ageyn
Of my marchandise; such as he tofore had feyn
In myn own plase, howtis to or thre,
Full of marchandise as they myght be:

And I am evir redy, whensoever he wolt, 2410
Let hym go, or sende, and charge his shippis full
Of such marchandise as he findith there:
For in such wordis we acordit were.

Up rose x burgeyfis, not tho that rose tofore;
But othir; and made them redy to have Iwore.
That every word of Hanybald; from the begynnyng
to the end,

Was soth and eke trewe; and with their mende
Full prest they wer to preve; and seyde they wer pre-
sent

At covenaut making by Gðd omnipotent,
It shall nat nede, qð Geffrey, whils that I here stond:
For I wolt preve it my self with my right honde.
For I have been in four batellis heretofore,
And this shall be the fift; and therfor I am swore.
Beholdith, and seith, and turnyd hym about;
The steward and the burgeyse gamyd all about:
The Romeyns held them still and lawghid but a lite.
Wyth that cam the blynd man his tale to endite,
That God hym grant wynnyng right as he hath a-
fervid.

Beryn and his company stood all astryvyd
Betwene hope and drede, right in high distres; 2430
For of wele or of woo they had no sikernes.
Beryn, qð this blynd, thonghe I may nat see,
Stond nere yit the barr; my comyng is for The;
That wrongfullich thow witholdist my both to eyen,
The wich I roke The for a tyme; and quylich to me
hijen,

And take them me ageyn, as our covenaut was.
Beryn, I take no reward of othir mennys case,
But onlich of myn oon; that stont me most an hond.
Now bleffid be God in heven, that brought The to
this lond;

For sith our last parting, many bitir teris 2440
Have I lere for thy love, that som tyme partinetis
Of

Of wyunnyng and of lesing were yeris fele;
And evir I fond The trewe; tyl at the last thou didist
stele

Awey wyth my too eyen, that I toke to The,
To se the tregetours pley and their sotilte:
As yistirday, here in this same plase,
Tofore yew, sir steward, reherfid as it was.
Full trew is that byword, *a man to servesabill*
Ledith oft beyard from his own stabill.

Beryn, by The I meen, though thou make it straunge;
For thou knowist trewly that I made no chaunge
Of my good eyen, for thyn that badder were.
Therwith stode up burgeyse four, witnes to bere.
Beryn held hym styll, and Geffrey spak anoon;
Now of thy lewd compleynt, and thy masid moon,
By my trowith, qð Geffrey, I have grete mervail.
For though thou haddist eyen-sight, it shuld litill a-
vaile;

Thow shuldist nevir fare the bet, but the wors in fay;
For al thing may be still now for The in house and
way;

And yf thou haddist thyn eyen, thou woldist no coun-
sell hele; 2460

I know wele by thy finfamy, thy kynd wer to stele;
And eke it is thy profite, and thyn ese also,
To be blynd as thou art: for now wherfo thou go,
Thow hast thy lyvlode, whils thou art alyve;
And yf thou myghtist se, thou shuldist nevir thryve.
Al the house throughout, save Beryn and his feris,
Lawghid of Geffrey, that watir on their leris
Ran down from their eyen for his masid wit.
Wythat cam the woman, hir tung was nat sclyt,
Wyth 15 burgeyfis, and women also fele, 2470
Her quarel for to preve, and Beryn to apele,
With a feir knave child yloke wythin their armys;
And gan to tel hir tale of wrongis, and of armys,
And eke of unkyndnes, untrowith, and falshede,
That Beryn had ywrought to hir; that queyntlich
from hir gede

Anoon oppon her wedding, when he his wyll had
doon,

And brought hir wyth chyld, and lete hir sit aloon
Wythout help and comfort from that day; and
nowith

He proferid me nat to kys onys with his mowith:
As yistirday, sir steward, afore yew eche word 2480
Was reherfid here, my pleynt is of record;
And this dey is me set for to have reson:
Let hym make amendis, or els tell encheson
Why hym ought nat fynd, as man ought his wyf.
These fiftene burgeyfis quylich al so blyve,
And as fele wymen as stode by hir ther,
Seyd that they were present when they weddit were;
And that every word that the woman seyde
Was trew, and eke Beryn had hir so betray'd.
Benedicite, qð Geffrey, Beryn hast thou a wyf?
Now have God, my trowith, the dayis of my lyf
I shall trust The the les, thou toldist me nat to fore
As wele of thy wedding, and of thy sone ybore.
Go to and kys them both, thy wyf and eke thyn
heir:

Be thou nat ashamyd, for they both be feyr.
This wedding was right privy, but I shall make it
couthe:

Behold thy sone, it semith crope out of thy mowith;
And eke of thy condicioun both soft and some.
Now am I glad thyn heir shall with us to Rome;
And I shall teche hym, as I can, whils that he is
young 2500

Every day by the strete to gaðir houndis dung;
Tyll it be abill of prentyse to craft of *Taverner* taury;
And aftir I shall teche hym for to cache a fly,
And to mend mytens, when they been to tore,
And aftir to cloute shoun, when he is elder more:

Yit for his parentyne, to pipe, as doith a mowfe,
I woll hym teche, and for to pike a snayl out of his
howse,

And to berk, as doith an hound, and sey baw baw:
And turn round about, as a cat doith wyth a straw,
And to blete as doith a shepe, and ney as doith an
hors, 2510

And to low as doith a cow: and as myn own corps
I woll cheristh hym every day, for his moðirs sake.
And gan to stappe ner the child, to have ytake,
As semed by his countenance, although he thought
nat so.

But moðir was evir ware, and blenchid to and fro,
And leyd hir hond betwene, and lokid somwhat
wroth:

And Geffrey in pur wrath beshrewid them all both.
For by my trowith, qð Geffrey, wel masid is thy
pan:

For I woll teche thy sone the craftis that I can,
That he in tyme to come myght win his lyvlode.
To wex therfor angry thou art verry wood.

Of husbond, wyf, and sone, by the Trynyte,
I n'ote wich is the wisest of them all thre.

No sothly, qð the steward; it liith all in thy noll,
Both wit and wysdom, and previth by thy poll.

For all be that Geffrey wordit sotilly,
The steward and the burgeyfis held it for foly,
All that evir he seyde, and toke it for good game,
And had full litill knowleche he was Geffrey the
lame. 2530

Beryn and his company stode still as stone,
Betwene hope and drede, disware how it shuld goon:
Saff Beryn trist in party that Geffrey wold hym help,
But yit into that hour he had no cause to yelp:
Wherfor they made much sorowe that dole was and
pete.

Geffrey herd hym sigh fore; what devil is yew, qð he?
What nede yew be sory, whils I stond here?
Have I nat enfourmid yew how, and in what ma-
nere,

That I yew wold help, and bryng them in the snare?
Yf ye coud plede as well as I, full litill wold ye care.
Pluk up thy hert, qð Geffrey Beryn I speke to The;
Leve thy blab lewd, qð Beryn to hym age,
It doith no thing avail, that sorowe com on thy
hede;

It is nat worth a fly al that thou hast seyde.

Have we nat els now for to think oppon,
Saff here to jangill? Machyn rose anoon,
And went to the barr, and gan to tell his tale;

He was as fals as Judas, that set Criste at sale.
Sir steward, qð this Machyn, and the burgeyfis all
Knowith wele how Melan with purpill, and with
pall,

And othir marchandise, seven yere ago, 2550
Went toward Rome, and how that I also
Have enquired sith, as reson woll and kynde,
Sith he was my faðir, to know of his ende.
For yit sith his departing, tyl it was yistirday,
Met I nevir creature that me coud wissh or say
Reedynes of my faðir, dede othir alyve:
But blefid be God in heaven, in this thev'is sclyve
The knyff I gaff my faðir was yistirday yfound:
Sith I hym apele, let hym be fast ybound.

The knyf I know wel inowe; also the man stont here,
And dwellith in this town, and is a corelere,
That made the same knyf wyth his too hondis;
That wele I woot there is noon like to sech al cristen
londis:

For 3 preciose stonys been wythin the haft
Perfitlich ycouchit, and sotillich by craft
Endendit in the haft, and that right coriously;
A saphir, and a salidone, and a rich ruby.

The

The cotelere cam lepeing forth with a bold chere;
And seyde to the steward, that Machyn told now
here

Every word is trew; so beth the stonys set; 2570
I made the knyff my self, who myght know it bet;
And toke the knyff to Machyn, and he me pay'd wele
So is this felon guilty; there is no more to tell.

Up arose burgeyfis by 2 by 3 by 4
And seyde they wer present, the same tyme and hour,
When Machyn wept sore, and brought his faðir's
gownd,

And gaf hym the same knyff oppon the See strond.
Beth ther eny mo pleyntifs of record
Qð Geffrey to the steward? and he ageynward.
How semeth The, Gylhochet, beth ther nat inowghe?
Make thyn answer, Beryn, case that thow mowe:
For oon or othir thow must sey, although it nat a-
vaille;

And but thow lese or thow go, methinkith grete
mervail.

Beryn goith to counsell, and his company:
And Geffrey bode behinde to her more and fe,
And to shew the burgeyse somewhat of his hert;
And seyde, but I make the pleyntifs for to smert,
And alle that them meyntenith for aught that is y-
seyd,

I woll grant yew to kut the eris fro my hede.
My master is at counsell, but counsell hath he noon:
For but I hym help, he is cleen undoon.

But I woll help hym al that I can, and meyntene hym
also

By my power and connyng, so I am bound ther'to.
For I durst wage battell wyth yew, though yee be
strong,

That my maister is in the trowith, and ye be in the
wrong:

For and we have lawe, I ne hold yew but distroied
In yewr own falshe, so be yee now aspied.
Wherfor yit or eve I shal abate yewr pride;
That som of yew shal be right feyn to slynk away
and hide.

The burgeyses gon to lawgh, and scornyd hym
ther'to. 2600

Gylhochet, qð Evander, and thow cowdist so
Bryng it thus about, it were a redy wey.
He is a good fool, qð Hanybald, in fay,
To put hymself aloon in strengith, and eke in wit,
Ageyns all the burgeyfis that on this bench sit.
What clatir is this, qð Machyn, al day with a fole?
Tyme is now to worch with som othir tole.

For I am certeyn of their answer that they wol fail;
And lyf for lyf of my faðir, what may that avail?
Wherfor beth avisid, for I am in no doute, 2610

The goodis been sufficient to part al aboute:
So may every party pleyntif have his part.

That is refon, qð the blind, a trew man thow art;
And eke it were untrowith and eke grete syn,
But eche of us that pleyntith mayght somewhat wyn.

Hanybald bote his lippis, and herd them both wele;
Towching the marchandise o tale I shal yew tell,
And eke make a vow, and hold my behest,

That of the marchandise yewr part shal be lest:
For I have made a bargeyn, that may nat be undo,
I woll hold his covenant, and he shal myn also.

Up roos quylich the burgeyse Syrophanes;
Hanybald, qð he, the law goith by no lanys,
But hold ferth the streyt wey, even as doith a lyne:

For yistirday when Beryn with me did dyne,
I was the first person that put hym in arest:
And for he wold go large, thow haddist in charge
and hest

To sese both ship and goodis, til I were answerid;
Then must I first be servid, this knowith al men y-
lerid. 2630

The woman stode besidis, and cried wondir fast;
Ful soth is that byword, *to pot who comyth last*,
He worst is servid; and so it farith by me:

Yit nethirles, Sir Steward, I trust to yewr lentè,
That knowith best my cause and my trew entent;
I axe yew no more but rightful jugement.

Let me have part with othir, sith he my husbond is:
Good Sir beth avisid, I axe yew nat amys.

Thus they gon to stryve, and wer of high mode,
For to depart among them othir mennys good, 2640
Wher they tofore had nevir properte,

Ne nevir shuld thereafter by doom of equitye;
But they had othir cause then they had tho.

Beryn was at counsell, his hert was full woo,
And his meyny sory, distrakt, and al amayide;
For tho they levid noon othir, but Geffrey had be-
trayide,

Because he was so long, they coud no maner rede;
But everich by hymself wisshid he had be dede.

O myghtful God, they seyde, I trow tofore this day,
Was nevir gretter treson, fere, ne affray, 2650
Ywrought onto mankind, then now is to us here;

And namelich by this Geffrey with his sotil chere.
So feithful he made it he wold us help echone,
And now we be ymyryd he letith us sit aloon.

Of Geffrey, qð Beryn, be as it be may:
We mut answer nede, ther is noon othir way;
And therfor let me know your wit, and your coun-
saile;

They wept, and wrong their hondis, and gan to
waillie

The tyme that they wer bore, and shortly of the
lyve
They wisshid that they wer; with that came Geffrey
blive, 2660

Passing them towards, and began to smyle.
Beryn axid Geffrey, wher he had be al the while?
Have mercy oppon us, and help us as thow hight.

I wol help yow right wele, through Graee of Godd's
might:

And I can tell yow tiding of their governaunce.
They stond in altercatioune and stryf in poynt to
prauunce

To depart your goodis; and levith verrily
That it wer impossibill yew to remedy.

But their high pride and their presumpcioune 2670
Shal be, yit or eve, their confusioune;
And to make amendis ech man for his pleynt.

Let se therfor your good avise, how they might be
ateynt.

The Romeyns stode still, as who had shor their hede.
In feith, qð Beryn, we can no maner rede,
But in God, and yew, we submit us all,

Body, lyf, and goodis, to stond or to fall;
And nevir for to travers o word that thow seyft:
Help us good Geffrey as wele as thou mayst. 2680

Deperdeux, qð Geffrey, and I woll do me peyn
To help yow as my connyng woll strech and ateyn.

The Romeyns went to barr, and Geffrey altofore
With a nice countenaunce, barefote, and to tore,
Pleying with a yerd, he bare in his honde;

And was evir wistlyng at every pafe comaunde.
The steward and the burgeyfis had game inowghe
Of Geffrey's nice comyng, and hertlich lowghe;

And eche man seyde, Gylhochet, com nere;
Thow art right welcome, for thow makist us chere.
The same welcom, qð Geffrey, that yee woll us,
Fall oppon yewr hedis, I prey to God, and wers.

They held hym for a verry fole, but he held them
wel more:
And so he made them in breff tyme, all though they
wer nat shore.

Styntith now, qð Geffrey, and let make pese,
Of myrthis and of japis tyme is now to cese,
7 T And

And speke of othir mater that we have to doon:
For and we hew amys eny maner stone;
We know wele in certeyn what pardon we shul have:
The more is our nede us to defend and save.
My master hath be at counsell, and ful avisid is 2700
That I shall have the wordis, speke I wele or mys:
Wherfor, Sir steward, and ye burgeyfis all,
Sittith up right, and writith nat, for aventuris that
may fall.

For and ye deme untrewly, or do us eny wrong,
Ye shull be refourmyd, be ye nevir so strong,
Of every poynt and injury, and that in grete haste;
For he is nat unknowe to us that may yow chaste.
Hold forth the right wey, and by no lide lanys.
And as towching the first pleyntif Syrophanes,
That pleyd with my master ystirday at ches, 2710
And made a certeyn covenante, who that had the
wers

In the last game, al thoughe I wer nat there,
Shuld do the to³ir's bidding, whatsoevir it wer,
Or drynk all the watir that salt wer in the See;
Thus I trowe, Sir steward, ye woll record the ple:
And yf I have ymissid, in lettir, or in word,
The lawe wol I be rewliid astir yewr record:
For we be ful avisid in this wise to answere.
Evander the steward and al men that wer there
Had mervil much of Geffrey, that spak so redely,
Whose wordis tofore semyd al foly;
And wer astonyed cleen, and gan for to drede:
And ev'ry man tyl othir lenyd with his hede;
And seyde, he reported the tale right formally;
He was no sole in certen, but wise, ware, and scly;
For he hath but yjapid us, and scornid heretofore;
And we have hold hym a sole, but we be wel more.
Thus they stodied on Geffrey, and laughid tho right
naught.

When Geffrey had aspied they wer in such thought,
And their hertis trobelid, penyf, and anoyed; 2730
Hym lyst to dryve in bet the nayl, till they wer fully
cloyid:

Soveren Sirs, he seyde, sith that it so is,
That in reporting of our ple ye fynd nothing amys,
As provith wele yowr scilence, eke ye withseyth nat
O word of our tale, but clene without spot;
Then to our answer I prey yow take hede;
For we wol sey al the trowith, right as it is in dede.
For this is soth and certen, it may nat be withseyd,
That Beryn that here stondith was thus ovirpleid
In the last game, when wagir was opon: 2740
But that was his sufferance, as ye shull here anon.
For in all this cete ther n'ys no maner man
Can pley betir at ches, then my mastir can;
Ne bet then I, though I it sey, can nat half so much:
Now how he lost it by his wyll, the cause I woll teche.
For ye wend and ween that ye had hym engnyed;
But ye shul fele in every veyn that ye be undirmined,
And ybrought at ground, and eke ovirmusid.
And agent the first that Beryn is acusid
Herith now ententyflich: When we wer on the See,
Such a tempest on us fill, that noon myght othir fe,
Of thundir, wynd, and lightenyng, and stormys ther
among;

Fiftene dayis during the tempest was so strong,
That eche man till othir began hym for to shryve;
And made their avowis, yf they myght have the lyve,
Som to se the sepulkir, and som to othir plase,
To sech holy seyntis for help and for grace;
Som to fast, and do pennaunce, and som do almyf-
dede:

Tyl at last, as God wold, a voise to us seyde,
In our most turment, and desperat of mynd, 2760
That yf we wold be savid, my maister must hym bynd
Be feith and eke be vow, when he cam to lond,
To drink al the salt watir within the See strond;

Without drinking eny sopo of the fresch watir:
And taught hym al the sotilte, how and in what ma-
nere

That he shuld wurch by engyne, and by a sotill charm,
To drink all the salt watir, and have hymself no
harm;

But stop the fresh rivers by every cost side,
That they entir nat in the Se thorough the world wyde.
The voise we herd, but naught we saw; so wer our
witts ravid: 2770

For this was end fynally, yf we lust be savid.
Wherfor my master Beryn, when he cam to this port,
To his avow and promys he made his first resort,
Or that he wold bergeyn eny marchandise.
And right doith these marchandis in the same wise;
That maken their avowis in saving of their lyv'is;
They completyn their pilgremagis or they se their
wyvis.

So mowe ye ondirstond, that my master Beryn
Of fre will was ymatid, as he that was a pilgrym,
And myght nat perfourm by many thousand part 2780
His avow and his hest, wythout right sotil art,
Without help and strength of many mennys myght.
Sir steward, and sir burgeyse, if we shul have right,
Sirophanes must do cost and aventure,
To stop al the fresh ryvers into the See that entir.
For Beryn is redy in al thing hym to quyte,
So he be in defaute must pay for the wite.
Sith ye been wise al; what nede is much clatir?
Ther was no covenante them betwene to drink fresh
watir.

When Sirophanes had yherd al Geffrey's tale; 2790
He stode al abaschid, with colour wan and pale,
And lokid oppon the steward with a rewful chere,
And on othir frendship and neyghbours he had there;
And preyde them of counsell the answere to reply.
These Romeyns, q³ the steward, been wondir scly,
And eke right ymmagytyf, and of sotil art;
That I am in grete dowte how yee shul depart
Without harm in oon side; our lawis, well thow
wolt,

Is to pay damagis, and eke also the cost
Of every party plentyf that fallith in his pleynt, 2800
Let hym go quyt I counsell, yf it may so be queynt.
I merveil, q³ Sirophanes, of their sotilte;
But sith that it so stondith, and may noon othir be;
I do woll be counsell, and grauntid Beryn quyte.
But Geffrey thought anothir, and without respite
Sirs, he seyde, me wetith wele that ye wol dous right,
And so ye must nedis, and so ye have us highte;
And therefore, sir steward, ye occupy our plase;
And ye know wele what law wol in this case:

My mastir is redy to perfourm his avow. 2810
But natheless, q³ the steward, I cannat wete how
To stop all the fresh watir were possibilite.
Yis in soth, q³ Geffrey, who had of gold plente
As man coud wifh, and it myght well be do.
But that is nat our defaute, he hath no trefour to.
Let hym go to in haste, or find us suerte,
To make amendis to Beryn for his iniquite,
Wrong, and harm, and trespas, and undewe wexa-
cioune,

Lost of sale, and marchandise, disese, and tribula-
cioune,

That we have sustenyd thorough his iniquite. 2820

What vaylith it to tary us? for though ye sotil pry,
We shull have reson wher ye wol or no:

So woll we that ye knowe, what that we woll do;
In certen full avisid to lsope for to pase;

And declare every poynt, the more and eke the lase,
That of your opyn errors hath pleyn correctioun;

And ageyns his jugement is noon protectioun:

He is yewr lord riall, and soveren jugge, and lele;

That and ye work in eny poynt, to hym liith our apele.

So

So when the steward had yherd, and the burgeyfis alle,
How Geoffrey had ysteryd, that went so nighe the gall;
What for shame, and drede of more harm, and re-
preffe,

They made Sirophanes, weer hym looth or leffe,
To take Beryn gage, and plegg find also,
To byde the ward and jugement of that he had mysdo.
Now ferthermore, qð Geoffrey, sith that it so is,
That of the first pleyntyf we have sikernes;
Now to the marchant we must nedis answere,
That bergeyned with Beryn, al that his shippis bere,
In covaunte that he shuld his shippis fill ageyn
Of othir marchandise, that he tofore had seyn 2840
In Hanybald's plase, howsis to or thre,
Full of marchandise as they might be.
Let us pas thiðir, yf eny thing be there
At our lust and liking, as they acordit were.
I graunt wele, qð Hanybald, thow axist but righte.
Up arose these burgeyfis, thow axist but right;
The steward and his comperis entrid first the howse,
And saw nothing within, straw, ne leff, ne mowse,
Save tymbir, and the tyle stonys, and the wallis white.
I trow, qð the steward, the wynnyng woll be but lite
That Beryn woll now get in Hanybald's pleynte:
For I can se noon othir but they woll be ateynt:
And clepid them in echone, and went out hymselfe;
As sone as they were entrid, they saw no maner selve,
For foris of their hert; but astofore is seyde,
The howse was cleen yswept: then Geoffrey feir they
preyde

To help yf he coud; let me aloon, qð he,
Yit shul they have the wers as sotill as they be.
Evander the steward, in the mene while,
Spak to the burgeyse, and began to smyle; 2860
Though Sirophanes be yhold thes Romeyns for to
curs;

Yit I trow that Hanybald woll put hym to the wers:
For I am suyr and certeyn, within they shul nat fynd.
What sey ye be my pleynt, sirs, qð the blynd?
For I make a vow, I woll nevyr cese
Tyl Sirophanes have of Beryn a pleyne relese;
And to make hym quyte of his submissioun:
Els wol I have no pete of his contritioun;
But folow hym al so ferly as I can or may,
Tyll I have his eyen both to away. 2870
Now in feith, qð Machyn, and I wol have his lyffe.
For though he scape yew all, with me woll he nat
stryffe;

But be right feyn in hert all his good forsake,
For to scape wyth his lyf, and to me it take.
Bryn and his feleshyp wer within the house;
And speken of their answer, and made but litill rouse;
But evyr preyde Geoffrey, to help yf he coud ought.
I woll nat fail, qð Geoffrey, and was tofore bethought
Of too botirfliis, as white as eny snowe;
He lete them flee within the house, that astir on the
wowe 2880

They clevid wondir fast, as their kynd woll,
Astir they had flew to rest anothir pull.
When Geoffrey saw the botirfliis cleaving on the wall,
The steward and the burgeyse in he gan call:
Lo! sirs, he sayd, whofo evyr repent,
We have chose marchandise most to our talent,
That we fynd herein. Behold, Sir Hanybal,
The yondir botirfliis that cleve on the wall;
Of such ye must fill our shippis al fyve.
Pluk up thy hert Beryn, for thow most nedis thryve:
For when we out of Rome in marchantfare went,
To purchase botirfliis was our most entent.
Yit woll I tell the cause especial and why:
There is a leche in Room, that hath ymade a cry
To make an oyntement to cure all tho ben blynde,
And al maner infirmytees, that growith in man-
kynde.

The day is short, the work is long: Sir Hanyball, ye
mut hy.

When Hanybald herd this tale, he seyde pryvely
In counsell to the steward; in soth I have the wers:
For I am fikir by this pleynt that shall I litil purs. 2900
So me semeth, qð the steward, for in the world
rounde

So many botirfliis wold nat be founde
I trow o ship to charge. Wherfor me thinkith best,
Let hym have his good ageyn, and be in pefe and rest.
And yit is an aventure and thow scape so,
Thy covaunt to relese without more ado.
The burgeyfis everichone, that were of that cete,
Were anoyid fore, when they herd of this plee.
Geoffrey with his wisdom held them hard and streyte,
That they were acombrit in their own distreyte. 2910
When Hanybald with his frendis had spoke of this ma-
tere;

They drow them towards Beryn, and seide in this ma-
nere;
Oonly for botirfliis ye com fro your contrey;
And we you tell in sikirnes, and upon our fey,
That so many botirflyes we shul nevyr gete:
Wherefore we be avifid othirwise to trete;
That Hanybald shall relese his covaunt that is ma-
kid,
And delyver the good ageyn, that from you was ran-
sakid;

And wexe you no more, but let you go in pefe.
Nay forsoth, qð Geoffrey, us nedith no relese: 2920
Ye shull hold our covaunt, and we shull yours also;
For we shull have reson, wher ye woll or no,
Whils Ilope is alyve, I am nothing aferd;
For I can wipe all this plee cleen from your berd,
And ye blench onys out of the high wey.
Thei proferid hym plegg and gage, without more de-
ley.

Now ferthirmore, qð Geoffrey, us ought to procede:
For to the blynd mann's poynt we must answer nede;
That, for to tell trowith, he lyvith all to long,
For his own sawte, and his own wrong, 2930
On Beryn he hath surmysid, as previth by his plee:
And that ye shull opynlich know wele and see.
For as I undirstode hym, he seyde that fele yeris
Beryn, that here stondith, and he, were pertynaris
Of wynnyng and of lesyng, as men it use and doith;
And that they chaugit eyen, and yit this is sothe:
But the cause of chaunging yit is to yow onknow:
Wherfore I woll declare it, both to high and lowe
In that same tyme that this burgeyse blynd,
And my master Beryn, as fast as feith might bynde,
Were marchaundis in comyn of al that they myght
wyn,

Saff of lyf, and lym, and of dedely syn;
Ther fill in tho marchis of al thing such a derth,
That joy, comfort, and solas, and al maner myrth
Was exilid cleen; saff oonly molestatioun,
That abood contenuell, and also dispiratioun.
So when that the pepill wer in most myscheffe;
God that is above, that al thing doith releve,
Sent them such plente of mony, fruyte, and corn,
Wich turnid al to joy their mournyng al to forny; 2950
Then gaf they them to mirth, revel, pley, and song;
And thankid God above, evyr more among
Of their relevacioun from woo into gladnes:
For *astir four when swete is com, it is a plesant mes.*
So in the meen while of this prosperite,
Ther cam such a pleyer into the same contre,
That nevyr thertofore was seyn such anothir;
That wele was the cature that born was of his moðir,
That myght se the mirthis of this jogeloure:
For of the world wide tho dayis he bare the floure.
For there n'as man ne woman in that regioun,
That set of hymself the store of a boton,

Yf

Yf he had not fey his myrthis and his game.
 So oppon a tyme, this pleyer did proclame
 That al manere of pepill his pleyis wold fe,
 Shuld com oppon a certen dey to the grete cete:
 Then among othir, my master here Beryn
 And this same blynd, that pledith now with hym,
 Made a certen covenant, that they wold fe
 The mervellis of this pleyer, and his sotilte: 2970
 So what for hete of somir, age, and febilnes,
 And eke also the long way, this blynd for werryne
 Fill flat adown to the erth, o fote ne myght he go;
 Wherfor my master Beryn in hert was full woo,
 And seyde, my frende, how now? mow ye no ferther
 pas?
 No, he seyde, by hym that first made mas:
 And yit I had levir, as God my soule save,
 Se thes wondir pleyis then all the good I have.
 I cannat els, qð Beryn, but yf it may nat be,
 But that ye and I mut retourn age, 2980
 Aftir ye be refrethid of your werynes;
 For to leve yew in this plite it wer no gentilnes.
 Then seyde this blynd, I am avisid bet:
 Beryn, ye shull wend thiðir without eny let;
 And have myn eyen with yew, that they the pley mow
 fe;
 And I woll have yours tyll ye come age.
 Thus was their covenant made, as I to yow report,
 For ese of this blynd, and most for his comfort.
 But wotith wele the whole science of all surgery
 Was unyd, or the chaunge was made of both eye, 2990
 With many sotill enchantours, and eke nygramancers,
 That sent were for the nonys, mastiris and scoleris;
 So when all was complete, my mastir went his wey
 With this mann's eyen, and saw all the pley;
 And hastily retourned into that plase age;
 And fond this blynd seching on hondis and on kne,
 Grasping all aboute to fynd that he had lore,
 Beryn his both eyen that he had tofore:
 But as sone as Beryn had pleyne knowleche
 That his eyen were ylost, unneth he myght areche
 O word, for pure anguysh that he toke sodenly,
 And from that day till now ne myght he nevir spy
 This man in no plase, ther law was ymevid;
 But now in his presence the soth is full yprevid;
 That he shall make amendis or he hens pas;
 Right as the lawe wol deme, ethir more or las.
 For my mastir's eyen were betir and more clere
 Then these that he hath now, to fe both fer and nere;
 So wold he have his own, that propir were of kynd:
 For he is evir redy, to take to the blynde 3010
 The eyen that he had of hym, as covenant was;
 So he woll do the same. Now, soverens, in this case
 Ye mut take hede for to deme right;
 For it wer no reson my mastir shuld lese his sight,
 For his trew hert and his gentilnes.
 Beryn, qð the blind, tho I woll The relese,
 My quarell, and my cause, and fall fro my pleynt.
 Thow mut nede, qð Geffrey, for thow art ateynt:
 So mut thow profir gage, and borowis fynd also,
 For to make amendis, as othir have ydo. 3020
 Sir steward do us law, sith we desire but right:
 As we been pese marchandis, us longith nat to fight;
 But pleyne us to the law, yf so we be agrevid.
 Anoon opon that Geffrey these wordis had ymevid,
 The blynd man fond borowis for all his maletalent,
 And were yentrid in the court to byde the jugement:
 For thoughe that he blynde were, yit had he good
 plente,
 And more wold have wonne through his iniquite.
 Now herith sirs, qð Geffrey, thre pleyntifs been assu-
 rid:
 And as anenst the ferth, this woman hath arerid 3030
 That pleyntith here on Beryn, and seyde she is his wyfe,
 And that she hath many a dey led a peynous lyfe,

And much sorow endurid his child to sustene,
 And al is soth and trew: now rightfullich to deme
 Whether of them both shall othir obey,
 And folowe will and lustis, sir steward, ye mut sey.
 And therewith Geffrey lokid aside on this woman;
 How she chaungit colours, pale, and eke wan:
 All for nought, qð Geffrey, for ye mut with us go;
 And endure with your husbond both wele and woo:
 And wold have take her by the hond; but she away
 did breyde,
 And with a grete sighing, these wordis she seyde;
 That ageyns Beryn she wold plede no more:
 But gagid with too borowis, as othir had do tofore.
 The steward sat as still, as who had shor his hede;
 And specially the pleyntifs were in much drede.
 Geffrey set his wordis in such maner wise,
 That wele they wist they myght nat scape in no wise,
 Without los of goodis, for damage, and for cost;
 For such wer their lawis, wher pleyntis wer ylost. 3050
 Geffrey had full perseyte of their encombirment;
 And eke he was in certen that the jugement
 Shuld pas with his mastir. Wherfor he anoon,
 Soveren sirs, he seyde, yit must we ferthir goon;
 And answer to this Machyn, that seith the knife is his
 That found was on Beryn, therof he seith nat amys.
 And for more prefe he seith in this manere
 That here stondith present the same cotelere
 That the knyfe made, and the precious stonys thre
 Within the haft been couchid, that in crystyanite, 3060
 Thoughe men wold of purpose make serch and seche,
 Men shuld nat fynd in al thing a knyfe that were it
 liche:
 And more opyn prefe than mann's own knowleche
 Men of law ne clerkis con nat tell ne teche.
 Now sith we be in this manere thus ferforth ago,
 Then were spedfull for to know, how Beryn cam
 first to
 To have possessioun of the knyfe, that Machyn seith
 is his:
 To yew unknowe I shall enfourm the trowith as it is.
 Now 7 yere and passid opon a tuyfday
 In the passoun-week, when men leven pley, 3070
 And use more devocioun, fastyng, and preyer,
 Then in othir tyme, or feson of the yere;
 This Beryn's faðir erlich wold arise,
 And barefote go to chirch to Godd's servise,
 And lay hymself aloof from his own wyfe,
 In reverence of the tyme, and mending of his lyfe.
 So on the same tuyfday, that I tofore nempt,
 This Beryn rose, and rayd hym, and to the chirch
 went,
 And mervelid in his hert his faðir was nat there:
 And homward went ageyn, with drede, and eke
 fere, 3080
 Into his faðir's chambir, sodenlich he rakid,
 And fond hym ligg standede, oppon the straw al nakid,
 And the clothis halid from the bed away.
 Out alas! qð Beryn, that evir I saw this dey!
 The meyne herd the noise, how Beryn cried alas!
 And cam into the chambir, al that therein was;
 But the dole, and the sorowe, and anguysh that was
 there,
 It vaylith nat at this tyme to declare it here;
 But Beryn had most of all, have ye no doute:
 And anoon they serchid the body al aboute, 3090
 And fond this same knyfe, the poynt right at his hert
 Of Beryn's faðir, whose teris gan outstert
 When he drowgh out the knyfe of his faðir's wound:
 Then standede I saw hym fall down to the ground,
 In sight of the most part that beth with hym now
 here;
 And they affermyd it for soth, as Geffrey did them
 lere:

And yit had I nevir suspeciou, from that day tyll
noweth,
Who ded that cursed dede; tyll Machyn with his
moweth

Afore yew hath knowlechild that the knyfe is his:
So mut he nedis answer for his deth, ywis. 3100
When Machyn had yherd al Geffrey's tale,
He rose of bench sodenly, with colour wan, and pale,
And seyde unto Beryn; Sir ageyn The
I woll plete no more; for it wer gret pete
To combir yew with actions, that beth of nobill kynde.
Graunt mercy Sir qð Geffrey, but yit ye shull fynde
Borowis, or ye pas, amendis for to make
For our undewe Vexacioune, and gage also us take
In sign of submyssioune for your injury,
As law woll and reson; for we woll uttirly 3110
Procedè tyll we have jugement finall:
And therfor, Sir Steward, what that evir fall,
Delay us no longer, but gyve us jugement:
For tristith ye noon othir, but we be fullich bent
To Ilope for to wend, and in his high presence
Reherce al our ples, and have his sentence:
Then shull ye make fynys, and highlich be agrevid.
And as sone as the Steward herd thes wordis mevid,
Reson ryght and law, seyde the Steward tho,
Ye mut nedis have, wher I woll or no. 3120
And to preve my full wyll, or we ferther goon,
Quicklich he commaundit, and sparid nevir oon.
24 Burgeyfis in law best ylerid,
Reherfing them the ples, and how Geffrey answerid,
And on lyf, and lym, and forfetur of good,
And as they wold nat lese the ball within their hood
To draw a-part togiðir, and by their all assent
Spare no man on lyve to gyve trew jugement:
And when thes 24 Burgeyfis had yherd
The charge of the Steward; right fore they wer aferd
To lese ther own lyvis, but they demed trowith;
And eke of their neyours they had grete rowith.
For they perseyvid clerelich, in the plee throughout,
Their frendis had the wors side, therof they had no dout.
And yf we deme trewly, they woll be fore anoyid;
Yit it is betir then we be shamyd and distroyid.
And anoon they wer acordit, and seyde with Beryn,
And demed every pleyntif to make a grete fyne
With Beryn, and hym submyt hoolich to his grace,
Body, good, and catell, for wrong and their trespase; 3140
So ferforth, tyll at last it was so boutte ybore,
That Beryn had the doubill good, that he had tofore:
And wyth joy and myrth, wyth all his company,
He droughe hym to his shippis ward, wyth song, and
melody.

The Steward and the Burgeyse from the Court bent,
Into their own placis; and evir as they went,
They talkid of the Romeyns, how sotill they wer,
To aray hym like a sole, that for them shuld answer.
What vaylith it, qð Hanybald, to angir or to curs?
And yit I am in certen, I shall fare the wers 3150
All the dayis of my lyfe, for this day's pleding;
And so shal al the Remnaunt; and their hondis wryng,
Both Syrophanes, and the blynd, the Woman, and Ma-
chyn,

And be bet avifid er they eftsonys pleyne;
And al othir personys wythyn this Cete
Mell the les wyth Romeyns, whils they here be:
For such anothir sole was nevir yit yborn;
For he did naught ellis but evir with us scorn,
Tyll he had us caught, even by the shyn,
With his sotill wittis, in our own grene. 3160
Now woll I retourn to Beryn ageyn:
That of his grete lukir in hert was right feyne;
And so was all his meyne, as them ought wele,
That they wer so delyverid from turment like to hell;
And graciully relevid out of ther grete myschef,
And yfet above in comfort and bouchef.

Now in soth, quoð Beryn, it may nat be denied,
N'ad Geffrey, and his witt be, we had be distroyid:
Ithankid be Almyghty God Omnipotent,
That for our Consolacioune Geffrey to us sent: 3170
And in protest opynly, here among yew alle,
Half my good, whils that I lyve, whatever me befall,
I graunt it here to Geffrey, to gyve, or to sell,
And nevir to part from me, yf it wer his wyl;
And fare as well as I, a morrow and eke on eve,
And nevir for man on lyve his company for to leve.
Graunt mercy Sir, quoð Geffrey, yewr profir is feir and
grete;

But I desire no more, but as ye me behete,
To bryng me at Room, for this is Covenante.
It shall be do, [qð] Beryn, and all the Remnaunt. 3180
Deperdeux, qð Geffrey, therof we shull wele do:
He rayid hym othirwise; and without wordis mo,
They went to the dyner the hole company,
With pipis, and wyth trompis, and othir melody;
And in the myddis of their mete, gentil Women fyve,
Maidens fresch atirid, as myght be on lyve,
Com from the Duke Ilope, lord of that Regioun,
Everich wyth a present, and that of grete renown:
The first bare a cup of gold, and of asure fyne,
So corouse and so nobill, that I can nat devyne. 3190
The second brought a swerd yfethid, wyth seyntur
Ifretid all with perelis orient and pure.
The third had a Mantell, of lusty fresch colour;
The uttir part of purpill, yfurrid with pelour.
The ferth a cloth of gold, a worthy and a riche,
That nevir man tofore saw cloith it liche.
The fift bare a palme, that stode tofore the deyle,
In tokyn and sign of trowith and pefe:
For that was the custom through all the contray.
The message was the levir and more plesant to pay: 3200
The cup was uncoverid, the swerd was out ybrayid,
The mantell was unfold, the cloth along ylayid;
They knelid adown echone right tofore Beryn;
The first did the message, that taught was wel and fyne:
Ilope, the seyde, Sir Beryn, that is our Lord riall,
And gretith yew, and sendith yew thes presentis all;
And joy hath of yewr wisdom, and of yewr gover-
naunce;

And preyd you to com and have with hym plesaunce
To morowe, and se his palyse, and to sport you there,
Yee and all your company. Beryn made noon answere,
But sat styll, and beheld the Women, and the sondis;
And afirward avifely the swerd first he hondis;
And commaundit therewithall the Wymmen wassh
and sit,

And pryvelich chfargit Officers, that with al their wit
To serve them of the best, and make them hertly chere;
Resseyving al the presentis in worshipful manere.
I cannat wele exprefs the joy that they had:
But I suppose, tofore that day, that they wer nat so glad,
That they wer so afcapid fortune and myschefe;
And thonkid God above that al thing doith relese. 3220
For afir mysty cloudis ther comith a cler sonne;
So afir bale comyth bore, whofo byde conne.
The joy and nobley that they had, whils they wer at
mete,

It vaylith nat at this tyme therof long to trete.
But Geffrey sat with Beryn, as he had servid wele,
Their hedis they leyde togiðir, and begon to tell
In what maner the Wymen shuld be answered.
Geffrey evir avifid Beryn therof he leryd,
And of othir thingis, how he hym shuld govern:
Beryn faverid wele theron, and fast he gan to lern. 3230
When all wer up, the Wymmen cam to take their leve;
Beryn, as fat hym wele of blode, them toward gan releve,
And preyd them hertly hym to recommend
Unto the worthy Lordship of Ilope; that you send
To me that am unworthy, save of his grete nobley;
And thank hym of his gyftis, as ye can best and sey.

To morow I woll be redy his hest to fulfill;
 With this I have save condit, I may com hym tyll,
 For me, and al my felshipp, saff to com and go;
 Trusting in his discrecioun, that thoughe I ax so, 3240
 He wol nat be displeid: for in my Contray
 It hath evir be the custom, and is into this day,
 That yf a Lord riall desirith for to see
 Eny maner persone, that is of las degre;
 Er he approche his presence, he wol have in his honde
 A saff condit enselid, or els som othir bonde,
 That he may com and pas without disturbaunce;
 Throughout all our Marchis it is the observaunce.
 Thes Wymmen toke their leve without wordis mo;
 Repeyring onto Ifope, and al as it was do 3250
 They reherfid redely, and faylid nevyr a word,
 To Ifope with his Baronage ther he sat at his borde,
 Talkyng fast of Romayns, and of their high prudence,
 That in so many daungers made so wise defence.
 But as sone as Ifope had pleylich yherd
 Of Beryn's governaunce, that first sesid the swerd,
 Afore al othir presentis; he demed in hys minde,
 That Beryn was ycom of som nobill kynde.
 The nyght was past, the morowe cam; Ifope had nat
 forgete:
 He chargit Baronstwelf with Beryn for to mete, 3260
 To cond hym saff, and his meyne; and al perfourmyd
 was.
 Thre dayis ther they sportid hym in myrth and solas;
 That throughe the wise instructioun of Geffrey, nyght
 and dey,
 Beryn plesid Ifope with wordis al to pay;
 And had hym so in port, and in governaunce,
 Of all honest myrthis, and witty daliaunce,
 That Ifope cast his chere to Beryn so groundly,
 That at last ther was no man with Ifope so pryvy:
 Resorting to his shippis, comyng to and fro,
 Thorough the wit of Geffrey, that eche day it
 fil so, 3270

That Ifope coude no wher chere, when Beryn was ab-
 sent:

So Beryn must nedis eche day be aftir sent;
 And chefe he was of counsell, within the first yere;
 Thorough the wit of Geffrey, that eche dey did hym
 lere.

This Ifope had a doughtir, betwene hym and his wyfe,
 That was as feir a creature as myght bere lyfe,
 Wyse, and eke bountevouse, and benyng with all;
 That heir shuld be, aftir his dey, of his Lordshippis alle.
 So shortly to conclude, the Mariage was made
 Betwene hir and Beryn; many a man to glade, 3280
 Saff the Burgeyis of the Town, of falshede that were
 rote:

But they wer evir hold so low ondir fote;
 That they might nat regne, but at last sawe
 To leve their condicioun, and their fals lawe:
 Beryn and Geffrey made them so tame,
 That they amendit eche dey, and gat a betir name.
 Thus Geffrey made Beryn his enemyes to ovircom,
 And brought hym to worship thouroughe his wysdom.
 Now God us graunt grace to fynde such a frende,
 When we have nede: And thus I make an ende. 3290

CHAUCER's Wordes unto his own Scrivenere.

A Dam Scrivenere, yf ever it The befalle
 Boece or Troiles for to write new
 Under thy longe lockes thou maist have the scalles
 But after my makynge thou write more true
 So ofte adaye I mote thy werke renew
 It to correcte and eke to rubbe and scrape
 And al is thorow thy negligence and rape.

F I N I S.



A GLOS-

1

A
GLOSSARY

Explaining the
Obsolete and difficult Words

IN
CHAUCER.

An Explanation of the Abbreviations used in the following GLOSSARY.

ABC.	C haucer's A. B. C.	Page 588	J. Upl.	Jacke Uplande	590
AF.	The Asseble of Foules	413	Kyn.	Sir Francis Kynaston's Version of <i>Troilus</i> and <i>Creseide</i> into Latin Rhyme, and his Notes thereupon. See <i>Morter</i> in the Glossary.	
AL.	The Asseble of Ladies	433	La.	The Man of Lawe's Tale	49
An.	Of Quene <i>Annelida</i> and false <i>Ar-cite</i>	430	Lat.	Latin.	
Ar.	The Legende of <i>Ariadne</i> of Athens	352	Leg.	<i>Legendum</i> , To be read.	
AS.	Saxon or Anglo-Saxon.		Luc.	The Legende of <i>Lucrece</i> of Rome	350
Astr.	The Conclusions of the Astrolabie	439	LW.	The Legende of good Women	338
Bal.	Certaine Balades	549	Magd.	The Lamentacion of <i>Marie Magdaleine</i>	520
Bal. Lad.	A Ballade in commendacion of our Ladie	538	Men. Fr.	<i>Menage</i> de l'Origine de la langue <i>Francoise</i> .	
BD.	<i>La Belle Dame sans mercy</i>	422	Men. It.	<i>Menage</i> delle Origini della <i>Lingua Italiana</i> .	
Ber.	The Merchant's second Tale, or the History of <i>Beryn</i>	600	Mo.	The Division containing the Monke's, the Nonne's Priest's, the Manciple's and the Plowman's Tales p. 160. to 189	
Bl. Kn.	The Complaint of the Blacke Knight	451	MR.	The Division which contains the Miller's and the Reve's Tales, and the Coke's Tale of an unthrifty Prentice p. 24 to 35	
Blo.	<i>Blount's</i> Glossography.		MS. Ch.	Mr. <i>Cholmondely's</i> MS. See the Preface.	
Blo. L. D.	<i>Blount's</i> Law-Dictionary.		MS. Sp.	A MS of <i>Troilus</i> and <i>Creseide</i> , in which is written <i>Henrici Spelman</i> . See the Preface.	
Boeth.	The Boke of <i>Boethius</i> , <i>De Consolacione Philosophia</i> .	359	MV.	The Complaints of <i>Mars</i> and <i>Venus</i>	532
Ca. 1, 2.	<i>Caxton's</i> first and second Edition of <i>Chaucer's</i> Works.		No.	The Division which begins p. 115. and contains the Second Nonne's, the Chanon's Yeoman's, the Doctour of Phisike's, the Pardoner's, the Shipman's, the Priore's Tales, and the Rime of Sir <i>Thopas</i> ; ending	146
CB.	<i>Cambro-Britan.</i> or Welsh.		Pars.	The Parson's Tale	190
CCr.	The Complaint of <i>Creseide</i>	336	Ph.	The Legende of <i>Philomela</i>	354
Ch.	<i>Chaucer's</i> Tale of <i>Melibeus</i>	147	Phyl.	The Legende of <i>Phyllis</i>	356
Ch. Dr.	<i>Chaucer's</i> Dreame	572	Pi.	How Pyte is dede	421
Cl.	The Legende of <i>Cleopatra</i>	343	PP.	<i>Piers Plowman's</i> Visions.	
CL.	The Court of Love	560	Prol.	The Prologue to the <i>Canterbury Tales</i> , together with the Knight's Tale, from p. 1. to 24	
CM.	The Complaint of <i>Mars</i>	532	Pr. RL.	Prologue to the Remedy of Love	526
CMV.	The Complaint of <i>Mars</i> and <i>Venus</i>	530	PT.	The mery Adventure of the Pardoner and Tapstere, &c.	594
CN.	Of the Cuckowe and the Nightingale	543	PW.	A Praise of Women	456
Com.	A Comment on the Plowman's Tale, printed in 1606.		Py. 1, 2.	<i>Pynson's</i> first and second Edition of <i>Chaucer's</i> Works.	
Cr.	The Testament of <i>Creseide</i>	333	Ray's Coll.	Mr. <i>Ray's</i> Collection of English Words used in the Northern and Southern Countries. 2 Edit. 1691.	
CV.	The Complaint of <i>Venus</i>	ib.	Rich.	<i>Richeler's</i> Dictionary.	
Cup.	The Letter of <i>Cupide</i> .	534	RL.	The Remedie of Love	527
D.	Dutch.		RR.	The Romaunt of the Rose	190
Di.	The Legende of <i>Dido</i> Quene of <i>Carthage</i>	345	Sc.	<i>Scogan</i> unto the Lords and Gentlemen of the King's House.	546
Dr. Ch.	The Dreame of <i>Chaucer</i>	404	Scot.	Scotch.	
f. forte,	Perhaps.		Sk.	<i>Skinner's</i> Etymologicon <i>Lingua Anglicana</i> .	
Fa. L. 1.	The first Book of the House of Fame	458	Somn.	<i>Somner's</i> Saxon Dictionary.	
Fa. L. 2.	The second Book	461	Sp.	<i>Speght's</i> Glossary to <i>Chaucer's</i> Works.	
Fa. L. 3.	The third Book	465	Spelm.	<i>Spelmanni Glossarium Archaologicum</i> .	
Fl.	The Floure of Courtesie	419	Sq.	The Division containing the Squier's and the Marchaunt's Tales p. 59 to 75	
FL.	The Floure and the Lease	473	Test.	The Testament of Love	478
Forr.	Plaintife to Fortune	548	Th.	The Legende of <i>Thisbe</i> of <i>Babylone</i>	343
Fr. French:	But when it is followed by a Number, it stands for the Division beginning p. 86. and ending p. 114. Containing the Frere's, the Sompnour's, the Clerke of <i>Oxenforde's</i> , and the Frankelein's Tales.		Tr. L. 1.	The first Book of <i>Troilus</i> and <i>Creseide</i>	269
Fr. Gl.	<i>Glossarium ad Scriptores Mediae & Infimae Latinitatis</i> , Autore <i>Carolo du Fresne</i> , &c.		Tr. L. 2.	The second Book	277
Gam.	The Coke's Tale of <i>Gamelyn</i>	36	Tr. L. 3.	The third Book	291
Gl. Lob.	The Glossary to <i>Lobineau's</i> <i>Histoire de Bretagne</i> .		Tr. L. 4.	The fourth Book	305
Gl. V.	The Glossary to <i>Douglas's</i> <i>Virgil</i> . Edinb. 1710.		Tr. L. 5.	The fifth Book	318
Gr.	Greek.		V.	<i>Vide</i> , See. When it follows a Word, it refers to it in the Glossary.	
H. 1, 2, 3, 4.	MSS. in the Earle of <i>Oxford's</i> and the Lord <i>Harley's</i> Libraries. See the Preface.		WB.	The Wife of <i>Bath's</i> Prologue and Tale	76
Hen.	A Balade to King <i>Henry</i> IV.	540			
Hib.	<i>Hibernic.</i> Irish.				
Hick.	<i>Hicessii Thesaurus Linguarum Septentrionalium</i> .				
Hick. Somn.	Dr. <i>Hickes's</i> MS Additions to <i>Somner's</i> Saxon Dictionary in the Lord <i>Harley's</i> Library.				
Hyp.	The Legende of <i>Hypsipyle</i> and <i>Medea</i>	348			
Hyper.	The Legende of <i>Hypermuestra</i>	357			
Ib.	<i>Ibidem</i> , in the same place.				
It.	Italian.				



A

GLOSSARY, &c.

A, Sometimes signifies In; as, *Agame*; in Game, or Jest. *Tr. L. 3. 651.* Sometimes, On or In; as, *A Goddis half*; On God's part, or be-half; *A morrow*; On the morrow, or In the morning. *Tr. L. 5. 14.* *Anight*; In the night. *Arwo*; In two. It is often put before Verbs in the Perfect Tense, as *i* and *y* are; as *Ago*, Gone; *Aknowe*, Known, &c. and sometimes in other Tenses; as *Arede*, *Aslide*, *Ataft*. It is put before Verbs instead of *To*, as *Ado*, *Adine*. It is sometimes prefixed to Nouns; as *Avifoun*, *Avow*, &c. And to Adverbs; as *Anowe*; Now; *Anye*; Nigh. Sometimes it stands for *Have*; as, *awedded*, &c. *A per se*; *A* by it self, An extraordinary and incomparable person, *A Nonpareil*. *Cr. 78.*

Abacke, **Abak**, **Abake**: Back, backwards, behind. *Shede abake*; Shed, spread or flowing down behind, or on the back. *Cr. 222.*

Akashed, *Fr. 1347.* [Or, *Al bachsche*, as in *MS. Ch.*] Cast down, ashamed; Astonished, amazed.

Abate, **abatun**, To overthrow, to cast down. *p. 205, 4.* To lessen. *RR. 1061.* *Abated*; Cast or thrust down. *p. 193, 4;* from the *Fr. Abbate*, *Abbatu*.

Abawid: Astonished, confounded. *RR. 3646.* Ashamed. *Dr. Ch. 614.*

Abedge, **Abegge**, **Abigg**: To abide; To suffer.

Aber: Abetting, assistance. *Tr. L. 2. 357.* where *MS. Ch.* reads *Abestyng*; but *Ca. Counsayl.*

Abide, *Fr. 3076.* To forbear, refrain.

Abie: To abide; To suffer for. It is used indifferently in a good and bad sense; as in *RR. 5888.* To find or receive benefit or advantage: But in *MR. 1285.* *No. 715.* &c. To suffer hurt, &c. And in this sense it comes from *Buy*, which is used in the same manner. See *Aboughs*.

Abiette: Cast away, removed, layd aside. *RL. 345.* Vile, mean, base. *Boeth.*

Abiu: Abideth. *RR. 4977.*

Abite: an Abode, Habitation. *RR. 1914.* Abideth. *Tr. L. 1. 1092.* where *Ca.* reads *abydyth*. Also *Habit. CL. 1094.* *RR. 4914.*

Abitt, **Abitte**: Abideth, dwelleth, stayeth. *RR. 5012, 4989.*

Able: Fit, proper. *RR. 986.* *Fr. Habile.* Also, To fit or qualify. *Sc. 32.* **Abled**: Enabled, qualified. *p. 497, 4.*

Ablyng: Enabling, qualifying, fitting. *p. 364, 6.* *Lat. Aprans*; and perhaps it should be there read *apryng*.

Ablyfions: Frequent washings used by Chymists. *No. 877.*

Abnormeth: Disfigureth, dilguisheth. *Tr. L. 1. 328.* From the *Lat. Abnormis*, Out of rule or order. But *Ca.* instead of it reads *He bourneth*.

Abode: Delay. *Abodis*: Delays. *Tr. L. 3. 856.*

Abote: Cast down, daunted. *Ch. Dr. 1290.* See *Abate*.

Abough, **Aboughé**, **Aboughin**: Bought; Suffered, paid dear for. See *Abie*.

Abounsin for **Abouin**, *MR. 1040.* About. *Ms. Ch.* has the whole Verse better, thus;
And about midnight wenten thei to rest.

Abraide. Awaked, Raised up. *Out of her masidneß abraide*, *Fr. 2082.* Awaked, raised out of her surprize; from the *A. S. Abrebian*, *Anferre*, *eximere*, *ernere*, *liberare*, *Abproben*, set free, delivered, and *Metaph.* Awaked. See *Abreide*.

Abrede (for so it should be read in one word, *RR. 2563.*) Abroad. It is also used as *Braide*, *breyde*, *V. Out of his wit abrede*; Run mad, or out of his senses. *Cr. 45.* See *Abraide*, *Abreide*, and *Breide*.

Abredge, **Abregge**: To abridge, shorten, lessen, abate. *Tr. L. 3. 263.* which is better read in *MS. Sp.*
But only to abregyn thy distress.

Abreide, **Abreyd**: To start up; To awake. Also Awaked, arose. See *Breide*.

Abfolute: Absolved, freed. *Boeth.*

Abufan: An Abuse. *Tr. L. 4. 990.*

Aby, **Abyin**, **Abyith**. See *Abie*, and *Abedge*.

Abytte: Abideth, continueth. *Hen. 285.* See *Abitt*.

Accesse: A Fever, an Ague. *Bl. Kn. 136.* *Fr. Accès de fièvre* is a Fit of an Ague. The *Access* of an Ague is the approaching or coming on of the Fit, and the *Recess*, when the Fit is over and leaves the Patient: In *Lancashire* they still call the Ague it self, *The Access Blo.*

Accidie: Sloth, Laziness, an Indisposition to Devotion. *Accidia*, *Acidia*, pro *Acedia*. *Gr. Auidia*, *Vacuitas cura*, vel *Mororis abundantia*.

Accord. See *Acord*.

Accordant: According, agreeing, agreeable to. *Accordance*: Accord, agreement. *Boeth. Accordin*: Agreed. *LW. 168.*

Accuse: To discover, betray. *RR. 1591.* **Accusment**: Accusation. *Tr. L. 4. 556.*

Achase: A contract, bargain; Buying. *p. 362, 4.* **Achates**: Purchases. *Test. L. 2.*

Achekid: Choaked. *Ar. 123.*

Accheve, **Acheve**: To accomplish. *RR. 4600.* To act. *Ib. 5883.* **Acheved**: Atchieved, obtained, attained. *BD. 588.* *RR. 2049.* Finished, ended. *Fr. Achever*, To finish, &c.

Acboke: To choak. Also, Surfeited.

Ackele, *CL. 1076.* (or as it is in *Gower*, *L. 4. Akle*) To cool.

Acloyeth: Cloyeth, surfeiteth. *AF. 517.*

Accie: To quiet, ease, relieve. *RR.* 3564, 3718. See *Coye*.
Acomber: To encumber; To lye down, to wallow. *Prol.* 510.
Acomberous, *Acombrous*: Cumbersome, troublesome. *CV.* 42.
Acombris, *Ber.* 2910. *Acomered*, *Test. L.* 3. Encombred, brought into great streights; Disturbed.
Acorde, *Acordment*: An agreement, bargain. *Ber.* 1837. Consent. *She fell of his accorde*; *She consented.* *Fr.* 2287.
Acquite: To discharge one's duty. *Fr.* 1957. See *Aquite*.
Acroke: Crooked, awry; Wrong. *CL.* 378.
Actis: Publick Acts; Histories, Chronicles. *Mo.* 1251.
Adassid: Dashed, put out of countenance. *Fr.* 2212.
Adawe: To awake. *Tr. L.* 3, 1126. *Sq.* 1932. In *Spenser's Shepherd's Cal.* it is used for Daunted.
Adele: Added, annexed. *CL.* 446.
Adewe: Adieu, farewell. *Adewe bliff.* Farewell happiness. *p.* 506, a.
Adherande: Adhering, cleaving together. *Test.*
Adine: To dine. *Fr. Donner à diner*; To entertain one at dinner. See *A*.
Admoneste: To admonish. See *Amonestéd*.
Adnull: To disannull, make void.
Ado, *Adoe*: An affair; To do. *Nè're ado*; Never to do. *RR.* 3036. *Han ado*; Have to do. *Ib.* 5080. *There men shuld have ado*; Where any difficulty should happen. See *A*.
Adon: Done, finished, at an end; Undone. *Hyper.* 32. Also, *Adonis*, the Favorite of *Venus*.
Adornemente: Ornament. *Test. L.* 2.
Adoune, *Adowne*: Down, downwards; Below. *Mo.* 1682. In *Tr. L.* 2, 199. *MS. Sp.* reads, *adoune*, instead of *al down*.
Adowne, *Bl. Kn.* 645. *Adonis*.
Adradd: Afraid, in great concern or trouble. *RR.* 1228.
Adriane for *Ariadne*, *Ar.* 261. *Metri gratid.*
Adue: Adieu, Farewell. *Magd.* 680.
Adventalle. See *Aventaille*.
Adversarie: Contrary. *p.* 204, a.
Adverte: To think, consider. *Advertence*: Consideration, thought, attention.
Advise, *Advisement*, are often printed for *Avise*, *Avisement*, *V*.
Advocacies: Law-Suits. *Tr. L.* 2, 1469.
Advoca's: Advocates, Patrons, Defenders. *No.* 1805.
Advourie: Adultery.
Afare: Affair, business. *With so grete afare*, *Boeth. p.* 370, a. *Tanto strepitus*; With so much noise. Perhaps it should be read, *with so grete a fare*; With so much ado. See *Fare*.
Affecte: Affection. *Frende of affecte*, and *frende of chere*; A truly affectionate or sincere friend, and one that is so only in countenance or appearance. *RR.* 5486. *Affectis*: Affections; Passions, desires, inclinations. *Tr. L.* 3, 1397.
Afede: To feed.
Aferde: Afraid. *Tr. L.* 2, 606. Where instead of *Why that she ought aserde be*, *MS. Sp.* hath *Why she ought aserd to be*; Which runs more smoothly.
Afere: In fear, afraid. *RR.* 4073.
Afered, *Affered*: Afraid. In *No.* 1798. it seems to signify Tormented with the Worm of Conscience mentioned before; Or the Poet might allude to the Custom of setting Fines and Amerciaments in Court-Leets by *Afferers*. See *Bl. L. D.* in *Afferers*; and *Spelm.* in *Afferatores*.
Affiance: Promise; Assurance, engagement. *Hyper.* 182. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Affidare*.
Affie: To promise, engage; To assure; To trust or put confidence in. *RR.* 3155.
Affirm: To confirm. *Tb.* 85. *Fr.* 1485. *Fr. Affermir*.
Affray: To affright, disturb; To assault; Alho, Fear. *RR.* 4397. Disturbance, danger, quarrel, fright.
Affrikah: An African. *AF.* 41. *Scipio Africanus*, the Roman General.
Afile: To file, polish. *Well afile his tongue*; Speak smoothly. *Prol.* 714. So in *Gower. L.* 1. *Whan he hath his tonge afiled With soft speche*; and *Spencer, Fairy Queen. Cant.* 1.
That old man of pleasing words had fore,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as Glas.

Afine, seems to be put for *and fine* in *RR.* 3690. and often in *Ber.* where sometimes we read, *and fine*, as in *Verse*, 570, 1233, &c. It may proceed from the Transcriber's mistaking *e* for *a*, which may easily happen, especially if the Copy be wore.
Aforced: Forced, ravished. *p.* 210, b.
Aforeyne: Afore; Overagainst. *Tr. L.* 2, 1188. *aforneyst*, *Ca.*
Aforne: Before. *Aforne casse*; Premeditated. *Mo.* 1332.
Afors: Of necessity. *Ber.* 1384.
Afoundit, *PT.* 631. *f. leg.* *Afoundrit*: Foundered.
Afraide, *Afraied*: Frighted. Perhaps in *Dr. Ch.* 296. it should be read, *abraide* [*i. e.* awaked] *me out of my slepe.* See *Abraide*.
Afraie. See *Affray*.
Afrete: Full freighted; Set full. *St.* in *Fret.* Perhaps it may signify Fretted, looking like Fret-work. *RR.* 3204. See *Fret*.
After kinrede: Remote Kindred or Relations. *p.* 153, b. Perhaps it should be read *a fer kinrede*. *MS. Ch.* has it, *a fer*.
Affyched: Affected. *Test. L.* 2.
Again, *Againe*: Against.
Against: Instead of. *Mo.* 2443, 2457.
Agast: To frighten, terrify. *Tr. L.* 2, 901. *Afraid*.
Agathrid: Gathered. *Mo.* 3265.
Agé, *Ageynes*, *Ageyns*: Against; Again.
Ageyne: Against.
Aghast: See *Agast*.
Agilir, *Bal.* 74. Perhaps it should be read *a gilir*, or *A Gnilor*, as in *MR.* 1213. or as it is often in *PP.* *A Gylor*, *i. e.* A deceiver.
Agili, *Agilte*: To offend; Offended. *WB.* 392. *RR.* 5833.
Ago. *Sq.* 1280. *Agone*. *Tr. L.* 4, 1180. *Gone*; *Past*.
Agramed: Grieved, displeased. *Mo.* 2283. See *Grame*.
Agre, *Agree*: To please, content; To be pleased. *Fr.*
Agreeer. Also, In good part, kindly. *RR.* 4349. *Fr.*
Agre. See *Gre*.
If harme agre me, whereto plaine I thenne? *Tr. L.* 1, 410.
If my Misfortune please me, to what purpose do I then complain? If this Reading of *Chaucer* be genuine, he seems to have read the passage differently from what it is in the Printed Editions of *Petrarch*, from whom this Song of *Troilus* is translated. The Passage is this,
S'a mia voglia ardo; ond' è'l pianto è'l lamento?
S'a mal mio grado; il lamentar che vale?
If I burn with my good will, whence this complaining and lamenting? If against my will what avails it to lament? Here is a plain opposition between *a mia voglia*, with my good will (or, as *Chaucer* translates it very significantly, *at my own lust*) and *a mal mio grado*, Against my will; which is quite lost in the present Reading. It is therefore probable that the place is corrupted, which may be thus restored;
And if that at mine owne lust I brenne,
From whence comith my wailing and my pleinte?
What that maugre me, whereto plaine I thenne?
This Conjecture is rendred probable by another Reading of this place which appears in the first Editions of this Poem by *Caxton* and *Pynson*;
If harme agre me——It will at first sight appear to any one ever so little conversant with *MSS.* considering the Ignorance of Transcribers and Similitude of Letters (particularly *r* and *i*, *n* and *u*;) how easily *that maugre* might be corrupted into *harm agre*. The last word *agre* coming in proceffe of time to be writ *agre*, the neglect or omission of the Dash introduced the present Reading. There is another Reading of *Petrarch*, which may favour that of *Chaucer*, *If harme agre me*——*S'a mal mio grido*——But the other seems preferable, as being more natural.
Agreabilite: Easiness of temper, Equanimity. *Boeth.*
Agredge, *Agrede*: To aggravate. *p.* 208, b: 210, b.
Agrese: Unkindly. *Take it nat agrese*; Take it not ill. *Tr. L.* 3, 864.
Agreve: To grieve. *LW.* 345. *RR.* 4629. To provoke, exasperate; Exacerbare. *Boeth.*
Agrimony: A Plant very useful in Obstructions of the Liver, Spleen, &c. and of a healing nature, being outwardly applied.
Agriſe: To affright; To fear, to be terrified. *Mo.* 2300, 2781,

2781, 2901. *Tr. L. 2. 1435.* To look horrible; *Labor-scere.* Boeth. AS. Agujan, *Horrere.* Agrofo: Was frightened, startled. *Th. 125. Tr. L. 2. 930.* Was grieved. *Ph. 87.*
Agrotid: Surfeited. *Phyl. 61.*
Agrucbe: To grudge. *Agrucbed moche of this matere;* Re-
 sented this matter very much. *p. 148, a.*
Aguiler: A needle-case. *RR. 98. Fr. Aiguillier.*
Aie: An Egg. *Mo. 2802.*
Aien: Again. *Tr. L. 3. 720.*
Ajust: To adjust, apply; *Admovere.* Boeth. *p. 367, b.*
Akeborns: Acorns. *p. 364, b.*
Akowne: Known. *CL. 1199.* To be akowne; To be con-
 scious. *I am akowne; I confels.* Boeth.
Al, All, Alle: Although; Altogether, quite: *CL. 252.*
Al and some: One and all, every one. *Al in one:* All
 one, all the same. *Ch. Dr. 670.* The whole of the mat-
 ter. *Fr. 3160. Al newe:* Anew. *No. 2886. All ones:*
All one. *lb. 2212. Al affance.*
PT. 361. In all: Wholly, altogether.
In alle wise: By all means. *No. 2769.* In *Tr. L. 3. 334.*
 instead of *all thy daies,* *MS. Sp. and Ca. have at thy day;*
 On the day appointed. See *lb. 193, 194, 195, and 341.*
 In *No. 1509. MS. Ch. reads a lisher jape,* instead of *all*
the jape. *Alle* seems to be mistaken for *atte,* *PT. 14.*
 See *Hope.*
Alandes: Greyhounds. *Prol. 2150.*
Alargid: Bestowed. *Ch. Dr. 156.*
Albe, or Al be: Albeit, although.
Albification: A Term in Chymistry for whitening of Liquor
 or Metal. *No. 826.*
Alcaly, No. 831. is a Chymical Term used in opposition
 to *Acid;* And all substances that raise a Fermentation
 when mixt with Acids, are called *Alkalions.*
Alchamifer: A Chymist, Alchymist.
Alder, Aldir, Althir: Of all. *At our alder cost;* At our
 common expence. *Prol. 801. Aldir prife;* The praise
 of all. *LW. 298. Althir last;* Last of all. *Bl. Kn. 504.*
 Sometimes they are joynted to the following Superla-
 tive; as, *Aldirlevisst;* The dearest of all. *Tr. L. 3. 240.*
 In *Tr. L. 3. 1271.* instead of *most alway,* read (as it is
 in *MS. Sp.) Althirmoost;* Most of all.
Aldrian: A Star in the Neck of the Lyon. *Sp.* It is cal-
 led *Alderan.*
Aledge, Alege: To diminish, lessen, abate, allay, alle-
 viate; To ease, relieve. *CN. 306.* To exempt, excuse.
RR. 6626.
Allegeance, Alegement, Aleggement: Ease, relief; Cea-
 sing; Diminution; Abatement; Release.
Alaide: Layd or Led, *i. e.* Brought about. *CL. 1005.*
 From the *AS. Alæban, Ducere.*
Aleis: Aloes. *RR. 1377.*
Alimbekis: Limbecks, Stills. *No. 815.*
Alessandre, Alisaander, Alisaundrie: Alexandria, a Ci-
 ty of Egypt.
Alestake: A Maypole. *Sp. f.* A Sign-Post before an Ale-
 house. In *No. 1835.* it is called an *Ale-house stake.*
 See *St.*
Algate, Algates, Algatis: Always, every way; by all
 means. *Algate by slight or apert violence;* Whether by
 fraud or open force. *Fr. 167.* Although, nevertheless.
Algezir, Prol. 57. A City of Spain, supposed by some to
 be Gibraltar.
Alie, Alliance. See *Allie, Alliance.*
Alisaander: Alexander. See *Alessandre.*
Alise for a lite: A little. *CL. 1043.*
All, Alle: See *Al.*
Allective: Alluring, enticing. *RL. 14.*
Allegance, Allegiance: See *Allegeance.*
Aley: An Alley, a Walk. *Fr. Allée.*
Alight: To condescend. *Fr. 1930.*
Allie: To marry. *No. 303.* To make an Alliance. Also,
 Allied, having Friends or Allies. *Mo. 555. Alliance:*
 Friendship. *RR. 4964.* For our alliance; To be relat-
 ed to us. *ABC. H.*
Almagest: A Work of Astronomy written by Ptolemy. *Sp.*
Almandris: Almond-Trees. *RR. 1363.*
Almesse, Almessis, Almose, Almous: Almes.
Almesse: Almshouse.
Almight: Almighty. *Hen. 362.*
Almoigner: An Almoner.
Amath: The first Star in the Horns of Aries, whence the

first Mansion of the Moon takes its Name. *Sp.*
Aloggis: Lodged. *PT. 374.*
Alonde: Upon land. *Alonde for to sette;* To land, to
 put to shore. *Ar. 281.*
Alonely: Only, solely. *Boeth.*
Alonge: On him alonge; Long of him, for his sake, on his
 account. *Tr. L. 3. 784.*
Alose: To praise, commend. *Alofid, RR. 2354.* Praised.
Alonib, Sq. 696. is interpreted To praise: It seems rather
 to be two words, *Alon the* (as it is in *MS. Ch.*) con-
 tracted in pronunciation to Rhime to *Yowthe;* of which
 many Instances occur in this Author; as *By me, No.*
1226. Ber. 1115, &c. (for *By me*) to answer to *Tyme;*
 and *Tr. L. 2. 991.* to *Prime;* *To'ib* (for *To the*) *No. 684.*
 rhymes to *Sorb;* *Fro'y* (for *Fro you*) *Tr. L. 1. 5.* to *Joy.*
 So in *Gower. L. 3. Tome* is put for *To me;*
To speke a goodly word tome
For all the gold that is in Rome.
 Or perhaps it may be read *to me* distinctly, and then
Rome must be pronounced *Ro--mé,* to answer it. See
Sone. This Passage in Chaucer should be thus read;
considering thy yowthe,
So feelingly thou spekest, I allow The
As to my dome
 That is, Thou speakest so sensibly, that I allow thee, in
 my judgment, there is none, &c.
Alowe: To allow, approve; To make allowance for,
 excuse, pardon. *For my writing me alowe,* *Mo. 3309.*
 is the same with, *Of my writing have me excused,* *lb. 3296.*
 It also signifies Low, down. *CL. 1201.*
Alpes, RR. 658. Bulfinches. See *Ray and Will.* of Birds.
Als, Alfe, Alwa: And, also.
Also: As. *Also fikir as;* As sure as. *Mo. 1278.*
Alterate: Altered, changed. *Cr. 227.*
Altercation: Strife, contention, brawling, debate, dis-
 pute. *RL. 132.*
Althir: See *Alder.*
Altitude is often put for *Latitude* in *Astr.*
Alye: See *Allie.*
Amaid, Ch. Dr. 202. Amayide, Ber. 2645. Amazed, sur-
 prized.
Amalfrie, Amaistrien: To master, get the better of.
Amalgaming: A Chymical Term signifying the mixing of
 Quicksilver with some melted Metal. *No. 792.*
Amased: Dark, confused. See *Amaid.*
Amate: Daunted, confounded; Distressed. See *Mate.*
Amayide: See *Amaid.*
Ambolife, Embolife, Embolyfe: Oblique. *p. 445, a. l. antep.*
 And perhaps *Embolite,* *p. 442, a. l. 25.* should be so
 read; as most of the Old Editions have it in that
 place.
Amenda: To recover, cure. *PW. 70.*
Amendis: Amendments. In *Mo. 3031.* it may be read *a-*
mendin; The common Editions having the Verse thus,
With strength to amend such be made,
i. e. Such must be made to mend, or reformed, by force.
Amense: To diminish. *Fr. Amensifer,* To mince, make
 small or thin.
Amercid: Fined. *Amerciaments:* Fines.
Amerous, Bal. Lad. 230. Amirous, RR. 2901. Amorous.
Ameved: Moved; Changed.
Amias: Perhaps for *Amiens,* A City of Picardy. *RR. 3826.*
Amiddes, Amiddis: In the middle, in the midst of.
Amiled: Enameled. *RR. 1080.*
Aminisbe: To diminish.
Amindes for Amendes. *Dr. Ch. 526.*
Amirous. See *Amerous.*
Amis: To miss, fail. *Fr. 2852.*
Amonested: Admonished. *p. 201, b.* But perhaps it should
 be read *Amonessid,* as in *MS. Ch.*
Among, RR. 2842. See *Emong. Evre among;* Often-
 times, every now and then. *RR. 3771, 3881. Dr. Ch. 298.*
Amonisbe: To admonish, advise. *Amonition:* Admoni-
 tion.
Amorettes: Love-Stories. *RR. 892, 4755.*
Amorily: Amorously. *CL. 1383.*
Amorron: In the morning. *Tr. L. 2. 405.*
Amortised: Dead; Killed; Mortified.
Amoved: Moved. *p. 364, a.*
Aphibologies: Forms of speaking, wherein one Sentence
 hath contrary senses. *Sp. Ambiguities. Tr. L. 4. 1406.*
Anyrid:

Amyrid: Taken out of the mire, helped at a dead lift. Ber. 2072.

Amyr ase: Ambes Ace. Ber. 2220.

An: If, if so be. FL. 528. On. RR. 2270. Ber. 2438.

Anaie, No. 883. Read *A! Nais*: Ah! Nay.

Anane: Anon, presently, very soon.

Ancille: A handmaid. ABC. Lat. *Ancilla*.

Ancre: An Anchor. RR. 3780.

And for *On*. Fort. 74. It occurs often for *If*; but then it should perhaps have been *An*; as, Fr. 3025. No. 155, 279, 82c. p. 485, b. l. 29. FL. 528. PT. 614. But *and*; But if. No. 1267.

Anest: Against. PT. 442.

Angir: Anger; Anguish; Smart, pain. RR. 1926, 3185.

CB. *Angerdd*. *Angirliche*: Angrily. Mo. 2586. Raskly.

Anguis, p. 502, b. *Anguisbous*: Full of anguish and pain, or trouble. RR. 1755. Anxious.

Anguisb: Anxiety. p. 375, a. Narrowness of Fortune; *Angustia*. Boeth.

Anie: Nigh, near.

Anight: In the night-time. Hyp. 108.

Anker: An Anchor. Fort. 38.

Anlas, Prol. 359. or rather *Anlace*: *Anelacins*, *Anelatus*, *Hanelacins*; often mentioned in *Mat. Paris*. sometimes as synonymous with *Sica*, a short sword or dagger; and sometimes as a distinct weapon from it: It was worn hanging at a girdle. Wats in his Gloss. thinks it was something like the Irish *Skein*, or our Wood-Knife.

Annexid: Tied, bound to. RR. 4811.

Anney, *Anoie*, for *Annoie*: Uneasiness, concern, vexation, trouble; Harm. Also, To hurt, to damage, to be troublesome; To be vexed; *Pigere*. Boeth. *Anoied* of his own life; Weary of his life. p. 204, b. Fr. *Ennuy*, *Ennuyer*, *Ennuyé*.

Anoious: Hurtful, troublesome, difficult.

Annuellere: Secular, one that receives a yearly stipend. No. 1033.

Annunciate: Foretold. Mo. 127.

Anointen with worde: To flatter. RR. 1057.

Anowe: Now. Ber. 1792.

Anoynt: Anointed. Hen. 274.

Aniem: An Anthem. No. 3169.

Antilegius, Dr. Ch. 1064. *Antilochus*, the Son of *Nestor* and *Eurydice*, killed in the Trojan War.

Antiphonere: A Book of *Antiphones*, or Anthems sung alternately in Chords. No. 3028.

Anvelt: An Anvill. Dr. Ch. 1165.

Anye: See *Anie*.

Apaile: Payd, satisfied; Content. Tr. L. 5. 1248. *Il apaide*; Dissatisfied. Sq. 1081.

Apaire: To impair, hurt; To injure, abuse; To be hurt, to suffer, to fare worse. Tr. L. 2. 339.

Aparaille, *Aparailin*, *Aparayle*: To prepare, adorn. *Aparailing*: Preparation. Fr. *Appareil*, Preparation, provision, furniture.

Aparences: Appearances.

Apasfed, *Apast*: Passed, past.

Ape is used for a Fool. MR. 281. Put on his head an ape; Made a Fool of him, imposed upon him. No. 1510.

Aveche: To impeach, accuse. Bal. 277.

Apeide. See *Apaide*.

Apeire. See *Apaire*.

Apeise: To appease. BD. 393.

Apende: To appertain, belong. Mo. 2606.

Apere: To appear. See *Apaire*.

A per se. See *A*.

Apert: Open; Openly. *Privy and apert*; In private and in publick. WB. 1114. *Apart*. *Al ne're he in al aperte*, Tr. L. 3. 87. is better read in MS. Sp. *All nere he Malapert*, i. e. Although he were not malapert or over-forward. *Apertly*: Openly, plainly.

Apeted: An appetite. Test. p. 505, b.

Apetiith: Coveteth, desireth. Hyp. 215.

Apies: Opiates. Hyper. 109.

Aplace: In place, i. e. In esteem, honour, respect. Hen. 50.

Aplide: Applied. BD. 413.

Apocalipse, *Apocalyps*: The Revelation of St. John.

Apoinct: To appoint; To resolve, determine. Tr. L. 2. 691. *Apoinctidin*: Appointed. Ib. L. 3. 455.

Aposle, *Aposin*: To examine, to ask questions. No. 374. See *Appose*.

Apostata: An Apostate. *Apostates*: Apostates. I. Upl. *Appaire*. See *Apaire*.

Appallid: Grown pale, pined away, decayed.

Apparail, *Apparelling*. See *Aparaille*.

Apparaunce, *Apparence*: Appearance.

Apparelmens: Ornaments. Boeth.

Apparene, Ber. 2040. f. for *Apparence*; i. e. Shewing Appearances or Sights by Juggling, &c.

Appaire. See *Apaire*.

Apperceiving: Perceiving.

Appert. See *Apert*.

Appertinaunt, *Appertinent*: Appertaining, belonging.

Appointid: Resolved. *Appointid him in one*; Fixed upon one. Sq. 1111.

Appose, *Apposin*: To oppose or object against. Fr. 333. See *Appose*.

Apprise for Emprise: An Enterprize, a Trial.

Approped, *Appropried*: Appropriated.

Approve: To prove. CL. 96. *Approvis*: Informers. Fr. 79.

Apprentise: An Apprentice; A novice. RR. 687.

Apresse: In a presse or crowd, together. Fort. 52.

Apriſe, as *Appriſe*. In BD. 577. it should perhaps be read a *preſe*. *I have made a preſe*; I have given proof.

Appoir: To appropriate. RL. 284.

Aptes, p. 519, a. A Contraction of *Aptitudes*, says St. It seems rather to be a Corruption of *Apetites*, which follows a few lines after.

Aqueintable: Easy to be acquainted with, easy of access, affable, complaisant. RR. 2213. It is expressed by *Gode of aqueintance*, Ib. 3892.

Aqueinte: To acquaint, to make acquaintance with. Dr. Ch. 532. Acquainted. RR. 3080, 5200.

Aquilone: *Aquilo*, the North Wind.

Aquite: To acquit, quit; To requite, recompense. RR. 6742.

Ar, *Are*. Test.

Arace: To tear, pluck off, pull down, draw out by force; *Abriperre*. Boeth. Fr. *Arracher*.

Araied: Drest. Fr. 2076. Furnished. Ib. 2743. See *Aray*.

Araised: Raised. Ch. Dr. 1136.

Aray, *Araye*: To prepare. Fr. 1982. To set in order. Ib. 2001. Preparation. Ib. 1305. Clothing, raiment, habit. WB. 927. Case, condition. Ib. 902. Mo. 509. Order. Fr. 1292. Pomp, shew, splendor. Ib. 1966. Baggage. No. 578. See *Aray*.

Arbitre, *Arbitree*, *Arbitrement*: Choice, free-will. Boeth. See Ib. p. 398, a. l. 7.

Arblast, PT. 241. A Sling, a warlike Engine to cast or shoot stones or darts withall. See *Men*. Fr. in *Arblast*. *Arblastirs*: Engineers, such as use *Arblasts*. RR. 4196.

Archangel, RR. 915. The Herb so called, a dead nettle.

Archidiacon: An Archdeacon. Ch. Dr. 2136. Fr. *Archidiacon*.

Arche, Bal. Lad. 127. An Ark, in allusion to *Noah's Ark*.

Archibishop: An Archbishop. Fr. 239.

Archidekin: An Archdeacon. In Fr. 54. read *Archidekenis*. H. 1. hath *Erchedekens*; all the old Edd. *Archedekynis* or *Archedekinis*.

Archivius (or, as in MS. Ch. *Archer wryis*) Fr. 2228. seems by being opposed to *Feble wryis*, to mean Strong, lusty Termagants, *Virago's*. See WB. 225, &c.

Ardaunt: Ardent, hot. Boeth.

Areche: To speak; from the AS. *Apeccan*, *Aſſequi*; *Narrare*. *Unneth might he areche O word*; He could scarce get out or speak one word. Ber. 3000.

A red, PT. 152. for *Ared*, Gueſſed; from

Arede. See *Rede*.

Aredy, for *Al redy*, or *Ready*. PT. 659.

Average: Arrear. Prol. 604.

Arere: Backward; Behind; After. Fr. *Arriere*. *I ſet arere*; I poſtpone, ſet light by. Cr. 355. *Arere ſopor*; After Supper. PT. 365.

Arevid: Reared, raised. Ber. 3030.

Arefoneh: Reasoneth, diſcourſeth, talketh with; Anſwereth. RR. 6220.

Areſt, *Areſte*: To ſtop; To ſeize upon. Fr. *Arreſter*. Alſo a Seizure; Reſpite, delay; Confinement; A Charge, engagement; A Judicial Sentence or Decree. Fr. *Arreſt*. *To ben areſt*, LW. 397. To forbear, or refrain from doing a thing beneath him. Fr. *S'arreſter*.

Areit;

Arett: To impute unto, accuse, charge one with; To account. *Aret*, *Arettid*: Imputed.

Areyse: To raise. p. 201, a.

Argoil: Clay. *Sk.* Potter's earth. No. 834. Clay used by Chymists for Luting or closing their Vessels, to prevent the Evaporation of their Contents.

Argumentid: Argued, reasoned. *Tr. L.* 1. 378. But *Ca.* reads it, *Thus argued he in his begynnynge.*

Arid: Plowed. *Fa. L.* 1. 485.

Ariete: *Aries*, one of the twelve Signs of the Zodiack. *Tr. L.* 5. 1189.

Arist: Arose.

Ariete: *Tr. L.* 4. 1592. for *Ariete*, V.

Arivale: Arrival. *Bl. Kn.* 485.

Arived: Driven to land. *Boeth.* Also, Riven, split asunder. *Evill arived mate thei be*; A Curse, May they be split asunder. *RR.* 1068. See *Rive*.

Ark: An arch, compass. *Ark diurnal*; The arch which the Sun makes in it's daily course. *Bl. Kn.* 591.

Armelesse: Without an arm. *Mo.* 317.

Armen: An Armenian.

Armgrete: Very great or large; f. As thick as a man's arm. *Prol.* 2147.

Armine: Ermine, A furr. *AL.* 527.

Armipotent: Powerful or mighty in Arms. *Prol.* 1984.

Armitage: A Hermitage. *Ch. Dr.* 930.

Armonie: Harmony. *RR.* 4247.

Armorike Britaine. *Fr.* 2275. *Basse-Bretagne* in France, anciently called *Britannia Armorica*; called *Britaine*. *Ib.* 2538.

Armures: Arms; Armour.

Arne: Are. Vide *Hick. Gr. AS.* p. 35.

Arou: To assemble together. *La.* 541.

Arowe: In a rowe, successively, one after another. *WB.* 1254. *RR.* 7606. An arrow. *Ib.* 963.

Arowme: Roaming, wandering. *Fa. L.* 2. 32. See *Romin*.

Arpies: Harpies, Furies, *RL.* 81.

Arraie, Array: Furniture. *Sp.* See *Aray*.

Arreste. See *Arest*.

Arrete, Arrette. See *Arett*.

Arismetrike: Arithmetick. *Fr.* 958.

Arist: Erst, before, formerly.

Arte, Artin: To force, constrain. *Tr. L.* 1. 389. *CL.* 46. the word is so used in *Lidgate's Life of St. Edmund.* *MS. Harl.* Fol. 59. where the Saint is introduced speaking to *Hinguar*,

*It passeth thy myht and pompos violence
In cristes feith to arte my conscience.*

That is, It passeth your power, &c. to force my Conscience in any thing relating to the Christian Faith.

Aryn: Brazen. *PT.* 569. from the *AS.* Ape, Brass, copper.

Ascape: Escape. *RR.* 6515.

Ascaunce, Ascauncis: Askew, aside, sideways; In a side view.

Ascendant, is that part of the Heavens which ascends above the Horizon in the East. See *Horscope*.

Aslakid for *Aslakid*, *Ber.* 494. See *Aslake*.

Aservid: Deserved. *Ber.* 1637.

Asbate: Buying, dealing. *Prol.* 573. *Acate*, *MS. Ch.* from the *Fr.* *Achat*, *Acheter*; whence *Catour*, *Caterer*, *Fr.* *Acheteur*, A buyer, anciently written *Acatour*. *Gl. Lob.*

Ashin: Ashes. *Tr. L.* 2. 539.

Askape: Escape. p. 201, a.

Askauncis. See *Ascaunce*.

Askeis for *Askin*: To ask. *Mo.* 2883. Or perhaps for *ake us*. So *Com.*

Askid: Required. *BD.* 356.

Askis: Ashes. *Mo.* 2883.

Aslake: To slacken, abate. *Aslakid was his mode*; His anger was appealed. *Prol.* 1762.

Aslide: To slide; To depart, pass away. *Fr.* 2548.

Aslope: Awry, cross; Wrong; Sloping with a byass, not going directly to the mark. *RR.* 4464. Contrary to expectation.

Asondry: Asunder.

Asortid: Befotted. *BD.* 682.

Asperance: Hope. *CL.* 1033. *Fr.* *Esperance*.

Aspie, Aspien, Aspyin: To espy, see; to find out by diligent search and enquiry. No. 3010.

Aspis: Asps, or Aspin-trees. *Hyper.* 87. A sort of Poplar.

Aspre: Rough, sharp, harsh; Angry, ill-natured. *Aspreness*; Roughness, &c.

Asquare, *PT.* 596, 643. On the square, clear; On his guard, at a distance.

Assaie: To try, tempt; Trial, experience; Endeavour. *Assaies, Assays*: Essays, trials.

Assant: An assault. *RR.* 7338.

Ass, *Mo.* 686. This was printed by mistake out of *MS.* *Ch.* it being only intended as a different reading. All the old Editions, and some *MSS.* give the common reading, which is this;

Thy fice fortune hath turned into an ace.

Assencion: Ascension, ascending. *Assendid*: Ascended.

Assent: Consent; Combination; Judgment; Sentence.

Assentaunt: Consenting.

Asseth: Assent. *Sp.* *RR.* 5600. f. To answer; from the *AS.* *Ayedian, Affirmare*.

Assiege: A Siege. *Tr. L.* 1. 465.

Assine, Assyne: To assign, appoint.

Assize, Assize: Order, size. *Sk.* Place, site, situation. *RR.* 1238. *Mo.* 2783. *Assised*: Sure. *Sp.* Confirmed. *Boeth.* Settled. *Hen.* 236.

Assoile, Assoilin, Assoyle: To absolve; To answer, resolve. *Assailing*: Absolution.

Assomoned: Summoned. *CL.* 170.

Assure: To confirm, establish; To confide in. *Tr. L.* 1. 681. Assurance. *An.* 334. *Assuren, Assurid*: Assured.

Assured: Azure, sky-colour'd.

Astare. See *Asterre*.

Astate: Estate.

Aitance. See *Al*.

Asterlagour, or (as in *MS. Ch.*) **Asterlabore**: An Astro-labe. *MR.* 101.

Astert, Asterte: To escape; To let go, or pass; To leap, To shun; Also, Escaped. In *Prol.* 1707. it should be two words, *At a stert*; At a start, on a sudden.

Astined, Astoned: Astonished, in a consternation.

Astrangled: Strangled.

Astrolabe: A Mathematical Instrument, serving to take the height of the Sun or Stars. See *Harri's Lex. Techn.*

Astrolagiens: Astrologers.

Astryvd betwene hope and fere: Distracted between hope and fear. *Ber.* 2429.

Asure. See *Assured*.

Asware: Aware. *PT.* 586.

Asweved: Amazed, confounded, as in a dream. *Fa. L.* 2. 41. See *Sweven*.

Aswich, Aswiche: Presently; Greatly, exceedingly. *AS.* *Spide*.

Aswoun, Aswound: In a swoon. *Sq.* 494.

Atamed. See *Attamed*.

Ataste: To taste. *Tef.* L. 3.

Atcheve: To achieve, obtain. *Tr. L.* 4. 79. *MS. Sp.* reads the Verse thus;

The toon is shent, and all your lust shall cheve;

That is, All your desire shall succeed. See *Acheve*.

At day; At break of day. No. 2747.

Atemper: Moderate, modest. *Atemper sylneß*, *Boeth.* *Modesta taciturnitas*.

Atenes: At once, altogether. *MR.* 966.

Ateynt: Attainted; Cast in Law. *Ber.* 2673, 2852, 3018. See *Attainte, Atteinte*.

Atinkin me: Seem to me; as *Metbinks, Metbought*.

The whiche right fore wouldin atinkin me,

Tr. L. 5. 878. Which I should be very sorry to think; Or, Which would be very disagreeable to me; Perhaps from the *AS.* *Dangcian* or *Dancian*, *Gratificari*.

At this halfe. See *Halfe*.

Atbre: Asunder; Into three parts. *Prol.* 2935.

Atbroied: Strangled, choaked. p. 496, a.

Atire, *Tr. L.* 1. 181. for *Attire*, V.

A one, Atoon: Being at one, agreed. Also, Tone. *CCr.* 125.

Atones, as *Atenes*.

Attaine: To effect. *Fr.* 2320. *Attained* is printed wrong for *Attamed*, *Ch. Dr.* 596.

Attaint: Afflicted, indisposed, disordered; from the *Fr.* *Attaint*. See *Atcynt*.

Attamed, Attamel: Set on broach. *Sp. In Mo.* 931. (where *H. 1.* reads it *tamed*) it seems to signify Begun; from the *Fr. Entamer*, which also signifies To cut, to have the first cut. Also, To disparage. *Ch. Dr.* 1128. It is printed wrong *attained*. *Ib.* 596.

Atte: A', and sometimes At the; as, *Attetfull*, *MR.* 1197. *Atte the full*, *MS. Ch.*

Atteinte: Attained; Perceived, understood. *Boeth.* See *Aeynt, Aainte*.

Attemper: To moderate. See *Atemper*.

Attemperate: Moderate, temperate. *p.* 209, *b.*

Attemperance: Temperance. *Pars.* *p.* 207, *a.* *AL.* 508.

Attempre: Tempered. See *Atemper*. In *Ch.* *p.* 147, *b.* some read *Attempre wepyng*, instead of *A temperate wepyng*.

Attemprid: Temperate; Calm. *Ch. Dr.* 1100.

Attendaunce: Attention. *BD.* 650.

Attentive: Diligent, ready to attend, observant. *Sq.* 804.

Atterly, *p.* 201. *b.* Grievous, heinous, terrible. *AS.* Atrephic from *Atrep*, Poison.

Attire: Clothing, dress. *Simple of attire*. *Tr. L.* 1. 181. Dressed plain; *Simplex munditijs*. *Hor.* But the plainness of *Creside's* Dress being described before, the reading of *MS. Sp.* seems better; *Simple of Berynge*, i. e. Of an easy carriage, or behaviour, which is expressed by *Simple of Port*, in *Gower*, *L. 4. f.* 69, *b. c. 1.*

Atwain, Atwinn, Atwinne: In two; Asunder. *Went atwinne*; Parted from one another. *No.* 1191. See *Twinne*.

Awene: Between.

Awinn. See *A wain*, and *Twinne*.

Awite: To twit, upbraid, reproach. *Bal.* 1068.

Awixte: Betwixt.

Atwo, A:oo: In two, asunder. Read *atwo*, *p.* 208, *b.* 1. 43.

Ayyrd: Dressed. *AL.* 81.

Availle: To descend. *Sk.* To fall down. *Tr. L.* 3. 627. (*Caule. Ca.*) To sink. *p.* 394, *b.* To bring down. Also, Profit, advantage. *CL.* 1253. Value. *Of esyer availle*; Of less value. *Ib.* 116.

Availen. See *Availle*.

Availin: To unveil, uncover. *MR.* 14.

Avale: To fend or let down. *RR.* 1803. See *Avail*.

Avaricious: Covetous.

Avauance: Advancement, power, *Mo.* 2155. Profit. *Prol.* 246. To advance, prefer. *Tr. L.* 5. 1434.

Avauant: To brag or boast; Improved. *RR.* 4790. Forward. *Ib.* 3958. Before. *No.* 2808. Also, Vaunting, bragging, boasting.

Avauantage: To profit. *Experience Avauantageh him*; Is usefull, profitable to him. *Prol.* *RL.* 95.

Avauanter, Avauantiir, Avauantour: A vain boaster, a Braggadocio. *Tr. L.* 3. 309, 310. But perhaps it should be two words, *A vauntour*.

Authour: An Author.

Audience: Hearing.

Avenaunte: Agreeable, beautiful, comely, decent. *RR.* 1263. *Fr. Avenant*.

Aventaile, *Tr. L.* 5. 1557. The forepart of the Armour. *Sk.* A Surcoat worn over the Armour. *Kyn. Ventail* is used by *Spenser* for that part of the Helmet which is lifted up. See the Glossary to his Works.

Aventurous: Adventurous, bold.

Aventure: Adventure; Chance, accident; Fortune.

Aventurous. See *Happes*.

Aver: Riches, bribery. *Sk.* Goods, chattels, possessions.

Averel: The Month April. I should chuse to read *Averel* or *Apparaile* (as *MS. Sp.* hath it for *Aprilis*, *Tr. L.* 1. 156.) in the first Verse of the Prologues; thus, *Whanne Averel*, or,

Whanne Apparaile had with his shouris fote
The drought of March ypercid to the rote.

Aught: Ought, from *Owe*. *Tr. L.* 3. 1801. Any thing. For *ught*; Notwithstanding all. *Aught-where*; Any where. *Hyp.* 173.

Augrim seems to be a Corruption of *Algorithm*; by which is meant the Sum of the Principal Rules of Numeral Computation or Common Arithmetick. *Augrim Stones*, *MR.* 102. Pebbles to cast accounts. *Sp. Nombrs of Augrim*; Arithmetical Numbers, *p.* 440, *b.*

Avise: To consider. *FL.* 187. To observe. *Tr. L.* 2. 276.

Also, Advice, opinion; Deliberation, thought. In *Prol.* 1987. it should be two words, *A vise*, or as *MS. Ch.* *a veze*, i. e. A voice or noise. *Avise of words*; Deliberate in speaking. *Hyp.* 154. *Avised*: Lookt after, taken care of. *p.* 153, *a.* *Avisee*: Well advised, considerate. *Fl.* 215. *Aviseement, Aviseeneß*: Counsel, consideration, deliberation. *Aviseend, Avising*: Considering. *Aviseib, or Avise you*: Consider, be advised. *Full avised*: Well considered, well advised. *Tr. L.* 2. 605.

Avision: A vision. *Avisionns*: Visions. *Tr. L.* 5. 374.

Aulter: An Altar.

Aumere: A border; Fringe. *RR.* 2271.

Aumener, *RR.* 2087. A store-houle, a store-room, or more generally any place to lay up things in; as, a Cupboard, &c. In *Lat. Almarium*, corruptly for *Armarium*; In some places it is called *Aumbry*, or *Aumery*. *Ray's Coll. PP.* useth *Almarie* in the same sense, *Past.* 14.

Avarice hath almaries and iron-bounden cofers.

Auncetirs: Ancestors. *Prol.* 143. *Aunciire*: Ancestry. *WB.* 1156. *Fr. Ancêtres*.

Auntriß: Ventureth, runneth a risk. *MR.* 1097.

Avold, *p.* 480, *b.* for *Void*, *V.*

Avontir: An Adulterer. *Avouterers*: Adulterers.

Avow: A vow, a promise; To vow; To profess; To espouse a cause. *Hen.* 243. *Avowable form*; An allowed form or manner, that may be avowed, or publicly owned, as being lawful. *RL.* 262.

Avowries: Religious Professions. *J. Upl.* *p.* 593, *a.*

Austrine, *Cr.* 154. Perhaps it should be read, *with a sterne* [or, *austere*] *loke and chere*. *Asterne* is used by *Douglas*, for *Austere*.

Autentike: Authentick, of good authority.

Auriate: Golden; Gilt.

Aurore: Aurora, the dawn, or the morning.

Auer, *p.* 208, *b.* An Author; Also, An altar, in old *Fr. Aulier*. *Gl. Lob.*

Autremite, *Mo.* 486. Another attire. *Sk.*

Awate: To wait, expect; To watch, observe. Also, Lying in wait; Observation, watching; Caution, circumsppection. *Tr. L.* 3. 458. Delay. *Ib.* 580. Observation. *Bl. Kn.* 409. *Have her in awate*; Have a watchful eye upon her. *Mo.* 750. *Sittith in awate*; Sitteth, or lieth in waite. *Fr.* 393. Instead of, *without awate*, *Tr. L.* 3. 580. *Ca. hath, without naying*, i. e. *naying*, saying nay. *Awating on*; Observing. *Fr.* 788. *Awatith for Awatith*.

Awaiwarde: Aside. *Mo.* 1839. *Awaiwarde I me drowe*; I withdrew aside. *BD.* 89.

Award: To determine, give judgment.

Awaytour: One that lieth in waite. *Boeth.* See *Awate*.

Awedded: Have wedded. *p.* 485, *a.*

Aweynyd: Weaned. *Ber.* 512.

Awbaped, Awbapid: Astonished, amazed, daunted. *Tr. L.* 1. 316. *Awbapid and amate*; In great confusion and distress. *Bl. Kn.* 169.

Awreke, Awrekin: To revenge. Also, Revenged. *AS.* *pprecan, apprecan, Uleisci.*

Axed, Axid, Axit: Asked. *Axist*: Askest. *Axith*: Askesth.

Axen, Axes, Axeße, Axis: A Feaver. See *Accesse*.

Ay: An Egg. *Gam.* 1207. Ever, always. *Ay in one*: Continually. *No.* 3089.

Aye: Again. *Ber.* 641. It should have been printed, *Ayé*.

Ayel, *Prol.* 2478. Always, ever. *Sk. Sp.* *Saturn* there speaks to *Venus*;

I am thine ayel, redy at thy will.

Perhaps *Ayel* may there signify Ancestor, Progenitor, *Fr. Aycul*. *MS. Ch.* hath it thus;

I am thyin redy all at thy will.

H. 1. & al. thyn all [or *al*] *redy*. From these Readings compared together, we may guess at another, which perhaps is the right;

I am thyn ay, al redy at thy will.

Ayen, Ayenist, Ayenße: Against; Intead of. *Mo.* 2444, &c.

Ayenward: Back. *Tr. L.* 3. 751. *p.* 441, *b.* On the other side. *BD.* 18.

Bachelrie:

B.

- Bachelrie**: A company of young men or Batchelors. Fr. 1300.
Backhalfe: The back-side, the back-part.
Backir more: More backwards. BD. 85.
Baft, Ber. 1687. *Abast* or *Aft*; A Sea-Term, signifying those parts which are towards the Stern of the Ship. AS.
Be-æftan, bæftan, Behind, after.
Bagge: To swell; To disdain. Sk. *Baggish foule and lo-kish faire*, Dr. Ch. 624. She swells with pride and disdain, though she looks fair. Sk. *Baggingly*, RR. 292. Haughtily, disdainfully. Sk.
Baighid: Baited. Mo. 2588.
Baillie: A Governour; The Office or Jurisdiction of a Bailly or Governour; Government, management, care. RR. 4217, 4302, 7574. See *Men. Fr.* in *Bailif*.
Baine. See *Bane*.
Baiten: To feed; To bait. Tr. L. 1. 192. *Baited*: Taken by a bait. RR. 1612.
Balais of entaile, AL. 536. Precious stones engraved. Sp. *Balay* is a Bastard Ruby, so called from the place whence it is brought, said by some to be *Balassia*, a Kingdom on the Continent higher up than *Pegu* and *Bengal*; by others, the City *Balasam*. See *Men. Fr.* in *Balay*, and *Men. It.* in *Balascio*.
Balaunce: Doubt, suspense. To put in balaunce; To hazard, to put to an uncertainty; To waver, to entertain any doubt. Fr. *Mettre en balance*. Lay in balaunce; Lay a wager on my Master's side. No. 622.
Bale: Harm, misfortune; Trouble, sorrow. *Balefull*: Hurtfull, miserable, wofull. *Balis*: Troubles, &c.
Balies. See *Balais*, &c.
Balk: Mr. Ray in his Coll. says, that *Balk* is the same with *Scamnum* in Lat. i. e. a piece of Land which is either casually overslipped and not turned up in plowing, or industriously left untouched by the Plow for a Boundary between Lands, or some other use. Whence it is that *Com.* says, that the meaning of *In Goddis worde tilleth* (as he reads it according to some Editions) *many a balke*, is, They break up the limits and bounds that God hath set in his word to keep them in. Mo. 2428.
Balkes, MR. 518. Ph. 26. Poles layd over a Stable or other Building for the Roof. The *Balk* or *Bawk*; The Summer-Beam or Dormant. Ray's Coll.
Ball: Ball within ther hode; The Ball which their Hood covers. i. e. The head. Ber. 3126. *Her that tournish as a balle*, i. e. Fortune. Sc. 227.
Ballid: Bald. Prol. 2520.
Balfaffe, PT. 153. A Quarter-Staff, a great Staff like a Pole or Beam. Ray's Coll.
Bande. See *Bende*.
Bandon: *Secta*, *Sodalitium*. Sk. It may secondarily signify a Band, Company or Retinue, RR. 1163. though primarily it signifies a Banner. *Du Fresne* gives several instances, where the old Fr. Poets use the word for *Arbitrium*, Will, pleasure; as *à votre*, *à son bandon*, At your, at his pleasure, which sense suits very well here; and thence it may signify, Custody, possession. p. 496, b. But a *bandon*, in RR. 3242. should be read *abandon*, in one word; and to give his gode in *abandon* is the same with *Dare in abandonum*, i. e. To deposit one's Goods or Estate as a Pledge to be forfeited in case of Non-performance of Promise or Agreement. Fr. Gl. in *Abandonum*. See also *Men. Fr.* in *Abandonner*, and *Men. It.* in *Abbandonare*. The Fr. Phrases, *Mettre tout à l'abandon*, To put all things in disorder; *Laisser tout à l'abandon*, To leave all at random, To forsake or neglect, may serve to give some light to this Passage.
Bane: Mischief, prejudice, destruction. AS. *Bana*.
Banir: A Banner. An. 30.
Baraine, *Barain*: Barren; Void, destitute.
Barbe: A mask, a vizard. Sk. Sp. It seems to be a Dress wore by Widdows, perhaps some Wimple or Muffler wrapt about the Chin. Tr. L. 2. 110. where Ca. hath *Wympyl* instead of *Barbe*.
Barbican: A Fortrefs, a Watch-Tower.

Bargaret, FL. 348. *Tripudium pastoritium*; A Dance used by Shepherds from the Fr. *Berger*, a Shepherd. Sk. It seems to signify a Song in praise of the Daizy, which in Fr. is *Marguerite*, or as it is called, *Ib.* 350. *Margarete*, to which the word may allude. The Burden of the Song seems to have been, *Si douce est la margarete*; So sweet is the Daizy.

Barkfate: A Tanner's Vat for Bark. Bal. 901.

Barme: The bosome, the lap. Sq. 651. AS. *Bapme*:

Hence *Barm-cloth*: An Apron.

Baronage: Barons; Nobility. La. 240.

Barr, in the North signifies the Gate of a City, as *Botham Bar*, &c. in York. Ray's Coll. *Have the barr*, al. *Heve of barr*, Prol. 552. Heave the Bar, or Lint the door off the hinges. According to H. 1. this Verse should be thus read;

Ther nas no dore that he nolde heve off barre.

There is an Expression not unlike this (but corrupted) in *Lidgate's Life of St. Edmund*, where speaking of Thieves breaking in to rob the Shrine; he says,

Oon with a leuour to leffe the doore on barre.

f. One with a Leaver lift the door off the Bar.

Barring. See *Paling*.

Rasse, CL. 797. A kiss. Fr. *Baiser*. Lat. *Basium*. The Poet seems here to have in his eye a Dittick in the First Elegy of *Maximianus*, commonly ascribed to *Corn. Gallus*;

*Flammea dilexi, modicumq; tumentia labra,
Qua mihi gustanti balia plena darent.*

Baselardis: Daggers. Mo. 2858.

Batailed: Embattled. RR. 4162.

Batailous: Ready for battle or fighting. RL. 327.

Bath: Both. MR. 1083. *Bashe*, Mo. 1382. seems to be corrupted from *Baske*.

Battelled: Indented like Battlements. Mo. 973.

Baude: Bold, brave. RR. 5674.

Bauderie: Pimping. Tr. L. 3. 398.

Baudrick: Furniture. Sp. Sk. A Girdle, a Belt: Hence *Spenser* calls the Zodiack, *The Bauldrick of the heavens*.

Baudrie, or (as it is in the common Editions) **Brandrie**: Embroidery. See Sk. in *Bawdry*.

Bandy: Filthy, nasty, slovenly. No. 646.

Bawfin buttokid, Bal. 897. Having large brawny buttocks. Sk. *Frontem albam* in *Virgil's Description of Priamus's horse*, is by *Douglas* translated, *Bawland face*. See Gl. V. *Spenser* in *Mother Hubbard's Tale* has — *Stare on him with big looks bawenwide*; That is, (as the Glossary explains it) Extended as with wonder.

Bay window; f. A Bow-window. CL. 1058.

Bayard: A horse. No. 1434. Perhaps it properly signifies a Bay horse. See *Men. Fr.* in *Bay*.

Be; A Bee; By; Been. *But he that weddid be*, Fr. 2349. perhaps should be read, *But that he weddid be*, or as H. 1. *But he had wedded be*; Unless he be, or had been married. *Let the sompnour be*; Let the sompner alone, Do not mind him.

Beau semblant, Fr. Fair appearance. CL. 1085.

Beau fre, Fr. Fair Sir, or Good Sir. RR. 6053.

Bebledde: Bloody, stained with blood. Prol. 2004.

Beblotte: To blot, stain. Tr. L. 2. 1027.

Becke: To becken. No. 1910. *Beckende*: Beckened. AL. 438. *Beckid*, Tr. L. 2. 1260. Ca. *Bekened*: Beckened.

Beclappe: To bind; To entrapp. No. 9.

Bedde: Bad, commanded. Mo. 3159.

Bede: To bid; To offer. Sq. 1300. To ask; To pray. *Bede up our bills*; Present our Petitions. ABC. O. *Bedis*: Beads; Prayers. *Her bedis bede*; Said her prayers. RR. 7374.

Bedeweth: Wetteth. Boeth.

Bedolvin: Dug in; Buried.

Bedore: To cause to doat; To bewitch; To enamour; Hyp. 180.

Bedradde: Dreaded.

Bedreince: Drenched, wetted. CL. 577. Drowned.

Been, Tr. L. 2. 193. *Beis*, AF. 353. Bees.

Befall, Fr. 1289. Become, be fitting.

Befill: Befell, happened; Came. Sq. 1650. It is often used impersonally without *It*.

Beforn: Before.

Beggore:

Beggare: A Beggar. *CG.* 67.
Begiled: Cast into Goal, imprisoned. *No.* 1788.
Beginnyng: A Principle. *Boeth.*
Begon, Begonne: Begun; Gone. It often signifies the State or Condition of a person or thing; as *Well begon*, *WB.* 606. In good humour, or plight; Fortunate. *Wo begon*; Overwhelmed with sorrow. *Worse begon*; In a worse condition. *Tr. L.* 5. 1327. *With gold begon*; Adorned with gold. *RR.* 943. See *Faring*.
Behated: Hated, odious. *Boeth.*
Behest: A promise. *Sq.* 718. Also, A command.
Behangid: Hanged, hung. *RL.* 207.
Behet: Promised. *AL.* 436.
Behete, Behote: To promise.
Behewe: Coloured. *With gold behewe*; Gilt. *Fa. L.* 3. 216.
Behight: To promise; Promised. Also, Called, named.
Behongit: Hung. *Ber.* 100.
Behove: Behoof, use, advantage. *RR.* 1090, 7584. *Behovely, Behovily*: Usefull. *Behovid nedis*; Must needs. *Ib.* 1479.
Bejapid: Tricked, deceived, imposed upon. *No.* 1406. Laughed at, made a jest of. *Tr. L.* 1. 532. See *Jape*.
Beie: To buy.
Bein: Be, are.
Bekid me about, *Cr.* 36. Warmed me. *Kyn. Bekis*, warms, *Gl. V.*
Beknewe: Made known.
Beknome, Beknowin: To acknowledge, confesa. *p.* 211. *a.* 376. *a.*
Belamy: Good Friend. *No.* 183.
Belchir, Belle chere: Good cheer, pleasant countenance. *AL.* 322. *For belle chere*; To make good cheer withal. *No.* 2917.
Beleve. See *Bileve*.
Beleved: Left. *Gam.* 172.
Belive. See *Blive*.
Belle, *Fr.* the Fem. of *Bel*, *Beau*: Fair. *Tr. L.* 2. 288.
Bellchose: Pretty thing. *Pro padendo muliebri usurpatur.* *Sk.*
Belle Isande: Well, or prettily said. *Fa. L.* 3. 707. See *Sk.*
Bellis clink: The Tinkling of Bells. *Mo.* 1980.
Bellish: Belloweth, roareth. *Fa. L.* 3. 713.
Belous: Bellows.
Belmary, *Prol.* 57. Taken to be that Country in *Barbary*, called by *Vassens*, *Benamarin*. *Sp.* See *Sk.*
Bemis: Beams; Trumpets. *RR.* 7605. from the *AS.*
Bema, a Trumpet.
Ben: Be, been.
Benched: Made up with Seats or Benches. *LW.* 204.
Bend, Bende: A Band, a knot, a fillet; Any thing that biudeth. *RR.* 1079.
Bendes: Bonds; Burdens. *Mo.* 2477.
Bending, *p.* 198, *a.* See *Paling*.
Bene: A Bean; Be, been.
Benes: Bones. *MR.* 965.
Benchede: Bread made of Beans.
Benigne, Beningne, Benynge: Kind, meek, gentle, courteous, favourable, gracious. *Benignely*: Kindly, &c.
Benignity: Kindness, favour.
Benimme: To take away. *Benimmeth us the coulpe*; Taketh the blame from us. *Paris. AS.* *Benyman, Eri-pere*, &c.
Benison, *Fr.* A blessing. *Sq.* 881.
Benomen, Benommen: Taken away. *RR.* 1509. *Benom-meth*, Taketh away; Intercepteth. *p.* 203, *b.* See *Benimme*.
Bent, *Prol.* 1983. A Precipice; perhaps from the *Fr. Pente*, The Bending or Declivity of a Hill. The *CB. Pant* signifies a Valley, or Low place between two Risings.
Browis bent; Arched Eyebrows. *RR.* 1217.
Benymyth: Depriveth, taketh away. *p.* 201, *a.* 203, *b.*
Benynge. See *Benigne*.
Beoce: *Boethius*, the Author of the Treatise *De Consolatione Philosophiae*.
Bequath, Bequethe: Bequeathed.
Bequeste: Whatever is bequeathed, a Legacy. *Gam.* 128.
Ber: To bear. *PT.* 614.
Berained: Rained upon, wet with rain. *Tr. L.* 4. 1172.
Berd, Berde: The beard. *In the berde*, *Tr. L.* 4. 41. Full in the face. *Make his berd*, *Ber.* 436. *Fr. Faire la barbe à quelqu'un*; To impose upon, or abuse one. *Berdis ymade*, *Fa. L.* 2. 181, 183. Imposed upon.

Bere: A Bier. *No.* 3189. *Tr. L.* 2. 1638. A bear. *Ib. L.* 4. 1453. To bear or carry; To accuse. *Boeth.* Also, Bore or carried. *RR.* 7372. A Pillow-bear. *Dr. Ch.* 254. Instead of *Bere the belle*, *Ib. L.* 2. 1498. *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.* read — *if that thou comest Bere the wete to morrow*, &c.
Berefe: To deprive, bereave.
Bering, Beryng: Behaviour.
Berin: To bear; To behave. *Berin on*, or *in honde*, *WB.* 326, 232. To bear in hand, to make believe. Also, Bore, did bear. *That berin life*, *WB.* 997. Living, having life.
Beris: Bears. *Mo.* 375.
Berne: Barm, yest. *No.* 835.
Berne: A barn. *MR.* 150. Also, To bear, or carry. *RR.* 5617.
Berft: Burst. *Ber.* 270.
Besante: A piece of Gold so called, because first coined at *Byantium*, now *Constantinople*. *Sk.* *Besant night*, *RR.* 1106. The Weight of a *Besant*. See *Blo.* in *Byzantine*.
Bescorned: Scoffed at, mocked, despised. *Paris.*
Bescratchin: To scratch. *RR.* 323.
Besegit: Belieged.
Beseie, Besey, Beseyn: To behold. Also, To be seen. *Well beseie*; Well-looking. *RR.* 821. *Richily beseie*; Rich to behold. *In Tr. L.* 1. 167. instead of, *Full well beseyn*, &c. *Ca.* hath, *Full well arayed both meft and left*.
Beseke: To beseech.
Besene: Well besene; Of a good appearance, well looking. See *Beseie*.
Beset: Spent, laid out, placed, disposed of. *Fr.* 688. Also, To place, lay out, &c. *Bal. Lad.* 148. *Lithirly besett his while*; Ill spent his time. *MR.* 191. *Beset his wite*; Set his wits at work. *Beset his wordis and his werke*; Ordered his words and actions well. *Tr. L.* 3. 472. *So well her beset*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1558. Disposed of her so well. *Ill besete*; Ill ordered. *Mo.* 2980.
Besey, Beseyn. See *Beseie*.
Besfet: Shut up. *RR.* 4488. *Tr. L.* 3. 603.
Beshrewe, *WB.* 844, 845. *I beshrewe me*, *I beshrew thy face*; A Form of Execration; *Malum me fascinum corripit.* *Sk.* See *Shrewe*. *Beshrewed*: Ill-natured, wicked, false; Accursed. *RR.* 7394.
Beshyne: To shine upon. *Ber.* 381.
Beside: By; By the side of. *WB.* 15. Near, hard by. *Fr.* 2126.
Besien: To trouble, to disturb. *Boeth. L.* 1. To busy one's self.
Besly: Officiously. *Fr.* 2597.
Besines, *WB.* 933. Officiousness; Care, endeavour. *To don her besines*; To take the utmost care. *Fr.* 1612.
Besmiteth: Smuteth; Murdereth. *Test.*
Besmottid: Smutted, bedaubed. *Pro.* 76.
Best: A beast; A living creature. *Lat. Animal*, *p.* 365, *a.*
Bestis: Beasts. *Tr. L.* 3. 621. But I should preter the reading in *MS. Sp.* *To us best is the cause ywye*, i. e. It is best for us that the cause be hid.
Bestad, Bestade, Bestede: Beset, surrounded; Oppressed, distressed. *In nede bestad*, *RR.* 5796. Oppressed with need. *Hard bestad*, *Gm.* 1338. Hard put to it. *Foule bestad*, or *bestede*, *Mo.* 2343. In a bad condition.
Bestiallicke: Beastly. *Test.*
Bestly: Belonging to a living creature. *p.* 493, *a.*
Beswink: To labour.
Besy: Busie; Careful; Officious. *Besy cure*; Officious, very great care. *Tr. L.* 3. 1044.
Bet, Bette: Better.
Betake: To give up, deliver. *MR.* 642. To commit to. *Fr.* 1190.
Betaught: Recommended. *RR.* 4438.
Bete, Betin: To make. *Sk.* To prepare, make ready; from the *AS. Bætan*. *Bete nets*, *MR.* 819. Make, or mend nets. *Bete fire*; To make a fire. *Prol.* 2255. *No.* 529. To amend, restore, repair; To heal, or cure. *RR.* 4441. from the *AS. Bætan*, To abate. *Tr. L.* 1. 666. Also, Boor. *Sk.*
Beteche: To recommend. *No.* 3428.
Beter: A market beter at the full, *MR.* 828. f. One that fought in full, or open Market.
Beith: Both. Also, Be, are.

Betide:

Betide: To happen. *What so betide*; Let what will happen, or, as it is in *Tr. L. 5. 796. Happin what happin may*. Also, Happened. *No. 3268. Beihde, Tr. L. 2. 55. Happened. Also, Succeeded. Fa. L. 2. 172.*
Betrappid: Intrapped, taken in a trap. *Cop. 252.*
Betrassid, Betrahsid, Betraffid: Deceived, betrayed. *Br. wafu, Dougl. Virg.*
Beverage, Ber. 359. Drink; Any liquor that may be drunk. *Fr. Brewage*; anciently writ *Beutraige*. *Gl. Lob.*
Bewepe: To bewail, weep, lament. *Tr. L. 1. 763. Bewepi*: Mist with tears. *Magd. 553.*
Bewet: Wetted.
Bewond: Imposed upon; Puzzled, embarrassed; from the *AS. Bepynban, Involunt, implicare, intricare.*
Bewraien, Bewraint, Bewray: To discover. *ProL. 2233. Bewraynge, or Bewrayinge*: Discovering. *p. 150.*
Bewreke: To revenge; Revenged. *WB. 809.*
Bewrie, Bewrien: To bewray, betray. *RR. 3879. To hide, conceal. Tr. L. 2. 337.*
Bewte: Beauty.
By, Bege: To buy. *No. 648, 1315.*
Byete: Begotten. *Tr. L. 1. 978.*
Bialacoi, RR. 2984, &c. Kind reception, or, as it is *lb. 5856. Fair Wellcoming*; from the *Fr. Bn accueil.*
Bibbid: Sucked up, drank.
Bible: A Book. *No. 878.*
Bisbe: A bitch. *Mo. 2829.*
Bid: It most frequently signifies To pray or intreat. *I bidde God, that I never mote have joie, Tr. L. 3. 877. In MS. Sp. I pray to God y never, &c. Biddish for them, Tr. L. 1. 30. Pray for them. Bad mercy, lb. 111. Beg'd mercy. Bidde I God; I pray to God. Tr. L. 5. 1007. See Bede.*
Bide, Tr. L. 2. 118. To abide, to dwell; or it may be To bid, as in *MS. Sp.* and the sense will then be, It became me better to bid [i. e. to say my prayers] in a Cave and read the Legends of Saints. *Bide a sound*; Stay for a time. *Tr. L. 1. 1068. Bide thine adventures*; Wait or stand your chance. *Tr. L. 2. 1519.*
Biddin, Tr. L. 3. 1411. for *Diddin*; or *Deer*, as in *MS. Sp. Did.*
Bidden for Biden: Tarryed, abode.
Biforme: Before.
Bigge: To build up. *Mo. 2415. From the AS. Byrgan.*
Bigine, RR. 7368. Bigini, lb. 6861. Fr. Beguines; A sort of Religious persons of both sexes; See *Men, Fr. and Fr. Gl. in Beguine, and Beghine.*
Bigon, Bigone. See *Begon.*
Bidess: Promises. *Tr. L. 5. 1430. Also, Commands.*
Bibone: To promise. *Bibering the hope of wellfulnes [i. wellfulnesse] Under pretence of happiness. p. 373, b.*
Biker: A bickering, quarrel. *Hyper. 100.*
Bill, Bill, Byl: A Petition. *AL. 610, 603, &c. Any writing or Instrument. ABC. H. Sq. 1487. Tr. L. 2. 1130.*
Bilde: To build. *Bal. Lad. 111. The ground of life into [i. in so] bilde, i. e. to build on. Bildir*: A builder. *The Bildir oke*; The Oak fit for building. *AP. 176.*
Bilve: Faith, belief; Also, To believe. *No. 270.*
Bilis: Biles, boils. *Cr. 395.*
Bimene: To bemoan. *RR. 2667.*
Bineth, Binethen: Beneath, below. *AS. Beneoð, beneoðan.*
Binned, *p. 376, a.* Taken away. See *Bennine.*
Bind him: Bound himself. *CMV. 47.*
Birast: Bereaved, deprived.
Birde, Mo. 2917. signifies a Mistress or Wench.
Birch, Birill: A Beril. *Bl. Kn. 37. Bal. Lad. 51.*
Bismare: Abuse, scandal. *MR. 857. From the AS. Byrmanian*; To scoff at, to disgrace. *Byrmon, Reproach. Also, Libels, Lampoons.*
Bispreint: Besprinkled.
Bit: Bad or commanded. *MS. Ch. reads Bit instead of Did, ProL. 187. which is printed wrong for Bid. Py. 1. reads byderb.*
Bitande: Biting; Sharp.
Bitange: Recommended. *RR. 4438. Committed. Gam. 666. See Gl. V. in Betanbit.*
Bitte: To smart. *ProL. 633. To provoke. Biting point*; A sharp cutting point. *lb. 2548. Desire so biseth me, Tr. L. 3. 1488. so freyneth me. MS. Sp.*

Bitrens: Plaited or twitted about. *Tr. L. 3. 1237. Encompassed, surrounded. lb. L. 4. 870.*
Bitresbid. See *Betrassid.*
Bitirfull: Bitter; Sorrowful. *Magd. 43.*
Bimene, Bimixin: Between, betwixt.
Bimopin: Weeping, all in tears. *Tr. L. 4. 916.*
Blackburied, No. 1920. *Gon a blackbured*; In *nigras et in-auspicias domus missus*, *Sk.* Which answers to the Description of Hell in *Pars. p. 193, a.*
Blake: Black. In *Tr. L. 2. 1320.* instead of, *Lake on all these blake* (where the Substantive is wanting) *MS. Sp.* has it, *Lake on this Lres blake, i. e. black Letters.*
Blakid: Blackened.
Blade: Kind; Flattering. *RL. 23.*
Blandise: To soothe, flatter. *Pars. Blandishing*: Flattering. *Boeth. L. 1.*
Blankmanger, ProL. 389. A kind of white meat or curd. *Fr. Blanchmanger. Rich.*
Blaze: To Blazon Arms. *PT. 150.*
Blasows: Such as blaze forth ones praise. *Test.*
Blanche fevre, Tr. L. 1. 917. In *Fr. Fivre blanche* signifies a white Fever. The Poet means Paleness, the Green-sickness, &c.
Ble, Magd. 391. Sight, look; Colour, hue; Favour. *Sk. Sp. Gl. V. AS. Bleo, Color.*
Blee, is by *Sk.* supposed to come from the *AS. Bled*, *Fr. Bled, blé, Corn*; and so he makes *Boughton under Blee*, *No. 467.* (or, which I take to be the same, *Bob under the blee*, *Mo. 1579, 1580.*) to be *Boughton near the Corn*; Whereas *Bleane* (anciently written *Blene*; and easily corrupted to *Blee* by omitting the *Dash* for *n*) is a Forreft in *Kent*, which gives name to the adjacent Town; which is at this day called *Boughton under the Bleane*, and is in the Road to *Canterbury.*
Bleine: A blain, a bile. *RR. 553.*
Bleint, MR. 645. Blent, Tr. L. 3. 1352. Looked. *Gl. V. in Blent.*
Blend: To mix, mingle; To blind, or deceive. *Tr. L. 2. 1496. Mo. 2792.*
Blent: Ceased; Blinded. *Sq. 1630. Also, Deceived, disappointed. Tr. L. 5. 1194. See Bleint.*
Blere: To dim, darken, cloud the eyes. *Blérid is myne eye*; My sight is grown dim. *No. 751. RR. 3912.*
Blefs: Bliss, happiness. *Dr. Ch. 1030. RR. 3643.*
Bleve, Blevin: To abide, tarry. *Tr. L. 4. 1357. from the D. Blyhen, Kilian.*
Blife. See *Blive.*
Blia, Blinne: To desist, cease, give over. *No. 1192. From the AS. Blinnan, Cessare. CB. Blino*; To be weary.
Blinkis amorous: Amorous winks or looks, ogling. *Cr. 226.*
Blif, Fr. 1572. To blefs. Also, Happiness, joy. *Blisfull*; Happy, blessed, joyfull.
Blisb: Merry, pleasant. *Blisbness*: Joy, mirth. *Cr. 4. Alacritas, Boeth. I renne blisbe, LW. 60.* or perhaps it should be *I renne belife*, or *blife*, for *blive*, i. e. I run presently: For *blisbe* cannot rhyme to *Life* which ends the foregoing Verse.
Blive, Blyve, Belive: Quickly, immediately; Briskly. *Tr. L. 4. 1355. Belive*; Anon, by and by, or Towards night, *Ray's Coll.* who supposes it to be a Contraction of *By the Eve*; it being frequent in the North to mollify the into *le. Bihue, Confestim, protinus. Hick. Gr. AS. p. 225. Extemplé* is translated *Belife* by *Dougl. Virg. p. 163. f. ab AS. Be lip, With life, vigorously.*
Bluber: To blubber. *Test.*
Bladeris, perhaps for *Bluberis*: Blubbered. *Ber. 464.*
Blome, Bloome: Blooms, blossoms. *Test. L. 3. Blontic*: Blooming, blossoming, *lb.*
Blondrin, No. 691. To toil, bluster. *Sp. f. To blunder. lb. 1435.*
Blont: Dull; Heavy; Cowardly. *p. 204, a.*
Blofme: Blossom. *Bal. Lad. 47. Blofme*: Blossoms. *LW. 143.*
Blowin up and down: Blown about; Talked of. *ProL. 2243.*
Blynched, PT. 669. f. Flinched: Kept off; or perhaps, *Blynched*: Looked askint.
Blyfyng: Blazing, flaming. *Ber. 561.*
Blyve. See *Blive.*
Bob under the blee. See *Ble.*

Boche, p. 376, b. *Possum* of [l. or] *boche*; An Impostume or Botch, i. e. An Ulcer.

Bochour: A Butcher. *Mo.* 2524.

Bode: Bid, commanded. It is also put for *Abode*, the Preter Tense of *Abide*, *WB.* 1030. *Ne bode I never*, &c. I could not abide, or bear to go from thence. *RR.* 791. *Abode*, continued. *Tr. L.* 5. 29. Also, An Omen, a foreboding, a sign, or token. *AF.* 343. *Delay. An.* 120. See *Abode*. In *Bal. Lad.* 45. it is misprinted for *Blode*; to which mistake, the Editor was led by its being printed *Bood* in former Editions, particularly that of 1561, out of which this Edition was prepared for the Press.

Bodekins, *Mo.* 727, 732. *MR.* 853. *Bodkins*; *Poniards*, daggers.

Bodin: Commanded, charged, bid or bade.

Boifous: Halting, from the *Fr. Boienx*; Rude, plain, ignorant. *Mo.* 1788. p. 478, a. Homely and hard. *Ib.* 2992. It seems to be sometimes the same with *Boistrous*; Blustering, noisy. See p. 479, b. l. 17. It may come from the *Sco. Boist*: To boast, threaten, frighten. *Gl. V.* *As boifous as bere at baie*; As fierce, boisterous as a Bear at bay. *Mo.* 2079. See *Gl. V.* in *Buifous*. *Boifously*: Roughly, rudely, &c. *Boifousneß*: Rudeness; Ignorance. *Ch. Dr.* 64.

Bokeler: A buckler. *Pro.* 112.

Boket: A bucket. *Pro.* 1535.

Bokill: A buckle. *Bokiling*, *Pro.* 2505. *Bückling* on.

Bolas: Bullace or Bullia, a sort of wild Plum. *RR.* 1377.

Bols: A Bull. *Tr. L.* 2. 55. *Bolis*: Bulls. *CMV.* 86.

Bole Armeny: *Bole Armeniack*, *Armenian* Earth used in Medicine. *No.* 811.

Boll, balle: A bowl; A bottle. *The throte boll*, *MR.* 1165. The Protuberance in the Throat, commonly called *Pomum Adami*.

Bollin, Bala: Swoln. *Bl. Kn.* 101.

Bolne: To swell; To boyl up. *Bol*, *Kilian.* *Tumidus,urgidus*, &c.

Bolt: An arrow. *Upright as a bolt*; As straight as an arrow. *MR.* 156.

Bone: A Boon, request, petition. *AS. Bene.* *Bad a bone*; Made a request. *Sq.* 1134. *I bidé the a bone*; I ask a favour of thee. *Tr. L.* 1. 1028.

Bonis: Bones. *Bonis two*, *No.* 2172. A pair of Dice.

Bood: Abode, stay'd, tarried. *Ber.* 762.

Boon: A bone.

Borace, *Pro.* 632. "*Borax*, a white or greenish Substance like Salt-Petre, wherewith Goldsmiths use to solder Gold and Silver; some say it is the Gum of a Tree, which is very unlikely; Others affirm it to be made of old Lees of Oyl, by Art and drying in the Sun, brought to be white; Others, a Mineral. *Blo.* But others more truly say, that it is an Alkalious Salt made from the Stone called *Tingal*, brought from the *East-Indies*; It is a strong Hysterick Medicine, and is much used in soldering.

Bord, *Bordis*: A board, a table; Boards, tables; *The Bord begun*, *Pro.* 52. Begun the Board; Sat at the upper end of the Table; This Knight, says *Sp.* "being often among the Knights of the *Dutch* Order, called *Ordo Teutonius*, in *Prussia*, he was for his worthiness placed by them at the Table, before any of what Nation soever. If any desire to know the Profession of these Knights called *Teutonici*, it was thus; They having their dwelling at *Jerusalem* were bound to entertain Pilgrims, and at occasions to serve in War against the *Saracens*; They were apparelled in white, and upon their uppermost garment did wear a black Cross; And for that this Order was first begun by a rich *Almaine*, none were received into the same, save only Gentlemen of the *Dutch* Nation. After *Jerusalem* was last taken by the *Saracens*, Anno 1184. these Knights retired to *Ptolemaida*; and that being taken, into *Germany* their own Country; And when as there also the People of *Prussia* used incursions upon their confines, they went unto *Frederick* the Second then Emperor, *An.* 1220. who granted them leave to make wars upon them, and to turn the spoil to the maintenance of their Order. After this Conquest of *Prussia*, these Knights grew rich, and built there many Temples and places of Residence for Bishops, who also were enjoined to wear the

"Habit of the Order. *Chancer* will have his Knight of such fame that he was both known and honoured of this Order.

Bordclothes: Table-cloths. *Test.*

Borde: A jest. Also, To jest. *No.* 2294. See *Bourde*.

Bordels: Brothels, Bawdy-houses. *Parf.* *Bordell women*: Lewd women, common strumpets. p. 210, b. *Bordel*, *Kilian.* *Lupanar*.

Bordillers: Those that keep or haunt Brothels. *RR.* 7084.

Bordure, *Fr.* A hemme or border. *Boeth.* *L.* 1. The edge or extremity of a thing.

Borell: Ignorant, rude, unlearned. *Fr.* 2262. Plain, Boorish, clownish. *Borell folk*, *Fr.* 610. *Borel men*, *Mo.* 67. Laymen. *Borel* signifies a sort of courle cloth. *Gl. Lob.* It seems to be a Diminutive of *Boor*. *Kilian.* *Bort*, *Agricola, ruricola*; from *Boutmen*, To plow. See *Gl. V.* in *Burell*.

Borill, *WB.* 356. perhaps should be read *Parrill*, i. e. Apparel, fine clothes, as the word is used, *Ib.* 561.

Borow, Borrowe: A pledge, a pawn. *Tr. L.* 2. 963. *Bail, surety.* And *I your borrow*, *Tr. L.* 2. 134. And I will be bound for you. *I am under a borrow*, *Gam.* 1576. I am under Bail. *Have here my faith to borrow*; I pawn my faith. *Fr.* 2790. *Venus to borrow*, *Tr. L.* 2. 1523. *St. John to borrow*, *Sq.* 616. *Venus*, *St. John*, assisting or speeding; or perhaps *St. John to borrow* may be a Form of Protection then used, i. e. *St. John be my surety.* Also, To Bail one. *Gam.* 953. *Borowes*: Sureties; Pledges. *RR.* 7309.

Borne, for *Borrow*, in the *MSS.* generally written *Borne*; as *Sorne, morne*, &c. for *Sorrow, morrow*, &c.

Bosard, Bosardes: A buzzard, Buzzards. *Mo.* 3267. *RR.* 4033.

Bofance: Boasting, bragging. *WB.* 569.

Bofe: Boasting. *Mo.* 213. *Pride*; *Vain glory*.

Bote: But. *La.* 210. *He na's bot dede*; He was, or would be certainly dead. A form of Speech frequently used in *Chancer* to denote the greater certainty of a thing.

Bote: Help; Ease, remedy; Recompence, amends, satisfaction. *To do bote on her bale*, *Tr. L.* 4. 739. To ease her of her misfortune. *To findin bote for wo*, *Ib.* 1259. To find a remedy for misery. *Bote of his bale*, *No.* 1502. Ease of his misery. Also, Benefit, advantage, profit. Also, A boat. *Test.*

Botelesse. See *Botileß*.

Bote off: Bit off. *Boeth.*

Botber (to *Ca.* reads it in *Tr. L.* 4. 168.) Of both. *Two botber love*; The love of you both.

Botbom, *Mo.* 1216. *Bottom*. Also the same with *Botthum*, *RR.* 3050.

Botbum: A bud. *RR.* 1721, &c. It is the same that is before called a *Kaopp*, i. e. A Rose-bud. *Ib.* 1675, 1685, 1691.

Botileß, Botelesse: Bootles, fruitless; Without remedy. *Tr. L.* 1. 783.

Botill: A bottle. *Fr.* 667.

Botirflis: Butterflies. *Ber.* 2879.

Botromleß, Tr. L. 5. 1430. *MS.* *Botmeles*: Groundless; perhaps for *Boteles bibestis*, i. e. Fruitless, insignificant promises.

Boton: A button. *Ber.* 2962.

Boucheff, *Ber.* 43. seems to signify Good, it being there opposed to *Myscheff*; and *Ib.* 3166. synonymous to *Comfort*: Perhaps it should be read *Boucheff*.

Bove, *Ber.* 1989. Above. In *Ch. Dr.* 745. *Cupid* is called the great lord of bove. It may be put for *bove, metri causa*. See *Ib.* 754.

Bonffo: A Note of Belching. *Fr.* 670.

Bougerons: Buggerers, Sodomites. *RR.* 7072.

Boughte, Boughtin: Bought. *Boughtin thei is derre*, *Tr. L.* 1. 136. They bought it dear, or payd dear for it.

Boughton under blee. See *Blee*.

Boulis it to the bren, *Mo.* 1355. To examine to the bottom of any thing, to sift it thorowly: A Metaphor taken from the sifting of Meal, till the fine flower and the bran are separated.

Boun: Good, Ready. *CCr.* 184. *Ber.* 965. From the *Fr.* *Bon*. Also, Bound. *CL.* 1151. See *Gl. V.*

Bounche: A bunch; A bundle. *CCr.* 28.

Bounte, Bountie, Bounny: Goodness. *Fr.* *Bonité*. It is often used in *Boeth.* for Probity, Lat. *Probitas*. So *Bounteous* sometimes signifies Good. *No.* 1624.

Bounteous, for *Bounteous*, *Ber.* 3277. See *Bounte*.

Bourde:

- Bourde**: A jelt; A trick. *Gam.* 1694. from the Fr. *Bourde*, A lye, sham. See *Men. Fr.* in *Bourde*, and *Men. It.* in *Burlare*.
- Bourdon**, *Burdoun*: The Drone of a Bag-pipe; Hence the Burden of a Song. *MR.* 1057. The Miller's Wife in snoring bore the *Burdon* to her husband. It also signifies A staff. *RR.* 3401, 4092. A burden. *Id.* 4092. See *Men. Fr.* in *Bourdon*.
- Bowre**: A house, a habitation, a chamber. *MR.* 259. from the *AS.* *Bup*, *bupe*, A chamber, a parlour, a bower. Belg. *Buer*, A cottage, a shed. See *Sk.* in *Bower*.
- Bouffons**, *Cr.* 166. Sturdy, stiff, strong. See *Boiffons*.
- Bowse**: About. *Bowse* ybore; Brought about. *Ber.* 3141.
- Bowe**: A dogge for the bowe, *Sq.* 1520. Perhaps a Dog that attended a Sportfman with a Bow and Arrowe, as we call that a Gun-dog which follows one that carries a Gun.
- Bowke**: Bulke; The body; The belly; The stomach. *AS.* *Buce*, *Venter*, &c.
- Downe**: Bound, obliged. *Ber.* 945. It may be the same as *Boun*, *V.*
- Boys**, *p.* 214, *b.* *Boethius de Consolatione Philosophie*.
- Boysfly**, for *Boisfly*: Rudely; Roughly. *PT.* 104.
- Bracer**: Armour for the Arms. *Pro.* 111. The Fr. *Brasart* signifies the same; from *Bras*, an Arm.
- Bracyd**: Clasp'd, embraced. *PT.* 25. *Ber.* 926.
- Braide**: Arose, awak'd, *MR.* 1177. Took off. *La.* 838. *Braide out of his mist*, *Mo.* 563. Run out of his senses. Also, To pull out, to draw. *AS.* *Bpæban*, *Abpæban*, *Aufære*; *Exerere*. Also, A start. *RR.* 1336.
- Braied**, *Di.* 241. for *Braide*. *Made many a braide*; Started often in her sleep.
- Brakitt**, *MR.* 153. *Bragget*. *CB.* *Braged*. A sweet Drink made of Honey, Spices, &c. used in *Wales*, and in *Cheshire*, *Lancashire*, &c.
- Branchiles**: A little branch, a twig. *Bal. Lad.* 44.
- Brandz**, *Cr.* 180, 190. may signify a Sword, which, it is said *Id.* 188. *Mars* had in his hand: It is so used by *Douglas* in his *Virgil*. See *Hick. Gr. Fr.* *p.* 93. in *Brando*.
- Brasse**: To burst; Did burst.
- Bratte**, *No.* 902. A mantle; A rag. It is used in *Lincolnshire* for a course Apron. *Sk.* See *Soms.* in *Bpatt.* *CB.* *Bratt*, *Lacina*, *panniculus*.
- Brandrie**, *Pro.* 2500. Embroidery; Graven work. *Sp.*
- Bravie**: The Prize or Reward of Victory in Games or Sports of Activity. *Lat.* *Bravium*. *Gr.* *Βραβιον*.
- Braun**, *Brawn*: A sinew. *Bravniis*: Sinews; The brawny parts of the Body, as the Calves of the Legs, the Thighs, part of the Arms, &c.
- Braying**, *Mo.* 2106. Sounding. *Com.*
- Brecke**, *Brige*, *Brigge*, *Brike*: A breach, a rupture.
- Brede**: Breadth. *Tr. L.* 5. 1656. *In brede*, *Id.* *L.* 1. 531. Abroad. To breed, engender. *Id.* *L.* 3. 1552. Also Bread.
- Breff**, *Ber.* 139. *Breve*, *RR.* 2350. Brief, short. *Fr.* *Bref*, *item. Breve*.
- Breide**. See *Braide*.
- Breme**: Fiercely. *Sp.* *Fierce*. *Pro.* 1701. *f.* *ab AS.* *Bpyme*, *Solennis*, *clarus*, *notabilis*. See *Men. It.* in *Bramare*.
- Bren**, *Brende*, *Brennin*: To burn. *Brennande*, *Brennende*: Burning. *Test.*
- Bren**, *Brenne*: Brant.
- Brenningly**: Warmly; In a hot, burning manner.
- Brent**, *Brende*: Burnt; Also Burnished. *RR.* 1109.
- Brere**: A bryar. *Breris*: Bryars. *RR.* 1836.
- Brefte**: To burst.
- Bretfull**: Quite full, brim full, top full. *Pro.* 689.
- Bretherne**, *No.* 1030. Brethren.
- Breve**. See *Breff*.
- Breyde**: To run away. *Ber.* 1093, 3041. See *Braide*.
- Brid**, *Tr. L.* 3. 10. *Bride*, *CN.* 260. *Bridde*: A bird. *Briddis*: Birds.
- Bridale**: A Wedding.
- Brige**, *Brigge*. See *Brecke*.
- Brigg**, *Brigge*: A bridge.
- Bright** for *Brighneß*, *Tr. L.* 2. 864.
- Brike**. See *Brecke*.
- Brimme**: Sharp, fierce, violent. *RR.* 1836. *Tr. L.* 4. 184. See *Breme*.
- Bringis**: Bringest. *Fa. L.* 3. 818.
- Brinne**: To burn. *WB.* 52.
- Britaine**, *Fr.* 2538, &c. See *Amorike*.
- Brocages**, *RR.* 6971. Broker's, Factor's or any Agent's Business, or Profit; Pimping.
- Broch**: A Gold Pyramid. *Sk.* A Jewell set with precious Stones, perhaps of a Pyramidal form. It was worn sometimes on the Arm. *Pro.* 160. and sometimes on the Collar. *Tr. L.* 5. 1660.
- Brode**: Abroad. *Bride ikend*, *Mo.* 2470. Known all abroad. *Com.*
- Brodin**: Broader. Also, Brother.
- Broholve**, *MR.* 1178. for *Bromholme*: A Priory in *Norfolk*. See *Men. Ang. To. I.* *p.* 632. *To. II.* *p.* 909.
- Broidit**: Braided, twitted, twined; Tyed up. *Pro.* 1051.
- Broke**, *Brokin*. See *Brouk*.
- Broking**: Throbbing; Quavering. *MR.* 269. Singing with a broken, hoarse voice, called *Craking*. *Sq.* 1367. See *Crakid* and *Crakil*.
- Brokin-harm**, *Sq.* 941. Perhaps it should be read in two words, *So mochil brokin harm* [*sc. they conuin*, *Id.* 941] *i. e.* They can brook, or bear so much harm, or inconvenience, when they list. *MS. Ch.* hath it *So mochill harm thei can*, &c. They can do so much harm.
- Bronde**, *Ph.* 25. A brand, a torch. *Brandis*, *Pro.* 2340. Torches, firebrands.
- Broß**, *Broßin*, *Brusßin*: Broke, tore. *Pro.* 2693. Burst asunder. *Tr. L.* 2. 976.
- Brotherhed**: Brotherhood; Friendship like that of Brothers. *No.* 2550.
- Broißil**: Brittle; Fickle; Frail. *Sq.* 795.
- Broißneß**: Brittleness; Inconstancy, fickleness. *Sq.* 795, 1759.
- Brondrid**: Embroidered; Adorned. *Mo.* 495.
- Brouke**, *Brokin*, *Broke*: To brook, to bear; To enjoy; To use. *So brookin I mine eye, myne bede, my chynne*; As I hope to preserve, or enjoy the use of my eye, my head, my chin. *As evir mote I branke my tressis*, *Sq.* 1826. Or *myr ceris*, as in *MS. Ch.* which may be the true reading, if *Jangleris* be right in the preceding Verse, and not rather *Jangleressis*, the feminine of *Jangleris*, which will answer to *tressis*. *Well brookin thet ther service*, *LW.* 194. They brook, bear, or perform their service well. *Right wel broke ye your new*, *AL.* 259. Your new habit becomes you very well.
- Brusßin**. See *Broß*.
- Brusßneß**, *Cr.* 86. See *Broißneß*.
- Buggys**, *Mo.* 1051. Bugbears.
- Bugle**, *Bugle-horn*, *Fr.* 2809. A black horn. *Sp.* A little horn. *Sk.* *qu. Bucula cornu*.
- Buie**: To buy. *Buie it full dere*; Pay dear for it. *RR.* 6094. See *Abie*.
- Bukis horn**: A buck's horn. *Blow the bukis horn*; Do any trifling business; Go a whittling. *MR.* 279.
- Bumpish**: Maketh a humming noise. *WB.* 972.
- Burdoun**. See *Bourdon*.
- Burel**, *AL.* 455. Fine Glass; A precious Stone. *Sp.* A Beryl.
- Burgyn**: To bud, to shoot, or sprout out. *PT.* 691. *Fr.* *Bourgeonner*.
- Burly**: Large. *Cr.* 180.
- Burnel the asse**, *Mo.* 1427. *Nigellus Wireker* a Monk and Precentor of *Canterbury* wrote a Latin Poem, Intituled, *Speculum Sinistorum*, Dedicated to *William Longchamp*, Bishop of *Ely*, and Lord Chancellor; wherein, under the Fable of an Ass (which he calls *Burnellus*) that desired a longer Tail, is represented the Folly of such as are not content with their own condition. There is introduced a Tale of a Cock, who having his leg broke by a Priest's Son (called *Gundulfus*) watched an opportunity to be revenged; which at length presented it self on this occasion: A day was appointed for *Gundulfus*'s being admitted into holy Orders at a place remote from his Father's Habitation; He therefore orders the Servants to call him at first Cock-crowing, which the Cock over hearing did not crow at all that Morning. So *Gundulfus* over-slept himself, and was thereby disappointed of his Ordination; the Office being quite finished before he came to the place.
- Burnesse** seems to have been a rich Stuff worn by Persons of Quality, which was therefore forbid to be used by Monks. *Monachi Camisijis lineis vel Burnettis non utantur.*

sur. Matth. Par. See Wats. Gl. and Man. Fr. in Brunette.
Burnyd: Burnished, polished. Prol. 1985. Gold burnid;
Shining like burnished gold. Bl. Kn. 34.

Bush for Push, PT. 156.

Buse: Sollicitous. p. 370 b. See Besy.

Buske, RR. 54. A bush. Buskie, lb. 102. Bushes.

Buskid, Cr. 255. Adorned, decked, dressed. Gl. V.

But, But and, But if, But that if: Except. Tr. L. 2. 1561.
which should be read from MS. Sp. thus;

But God and Pandare wist none what it ment.

Also, Without; Unless. AS. Bute, Butan. Some-
times it signifies Quite, utterly. In cre but lost: I were ut-
terly undone. No. 2693. I n am but dead, Tr. L. 4. 1498.
He n as bot [or but] dede. La. 210. 1, He were quite dead.
Which am but lorne, Fr. 2583. Who am utterly undone.
Not but for Only. I speke it not but stedfastly, Not
proudely, No. 485. Not but enough, lb. 612. Enough
and to spare.

Buxionen, Buxioning, Buxions, for Burjanen, Burjonning, Bur-
jons: To Bud, Budding, Buds. Test. L. 2. and L. 3. The
x and r, are very often so like in the MSS. and old
printed books, that they might be easily mistaken one
for the other. Fr. Bourgeon, a Bud. See Burgeyn.

Buxome, Buxum: Obedient, pliant, dutifull, meek; Ami-
able. Buxomeneß: Obedience, humility, submission. Sc.
233. RR. 4419.

Buxumly: Obediently, humbly, dutifully.

By: To buy. RR. 7159. Also, Be, are. PT. 446.

Bychscope: A Bishop. p. 210. b.

Byd: See Bid.

Byforme: Before.

Byete: To promise.

Byl, Byllis: See Bil.

Byleve, Bylevin: To stay, to abide, to tarry. Tr. L. 5. 478.
See Blevé.

Byme for By me. See Alowb.

Bynemme, Bynonne, Bynym, Ber. 1247. To bereave, to take
away. Boeth. See Benimme.

Byraft: Bereaved, taken away. Prol. 1363.

Bysegid: Besieged, surrounded. Boeth.

C.

Cas, Cace, Cas: Case; Fortune. Percaas: By chance.
Ar. 82. Also, a Quiver.

Cach: To catch. Cach a clont, PT. 554. seems to be the
same as our Phrase, To catch a Tartar.

Caitife, Caitiffe: A Captive, a Slave; from whence it comes
to signify any person in miserable circumstances. Fr.

Cheif, Mean, despicable, &c. from the Lat. Captivus.
Caitifnesse: Slavery; Misery. Test. L. 1.

Caitifned, p. 479, b. Sk. thinks it is corrupted from the
Lat. Catenatus, Chained, tyed up.

Cakeling: Cackling. AF. 562.

Calcination: Calcination is the Solution of a mixt Body
into powder by Fire or any corroding things, as Mercu-
ry, Aqua fortis, &c. No. 825.

Calculid: Calculated. Fr. 2840. Calculing: Calculation,
computation.

Cale: Cold. A cale: A cold, very cold; as in Gower, L. 8.

Her bert is bot as eny fyre,
And other while it is a cale.

In Mo. 2011. it seems to signify Miserable in general,
or as Com. Much pinched with misery, cold and hun-
ger. The very Expression is in Gower, L. 8. where
speaking of a young Prince escaped alone out of a Ship-
wreck, he says,

—He was so fore a cale,
That he wist of himself no bote.

Caleweis, RR. 7093. Calvert. Sk. Calure, as Salmon or
other red fish. Sp.

Calidone, No. 2121, f. Chalcedonia in Asia Minor.

Caler: A lewd Woman, a Drab; perhaps so called from
the Fr. Calote, which was a sort of Head-dress wore by
Country-girls.

Camale: A Camel. Fr. 2229.

Cameline: Camler. RR. 7367.

Camrin: Came. No. 150.

Camise, Camised: Flat-nosed. MR. 826, 866. Fr. Camus.

Can: Knoweth, understandeth. Prol. 1900. W. B. 231.
It is also used for Can. CL. 224. In Tr. L. 3. 56. Ca.
reads Gan, V.

Canel-bone: The Channel-bone of the Throat. Dr. Ch. 943.

Canell: Cinnamon. RR. 1370. Fr. Canelle.

Cankedort: A wofull case. Sk. Sp. Perhaps A doubtful case.
Tr. L. 2. 1752. Kankerort, Ma. Sp. Ca. and Py.

Canat: Cannot. AF. 538.

Cannon, ne no Fenne, No. 2408. Avicenne's Canon Medi-
cine is divided into Fens, i. e. Sections.

Cannys: Cans, pots. PT. 566.

Canill: A cantle, a piece, a part. Prol. 3010.

Cap. To set one's Cap; To outwit one, to make a fool of
one. Prol. 588.

Cape: To trudge, caper, or dance up and down after
one. Tr. L. 3. 559. Perhaps it should be read Gape, as
in MS. Sp. Py. and other Editions.

Capell, Capill, Caple: A horse. Lat. Caballus.

Capitain: A Captain, a General. Fr. Capitaine.

Captife: A Captive, a Prisoner. Tr. L. 3. 383.

Caraine: Carrion, a dead body. Mo. 649.

Carbocle, No. 3376. for Carbuncle: A Carbuncle.

Cardiacle, Cardiakill: A Pain about the Heart, a Heart-
aking; which is expressed in another place by Dost
myne bert to yerne. Gr. Kardialgia, Cordis dolor, Passio Car-
diaca.

Care: Pain, disorder, indisposition. Tr. L. 1. 661.

Carrees: Characters, marks.

Carfe: Cut off; from Carve. Carvid so and bore; Did so
cut and bite. Mo. 626.

Caricke, Carike: A large Ship of burden. Fr. 424. f. from
the It. Carica, Burden, &c. See Men. li. in Cargare.

Carke: To care. Mo. 2190.

Carle: A Boor, a Clown, a Country-fellow. Prol. 347.
from the AS. Geoppe, Agricola.

Carmis: Carmelite Fryars. RR. 7462.

Caroll: A Dance; A Song beginning and ending alike.
We call a Christmass Carol, A Song usually sung at that
Festival. See Sk. Carolling: Singing a Carol. Cr. 32.
Dancing. No. 1366.

Carpe: To jest. Prol. 476. To desire. Test. It is fre-
quently used in PP. for To speak or talk in general.

Carrein: Carrion. Prol. 2015.

Cart: A Chariot. Cartir: A Charioteer. Prol. 2024.

Cas, Casé. See Cas.

Cassidony, A L. 478. A Stone growing in Aethiopia, which
shineth like fire. Sp. A Caribaginian Stone. Sk.

Cast, Caste: To think, contrive, foresee. Also, Contriv-
vance, deliberation, design; An act or deed. Cast-
ing: Vomit. RR. 7240. Castin all she grail in the fire;
Mar the whole affair. Tr. L. 3. 712. Castidin: Cast
or did cast. Ar. 49. Castis: Projects, contrivances.
Prol. 2470.

Casteloigne: Catalonia in Spain. Fa. L. 3. 158.

Casuell: Casual, accidental. Tr. L. 4. 419.

Casapnce, Mo. 1082. A sort of Spurge.

Catchende: Catching. p. 491, b.

Catife, Catives. See Caitife.

Catours: Caterers. Prol. 570. Instead of all Catours, MS.
Ch. reads a Catoure; but H. 1. achators. See
Albase.

Caterwauling. WB. 354.

Cattell-catching: Using all means to procure wealth.
Mo. 2796.

Caucir: A cause, one that causeth. CL. 847.

Caught: Took, taken. A pite caught, Fr. 2286. Caught-
rough, lb. 3074. Took pity. Caught ayen ber counte-
nance, lb. 2131. Recovered her countenance.

Cavillationne: Cavil, cavilling. Fr. 872.

Cautelle, Cautell: Caution, wariness. Cautelis: Cautions.
Cecily, No. 130. St. Cecilia. By The life of sainte Cecile,
LW. 426. is meant The second Nonne's Tale.
p. 114, &c.

Ceife: To seize. RR. 7258.

Celebrable, Celebrate: Illustrious, famous, celebrated.
Boeth. p. 395, b. But p. 379, b. l. 49. instead of
celebrate, as it was in the former Editions, it is ce-
lebrité (for so it should have been printed; not cele-
brien.)

- briten*) in this Edition, that is, *Famouſneſs*, Lat. *Celebritas*.
- Celerere*, Mo. 48. *Celerarius*, or the Cellarer was one of the chief Officers in the Monasterys, who had the care of all Provisions, and seems to answer to the Butler in our Coll-ges. Sometimes it signifies only a Butler. See *Wats. Gloſs.* in *Celerarius* and *Obedientia*.
- Cenſing*, MR. 233. Burning of Incense: A Practice still used by the Roman Catholicks in their Churches on certain Festivals. It is called *Smoking the Tempil*, in *Prol.* 2283.
- Centure*: The Center of a Circle. *Aſtr.*
- Cereſiſh*: Encompaſſeth. *RR.* 1619.
- Cerle*: A circle. *Boeth.*
- Cerial*, *Prol.* 2292. Belonging to a ſort of Oak called *Cerrus*, deſcribed by *Pliny*, in his *Nat. Hiſt.* L. 16. cap. 5, 6.
- Certain*, *Certaine*, *Certeyne*: Certainly. It is often uſed for a certain Sum or Quantity, and the like.
- Certente*: Certainty.
- Certes*, *Certis*: Certainly, ſurely. *Fr.* *Certes*.
- Cervelle*, *Fr.* The Brain. *Prol.* 1378. *MS. Ch.* inſtead of it, reads *felle*, and *H. 1. celle*.
- Ceruſe*: White Lead, often uſed by Chirurgeons in Ointments and Plaifters; It is with Painters a principal white colour, and is much uſed by Women in painting their faces; Hence *Martial*, *Ceruſſa ſaſtimet Sabella ſolem*. *Blo.*
- Ceſe*: To ſeize. *AF.* 481. *To that he be ceſid*; Until he be ſeized, or taken. *CM.* 87.
- Ceſon*: Season. p. 364, b.
- Ceſſe*, *Ceſſin*: To ceaſe, deſiſt. *Ceſſe cauſe*, *ceſſiſh malady*; When the cauſe ceaſeth, the diſtemper ceaſeth. *Tr.* L. 2. 483. *Ceſſid*, *Ceſt*: Ceaſed.
- Cete*, *Cite*, *Cirle*, *Cyte*: A city.
- Chace*: To drive away, chaſe, purſue. *Fr.* *Chaffer*. Alſo, a Term at Tennis-playing. *Hen.* 295.
- Chufare*, *Chaffare*: Trading; Wares, Merchandize. *La.* 139. To trade. *Ib.* 140.
- Chaffren*: To cheapen, buy. *Chaffrin churchis*; Make Simoniackal Contracts for Advowſions, or Preſentations to Livings or Preferments. *Mo.* 2086.
- Chamberere*: A Chamber-maid. *Fr.* 1839. A Chamberlain. *Ib.* 1998.
- Champartie*, *Prol.* 1951. It is a Law-Term, ſignifying a Maintenance of a Perſon in his Suit, upon condition to have part of the Lands or Goods in diſpute, when recovered, from the *Fr.* *Champ*, A field, and *Parti*, Divided; becauſe the Land, or Field, in queſtion is commonly divided between the *Champartior*, who maintains the Suit, and the Perſon in whole name and right he ſues. *Blo.* L. D.
- Chanons*, *Canons*, Mo. 3002. The place ſeems to be corrupted. I find *Chanons* *ne Chartons* in *PP's. Credo*, i. e. Nei-ther Canons nor Carthuſians. If we ſuppoſe our Author wrote *Chanons*, *Chartons*, the later might eaſily be corrupted to *Chanons*, and afterwards turned to *Canons*, to make ſome difference, as if it were intended to mean Canons Regular and Secular.
- Chantepleure*: One that ſings and weeps (*Fr.* *Chante et pleure*) in the ſame moment. It ſeems to be the Burden of a Song. *An.* 323.
- Chantid*: Enchanted, bewitched. *WB.* 575.
- Chapmanbode*, *Chapmanbode*: The Profeſſion or Buſineſs of a Merchant or Tradeſman, &c.
- Char*, *Chare*: A Chariot.
- Charge*: Hurt, damage. *Sp.* A burden or load; Weight. *No charge is what ſo theſe clerks ysaine*; Whatſoever theſe Clerks, or Scholars, ſay is of no weight with me. *Cup.* 218. *Of that no charge*; No matter for that. *No.* 770. To weigh or incline. *Fa.* L. 2. 237. To behave. *Chargiſh* *not ſo ſay*; Is not neceſſary to be related. *Tr.* L. 3. 1582. But *Ca.* hath it, *nedyſh* *not*. *Charge* in *RR.* 4366. ſhould perhaps be *change*. *Chargeous*: Troubleſome. p. 152, a.
- Charmereſſes*: Women uſing Charms. *Fa.* L. 3. 171.
- Chafe*: Chole. *Hen.* 31, 33. Alſo, as *Chace*, V.
- Chall*, *Ber.* 326. *Chaffie*, *RR.* 6993. To chaſtiſe, puniſh; To reprove.
- Chafelains*: The Governor of a Caſtle. *Caſtellanus*; *Præfectus Caſtri*, *Domini vices ibidem agens*. *Spelm.* In *RR.* 3740. it ſignifies properly ſuch a Governor's Lady, or in general, any Lady of Quality under the Degree of a Counteſs.
- Chauſinges*: Heats, motions. p. 208, a.
- Chauſcellere*: A Woman-Chancellor. *AL.* 507.
- Chauſcellere*: One that ſings-clear; A cock.
- Chauſtements*: Inchantments. p. 489, a.
- Chauſterie*, (*Fr.* *Chanterie*) "A Chappel (commonly annexed to ſome Parochial or Cathedral Church) or dowed with Lands or other yearly Revenues, for the maintenance of one or more Priests, daily to ſay Maſs for the Souls of the Donors, or ſuch others as they did appoint; Of theſe *Chanteries*, there were ſeven within *S. Paul's Church, London.* *Blo.* *Chauſters*: Singers; Priests officiating in Chauntries.
- Checke-mate*: A Term at Cheſs, when the King cannot be moved without being taken. *Shall no huſbonde ſaine unto me checke-mate*; No huſband ſhall check or controul me. *Tr.* L. 2. 754.
- Checkere*: A Cheſs-board. *Dr.* *Ch.* 660.
- Cheefetain*: A Commander in chief.
- Cheerte*, *Cherte*, *Chierie*: Charity, love, affection; Fondneſs.
- Cheſſis fat*, *RR.* 7091. Calves fat, or *Chevins* fat, i. e. The fat of a Muller. *Sk.*
- Cheine*: A Chain laid croſs a ſtreet. *Tr.* L. 2. 618.
- Chek*: An unlucky trick. *Ber.* 182. *Fr.* *Echec*.
- Chekelaoun*: A Huſſ of Checker-work made of Cloth of Gold. *Sp.* A Huſſ like *Motley*. *Sk.*
- Cheker*: The Sign of the Chequer-Inn. *PT.* 14.
- Chelaundre*, *RR.* 81. A Goldfinch, a ſort of Lark. *Sk.*
- Chepe*: Cheapſide in London. *Prol.* 756. *MR.* 1269. Alſo, To buy, cheapen. *WB.* 268. Cheapneſs of Proviſions. *Fa.* L. 3. 885.
- Cherche*, *Chirche*, *Chyrch*: A Church.
- Chere*: Cheer, countenance; Shew, appearance. *Tr.* L. 1. 312. Behaviour; Geſture. It alſo ſignifies a Feaſt or Entertainment. *He maketh feſt and chere*; He lives well, or ſplendidly. *No.* 2835.
- Chereliche*, Mo. 2990. In ſome *MSS.* and printed *Fdd.* it is *Churlike*, as well in this as the following Verſe; and in *Com.* it is explained thus; Uſe rude [plain] and coarſe meat and apparel.
- Cherice*: To cheriſh, to comfort. *Cherifance*, *Cherifh*: Cherifhing, comfort, any thing comfortable. *Wel cheriſhed*: Well-bred. *AL.* 135.
- Churle*, *Churlis*. See *Churle*.
- Chefe*: To chuſe. *Ches*: Chole. *Hyp.* 88.
- Cheft*: Chaſed, purſued. *Tr.* L. 5. 1367.
- Cheſte*: A coffin. *Fr.* 1059. *Sirife and cheſte*, p. 201, a. & Chaſtiſement, reproof, brawling, debate.
- Cheſten*: A cheſnut-tree. *Prol.* 2924. *Cheſtains*: Cheſnuts. *RR.* 1375. *Fr.* *Châtaigne*.
- Cheve*: To thrive, proſper. *No.* 1246.
- Cheveſaile*: A Gorget. *Sk.* A necklace. *RR.* 1082.
- Cheveſaunce*, *Cheviſaunce*: Merchandiſing; Advantage or Profit in Trade. *Prol.* 284. Alſo, An Agreement or Compoſition; Payment of money according to agreement. *No.* 2837, 2899. It is uſed in an ill ſenſe. *Bal.* 53. & Cheating, an unlawful bargain. In *Mo.* 1627. it ſeems to be taken for an Action or Achievement.
- Chewice*: To redeem, to effect. *Sk.* *Sp.* Perhaps it ſhould be *Cherice*, *CM.* 136.
- Chiche*, *Fr.* A covetous, niggardly fellow. *RR.* 5588.
- Chicheface*: A meager, hungry, greedy Starveling. *Fr.* 2209. It ſeems to ſignify a Hobgoblin or Bugbear, ſuch as Nurſes frighten Children withall. See *Sk.* in *Chicheface*.
- Chidreſſe*: A ſcold. *RR.* 4266.
- Chike*: A chick or chicken. *RR.* 541.
- Childyng*: Conceiving. *Bal.* *Lad.* 132.
- Chimbe*: The Rim of a Cooper's veſſel on the outſide of the Head, or Bottom. The end of the Staves from the Groove outwards are called the Chimes. *MR.* 787.
- Chinche*, *RR.* 5998. for *Chiche*, V. So *Chincherie* for *Chiche*: Covetouſneſs, Kingineſs. *Pars.* *Chinchy* for *Chiche* or *Chiche*, V. *Chinchy grede*: A greedy, covetous perſon. *RR.* 6002.
- Chirch*: A Church. *Chirchbanis*: Churchyards. p. 206, b.
- Chirking*, *Prol.* 2006. *Fa.* L. 3. 853. Any diſagreeable noiſe; properly the Jarring or Craſhing of a door upon the hinges. *There is no doer which may chark*, ſays *Gower* in his Deſcr. of the Houſe of Slepe, *Conf. Am.* L. 4. f. 79. *The ſeld chirking agriſeth of cold*, *Boeth.* p. 364,

- p. 364, b. *Siridens campus inhorruit*. It is here applied to the Wind.
- Chirish**: Chirpeth. *Fr.* 540.
- Chise**: Chideth; Scolded. *No.* 942.
- Chivalrie**: Knighthood; Skill in Arms; Valour, courage; Valiant Exploits, Feats of Arms.
- Chivalrons**: Valiant, stout, warlike; Famous for Acts of Chivalry. *Tr. L.* 5. 802.
- Chivaunche**, CMV. 144. for *Chivauché*: Chivalry; Riding in State.
- Chiver**, **Chivir**: To shiver, shake. *Bl. Kn.* 231. *RR.* 1732.
- Chokeling**: Chuckling, quavering in the throat. *PT.* 413.
- Chorle**. See *Churle*. **Chorlich**. See *Charliche*.
- Christen**, **Christin**: A Christian. *Christenmesse*, *Christinmesse*: Christmas. *Christendom*: Christianity, the Christian Religion.
- Churle**: A country clown; A slave or vassal. p. 205, b. *AS.* Leopl. *Rufous*, *colonus*.
- Charliche**: Plain, homely. *Mo.* 2991. Clownish, rude, simple. See *Chereliche*.
- Churlish**: Like a Churl, rude, unbecoming a Gentleman. *Fr.* 3077.
- Chynys**, *Ber.* 1619. f. Chinks.
- Ciergis**: Wax-Tapers; Lamps. *RR.* 6248.
- Cipion**: *Scipio*, a famous Roman General. *RR.* 10. *Macrobius* wrote a large Comment on *Tully's Scipionis*. See *Mo.* 1238, 1239.
- Cipris**: *Venus*, Queen of *Cyprus*. *Fa. L.* 2. 10.
- Cite**: A City.
- Citrin**: Yellow. *Sp.* Lemon or Citron-colour. *Lat.* *G-trinus*.
- Citrimacion**, *No.* 837. Perfect Digestion; the Colour proving the Philosopher's Stone. *Sk. Sp.* Turning to a Citrine colour by Chymistry.
- Citryn**. See *Citryn*. Instead of *citryn*, *Prol.* 2169. *MS. Ch.* hath *certeyn*.
- Clambe**, **Clambin**: Climbed. *Fa. L.* 2. 1061.
- Clapers**: Rabbit-holes or Burrows. *RR.* 1405. *Fr.* *Clapier*.
- Clappe**, **Clappen**: To chatter, prate. *Test.* *Who* *mochill* *clappish*, *gabbish* *oft*; He that talketh much, lieth often. *Cup.* 142. *Aye* *clappish* *as a mille*; Maketh a continual noise like the Clapper of a Mill. *Fr.* 2233. *Clapping*: Noisy talking. *Ib.* 2020.
- Clappir**: A Clapper; The Cover of a Cup, with which Beggars used to make a noise by shaking it. *Gr.* 343, 387. *CCR.* 63, 76.
- Clapied**: Claped; A Transposition of Letters very common in *Chaucer*.
- Clarie**, **Clarre**, **Clarrie**: Hippocras-Wine made with Spices, &c. *Vinum clarificatum*; *sen à clare colore*, *quia per manicam Hippocratis transcolatur*. *Sk.*
- Clatterdin**, or (as *MS. Ch.*) *Claterda*: Clattered. *Prol.* 2425.
- Claw**, *WB.* 940. *Claw us on the gall*; Make us angry by saying disagreeable things. *Claw'd him on the bak*; Coar'd by clapping him on the back. *MR.* 1218.
- Cled**: Clad, dressed. *Tr. L.* 3. 1527.
- Clemeth**: Claimeth.
- Clenesse**: Purity; Holiness. *Fr.* 619, 646.
- Clepe**: To call, to name. *Clepid*: Called, named.
- Clepih**, *Sq.* 1955. *Klyppih*, *MS. Ch.* *Clippeth*, embracing. See *Clippe*.
- Clere**: Clear. For *Bemis clere*, *Tr. L.* 5. 9. read *Bemis clene* (as in *MS. Sp.*) which rhymes to *grene* and *Quene*, *Ib.* 11, 12. But the mistake hath run through all the Editions which I have seen.
- Clerge**, *Ber.* 252. *Clergy*, *Ib.* 2015. Learning; Skill. *Clergial*: Learned. *No.* 773. *Clergion*: A young Clerk or Scholar. *Ib.* 3011.
- Clerke**: A Scholar; A person in holy Orders.
- Clevit**: Cliffs, rocks. *Hyp.* 103.
- Clift**, *Fr.* 881. The Cleft of the Fundament.
- Cliket**: A key. *Sq.* 1562. An Instrument of Iron to lift up a Latch. *Sp.*
- Clip**: To cut hair. *MR.* 218. It is put for *Clepe*: To call. *Bal.* 65.
- Clippe**, **Clippen**: To embrace. *Tr. L.* 3. 1350. *Clipping*: Embracing. *Magd.* 163. *RL.* 130. *AS.* *Clýppan*, *Ampleti*.
- Clips**, **Clipes**: An Eclipse. *Test.* *Clipsy*: Eclipsed. *RR.* 5349.
- Cloistre**: An Inclosure. *In the cloistre of thy blissfull fadis*; In thy blessed womb. *No.* 43.
- Clombe**, **Clomben**, **Clombin**: Climbed, mounted, ascended.
- Cloos**: Close. *RR.* 6104.
- Close**: Any place inclosed, as a Yard. *Mo.* 1475. Also, To include, comprehend. *RR.* 40.
- Clostr**: An Inclosure. *RR.* 4069.
- Clostr**: Inclosed. *Bal. Lad.* 36.
- Clolefe**: A Burdock leaf, a leaf of the great Clot-bur. *No.* 588.
- Clobleffe**: Without clothes, naked. p. 196, a.
- Closterid**: Clotted.
- Clove gelofer**, *No.* 3271. A Plant commonly called Clove-Gilli-flower, *Caryophyllus hortensis*. Perhaps *Clove*, *Gilofre* in *RR.* 1368. should be read *Clove-gilofre*. See *Gilofre*.
- Clove**. See *Clove gelofer*, and *Gilofre*.
- Clubid**: Having a club-head. *Mo.* 10.
- Clum**, *MR.* 530. A Note of Silence.
- Coaction**: Constraint, compulsion. *Test.*
- Coarted**: Forced, compelled. p. 486, b. *Coarter* in Old *Fr.* is to Restrain. *Palsgrave's Eclaircissement de la Langue Francoise*. And *Lidgate* useth *Coarten* in that sense, in the Life of St. Edmund;
- He coude the reynes coarten and restreynne.*
- Cockis bones**, *Mo.* 339. An Oath used in *Chaucer's* time, and since by King *Hen. VIII.*
- Cod**, *No.* 2050. *O flinkin* [i. *flinking*] *cod*. By *Cod* is here meant the Belly; from the *AS.* *Codde*, which signifies any Bag; Whence it is that in the North they call a Pillow, a *Cod*; A Pin-cushion, a *Pin-cod*. *Ray's Coll.* p. 16.
- Coffer**: A chest. *Prol.* 300. A coffin. *AF.* 177. The Elm-tree is so called, because Chests or Coffins were usually made of it.
- Cofrin**: To put into a Coffer or chest; To hoard up. *Mo.* 2047.
- Cogge**: A cock-boat. *Hyp.* 114. It is called a *Cogge* in some parts of the North. See *Spelm.* in *Cogones*.
- Cognifance**. See *Comifance*.
- Coigne**: To coin.
- Coilons**: Stones, Testicles. *No.* 2480. *Fr.* *Coillons*.
- Coines**: Quinces. *RR.* 1373. *Fr.* *Coïn* or *Coing*, a Quince.
- Coint**, *Ch. Dr.* 1824. for *Queins*: Odd, strange.
- Cokewold**, **Cokold**: A Cuckold. See a pleasant Etymology of it, *RL.* 290, &c.
- Cokeny**: The *Fr.* *Coguin*, from which this word seems to be derived, signifies a Rogue, a Knave, a lazy Beggar, a slothfull fellow: And it is probable that Citizens are called *Cokenys*, because they generally lead a less active life than Country people do. See *Hick. Gr. AS.* p. 231. in *marg.* It seems to be used in a different sense in *PP. Psal.* 6. — *I have no salt bacon, Ne no cokeny — colopes for to make*. Perhaps it signifies there a sort of a made Dish of meat, from *Coguin*; unless the meaning be this; Nor am I a Cokeny to make collops, &c. I am not nice to make or desire dainty Dishes or Kickshaws.
- Col**, *Col foxe*, *Mo.* 1330. A blackish fox, as if it were *Colefox*. *Sk. Coll* is a Dog's name. *Ib.* 1498. It seems to be a sort of a Nick-name. *Fa. L.* 3. 187.
- Cold**, *Tr. L.* 3. 801. *Bal. Lad.* 151. *Cole*, *Colln*: To cool, to grow cold.
- Colerale**: Colourable, pretended. *Pr. RL.* 55.
- Colere**: A collar. *Tr. L.* 5. 1659.
- Coll**. See *Col*.
- Collaris**: Collars. *FL.* 215.
- Collation**: A conference. *Fr.* 1355. A deduction, an inference. Also, A comparison. *Boeth.*
- Colling**: Embracing about the neck. *Overius collings*; Wanton embraces. p. 506, b.
- Coloure**, *Mo.* 1043. *Choler*.
- Colours**: Rhetorical Figures. *Fr.* 1046, 2269, 2272.
- Columbe**: A dove. *Bal. Lad.* 79. *Lat.* *Columba*.
- Columbine**: Belonging to a dove. *Eyin columbine*; Dove's eyes. *Sq.* 1658.
- Columpne**: A column, a pillar. *Bal. Lad.* 125.
- Colyn swerde**, *PT.* 621. f. A sword made at *Cologne* in Germany.
- Combriment**, **Combraunce**: An incumbrance; trouble. *Ber.* 1870.
- Cembre**: To cumber, to trouble, *I cembre world*, *MS. Sp.* the world. *Tr. L.* 4. 279.
- Combrist**:

Combus: Burnt. No. 832. But in *Tr. L.* 3. 718. it is a Term in Astronomy: When a Planet is not above 8 Degrees and 30 Minutes distant from the Sun, it is said to be *Combus*, or in *Combustion*; but *MS. Sp.* reads it *Combrid*, i. e. Encombred, in distrefs.

Comeliche: Commonly. *Ber.* 253.

Committee: Joined, put together; Committed. *p.* 209, *b.*

Commance: Community. *Sk. Tholding commance*; Having all things in common. *RR.* 5209. Perhaps it should be *communance*; and that would compleat the Verse, which wants a Syllable.

Commend: Coming. *Ber.* 1717.

Common: To come. Also, Common. *Comen. shinges*, *p.* 362, *a.* Commonwealth. *Lat. Republica.*

Commend: Coming, proceeding. *Test. L.* 3.

Commendidin: Recommended. *Tr. L.* 3. 17. Com-mended. *lb.* 218.

Commendment: A recommendation. *Test.*

Commensal: A boarder. *Test.* One that eats at the same Table. *p.* 484, *a.*

Commevid: Moved. *Tr. L.* 5. 1597.

Commun: Common. *RR.* 6237.

Communalte: The Commonalty, the Commons. *Mo.* 2594.

Commised: Committed. *p.* 211, *b.*

Communing: Communicating, receiving the Communion.

Commoue: To move, excite.

Communablie: Commonly. *RR.* 7189, *i.*

Communalities: Communities. *Test.*

Commune: Common, vulgar, general.

Commyns: The Common people, the Mob. *Prol.* 2511.

Comparison: To compare. *Boeth.*

Compas, No. 45. *Trine compas*; The Trinity. See *Trine*.

Compasment: Contrivance. *Hyp.* 49.

Compensable, **Compinable**: Sociable; Fit for company, or conversation; A company-keeper.

Compendously for **Compendiously**, *RR.* 2953. Briefly.

Compere: A fellow, an equal; A partner, confort; A companion, a comrade. *Prol.* 672. See *Blo.* in *Compeer*.

Compiler: A compiler.

Compinable. See *Compensable*.

Complyn: It signifies properly that Evensong which compleated the whole Service of the Day; but it is taken for any Chorus, or Confort of Musick, *MR.* 1063. See *p.* 197, *a.*

Compownd; Compounded. *Hyper.* 24. *Fa. L.* 2. 521. Com-posed. *p.* 439, *a.*

Compromis for **Compromis**: A Compromise, which in Law signifies a mutual Promise of Partys at difference to refer their Controversies to one or more Arbitrators. *Blo. L. D.* In *Bal.* 444. it signifies simply, a Promise.

Compte: To account. *RR.* 5026. **Comptid**: Accounted. *CCR.* 192.

Comynly: Commonly.

Con: To understand, learn, know; To be able, can. *RR.* 7126. It is used for *Can*, *V.*

Concurbiu, No. 815. It is a glass, earthen or copper Vessel, in shape resembing a Gourd [*Lat. Cucurbita*] which with the Head is most commonly used in Distillations, or Rectifications; and is usually called a Body, and sometimes a Subliming Vessel.

Cond: To conduct. *Ber.* 3261.

Condis: Conduits. *RR.* 1414.

Condit: Conduct. *Serve*, or *seff condit*; A Passport. *Ber.* 3238, 3246.

Conditte: To conduct, guide, govern; To behave. *BD.* 536.

Confecture: A composition of Medicines. No. 2380.

Confedrid: Confederate; Joyned in a confederacy or combination.

Confirme, *p.* 158, *b.* *I confirme*; I am resolved.

Confuse: Confounded. *Tr. L.* 4. 356.

Conjir: To conjure; To bewitch. *PT.* 339.

Conjecte: To conjecture, guess; To project, contrive.

Conjecting: Conjecture, guessing. **Conjectemens**: Contrivances, Projects. *p.* 493, *a.*

Conisance: Knowledge. *RR.* 5465. It signifies also a Waterman's or other Servant's Badge: Hence it is taken for any Badge or Mark of Distinction. *Fr. Con-noissance.*

Conjumper: To jumble or joyn together. *p.* 478, *a.* Perhaps it should be read *conne jumpere* in two words, i. e.

Be able to Jumble, or perhaps to Jabber.

Conjure The, *Tr. L.* 3. 193. I adjure thee: Or it may be read, as in *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.* *I ajorne the And the*, *lb.* 194. i. e. I appoint a day for your meeting; from the *Fr. Ajourner.*

Conne: To be able, *RR.* 5589. **Conith**, **Connith**: Can. *Mo.* 3269. **Conne thanks**; Acknowledge an obligation, Take it as a favour. *Tr. L.* 3. 1466. **Conne mangre**; Owe ill will. *RR.* 4559. See *Mangre*.

Conning: Art, skill, knowledge, experience. **Connyngly**; Witley. **So connyngly**: With so much affectation of art. *Bal.* 860.

Conserve: To preserve, save, No. 398. **Conservatife**: Proper to preserve. *Fa. L.* 2. 339. **Conservatrice**: A preserver, *fem.* She who preserveth. *Bal. Lad.* 117.

Conistorie: It is commonly used for a Council-house of Ecclesiastical persons, or the Place of Justice in the Court Christian; Also a Session or Assembly of Prelates. *Blo. L. D.*

Conste: A conceit. Also, To conceive, or express one's meaning. *Ch. Dr.* 1238. **Con conste**; Began to declare, or Declared, expressed. See *Con*.

Constablerie: The Apartment of the Constable or Governor of a Castle, The Keeper. *RR.* 4218.

Constert: Construction, interpretation. *Ber.* 68.

Constrain. See *Constrained*.

Constreine: To torment, vex, make uneasy. *Fr.* 2366. To hinder; To restrain. *Bal.* 24. To torture. *Mo.* 1175. To confine to proper offices; **Coercere**, *Boeth.* *p.* 364, *b.* **Constrainance**: Constraint, force. *RR.* 7438. **Constreint**: Torment. *Tr. L.* 4. 741.

Conteke: Contention, strife, discord. *Prol.* 2004.

Contrade: Contrary. No. 4. *Fr. Contraire.*

Contrariantes: Things contrary to, contradicting, contradictory.

Contrarious: Contrary; Different. *WB.* 698. Froward, perverse. *lb.* 780. Averse to. *Di.* 435.

Contrariouste, **Contrariouste**: Contrariety, opposition. *Test.*

Contrary: An adversary. *Prol.* 1861. To contradict. Also, Contradiction.

Contrayned for **Constrained**, *Boeth.* See *Constrained*.

Controve: To invent, feign, devise. *RR.* 4249, 7547. *Fr. Contraver.*

Contubernial, *p.* 205, *b.* Equal. The *Lat. Contubernalis* signifies a Comrade, a Companion, &c.

Continue: To continue. *RR.* 4354.

Convail: To recover. *RL.* 277. See *Sk.*

Convert: To change one's mind. *Tr. L.* 2. 903; *L.* 4. 1412. **Convertible**, *Tough and experience are not convert*, i. e. Are not convertible Terms, It cannot be said of the same person that he is both young and experienced. *Pr. RL.* 111.

Cape: "A large outward Vestment [used by Ecclesiastical persons] covering the Shoulders and the whole Body like a Cloak; Of this kind I take to be those rich "Copes still preserv'd and made use of by the Epistler "and Gospeller in the Cathedral Church of Durham. App. to the AS. Homily published by Mr. Elish. *p.* 38. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Capa*.

Cappe: The End of a thing. *Prol.* 556. The tip of the nose; The top of any thing; *Cacumen*, *Boeth.* *p.* 369, *b.*

Corage: The mind, thought; Courage, Spirit; Temper; Affection. *Fr.* 1729. Will, pleasure. *Filled had his corage*; Had obtained his will, gained his pleasure, Strength; *Robur*, *Boeth.* *p.* 360, *b.* **Coragious**: Minded, resolved. *RR.* 4416.

Corare, *p.* 493, *a.* *l. antep.* seems to be mistaken for **Corage**; but it is *corare* in all the Editions which I have seen.

Corbettis, *Fa. L.* 3. 214. Stones wherein Images stand. *Sk.*

Coree. See *Corse*.

Cordemane, No. 3241. **Cordovan**, Fine Spanish Leather, so called from Corduba in Spain where it was dressed. *Blo.*

Cordiacle. See *Cardiacle*.

Cordileres, *RR.* 7461. **Cordeliers**, Grey Fryers of the Order of St. Francis; so called because they wear about their middle a Rope, or Cord full of twilted knots. *Blo.*

Cordis: Accorded, agreed. **Cords**, **Cordish**: Agreeeth, *Tr. L.* 2. 1043.

Cornwails,

Cornemalle, RR. 4250. *Cornwall*.

Corniculare for *Corniculere*, No. 380. There were under the Roman Empire both Civil and Military *Cornicularij*. The former is meant in this place; concerning whose Office, as well as the Reason of the Name, Civilians and Criticks differ in their opinions. The most probable is, that the *Cornicularius* was the Officer who registred and published the Acts, Orders or Decrees of the *Præfectus Prætorio*; and this *Cassiodorus* seems to imply, *Var. L. II. 36. Præfuit [Cornicularius] iuribus [al. curibus] Secretarij*. Vide *Calv. Lex Jurid. & Pitiset Lex. Antiq.* All the Editions which I have perus'd have instead of it, *Councilere* or *Councillere*: But *H. 1.* reads it, *Cronculere*, and *MS. Ch. Cronculere*; nor is it to be doubted but *Mr. Urry* had more express Authority for restoring *Corniculere*, of which the other is but a Corruption, introduced by the ignorance of the Transcribers, who not understanding the meaning of the word, substituted another in it's place, as *Councillere*, by changing *rn* into *un*, and *u* into *e*. The Reading of the *MSS.* abovementioned retains more of the true one, only *o, r*, are transposed to make *Cronculere*, q. d. *A Chronieler*, a Register of Publick Acts. In the *Not. Dign. Imp. Rom.* the *Cornicularius* is frequently mentioned, and is generally the Second Established Officer in the Offices of the Chief Governours of Provinces.

Cornumse, *Fr. L. 3. 128.* A Bag-pipe. *Fr. Cornumse*.

Corny ale: Strong, nappy ale. No. 1829, 1970.

Coron, Carown: A crown. *ProL. 2291.* A garland. No. 232.

The crown of the head; The shaved crown of a Monk. *Gam. 1036.*

Coronse: Curious. *Ber. 3190.*

Corrige: To correct. *p. 395, a. Corriged*: Corrected. *p. 390, a.*

Corruptable: Corruptible.

Corrupts: To corrupt. *ProL. 2748.* To sink. *Ph. 10.*

Cors, Corse: A Corps, or dead body. Also, A body. No. 1819, 3413. To curse. *Tr. L. 3. 1707.* A Course in Navigation. *Ber. 864.*

Cosinage: The relation of Cousins. It is used for any kindred. No. 2544. *p. 493, a.*

Cosbon: A cushion. *Ber. 927.*

Costage: Cost, charges. *WB. 249. Fr. 2147.*

Costei: To coast along, to pass by the side of. *Bl. Kn. 36. Fr. Costoyer.*

Costlewe: Costly, chargeable.

Cote: A cott or cottage. *Fr. 1428.* Also, A coat.

Cote-armours, Cote-armures: Coats of Arms. *ProL. 1018, 2502.*

Cotelere: A cutler. *Ber. 2561.*

Coshe for *Coush*: Could; Understood. *RR. 749.*

Cotidien: A Quotidian Ague. *RR. 2401.*

Conche, Couchen, Couchin: To submit; To lay on. No. 1173. *RR. 6903.* *Combid*: Set, as Jewels are. *ProL. 2163. Layd. AF. 216.*

Cond, *Tr. L. 1. 661.* or rather *Coush* (as in *MS. Sp.*) *Knoweth; Knew, understood; Can; Could. Ib. 666: L. 2. 1178.*

Coviten: To covet. *RR. 6173.*

Covenable, Covinable: Convenient, usefull, proper. *p. 205, a. Suitable, agreeable. Covenably*: Suitably, &c. *Competenter, Boeth. p. 394, a.*

Cover for *Recover*, *p. 449, a. l. 5.*

Coverchiefes, *ProL. 455.* or (as *MS. Ch.*) *Kerchevis*: A woman's Head-clothes. *Ar. 317.* A Head-dress. *Fr. Coverchief*; whence by Contraction, *Kerchief*.

Coverts: Covered; Close, reserved, secret. *RR. 6149. BD. 177.*

Covertours, Covertures: Coverings. *Mo. 2045.* Robes.

Covetise: Covetousness.

Coughin: Caught, took up. *Lac. 175.*

Covine: Fraud, cheat. *ProL. 606.* Intragues. *RR. 3799.* Any wicked combinations. *Boeth. L. 1.* It is properly a deceitful Compact or Agreement between two or more persons to prejudice another. *Bl. L. D.*

Covircle: A Cover or Lid. *Fr. Covercle.*

Covirtly: Privately, secretly. *RR. 6111.*

Covitise, as *Covetise*.

Conipe: A fault; Guilt. *p. 196, a. Culpable*: Culpable, blameable; Guilty. *Pars. Boeth.*

Comp: To account. *Tr. L. 5. 363.*

Counsaile, Counseile: Counsel, advice; A secret. No. 2337.

In counseile be it seide, i. e. As a secret, in confidence, not to be told again. *Fr. 2248.*

Countenance: See *Comtinance*.

Counterfaitours: Deceivers, dissemblers, Hypocrites.

Counterfete. See *Counterfete*.

Counterplete: To contradict; To reply.

Counterpoise, Counterpeise: To counterpoize: A Counterpoise, a weight put in the contrary Scale. *Tr. L. 3. 1413.* See *Counterpeise*.

Counterwaye: To watch against. *p. 211, b.*

Comtinance, Countenance: A pretence. No. 1285. *Make countenance*; Make a sign. *p. 148, b.*

Counterpeise. See *Counterpoise*. In *Fr. L. 3. 660. Py. reads,*
To counterpeise ease and traueyle,

That is, To counter-balance ease and labour: The other Reading is scarce intelligible; though it has obtained in all the Editions published since, that have come to my hands.

Counterpleated: Counterpleaded. *Sk. Contradicted, See Counterplee in Bl. L. D.*

Countour: An Accountant; An Auditor of Accounts. *Mo. 2742. RR. 6812.* One that counts well. *Dr. Ch. 435.* A Counter, or Counting-house. *Ib. 436. Fr. Contoir.*

Counterfreie: To counterfete; To imitate. No. 1961. *Mo. 1436.* To pretend.

Counteretale: A Counter-tally, One part of a Tally answering to, or tallying with the other: And thence it is in *Fr. 2210.* applied to the Echo's exactly answering to what is spoke.

Consegorge, *Fr.* A Cut-throat; A dangerous place by reason of Assassins, Robbers, &c.

Coure: To crouch, cringe, bow. *Mo. 2147. Courid*: Crouched, squatted down. *RR. 465. See Sk.*

Cowfin: A fine, deceitfull or cunning heart, says *Sk.* from the *Fr. Cœur fin*: But it can scarce bear that sense in *Bal. 325. O cowfin figure*, which perhaps should be read *Corsin*, or *corvin figure*, that is, A carved figure, As compleat as a Statue.

Cowse, *Tr. L. 2. 970. Ca. and Py. read the Verse thus;*

And spreden out theyr colours kyndly by rowe;

which gives a very easy and natural sense, viz. Flowers, which being closed up through the coldness of the night by drooping upon their stalks, recover themselves against the Sun-shine, and spread their colours naturally in their order. *Colours* seems to be corrupted to *Cowrs*, by the negligence of the Copyers.

Cowtepy, *ProL. 292.* A short upper garment, which did not reach to the feet. *Sk.*

Courtman: A Courtier. *Sq. 1008.*

Coush: Known; Famous. *ProL. 15. AS. Lu8, Notms.* Also, Can; Could; Knoweth; Knew. See *Cond.*

Covercheffe. See *Coverchiefes*.

Coye: Quiet. *Coyen, Tr. L. 2. 801. Koy, MS. Sp. Coy, Ca.* To coax, soothe, appease, keep quiet. *Fr. Coy, Calm, quiet.*

Craftie: Skillfull. No. 1311.

Crakid: Cracked, boasted. *MR. 893. Crakish*: Maketh a hoarse quavering in the throat. See *Crakil*.

Crakil: To crackle, to make a cracking noise. In *CN. 119.* it signifies a disagreeable quavering in singing, as *Crakish* is used in *Sq. 1367.*

Crallis: Engraven. *Sp. Sk. Harneis quaintly crallit*; Furniture curiously embroidered.

Crampishish: Gnaweth. *Sp.* A word made from the sound of the cranching of the teeth in chewing. *Sk.* Perhaps *Crampish* signifies To cramp or bend violently. *An. 170.* and from thence is translated to signify the effect produced in the heart by Anguish of Mind in *Lidgate, Fl. 49.* There is a parallel Passage in the same Author's Life of *St. Edmund*;

Constreint of rygour made hem sore swerte,
Which as they thought craumpyshed al here berie.

And perhaps at mine berie in *Fl. 49.* should be read at mine berie, as here at here berie.

Crased: Cracked. No. 955. *Fr. Ecrafer*, To crack.

Creance: Faith, belief; Trust, credit; Confidence. *Fr. Creance.* Also, To buy upon credit or trust, or rather To settle Accounts. No. 2797, 2874.

Creause, No. 2811. as *Creance*.

Crede: Cread. *Mo. 3906.* It signifies a Treatise bearing that

that Title;

*And of Ereris I have before
Told in a making of a Credo.*

There is nothing extant under *Chaucer's* name that bears the Title of a *Credo*. But there is a Poem, Intituled *Piers Plowman's Credo*, which is a Satyr against the Fryars; whether that be the *Credo* here meant, or *Jack Upland* (as some think) or some other Piece on that Subject, I will not pretend to determine: If the Author of this Tale means the first, it follows that either that *Credo* was written by *Chaucer*, or that the *Plowman's Tale* is not his. It is wanting in some MSS. as *MS. Ch.* and *H. 1.* and in them (as in the printed Editions that want this Tale) the *Parson's Prologue*, which immediately follows the *Manciple's Tale*, begins to this effect;

*By that the Manciple had his Tale endid,
The Sunne fro the South side is descendid, &c.*

Crenclid: Crinkled; Full of windings and turnings. *Ar.* 127.

Crepil: A cripple. *Tr. L.* 4. 1458.

Crepusculis: The Twilight. *p.* 144, *b.* Lat. *Crepusculum*.

Crevasse, *Fr.* A crevis or chink. *Fa. L.* 3. 996.

Griande: Crying. *RR.* 3138.

Grips for Crisp or Crisped: Curled. *Fa. L.* 3. 296.

Crispe. See *Grips*.

Croce, Croice, Crois, Croise: A cross.

Croisery, *Mo.* 2385. Those for whom *Christ* suffered on the Cross. *Sp.* and *Com.* Christians, called in the next Verse, *Christis Christen creturis*. *l. creatouris* to rhyme to *honouris* and *labouris* in the following Verses; *Creature* being in MSS. often writ *creature*. The *It. Croceria* signifies a Company of Soldiers belonging to a *Crusade*. Here it may signify the Company or Society of Christian people: And perhaps this place should be read,

— *Croiserie*
Of Christis Christen creatouris.

Croke: To bend; To grow crooked. *Test.* In *crokeing of the moon*; When the moon was crooked or horned, as it is upon the Increase and Decrease of it. *PT.* 398.

Crockettes: Locks of hair. *Sk. f.* Croffes. *Thei kembe their crockettes with cristal*; They adorn their Crucifixes with Chrystal. *Mo.* 2246. But *Com.* explains it, They combe their locks with cristal combes.

Crokid: Crooked. *Crokidly*: Crookedly. *An.* 172.

Cromes, Crommes: Crumbs.

Crommid: Crammed. *Fa. L.* 3. 1039.

Crone: An old woman. *La.* 433. See *Sk.* Old ewes are called *Crones* in some parts of *England*. See *Ray's Coll.*

Cronique: A Chronicle, Annals, History. *Hen.* 338.

Crop, Crophe: The top. *Croppis*: The tops of trees, or twigs. *RR.* 1396. *Prol.* 7. *Crophe and rote*; Top and bottom. This Phrase generally expresses the Perfection of a thing; as, *The crophe and rote of beaute*, *Tr. L.* 2. 348. *The crophe and rote of gile*, *Cup.* 17. The perfection of beauty — guile. *I know crop and rote*; I know it thoroughly, perfectly.

Crope, Cropin: Crept. *Fr.* 3168. *Test.*

Croffet, Croffolet, Croffilet: A crucible. *Fr.* *Crenset*.

Crouch: To cross, to make the sign of the Cross. *Sq.* 1223.

Croude: To play on a Crowd, or any Musical Instrument. Also, To sing to make any melody.

Croule: Curled.

Croupe: The crupper. *Fr.* 295.

Crowis feet: Crow's feet. *Tr. L.* 2. 404. By this are meant the Wrinkles under the Eyes which are the effect of Age, and resemble the impressions of Crow's feet. Instead of *growin*, in that Verse, *MS. Sp.* hath *be wox*, i. e. be grown.

Cruk, *MR.* 1050. A crock, an earthen pot or cruse. *AS.* *Epocca*. *CB.* *Gochan*. Vide *Baxteri Gloss.* in voce *Bascanda*.

Crull: Curled. *MR.* 206.

Cry, *Ber.* 2345. *The sholdris and the cry*; *f.* The head and shoulders. Perhaps *Cry* may be writ for *Creyn*, *Fr.* *Crane*. Lat. *Cranium*, The skull; the *e* and the *Dash* for *n* being omitted by the Transcriber, as well as that over *sey*, at the end of the foregoing Verse.

Cryaunce: Faith, belief. *ABC. H.* See *Crenuance*.

Cryden: Cried. *Crydiflow*: Cryest thou.

Culle: To pick and chuse; To distinguish. In *Mo.* 2207. perhaps it is put for *quell*, *V.* as *cullish* for *quellish*, *lb.* 2533, 3244. *Com.* explains *Culle* [*al. culleth*] all her *adversaries*; Pluck out and drive away all that are against them.

Culpons: Strikes, heaps, small parts. *Sp.* In *Prol.* 68f. the *Pardoner's* hair is said to lie by *culpons*, i. e. here and there one. The *Italians* say *Colpo colpo*, Now and then.

Culver: A dove, a pigeon. *Ph.* 92. *AS.* *Eulpepe*.

Cum: To come. *Gr.* 361. *Came*. *Test.* *L.* 3.

Cunning, as *Conning*.

Cupp, *Fr.* 2488. *Withoutin cupp dranke he all his penaunce*; He swallowed down his grief by wholesale; A form of Speech taken from Sots who drink out of the Pot, without making use of a cup.

Curation: Cure; A remedy. *Tr. L.* 1. 792.

Cure: Care. *Take no cure*; *Take no care*. *WB.* 138. *I do no cure*; *I care not*. *LW.* 152. *Busy cure*; *Officious, diligent care*. *Magd.* 207. *Endeavour*. *Tr. L.* 1. 370. A good office. *RR.* 6752. Also, A cover. *Bl. Kn.* 53. To cover. *Cr.* 10.

Curfew-time: The time for covering the fire. *MR.* 537. *William the Conqueror*, in the First year of his Reign, commanded that in every Town and Village a Bell should be rung every night at Eight of the Clock, and that all persons should then put out their fire and candle, and go to bed; the ringing of which Bell was called *Curfew*, *Fr.* *Couvre-feu*, i. e. Cover-fire.

Curious: Carefull. *RR.* 6578. *Curious besineffe*; *Business* which requires great care and application. *No.* 2733.

Curriden: Courted, curried favour. *Test.*

Currows: Couriers, messengers. *Fa. L.* 3. 1038.

Curfiness: Wickedness, execrable villany.

Curteise, Curteys, Curtise: Courteous, affable. *Prol.* 99.

Curry-favel: Flattery. *PT.* 362. The Author of the *Art of English Poetrie*, printed 1589. calls the Figure *Paradiastole*, *Curry favel*, which is (as he explains it) "when we make the best of a bad thing, or turn a signification to the more plausible sense; as to call an unthrifty, a liberal Gentleman: the foolish-hardy, valiant or courageous: the niggard, thrifty: a great riot or outrage, a youthfull prank, and such like terms; moderating and abating the force of the matter by craft, and for a pleasing purpose."

Curysye: Curiosity.

Cusky, *PT.* 423. The words [*to slepe*] which follow it, seem to have been at first a Gloss in the margin for explaining the *CB.* *Cusky* or *Cysgu*, To sleep.

Customable: Customary, accustomed, used. *BD.* 551. Acquainted with the world, or custom in such cases.

Customance: Custom. *Mo.* 537. But instead of a *customance*, *Py.* 1. hath *accustomance*, in one word.

Customere, *RR.* 4936. as *Customable*.

Cush for Couth, *V.*

Cypride, *AF.* 276. *Venus* Queen of *Cyprus*. In the former Editions it was *Cupide*; which is wrong, as is plain from what goes before and what follows, *lb.* 279.

Cyte: A city.

Cytezins: Citizens. *Boeth.*

D.

Daffe: A Dastard, a coward. *MR.* 1100. In *Ray's Coll.* To *Daffe* is To daunt; and *Dafi* is Stupid, blockish, daunted.

Daggies: Latchets [or Slips] cut out of leather. *Sp. Sk.* It also signifies the Skirts of a Fleece that are cut off. *Dagging*: Cutting into small slips, flits or pieces. *p.* 198, *a.* *Dagged*: Cut into daggies. *lb.* *All to flittered*, as it is expressed in *RR.* 840. To *Dagge* sometimes signifies To daggle.

Dagon: A piece, a remnant. *Fr.* 487. from *Dagge*. It seems to have an affinity with the *CB.* *Dogn*, A certain quantity, or proportion.

Dais: Day. It is put for the Day or Time of one's death;

- death; as, *His father's daie*; His father's decease. *Mo.* 298. *After his daie*; After his death. *Fr.* 3001. And sometimes for An appointed time. *To graunt him daies of [f. for] the remenaunt*; To grant him certain Terms for the payment of the remainder. *Ib.* 3129. See No. 1062.
- Daine**: To vouchsafe.
- Dainous**, as **Deignous**.
- Daintie**: Dainty, delicate, nice. *Fr.* 1295.
- Dainy**: Daintiness; Respect, esteem, value. *Told no dainy of ther love*; Regarded, or valued not their love. *WB.* 208. See **Deinte**.
- Dalse**: Dug up, tilled; from *Delve*, To dig.
- Dalliance**: Dalliance; Conversation; Pleasant, humorous conversation. *Magd.* 533.
- Damascene**: *Damascus*, or the Country about it. *Feld of Damascene* is put for Paradise. *Mo.* 119. So *Lidgate* in the Fall of Princes, &c. *L. i. Ch. i.* useth *Damascene the felde*.
- Dame**: Mother. *A maid to dame*; A virgin to his mother. *Mo.* 3291. *Damis tongue*; Mother's tongue. *Tess.*
- Dammageous**: Hurtfull, prejudicial. *p.* 198, *b.*
- Dampne**: To condemn. *Damnid*, *Dampnid*: Condemned.
- Dan**: An old Appellation for Master, put before Proper Names; as, *Dan John*, *Dan Arcite*, &c. and answers to the Spanish *Don*. It comes from the *Fr.* *Dame*, which was anciently used indifferently for Men and Women.
- Dare**: To stare. *Sk.* To be in pain. See *Ray's Coll.*
- Dareyn**, **Darreigne**, **Darreyn**: To attempt; To dare; To reclaim; To challenge; To set in array, to prepare for fight. See *Sk.* and *Spelm.* in *Adramire*.
- Darn**: Dare.
- Dasid**: Amazed. *Mo.* 3256. Dazzled, blinded.
- Dasin**: To twinkle; To grow dim-sighted. *Mo.* 1608.
- Dases**: Evidences, Writings. *Old dases*; Antient History, Antiquity. *Mo.* 2007.
- Dauugere**, **Dauugir**: Coyness, shyness, scruple, difficulty; Frugality, parsimony. *RR.* 1147. Power, reach. *Ib.* 1470. *Wib dauuger*; Sparingly. *Dauugers*: Nice, coy, shy; Niggardly, sparing; Difficult, scrupulous.
- Dauut**: To conquer. *Paris.*
- Daway**: Do away, i. e. Take away, or Away with it.
- Daw**: Day; Time. *By eldir daw*; In antient time, In former days. *Mo.* 2583. Also, To dawn. *MR.* 1141. *Dawis*: Days.
- Dawning**: The dawn, or break of day. *Ar.* 300.
- Daurat**: Golden, gilt. *Bl. Kn.* 598.
- Debate**: To fight, contend. Also, Strife, contention; Uneasiness. *BD.* 698.
- Debonaire**: Gentle, meek, affable, courteous, mild; *Mis.*, *Boeth.* *Debonairly*: Humbly, meekly, &c. *Debonairte*: Kindness, meekness, &c. Clemency.
- Decerneth**: Discerneth.
- Decopid**: Peaked. *Sk.* Pinked, cut in figures, as of the Windows of St. Paul's. *MR.* 210. From the *Fr.* *Decouper*, To cut.
- Decorate**, *p.* 376, *b.* *Decoratus*, A man's name.
- Ded**: Did. *Ber.* 3098.
- Dede**: Dead; Did; An Act, or Deed. Also, Death. *CN.* 131.
- Dedely**: Deadly; Devoted to death. *Fr.* 2586.
- Deden**: Did.
- Dedliche**: Deadly, mortal.
- Deed**, as **Dede**.
- Dees**. See **Deis** and **Des**.
- Defaite**: To decay, to alter in one's countenance; Also, Lean, wasted, thin in the face. *Fr.* *Defait*.
- Defaitid**, as **Defaite**.
- Defame**: Infamy, an ill name. *Fr.* 1750. *Mo.* 573. *BD.* 705.
- Defaute**: Defect, want; Default, fault. *Fr.* *Defaut*. In his *defaute*; Through his fault. *BD.* 270.
- Defence**: Prohibition; Hindrance. *Your defence*; Whatsoever you forbid. *Tr. L.* 3. 138. *Fr.* *Defense*.
- Defende**: To forbid. *Fr.* *Defendre*. Also, to preserve, keep. *RR.* 5800. *Defendid*: Forbad, forbidden.
- Defame**, as **Defame**.
- Deficate**, f. for **Deificate**, *Cr.* 288. Deified, made Gods; Divine.
- Definishe**: To define.
- Definitive**: Final; Positive, determined.
- Defoiled**: Defiled. *Bal.* 1073. Foiled, cast down, trampled upon. *p.* 193, *a.* From the *Fr.* *Fowler*, To tread under feet.
- Deformate**: Deformed. *Cr.* 349.
- Defoule**: To defile, pollute. *Defoulid*: Defiled.
- Degre**: Stairs. *RR.* 485. Footsteps. *p.* 386, *b.*
- Deid**, **Deide**: Dyed. *Tr. L.* 1. 56. Dy'd or coloured. *Boeth.*
- Deidin**: To dye; Dyed. *Fr.* 637.
- Deigneliche**, as **Digneliche**. In *Tr. L.* 2. 1024. *Ca.* reads clerkly (i. e. Learnedly) instead of *digneliche*.
- Deignous**: Disdainfull; Angry, coy.
- Deine**: To dye. *Di.* 256. Also, To vouchsafe.
- Deinons**, as **Deignous**.
- Deinte**, **Deiny**: A rarity, what seldom happens. *Tr. L.* 2. 164. Pleasure, desire. Also, Desirable, pleasant. *Fr.* 2133. See **Dainy**.
- Deis**: A Throne; A seat. *Sq.* 79. It properly signifies a Canopy, or Cloth of State. *Fr.* *Dais*.
- Deite**: Deity; Divine Power or Dominion. *Fr.* 2593.
- Deins**: Deacons.
- Del**, **Dele**, **Dell**, **Domle**, **Dyll**: A part, share, portion. *Every dell*, or *dyl*, *AL.* 227. Every whit, every part. *Nevir a dele*; Nothing at all, Not a jot. *No.* 2186. *Not a dele*; Not in the least. *RR.* 6897. *No more a dele*; No more at all. *Ib.* 7041. Also, To share, divide, distribute. *Dele*, *Ber.* 451. for *Dole*, *V.*
- Delectable**: Delightfull, pleasant.
- Delectation**: Delight. *Magd.* 306.
- Delibered**: Deliberated, considered; Thought.
- Deliberen**: To deliberate, to consider. *Tr. L.* 4. 169. But *MS. Sp.* hath *Dyoyfin*, which signifies the same thing.
- Delicacie**: Pleasure. *Mo.* 505.
- Delices**: Delights, pleasures. *No.* 3.
- Delie**: Small, thin, slender. *Right delie threde*; Very fine thread; *Tenuissimis filis*, *Boeth.*
- Delitable**, as **Delectable**.
- Delites**, *Ber.* 123. should be *Delice*, *V.*
- Delitous**, as **Delectable**.
- Deliver**: Nimble, active. *RR.* 831. *Deliverliche*, *Deliverly*: Nimble, quickly. *Deluernes*: Agility of body, activity.
- Dell**. See **Dil**.
- Delve**: To dig. See **Dike**.
- Deluwe**: Deluge. *p.* 207, *b.*
- Delyver**. See **Diliver**.
- Demain**, **Demaine**, **Demoine**: To govern, to rule. Also, Government, dominion, empire, power.
- Demaunde**: A question. *Bl. Kn.* 566. Also, A petition, a request; Desire. *Fr.* *Demande*.
- Deme**, **Demen**, **Demin**: To judge, determine; To condemn. *Mo.* 2585.
- Demening**: Demeanor, behaviour. *Magd.* 226.
- Demontake**: One possessed with a Devil.
- Dent**: Dint, a stroke, a blow; An impression, a mark. *Dent of lovis dart*; The stroke, or wound of love's dart. *CL.* 836. Also, Din, noise. *A thonder dent*, *MR.* 699. *Dente of thonder*, *Fa. L.* 2. 26. A clap of thunder. *AS. Dyn.*
- Dentour**: An Indenture, any thing indented. *As a dentour wygeth*; Windeth like an Indenture. *Ber.* 2057.
- Denude**: To untie a knot; To extricate, or disengage; from the *Fr.* *Denouer*. *RL.* 140. seems to be corrupted: The difficulty arises from the word *ridde*, which is synonymous to *denude*. There is certainly a mistake in the Verse following of *Flastirris* for *Flastiriffe*, A flattering woman; the Poet alluding to *Prov.* II. 16, 17.
- Denwere**: Doubt. See **Sk.**
- Deol**, as **Dole**.
- Depaint**: Painted; Bedaubed. *No.* 2478.
- Depardour**, as **Parde**, *V.*
- Depart**, **Departin**: To depart; To part, separate, divide, share, distribute; To take part. Also, To be separated. *p.* 207, *b.*
- Depe**: Deep. **Depir**: Deeper. **Depliche**: Deeply.
- Depeinted**, as **Depaint**.
- Depe loupe**, *Bal. Lad.* 92. Transparent, giving thorow light. *Sp.* *Sk.* thinks it should be read *Develoupe*, from the *Fr.* *Developpé*, Unfolded, &c. as if it meant, Discovered, manifest. Though this is far from giving satisfaction, I shall forbear offering any Conjectures grounded upon the supposed Corruption of the place (which

(which hath passed through all the Editions I have perused) having no MS. to consult upon it. *Loupe*, in Fr. signifies, A magnifying Glasse.

Depir, *Depliche*. See *Depe*.

Deprave, *Depravin*: To defame, to slander.

Dequace: To dash. *Sp.* To quash, overcome. See *Sk.* in *Quash*. Perhaps it may come from the Lat. *Decussare*, or *Decutere*.

Dercked: Darkened. *Boeth.*

Dere: To hurt. *Mo.* 113. *Dear*. *He maie not holde his treasure dere*; He should not think his money ill layd out, or the Treasure of friendship bought too dear. *RR.* 1180.

Dearer. *Tr.* L. 1. 174. which *Ca.* reads thus;
Nas neuer seen thyng to be preyed derre.

Dereworth: Dear, precious. *Dere* *norisby digned*, *Bal.* Lad. 39. perhaps should be read *Dereworth digned*, i. e. Esteemed most precious and valuable.

Derk: Dark. *Fr.* 2390.

Derne: Secret; Earnest, careful; Cruel, severe.

Derre: Dear; Dearer. See *Dere*.

Des: A Canopy of State. *Fr.* *Dais*. See *Deis*.

Desceivance: Deceit, deceiving; Mistake. *Boeth.*

Descrie, *Describe*: To describe.

Deserne: To discern, *Tr.* L. 4. 390.

Desiderye *Desire*. *Bal.* 382.

Desine for *Define*, *Tr.* L. 4. 390. *MS.* *Sp.* and *Ca.* *Dyffine*: To determine, conclude.

Desire: Desirable. *Bal.* Lad. 229.

Deslave: Lecherous, lascivious. See *Sk.*

Desolase: Ruined, undone. *No.* 2114.

Despight, *Despue*: An Affront, injury, spite, contempt. See *Dispite*.

Despotten, f. leg. *Bespotten*: To bespot, stain, defile; *Communiaculant*. *Boeth.* p. 376, b.

Destinable: Fatal, ordered by Fate; *Fatalis*. *Boeth.*

Destrer: A War-horse. *No.* 3418. *Fr.* *Destrier*. See *Sk.* and *Sp.* Some think it first signified, a Led Horse from the Lat. *Dextra*, The right hand. *Gl.* *Lab.*

Destrie: To destroy. *Mo.* 3084.

Determinission: Determination; Distinction. p. 505, b.

Detellese: Free from debt. *Prol.* 584.

Deviant: Deviating, wandering, out of the way.

Devide: To divide, to part; To depart. *Mo.* 304.

Devineresse: A Witch, a Prophetess.

Devir: Endeavour; Duty. *Fr.* *Devoir*.

Devise: To direct, to order; To declare, tell, rehearse; To describe. Also, Will or pleasure. *RR.* 1326, 1974.

Devised: Divided. *Hen.* 235.

Devoide: Void. Also, To remove, put away. See *Voide*.

Devoir, as *Devir*.

Devorse for *Divorce*, *Magd.* 284.

Devour for *Devour*, p. 205, b. *Dener*, *MS.* *Ch.*

Devysionne: Division; Discord. *Ber.* 720.

Deme: Due. *Dwte*: Duty.

Dey, *Mo.* 959. A Dairy-woman. *Sk.*

Dye: To dye. *Dryde*: Dyed. *Drydist*: Didst dye.

Deynonse, *MR.* 833. *Denyys*, *Dionysius*, A man's name; or perhaps it may signify Proud, haughty, as *Denom*, *V.*

Diaper. "Diapering is a Term in Drawing, when you lightly trace or run over with a pen, in Damask-branches or such like, your other work when you have quite done. It chiefly serveth to counterfeit Cloth of Gold, Silver, Damask brancht, Velvet, Chamlet, &c. with what branch, or in what fashion you list. *Peacham's Comp. Gent.* p. 345. *Diaprid*: Diversified with flourishes, or sundry figures varied. *Prol.* 2160. *RR.* 934.

Diche: A Ditch. Also, To dig, to fortify with a ditch. *Th.* 3. *Dichid*: Inclosed with a ditch.

Did, for *Bid*, *Prol.* 187. See *Bir*.

Dide, *Didim*: Did; Dyed.

Died: Perfumed. *RR.* 1705.

Diete, perhaps for *Deite*: Deity. *RR.* 5646.

Dietes for *Dietes*: Dittys, Songs. See *Dise*.

Diffame: To defame, to slander, to disgrace, to reproach. *Of ther mishap he diffame*; Upbraid them with their misfortune. *RR.* 5500.

Diffence: Defence; Resistance. *Ber.* 1247.

Difynished: Defined. *Boeth.*

Digestible: Easy of digestion. *Prol.* 439.

Digestives: Medicines to help digestion. *Mo.* 1076.

Dight: To deck, adorn; To dress; To prepare. In *Tr.* L. 5. 37. instead of *dight*, read *dress* (as in *MS.* *Sp.*) which rhymes to *weichidnesse* and *redresse*. See *Dress*. It also signifies Decked, dressed, &c. *He him dight*, *Mo.* 553. He betook himself.

Digne: Worthy; Gentle; Disdainful, coy. *Prol.* 519.

Dirty, nasty, *MR.* 856. qu. *Dingy*, from *Dung*, *AS.*

Dincg. It is also put for *Deigne*: To vouchsafe. *Tr.* L. 3. 139. *Digneliche*, *Dignely*: Worthily; Properly.

Dike: To dig, to cast up a ditch. *Dike and delve*, *Prol.* 538. f. Dig with mattock and spade. See *Ray's Coll.* in *Dig*.

Dilatation: Enlargement. *La.* 233.

Delectable, as *Delectable*.

Diminacion (or as *MS.* *Sp.* *Tr.* L. 3. 1341. *Diminacion*) Abatement.

Dine, *RR.* 6500. *Dinir*, *Tr.* L. 2. 1489. Dinner. See *Adine*.

Ding: To beat, to knock or thrust down, drive, squeeze, oppress.

Dint, *Tr.* L. 5. 1504. See *Dent*.

Diourne denarie, *Bal.* Lad. 66. Daily pay or wages.

Dirige, *Magd.* 641. A Psalm or Hymn sung at Funerals; whence *Dirge* signifies any mournful Song.

Disable: Unable. *Bal.* 572.

Disacordant: Disagreeing.

Disavaunce: To distress; To stop, or hinder the progress of. *Tr.* L. 2. 511. To cast down.

Disaventure: Misfortune, mischance. *Tr.* L. 4. 297.

Disblame: To excuse, or clear one from blame. *Disblame with me*; Blame not me. *Tr.* L. 2. 17.

Disceite, *Disceipte*: Deceit, falsehood.

Disceivable: Deceitful, treacherous. *RR.* 4836.

Disceidid: Alighted. *Fr.* 2798. Descended; Condescended. p. 149, 4.

Disconsoun: Dissention, discord.

Disconsories: Stills used for Distillation *per destensum*, that is, when the matter to be distilled is placed under the fire, whereby the Spirits are precipitated and forced downwards. *No.* 817.

Disention: Dissention, discord. *Sc.* 199.

Discepcion: Deception, deceit, dissimulation. *CCr.* 197.

Discever for *Dissever*: To distinguish; To consume, dissipate. *No.* 896. To separate, or depart. *Magd.* 707.

Disceveraunce: Separation. *Tr.* L. 3. 1430.

Disceving: Deceit. *RR.* 1590.

Dischance yewe not, *P. T.* 471. perhaps for *Discharge yewe not*; Give not over your charge.

Dischevele: Dishevelled, having ones hair hanging loose. *Prol.* 686. *Fr.* *Dechevelé*.

Disclaunder: To slander, to reproach. *Mo.* 2273, 3203.

Disclaundre: Slander, scandal. *Tr.* L. 4. 564.

Discomfite: Disconsolate, comfortless. *BD.* 35. *RR.* 4067.

Discomfiture: A defeat, or overthrow in battle. *Prol.* 1010. Sorrow. *An.* 328.

Discomfortin: To discourage.

Discordable, *Discordant*: Disagreeing, different; Contrary.

Discorden: To disagree, differ. *Boeth.*

Discoverte: Open, bare, naked, uncovered. p. 204, 4.

Discovered. *BD.* 405. *Fr.* *Déconvert*.

Disconeryn: To discover; To explain.

Discrivin: To describe, *Tr.* L. 5. 1313. *MS.* *Sp.* bath *Disconeryn* instead of it.

Disceinons: Disdainfull, haughty. *RR.* 7412.

Disencefe: To diminish, to fail. *Boeth.* Diminution. *Bl.* *Kn.* 203.

Disceidid: Descended. *Tr.* L. 5. 1479.

Disese: Uneasiness, trouble, hurt. *Mo.* 3190. Misfortune, affliction; To disturb, incommode, make uneasy. Also, To disseize, dispossess, deprive. *RR.* 2076.

Disesely: Uneasy, troubled; Indisposed.

Disfetirly: Deformedly; In disguise. *Dight him effe agens right disfetirly*, *Ber.* 1781. He presently placed his fingers again in a deformed manner by distorting them, as in the following Verse.

Disgisenesse: Disguise. *Ber.* 1789.

Disguish in queintice: To dress neatly. *RR.* 2250.

Disheritie, *Prol.* 2928. (*Disherited*, *MS.* *Ch.*) *Disheritid*, *Di.* 140. Disinherited; Dispossessed, deprived.

Disjoints,

Disjointe, Disjoyn: A hard case, danger. *Sk.* *Stont in Suche disjointe*, No. 2919. *qu. in malo articulo constitutus.* *Sk.* *In what disjoint he more sondin*; In what danger he must be. *Hyp.* 264. In *Lidgate's Story of Thebes*, Part II. 32. it plainly signifies Difference or Discord. The Poet there describes the inveterate Quarrel of the two Sons of *Oedipus* about the Crown, in this manner;

*So bote brent of hatred and envie
Of bothe two through pompons surquedie,
That neither wolde pleinie in o poyncte
Ocher forbere, they stode in such disjointe,
Like as they had of birth bene foreins.*

Diskenynge hym, PT. 20. Withdrawing or keeping out of the notice of others; Concealing or hiding himself.

Discoverith yewe: Discover yourself. *Ber.* 1497.

Diskynning the peyntur, PT. 151. It should be *Diskynning*, i. e. Discovering, or explaining the Painting.

Disobeyant: Disobedient. *AF.* 429.

Disordinaunce: Disorder, confusion. *Fa. L.* 1. 27.

Dispairid: Despairing, in despair. *Tr. L.* 1. 42.

Disparage: Disparagement. *Fr.* 1929.

Dispartin: To divide, to share, to distribute.

Dispairid, Mo. 873. as *Dispairid*.

Dispence, Dispens: Expence. *Prol.* 443. *WB.* 1263.

Dispend: To spend, consume. *Fr.* 2144. To divide. *p.* 153, *b.* *Dispendours*: Spend-thrifts.

Disperance: Despair. *Tr. L.* 2. 530. which in *MS. Sp.* is thus read; — *But from derke desperance, That, &c.*

Dispice for Dispise: To despise.

Dispie: Spight, revenge. *Prol.* 949. Aversion, hatred; Contempt, disdain. See *Despie*. *Dispitions*, *Prol.* 518.

Spightfull, severe, having no pity or compassion. *Dispitously*: Spightfully, angrily; Without pity. *Fr.* 1565.

Displeasance: Displeasure. *RR.* 3436.

Dispoilin: To undress. *Fr.* 1404. To spoil, rob. *RR.* 5066.

Dispone: To dispose.

Disport: Sport, diversion, pleasure. *Prol.* 137. To take one's pleasure; To make sport, to divert. *Tr. L.* 2. 1673. But this and the following Verses are thus read in *Ca.*

*And hym with al hyr hert she gan disport
As she best cowde of sorow hym to comfort.*

See *Ib. L.* 3. 1139, 1140.

Disposition: Disposal. *Prol.* 2366.

Dispraise: To undervalue, to despise. *Dispraising*: Contempt.

Dispravin, *Cup.* 265. as *Deprave*.

Dispyit, as *Despyght*, and *Dispite*.

Disruly: Irregularly, in a disorderly manner. *RR.* 4900.

Disseie: Deceit, treachery. *Bal.* 936.

Disseiving: Deceiving. *Boeth.*

Dissever: To separate. *Dissevered from holie church*; Excommunicated. *Mo.* 3172.

Dissevin: To deceive. *CL.* 1038.

Disseyuabill: Deceitfull. *Ber.* 925.

Dissimulate: Dissembling. *Gr.* 225.

Dissemble: To dissemble, feign.

Disfoluteoun: Dissoluteness, debauchery, lewdness. *Mo.* 4898.

Dissonid: Dissonant, disagreeing. *RR.* 4248.

Distaine: To stain, defile. *Tr. L.* 2. 840. *Magd.* 165.

Distauunce: Difference, discord. *Mo.* 3106. *Sc.* 162.

Distemper: To discompose. *Distemper you not*; Be patient. *Fr.* 931. *Distemper not your heart*; Do not discompose your mind. *p.* 151, *b.* *Distemperaunce*: Intemperance. *p.* 387, *b.*

Disteynid: Stained, defiled. *PT.* 341.

Distinct: To distinguish. *RR.* 6199.

Distingued: Distinguished. *Boeth.*

Dispointe, *Tr. L.* 3. 497. for *Disjointe*, *V.*

Distourbe, Distourbin; To disturb, interrupt; To disappoint, hinder, prevent. *Tr. L.* 4. 1103.

Distourblid: Disturbed. *RR.* 1713.

Distrain: To constrain. *p.* 191, *b.* To distress, to torment; To catch, take hold fast; To obtain. *p.* 151, *b.* To take away by force. *Mo.* 1738. *Distraigned*: Tormented, afflicted, &c. *Bl. Kn.* 134.

Distrakt, *Ber.* 2645. *Distrakht*, *Magd.* 149. Distracted. *Distreine*, as *Distrain*.

Distreyte: Distress, extremity. In *Ber.* 2910. perhaps it should be read in their own disseite, i. e. In that deceit, or snare which they treacherously designed for others: Or else *Distreyte* may signify a District, Liberty or Jurisdiction, as the *Fr. Descrete* is used, *Lob. To. II.* col. 446. *O toutes jurisdictions e desretes*; With all Jurisdictions and Districts, or Liberties.

Distrie, *Mo.* 3165. as *Destrie*.

Distroubeleth: Disturbeth, hindereth. *Distroublid*: Disturbed. *Dr. Ch.* 524. See *Distourbe*.

Distryue, *f.* for *Discryue*: To describe. *Ber.* 1924.

Disturblesh, as *Distroubeleth*.

Disturne: To turn away, to avert. *Tr. L.* 3. 719. *Fr. Detourner*.

Disware: Not aware. *Ber.* 2311. Unwary, careless. *Disware of his lyve*; Regardless of his life. *Ib.* 1992.

Dite: *Ditly Cretensis*, who wrote of the Trojan War. Also, a Tract or Treatise either in Prose or Verse, but most commonly the latter. Also, To write or endite. *RR.* 6786. *Ditces*: Dittys, Songs. *p.* 359, *a.*

Ditte, as *Dite*.

Diversif: Diversifieth; Varieth. *Tr. L.* 3. 1758.

Divine: To imagine. *Mo.* 1381. Also, Divinity. *RR.* 6488. See *Ib.* 6553.

Divinistre: A Divine. *Prol.* 2813.

Division, Divisoun: Distinction, difference. *Fort.* 33. *p.* 152, *a.* *Mart's divisoun*; That part of the Painting wherein the Misfortunes of War were represented. *Prol.* 2026.

Do: Done. Also, To cause a thing to be done. *I will do you so much*; I will order matters so; that, &c. *p.* 149, *b.* *Do inough*; To satisfy, *p.* 207, *a.* *Doande*: Doing. *RR.* 2708.

Dobil: Double. *Ber.* 153.

Docers, *Ber.* 101. *f.* corrupted from *Diores*. *Dacia* in *It.* signifies a Leaden Pipe to convey water from the top of a house.

Doe: Done. *The world is doe*; The world is at an end. *Bal.* 931. See *Do*.

Doin: To do.

Dole: Sorrow; Moan, lamentation, mourning. *RR.* 2956. To grieve. *It dolith me*; It grieves me. *No.* 1114. *Fr.* *Duil*, Mourning, from the Lat. *Doleo*, To grieve. Also, A share or part. *Wibounin halvin dole*; Without dividing. *Ib.* 2364.

Dolour: Sorrow, grief, pain. *RR.* 5016.

Dolvin: Dug; Buried. *RR.* 4070.

Doly, *Cr.* 1. Dolefull, melancholy, from *Dole*, *V.*

Dombe: Dumb.

Dome: Judgment; Opinion. *As to my dome*; In my opinion. *Sq.* 697. A Judicial Sentence. *Domis day*; The Day of Judgment. *Mo.* 2271. *What evill the dome*, &c. *No.* 2913. See *The dome*. *Dimis*: Judgments. *Dimisman*: A Judge. *Mo.* 526. *p.* 201, *b.*

Domus for *Domis*, *Ber.* 35. See *Dome*.

Don, Dne: To do; Done. Also, Of a dun colour. *AF.* 334. *Done honours*; To do honours. In former Editions it was printed, *done honours* or *honoris*, by mistaking the Abbreviation of *honours* or *honoris*.

Donet, *p.* 504, *b.* signifies a Grammar (as the *CB.* *Dynod*, likewise does) from *Alius Donatus*, who wrote several Tracts in Grammar and Criticism.

Donnow, *WB.* 218. *Dunnow*, a Priory in *Essex*, where there was a Custom, That any person who had been married a year and a day, upon taking an Oath before the Prior and Convent, That he had not repented of it in that time, was intitled to a Gammon or Flitch of Bacon; which being delivered to him he was conducted out of the Town with great solemnity. See *Weaver's Fun. Mon.* and *Mon. Angl. To. II.* *p.* 78.

Donne: To do; Done. Also, Of a dun colour. *Tr. L.* 2. 908.

Dio, Dion: To do; Done.

Dormant: Standing or lying always ready, never removed. *His table dormant*, i. e. Always covered. *Prol.* 355.

Dorr: A door. *PT.* 135.

Dortour: A Dormitory; A common Sleeping-room in Monasteries, &c.

Doseperis,

Dofeperis, Dofiperis, Fr. *Les Douze Pairs*; The Twelve Peers of France. The French Antiquarys and Historians are not agreed as to their Original: Some carry it up as high as *Charlemagne*. Such as would be more particularly informed concerning them may consult *Valefij Nos. Gal.* p. 280, b. *Hist. de France par le Pere Daniel*. To. I. col. 1355. *Mezeray*. To. II. p. 2, 3, 9, 84. *L'Etat de France*, Ed. 1718. To. II. p. 126, &c. Fr. Gl. in *Pares Francia*. In *Ber.* 44. 51. some Legendary Governors of Rome are so called in allusion to those of France.

Big looking like a doughty Donzerepere.

Spenser's Fairy Q. L. 3. Canto 10. St. 31.

Doffer, Fa. L. 3. 850. A *Doffer* or *Dorfer* [Lat. *Dorsarium*] is a Cratch, or Basket, carried on the back; from the Fr. *Dos*, Lat. *Dorsum*, The back.

Dotaunce: Fear; Reverence, respect. *Ber.* 6. Perhaps from the It. *Dottanza*, Fear. See *Men. It.* in *Dotta*.

Doth: Do you. *WB.* 1248.

Doubt, *RR.* 1089. See *Dout*.

Doughti: Valiant, brave; Generous; Proud. See *Sk.*

Doughtrin: Daughters. *Ar.* 78.

Doule, *Mo.* 3202. for *Dole*, V.

Dout: Fear, Jeopardy. *RR.* 4513. Also, To fear; It.

Dottare. See *Men. It.* in *Dotta*.

Dotaunce: Doubt. *Tr. L.* 4. 963.

Doute, as *Dout*.

Doutleß, *Doutlees*: Doubtleß.

Doutous: Doubtfull. *Tr. L.* 4. 992.

Doutremere (Fr. *D'outre mer*) Brought from beyond Sea.

Dr. Ch. 253.

Dowiat, Dowait, i. e. Do away; as we say, Away, away. *Tr. L.* 2. 893.

Dowaire, Fr. *Donaire*: A dowry. *Fr.* 1869.

Drad, Dradde: Dreaded, feared; Afraid; To be afraid. *Mo.* 3027. Dreadfull, terrible. *RR.* 4200. unless it should be there read, *brade*.

Drasse-fak: A Sack full of draff. *MR.* 1098.

Drastie, *No.* 3427. Tedious, irksome, troublesome. *Sk.*

Drame: A dream. *AF.* 31.

Drat: Dreadeth. *Tr. L.* 3. 329. *Dredyth*, *Ca.*

Dred, Drede, Dreed: Dread, fear; Reverence, respect. p. 151, a. Also, Doubt. *No dred*; No doubt. *With- outin dred*; Without doubt. Instead of, *But he have love of the people and dred*, p. 151, a. l. 36. read, *But he have more love of the people than dred*. *Dredfull*: Timorous. *Pro.* 1481. *Fr.* 2863. Dutifull, submissive. *LW.* 404. Also, Doubtfull. *Tr. L.* 2. 426. *Dredleß, Dredileß*: Doubtleß. *Tr. L.* 1. 1035. *Dredidin*: Dreaded.

Dreetbed, *Mo.* 1002. for *Dretched*: Disturbed; Oppressed. See *Dretche*. This Reading is confirmed by *MS. Ch.* which hath it *Dretched*. It was *Drenched* in former Editions.

Dreint: Drowned. *MR.* 412. *Fr.* 817, 2932.

Drenche: To be drowned. *MR.* 413. *Sq.* 1718.

Dreue, Dreuy: Sad, sorrowful. *Tr. L.* 1. 13. *Dreuebed, Dreueß*: Sorrow, sadness. *RR.* 4728. *AS.* *Dreuyman, Tristitia afficere*.

Dreshfold, *MR.* 375. (or rather *Dreshfold*, as in *Fr.* 1318.) A threshold.

Dress, Dreße, Dreßin: To prepare. *Tr. L.* 2. 71. To order or put in order, direct. *Sc.* 107. To address, apply. *Fr.* 2028. To distribute. *Gam.* 71. See *Dight*.

Dretche: To delay, to tarry. *Tr. L.* 2. 1264: *L.* 4. 1446. To vex, to trouble, oppress. *Tr. L.* 2. 1471. *AS.* *Dneccan, Molestare*, &c.

Drey: Dry.

Drie, Drien: To endure, suffer. *RR.* 4390. *AS.* *Abpe-ogan, Pati*.

Drife: To drive. *RR.* 1874.

Drinkileß: Drinkleß, without drink. *Tr. L.* 2. 718.

Dronkelewe: Drunk, a drunkard. *Fr.* 779.

Dronkin: Drunk. *Fr.* 634.

Drough: Drew. *Hyp.* 92. *Tr. L.* 5. 1557.

Droune: Draw; Traherent, *Boeth.* p. 361, a. Drawn.

Drovy: Muddy. p. 207, a.

Drowe, Drowbe: Drew. *PT.* 477.

Drurie, Drury: Sobriety, modesty. *Sp.* *RR.* 844, 5064.

Druerie, *Gower.* f. 78, a.

Dryin, as *Drie*, V.

Dryve dure, *Ber.* 1769. Perhaps it should be read *Dry* or *dure*. See *Drie* and *Dure*.

Dubbe, p. 205, b. *When he* [a knight] *is new dubbed*, i. e. made. *Dubban* to pissepe, *Equitem cingere*. *Chron. Sax.* ad Ann. MLXXXV. *Islandicè* *Dubbadi riddare*, *Eques cataphractus*. *Hick.* *Somn.*

Duere: Duty.

Dul, Dullin: To grow dull. *RR.* 4792. To stupify; *Hebe- tare*. *Boeth.* *It dullish me*; It makes me mad. *No.* 1193. *Dullin of the rudineß*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1489. *Dullyn al* [f. 1. a] *the rudeneß*, *MS. Sp.* Be mad at the rude- nels. *Sk.* Perhaps, Be angry at, or ashamed of the fil- ly behaviour of the *Trojans*, in comparison of the more polite *Greeks*.

Dulcarnon, *Tr. L.* 3. 933, 935. This word hath puzzled the Readers and Interpreters of *Chaucer*; I shall give the several opinions about it in the words of the Au- thors. "*Dulcarnon* (says *Sp.*) is a Proposition in *Eu- clid. Lib. 1. Theor. 33. Prop. 47.* which was found out by *Pythagoras* after a whole years study, and much beating of his brain: In thankfulness whereof he sacrificed an Ox to the Gods; which Sacrifice he called *Dulcarnon*. *Alexander Neckam*, an antient Writer, in his Book, *De naturis rerum*, compoundeth this word of *Dulia*, and *Caro*, and will have *Dulcar- non* to be *quasi Sacrificium carnis*. *Chaucer* aptly ap- plyeth it to *Cresseide* in this place; shewing that she was as much amazed how to answer *Trilussa*, as *Py- thagoras* was wearied to bring his desire to effect. Which opinion of *Sp.* is rejected by *Sk.* in *Dulcarnon*; *Dominus* Speight egregie hallucinatur dum exponit celebre illud *Pythagoræ Theorema*, quod postquam summo cum la- bore tandem excogitasset, præ gaudio *Eugenia* exclamavit, & *Hecatombam* sacrificavit; ex contextu enim patet non felix aliquod inventum, sed è contra hominem ad dilemma & incitas redactum, consilij inopem, ampèrila signare, cre- do vel ab *AS.* *Dole*, nostro *Dull*, *Hebes*, obusus, fatuus, vel à Belg. *Dul*, *Dol*, *Insanus*, furiosus, & *AS.* *Lep- pan*, *geceppan*, Belg. *Kæren*, *Tent*. *Rehen*, *Vere- tere*, q. d. I am at the point or ready to run mad or distracted, I am at my wits end, quod etiam à *Poetâ ipso* subiungitur. *Mr. Selden* in his Preface to *Drayton's Polyolbion*, having occasionally mentioned *Chaucer*, proceeds to explain this word. "I cannot but digresse (says he) to admonition of abuse which this learned allusion in his *Trilussa*, by ignorance hath endured; "I am till God, &c.

"It's not *Neckam* or any one else that can make me entertain the least thought of the signification of "*Dulcarnon* to be *Pythagoras* his Sacrifice after his Geo- metrical Theorem, in finding the Squares of an Or- thogonal Triangle's sides, or that it is a word of *La- tine* deduction; but indeed by easier pronunciation it was made of *D'hul Karnayn*, i. e. Two horned: which the *Mahometan Arabians* use for a Root in Calculation, meaning *Alexander*, as that great Di- scator of Knowledge *Joseph Scaliger* (with some An- cients) will; but by warranted opinion of my learn- ed friend *Mr. Lydyat*. in his *Emendatio Temporum*, it began in *Seleucus Nicanor* XII years after *Alexan- der's* death; The name was applyed, either because after the time that *Alexander* had perswaded himself to be *Jupiter Hammon's* Sonne, whose Statue was with *Ram's* horns, both his owne and his Successors Coines were stampd with horned Images; or else in respect of his II Pillars erected in the East as a *Nihil* ultra of his Conquest, and some say because he had in Power the *Easterne* and *Westerne* World, signified in the Two Hornes. But howsoever, it well fits the Passage, either as if he had personated *Cresseide* at the entrance of Two wayes, not knowing which to take; in like sense as that of *Prodicus* his *Hercules*, *Pytha- goras* his *Y*, or the Logicians *Dilemma* expresse; or else, which is the truth of his conceit, that she was at a *Nonplus*, as the interpretation in his next Staffe makes plaine. How many of *Chaucer's* Readers ne- ver so much as suspect this his short Essay of Know- ledge, transcending the common Rode? and by his Treatise of the *Astrolabe* (which, I dare swear, was chiefly learned out of *Messabalah*) it is plaine he was

"much acquainted with the Mathematiques, and amongst their Authors had it.
Dure: To endure, to last.
Durense, Ch. Dr. 1199. *Sk.* judges from the Context, that it signifies a sort of Apple, and seems to have an affinity with the Fr. *Duracines*, The Peaches, Plums, Cherries, &c. whose pulp cleaves fast unto their Stones; Also such as are of a hard or firm pulp, and thereby long-lasting. *Duraines* signifies the same. *Coigrave*.
Dures, *Duresse*: Hardship, uneasiness, hurt; Severity, cruelty, hard-heartedness; Confinement, imprisonment; Constraint.
Duris: Endures, lasts.
Duskid his eyin twey: Both his eyes grew dim. *Prol.* 2808.
Dute: Duty.
Dwale, MR. 1053. Night-shade; *Solanum somniferum*; It is given inwardly to cause sleep.
Dwelle: To stay or tarry. *Tr. L.* 3. 931.
Dwinid: Wasted, consumed, pined away. *RR.* 360. *AS.* *Dpinan*, *Tabescere*, *evanescere*; whence *Dwinde*, *Dyl*. See *Del*.
Dyrkid: Darkened. *p.* 375, *a.*
Dyte, Bl. Kn. 668. See *Dite*.

E.

Ebraike, *Ebrak*, *Ebrake*: Hebrew. *Ebrak Pepil*; The Jews.
Ecclesiast: A Clergyman; A Preacher. *Prol.* 710. Also, The Book of *Ecclesiastes*, or *Ecclesiasticus*. *Mo.* 1344.
Eche: Every, each. *Eche a dele*; Every whit. *Tr. L.* 3. 695. Also, To eke, add, contribute. *Fa. L.* 3. 975. To encrease. *Tr. L.* 1. 706. To stretch out. *Echid*: Added, &c.
Eclypasteyre: A Fictitious Name for the Successor of Sleep. *Dr. Ch.* 167. See *Sk.*
Edippe: *Oedipus* King of *Thebes*. *Tr. L.* 4. 300.
Eene, *Eien*, *Ein*, *Eyen*, *Eyin*: Eyes.
Eflatid: Puffed up. *CCr.* 133.
Effunde: To pour forth. *CN.* 305.
Eft: Again; After. *Efsone*, *Efsomes*, *Efsonis*: Again; Presently.
Eftirs, *Eftirs*: Ways, walks; Entries, galleries; Walls, hedges. *Sk.* See *Eftirs*.
Egall, Fr. *Egal*, Even, equal; Equitable. *Pr. RL.* 94.
Egallity: Equality.
Eger, *Egir*, *Egre*: Sharp, eager; Angry. *Woundid egre*, *RR.* 5475. *Sorely wounded*.
Egg: Edge. *PT.* 587.
Eggette: Egging, promoting, setting forward; Means, procurement. *La.* 843.
Eglatere, *Eglentere*: *Eglentine*, Sweet-bryar, or Dog-bryar.
Egre. See *Eger*.
Egremony. See *Agrimony*.
Equal: Equal. *Boeth.* See *Egal*.
Eien. See *Eene*.
Eiger, *Eigre*: Eager, sharp; Fierce, cruel. *Fr.* 1693. *p.* 191, *b.*
Eigh, *Eighe*, *RR.* 1779. An Eye; Ah! Hey! *Tr. L.* 2. 87.
Eigre. See *Eiger*.
Eilith, *Eylith*: Aileth.
Ein. See *Eene*.
Eire. See *Eyre*.
Eisel, *RR.* 217. Vinegar. *Sk.* See *Blo*.
Eith, *Ethe*: Easy. *RR.* 3955. Ready, willing; Gentle, meek, soft. *AS.* *Ea8*. Whence *Unnethe*, *Unnethe*, *Unnethe*: Hardly, scarce, with difficulty.
Either, for *Othir*: Or. *RR.* 5490.
Eke: Also; To add. See *Eche*.
Eld, *Elde*: Old age. In *Tr. L.* 4. 1369. instead of *Is* holdin olde and ful of covitise, *MS. Sp.* has, *Is* old, and *Eld* is full, &c. *Eldefather*: Grandfather. *Boeth.* *Elde fathers*: Ancestors. *p.* 493, *a.*
Eld, *Elden*, *Eldin*: To grow old. *Boeth.* To make old. *RR.* 395. *Eldith*: Maketh old. *lb.* 391, 392.

Elenge, *Elyng*: Strange, odd. *Elyng fare*; Odd manner or behaviour. *Ber.* 235. *Elengeneß*: Strangeness, oddness. *RR.* 7406. From the Fr. *Eloigner*, To remove, estrange, &c.
Elis: Eels. *RR.* 7089.
Elle: An Bell. *Bal.* 240.
Elle, *Ellis*, *Elis*: Else, otherwise. *Elliswhere*: Elsewhere. *AS.* *Elley*, *Alias*, *alioqui*.
Elquene: Queen of Elves, or Fairies. *WB.* 860.
Els, *PT.* 153. Also. See *Ellis*.
Elib: Old age. *WB.* 1215.
Elvisb: Wicked, hellish; Morose, surly. *Mo.* 3212. Chymistry is in the Chanon's Yeoman's Tale often called *Elvisb*, i. e. Fantastick, in opposition to *Real*. *No.* 772, 863.
Elynge. See *Elenge*.
Embassade, *Embassadrie*: An Embassy. *La.* 234.
Embellishid: Embellished, adorned. *Luc.* 58.
Embolde: To embolden, or make bold. *CL.* 1147.
Embolite, *Embolysse*. See *Ambolise*.
Embroudid: Embroidered; Variously coloured. *LW.* 112.
Eme: An Uncle, the mother's brother. *Tr. L.* 2. 162. It is still used in the Northern parts, as *Lancashire*. *AS.* Came, Uncle.
Emeraudis: Emeralds. *FL.* 144.
Emeron, *AF.* 611. A Merlin, a sort of Hawk. *Fr.* *Emerrillon*.
Emforth: According to. *Emforth my wit*, *Tr. L.* 2. 243. According to the best of my understanding. *With my ful wyt*, *Ca.* *Astir my myght*, *MS. Sp.* See *Sk.* *AS.* *Em* in composition signifies Equal, from *Emne*, or *Epen*. In *Prol.* 2236. it is written in *MS.* *Ch.* *Evenforth*; whence *Enforth*, *Ar.* 247.
Emiddis, *Fa. L.* 2. 206. as *Amiddis*.
Emisphere: The Hemisphere. *Emispheres*: Hemispheres.
Emong, *Emongis*: Amongst. It is frequently used Adverbially, and signifies Commonly; Sometimes, now and then; *Interea*. Also, In common, or together with others. *RR.* 690. Likewise, also.
Empaire, *Empairin*: To impair. *Empairement*: Impairing, hurt, damage. *RL.* 135.
Emplaiter: To paint, set forth with advantage.
Empoison: To poison. *Empoisonner*: A poysoner; *Empoisonning*: Poysoning.
Empress: To imprint, make an impression. *Sq.* 1094. To press into. *No.* 1092. *Empression*: Impression. *Sq.* 1494.
Emprise, *LW.* 185. An Empress, a Princess. Also, An enterprize, an undertaking. *It.* *Impresa*. *Of feble emprise*; Faint-hearted, mean-spirited. *Mo.* 2900. Also, Favour. *RR.* 2008. Design. *lb.* 2147, 2186.
Empte: To empty, to make empty. *No.* 762.
Enbibing: Proper to imbibe. *No.* 835.
Enbolned, *Bal.* 894. Swelled. *Sk.*
Enboset, *Dr. Ch.* 354. Embost; A Term in Hunting, when a Deer is so hard chased that he foams at the mouth, and hangs out the tongue. *Blo.*
Enbossid, *Di.* 275. Embossed or Raised work in Embroidery.
Embrase: To embrace. In *Mo.* 1737. it seems to signify To attempt, undertake. *Fr.* *Embrasser*.
Enbraudin: To embroider. *Ph.* 125.
Enbraudid: Embroidered. *AL.* 85.
Enbrondid, *Di.* 274. as *Embrondid*.
Enbusment: Ambush, lying in wait. *p.* 152, *b.*
Encence: To burn or offer Incense. *No.* 406, 424.
Encens: Incense. *Tr. L.* 5. 1465.
Enchace: To chase, or drive away. *BD.* 418.
Enchafeth, *Boeth.* *p.* 363, *b.* and *p.* 364, *b.* should be read *Enchafeth*, i. e. Burneth, heateth. *Scirius* alias *ur*at *segetes*; *Cancris* *sydus* *inastuat*. And *Enchafed*, *p.* 364, *b.* 1. 10, 11. should be read *Enchafed*. *Lat.* *Incanduit*. See *Enchaufen*.
Enchaufen: To warm. *Fr.* *Echauffer*. *Enchaufing*: Chafing, heating. *Pars.*
Encheinen: To be chained, joyned or knit together. *p.* 497, *a.*
Encheson, *Tr. L.* 1. 349. Cause; Occasion. *Encheson*, *Acheson* or *Acheison* were the old Fr. words for Occasion, still preserved in our Law-Books. *Get encheson*, *RR.*

RR. 2504. Take an occasion or opportunity.
Encline: To bowe. *Mo.* 14. *Enclined*: Bowed. *FL.* 344.
Enclose th' enter [l. *entre*.] To shut up the entrance.
Test. L. 3.
Encombrment, Ber. 3051. *Encombrance*, BD. 284. Incumbrance, disturbance, hindrance; Trouble, distress; Inconvenience.
Encombrid: Wearied; Troubled, disturbed. *RR.* 1389, 7629. *Encombrish*, Ib. 6675. Troubleth, is troubled from 10.
Encorporing: Incorporating. *No.* 836.
Encounterwaite, p. 152, b. It is otherwise read thus; *Encounterwaite*, *ambushmentes*; Be prepared against treachery, &c. See *Awaite* and *Counterwaite*.
Endelong, *Endlong*: End-ways; Long-ways. *Pro.* 1993. *Headlong*; Along; Down, downwards. *Hyp.* 131. *Fr.* 2538. From top to bottom, from end to end. *Fa.* L. 3. 368.
Endenting every pafe, Ber. 1118. Indenting every step, i. e. Reeling.
Endetid: Indebted, in debt.
Endileß: Endless, infinite.
Endite: To indite, to dictate. *Boeth.* p. 359, a.
Endlong. See *Endelong*.
Endomagen: To endamage, to hurt.
Endoute: To doubt, to fear. *RR.* 1664. See *Doute*.
Endreyte, PT. 404. A place; A Bit, or Cut of a Joint or Dish of Meat. *Fr.* *Endroit*.
Endry: To endure. *CL.* 727. See *Drie*.
Enee: *Aeneas*. *La.* 64.
Enceidos: *Virgil's Aeneis*. *Mo.* 1474. Called *Enceidos* by Douglas.
Enewed, Cr. 110. Renewed. *Sk.* Or rather, Annoyed, troubled, afflicted, vexed. *Fr.* *Ennuyé*.
Enfame: Infamy. p. 485, b.
Enfamined: Famished. *Phyl.* 36.
Enfaunce: Infancy, youth, *RR.* 5006.
Enfeste: Infested. *CL.* 217.
Enfeffid: Possessed, put in possession. *BD.* 366.
Enfireth: Sets on fire. *Bal.* 550.
Enforce: To endeavour; from the *Fr.* *S'efforcer*, To strive, endeavour, or *S'ensorcir*, To gather strength. *Enforce my might*, *Pro.* 2236. Use all my endeavour: But it may be read there, as it is in *MS.* Ch. *Evenforbe my myght thy trewe servaunt bee*. See *Emforth*. *Ne enforce I me*, *Tr.* L. 4. 1016. I do not trouble my self. *Enforce The*, *WB.* 340. Strengthen thy self. But *MS.* Ch. reads it *Enforce mee*, i. e. Urge upon me, press me.
Enforme: To inform, instruct; To form after.
Enforth. See *Emforth*.
Enfortunid is so: Gave it that unfortunate quality. *CM.* 106.
Engendrin: To engender, to beget. *Engendrure*: Generation, procreation; Offspring, issue. p. 201, a. *WB.* 134.
Engin, *Engine*: Wit; Contrivance. *Lat.* *Ingenium*.
Engined: Racked, put upon the Torture. So it is read in former Editions in *Mo.* 1175. But in this, *Constreyned*, as in *MS.* Ch. in which the foregoing Verse ends with *peynede*.
Engluing: Gluing; Joining close, fastening together; Stopping close. *No.* 787.
Engrevith: Grieveth; Displeaseth. *RR.* 3444.
Engryed: Outwitted. Ber. 2746. See *Engined*.
Enhabite: To inhabit; To accustom ones self; To keep company with. *RR.* 6555. Habituated, accustomed; Settled; from the *Fr.* *Habitué*, To use, accustom, &c.
Enhaunfin: To enhance, advance. *Enhaunfid*: Advanced. *Sq.* 890.
Enlaced: Covered over with snares or traps; Complicated. p. 396, a. *Implicite*, Entangled; from the *Fr.* *Enlacer*.
Enlangoured: Languid, faint. *RR.* 7399.
Enlaseith: Entrapeth. *Boeth.* See *Enlaced*.
Enleven: Eleven. *Mo.* 3316. *MS.* *Enslupan*, *anlupan*.
Enlumined: Illuminated; Enlightened. *Fr.* 1063.
Enmoised, p. 483, a. Comforted, encouraged; f. from the *Lat.* *Animosus*.
Ennoying: Annoying, hurtfull. *Boeth.* See *Anoie*, &c.
Enpaire: To be impaired, or damaged. *CN.* 170. from the *Fr.* *Empirer*. To make worse, to grow worse, to decay. *Enpaired*, p. 148, b. Aggravated; Made the matter worse.
Enpeche: To impeach, to accuse.

Enpight: Pitched; Settled. p. 481, a. See *Pight*.
Enpried: Pitied; Concerned; Compassionate. p. 495, b. Delighted. *Sk.*
Enplede: To implead, to sue at Law. *Mo.* 2674.
Enprintid: Imprinted. *CC.* 92.
Enprise, *RR.* 2636. See *Emprise*.
Enprison: To imprison. *Enprisonment*: Imprisonment.
Enquest: Enquiry. *RR.* 6977. It is in Law especially taken for Inquisition by a Jury.
Enquirance: Enquiry. *Magd.* 96.
Ensampler: A sampler, an example, a pattern. *Boeth.*
Enselid: Sealed up. But this *enselid*, *Tr.* L. 5. 151. But this is *enselid*, *MS.* Sp. This is Sealed up, not to be spoken of till another time.
Ensensid yeme, Ber. 1672. Informed you, apprised you. To *Insense* is a word in common use for To make one sensible of, To acquaint, &c.
Ensise: Quality, kind, order, stamp. *Sp.* *Sk.* f. *Encise*, from *Incidere*.
Ensplrid: Blown or breathed. *Pro.* 6.
Ensue: To assure. *No.* 2549.
Entaile: To carve; Carving, Sculpture. *RR.* 162, *Entailed*: Carved. *Ib.* 140. from the *It.* *Intagliare*, To carve, &c. and *Intagli*, Stones finely cut, &c. Also, *Stature*. Of good *entaile*, *RR.* 3711; seems to be the same with the *Fr.* Expression, *De belle taille*, Proper, handsome.
Entalemen: To create a desire, to move, excite, affect; *Afficiant*, *Boeth.* p. 400, a.
Entalentid corage, *Cup.* 339. A mind full of sincere affection. See *Talent*.
Entame, *A B C. K.* 7. See *Attamed*.
Entayle, *Ch. Dr.* 11. as *Entaile*.
Entendaunce: Attendance. *CL.* 353. Attention, regard; *Sc.* 174.
Entende: To intend; To attend, to mind, to take pains about a thing, *Fa.* L. 2. 475. To hearken. *Sq.* 709. To tend. *RR.* 5309. To expect. *Tr.* L. 4. 1649. *MS.* *Sp.* *Attende*. *Fr.* *Attendre*.
Entendement: Intention, intent; Attention; Thought, understanding.
Entendidin: Intended.
Entent, *Ententing*: Mind, intent; Attention.
Ententive, *Ententive*: Attentive; Earnest, diligent; Intentional. *Ententive desire*, p. 206, a. A desire with diligence to perform. *Ententive besineß*, p. 152, a. Utmost endeavour. *Ententiveleche*, *Tr.* L. 1. 333. Attentively, diligently.
Enter. See *Enclose*, &c.
Enterchanges: Vicissitudes; Courses, turns; *Vices*, *Boeth.* p. 363, b.
Enterchaungidin: Exchanged. *Tr.* L. 3. 1374. which in *MS.* *Sp.* is thus; *And plying enterchaungeably ber thinges*, i. e. alternately, mutually.
Enterdited: Interdicted, forbidden.
Entere: Entire, sincere. *Fl.* 163.
Enterlacing: Intricate, full of windings and turnings. *Fr.* *Entrelasser*, To twist one within another.
Entermedlid, *RR.* 906. Intermixed. See *Meddle*.
Entermett, *RR.* 2966. See *Entremete*.
Enterminid: Undermined. *Magd.* 109.
Enterpartin: To divide, to share, to bear a part with one. *Tr.* L. 1. 593.
Enterynge: Interment, burial. Ber. 314.
Entesche: To affect; To stain. *Fr.* *Entacher*. Also spotted: In *Boeth.* *Afficio* is frequently translated by *Entesche*, which is used indifferently in a good or bad sense, as the *Lat.* word is. When it is taken in an ill sense, the Translator generally adds another Verb to determine the signification of it; as, p. 389, a. *Entesched and defouled*. In *Tr.* L. 2. 832. *Best entesched* signifies Best disposed. In *MS.* *Sp.* it is *Tatchid*.
Entre: An Entry, entrance; A gate; A door. *Tr.* L. 2. 77. *Fr.* *Entrée*.
Entrechangen, *Entrechangun*: To change, to make an exchange. *Boeth.*
Entrecommunit: To converse, or correspond, to have communication or commerce with one another. *Tr.* L. 4. 1554. *Entrecommunge*: Intercourse, correspondence. *Boeth.*
Entremees, *RR.* 6831. *Entremes*, *AF.* 665. *Intermeßes*; Dainty dishes or plates. *Fr.* *Entremets*.
Entremete,

Entremete, Entremeile: To intermeddle. *Tr. L.* 1. 1027. where instead of

Why, *entremete* of that thou hast to done,
which is scarce capable of any sence, it may be read
from *MS. Sp.*

Why *entremeteth* of that thou hast noght to done,
i. e. Why dost thou meddle with that thou hast nothing
to do with. Verse 1019, is likewise better in the same
MS.

Let me alone, it shall be for the best,
not for thy best, as in this and the common Editions.
Entremetten: To intermix, to join together. *Test. p.*
484. b.

Entresse, Fort. 71. *Bal.* 864. Interest, concern, business.
So *Interesse* is used by *Lidgate* in the Life of St. Edmund;

Pride in his persone had noon *Interesse*.

Entresse and *Entresse* are taken in the same sence in
others of his Works.

Entrete: To treat, or discourse of. *Entretedin*: Talked of.
Entrike: To trick, deceive. *RR.* 1642. *AF.* 403. or per-
haps, To embarrass engage; from the *Fr. Intriguer*.

Entune: To tune, to sing. Also, Singing, Melody, Mu-
sick, Poetry. *Bal. Lad.* 160. *Entunes*: Songs, Tunes.
Dr. Ch. 309. *Entunid*: Tuned; Sung. *Prol.* 123.

Envelopid: Veiled; Wrapt up; Involved. *No.* 2460.

Enveneme: To poyson; To destroy. *RR.* 7472.

Envermalled: Painted with Vermilion; Of a Vermilion
colour. *Bal. Lad.* 45.

Environ, Environn: Round about. *CL.* 1031. *Fr. Environ*,
About. *Environing*: Compass, Circumference; *Am-
bitus*, *Boeth.*

Envoy. See *L'envoy*.

Enured. See *Ure*.

Envye: To strive, contend. *Dr. Ch.* 406. It alludes to
the *Fr. Expression, A' l'envi, Certatim*.

Envyte: Enmity. *Bl. Kn.* 258.

Epistilis: Epistles.

Equipolencies: Equivalents. *RR.* 7126. *Equipolent*: Equi-
valent, equal in power, value, &c.

Equivocas: Equivocal, or double meaning. *p.* 519, a.

Er, Ere: Ever; Before. *Er in one*; Always, continu-
ally. *Ere mo*, *No.* 3063. Ever, or still the more.

Erace, *Tr. L.* 3. 1017. for *Arace, V.*

Eraund: An errand. *Dr. Ch.* 134.

Erberis, *Mo.* 1080. Arbours.

Erborowe, *RR.* 7495. See *Herberowe*.

Ere: An Ear. Also, To plow. *p.* 378. *A large felde to
ere*, *Prol.* 888. Large matter for discourse. In *Ber.* 618.
it seems to mean *here*, i. e. hair. See *Er*.

Eris: Ears.

Erke, *RR.* 4867. Weary; Loathing: Hence *Irkesome*. *Sk.*

Erlich: Early.

Ernefull: Sorrowful. *Earnestfull*, or rather *Ernefuller
mannere*, as *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.* The most earnest manner.
Tr. L. 2. 1727.

Ernes: Affection, fondness, earnest desire. *RR.* 4838. Se-
rious promise. *Sk.*

Eros: Cupid; Love. It is used for the Distemper of Love.
Prol. 1376. *Gr.* "Eros."

Erratick sterris: Wandring stars, the Planets. *Tr. L.* 5.
1811.

Erre, *Hen.* 185. Out of *erre*; Out of the way. *Sk.*

Erse: Arse. *Fr.* 426.

Erst: Before; some time ago; Earnest. *At erst*, *Fr.* 2006.
At first sight. *Now at erst*, *No.* 275. Now the first
time, or first of all. *Then at erst*, *p.* 388, b. Then and
not before.

Erthelesse: Without soil or earth. *Tr. L.* 4. 770.

Ertly: Earthly. *Ber.* 443.

Erve Iue, *Mo.* 1081. The generality of the former Edi-
tions have the Verse thus; *Of herbe yve growing in our
[Ca. your] yerde that [H. i. ther] mery is*; and *Edd.*
1602, and 1687, *Of yve growing*, &c. So that *Erve*
may be corrupted from *Herbe*, which the Poet perhaps
added to signify Ground-Ivy. This Edition by mistake
presents the reading of *MS. Ch.* which was not intend-
ed to be introduced into the Text, but to be printed as
another Reading, which may in some measure hint to
us the true one. Perhaps *herbe yve*, *erve yve* may have
been originally *vervyn*.

Eschaufe: To warm, to heat; To desire earnestly. *Boeth.*
Eschaufed: Heated, hot; Angry. *Fr. Eschauf*, To
warm.

Eschaunge: Exchange. *Tr. L.* 4. 146.

Escheatour: *Escheator*, An Officer appointed to take care
of Lands, &c. that *Escheat*, or casually fall to the
Crown.

Eschevith, for *Eschevith*, *CN.* 114.

Escrie: A Writing. *Fr. Escriu*.

Ese: Ease; Pleasure. *Mo.* 1402. *It is your ese*; It is easy
for you, It is at your pleasure, or choice.

Efiliche: Easily. *Tr. L.* 1. 317. Softly. *Alcaily, Ca.*

Especes. See *Speces*.

Esperance, *Fr.* Hope.

Esperus, *Bl. Kn.* 613. *Hesperus*, the Evening-star.

Espeiale, Esple: A Spy. *Fr.* 59. Spying; Observation.

Espeide: Espied, found out. *Hyp.* 55.

Esprituell: Spiritual. *RR.* 650. Ingeniously contrived;
Witty. *Fr. Sprituell. Esprituell*: Spiritual Persons,
or Things. *p.* 206, a.

Esplote, *Bal. Lad.* 191. Accomplishment, perfection. *Sk.*
See *Expleiten*.

Espoire, Esperie: Hope. *Fr. Espoir*.

Estate: State, condition; Honour, dignity. *During his
estate*; In the time of his Magistracy, or Administrati-
on. *Fr.* 754. *Estatly*: Splendid, pompous. *Estatly
boneste*; Honorable Pomp, or State. *Mo.* 737.

Estaites: Precepts, established Rules; *Instituta*, *Boeth.*
p. 366, a.

Estris: Lodgings, apartments. *Prol.* 1973. *MR.* 1187.
Ber. 105. From the *Fr. Hostellerie* may come *Hostrie,
Ofrie, Estrie*.

Estyr: Easier. *Of estyr availle*; Of less value. *CL.* 116.

Eterne: Eternal; Durable. Also, Eternity. *Tr. L.* 4.
978. *MS. Ch.* reads *yourre eternal*, *Prol.* 1308.

Ethe, *Tr. L.* 5. 850. See *Eithe*.

Ethimologise: To give the Etymology, or derivation of
a word. *RL.* 301.

Evangele, Evangely, Evangile: The Gospel. *RR.* 5453.
Hen. 217. In *Mo.* 2037. it is put for *Evangelist*; for
it follows, *lb.* 2038. *He liketh, &c. Evangelis*:
Gospels. *La.* 667.

Evenaunte, *Ber.* 105. as *Avenaunte*.

Ever for *Never*, *p.* 446, b. 1. 24.

Everich: Each; which is a Contraction of it.

Everichone, Everychone: Every one.

Everidel, Everidele. See *Del*.

Evese: The Eves of a house. *Ber.* 1620.

Evill, *Tr. L.* 5. 1624. *On [not No] evill ye ne take*;
Take it not in ill part, or amiss.

Evin: The evening. Also, Fellow, Equall. *Evin-chris-
ten*; A fellow-christian. *AS.* *Epen* or *eyn*, *Aqua-
lis*, &c.

Evindistant: Equidistant. *p.* 441; b.

Evinliche: Evenly; Equally.

Evir: Ever. *Evir in one*; Always. *Fr.* 1697. *No.* 2535.
Continally; Altogether.

Evirmore: Evermore.

Evirmo: Evermore. It should be read *Evir mo*, *RR.*
1787. Ever the more. So *Evirmore* should be *Evir
more*, *lb.* 2472.

Evr in one, as *Evir in one*. See *Evir*.

EWage: Hue, colour. *Bal. Lad.* 92, 93. Perhaps it may
signify the Water of a Precious Stone, from the Anglo-
Normannic word *Ewe*, *Fr. Eau*, Water.

Exaltate: Exalted; Ascended.

Executour: An executioner. *Fr.* 746.

Executrice: An executrix.

Exerceth: Exerciseth. *Boeth.*

Exercitacionn: Exercise.

Exilin: To banish. *Bl. Kn.* 509.

Exiltre: An axle-tree.

Existence: Reality. *RR.* 5549.

Exiten: To excite, stir up. *Exitors*: Promoters, en-
couragers.

Exorcisaciouns: Exorcisms, Prayers or Charms superstiti-
ously used against the power of the Devil. *Fa. L.* 2.
174.

Expans yeres, *Fr.* 2831. *Lidgate* hath the same Expression
in the Story of *Thebes*, *Part I.* where he describes the
Astrologers calculating the Fate of that City;

In

*In tables correct, devoid of all error
Justly sought, and founde out of bothe two
The yerres collecte, and expanie also.*

Expectaunt: Expecting. RR. 4571.

Expleiten: To accomplish, perform. RR. 6174. Hence
Exploit, A signal action. See *Men. Fr.* in *Exploits mi-
litaires*.

Expone: To expound, explain. Cr. 369.

Expressid, Tr. L. 3. 1035. [*Repressid*, MS. Sp. and Ca.]
Retrained. See *lb.* 1040.

Expulse: Expulsion. Cr. 119. A repulse.

Extende: Extent. In *extende*; In the utmost extent.
Mo. 2599. In value.

Extremitees: Extreame. RR. 6526.

Eye: An egg. No. 827. Mo. 858. Ay, ever; Yea. Sq.
1819. Ah!

Eyen, **Eyin**: Eyes. Prol. 201.

Eygre. See *Eiger*.

Eylith: Aileth.

Eyre: The air. CL. 143. Also, An heir.

Eyrthe: Airy, aerial, belonging to, or living in the Air.
Eyrthe bestis; Animals living in the Air, or rather,
The Constellations which are called by the Names of
Animals, and so figured in Maps of the Heavens.

F.

Fable: Discourse. RR. 1439. Vain, empty, flattering,
talk. *lb.* 6603. Lying. *Hyper.* 203. **Fabling**: Fawn-
ing, flattering. *lb.* 5544.

Faconde: Speech; Elocution; Eloquence. AF. 558. Elo-
quent. Cr. 268.

Facyon, **Facyoun**, **Fassion**: Fashion.

Faic. See *Fay*.

Faierb for **Faib**, AF. 24.

Faile: To deceive; To lye. Also, Failure.

Fain, **Faine**: To feign, dissemble. Fr. 243. RR. 3089.
To disguise. *lb.* 6342. **Pained**, **Fainid**, **Faint**: Feigned,
disguised, pretended. *lb.* 5563. **Fain**: Glad, desirous.

No. 2559. **Fainir**: More glad; Gladlier. Bal. 1025.

Faire: Happiness, good fortune. *Faire more you befall*;
May you have good luck, in opposition to *Foule more
the befall*, Mo. 16, 17. Ill fortune, or mischance at-
tend thee.

Faith: Credit. *Make faith*; To give one credit, To pass
one's word. **Faithid**: Having faith, believing. *Streng-
ið faithid ben*; Have the strongest faith, are best estab-
lished in the Faith.

Faisours: Deceivers, Impostors; Vagabond cheats. In
Tr. L. 1. 927. instead of *Louirs*, MS. Sp. hath *Faytours*,
i. e. Dissemblers.

Fal, as *Fall*.

Falding: A kind of coarse cloth. Sk. Prol. 393. in MS.
Ch. runs thus;

In a gowne of falding unto the knee;

Which makes the Verse compleat without pronoun-
cing the Final *ð* in *gowne*. In MR. 104. instead of
Folding rede, MS. Ch. hath *Falding rede*, i. e. A red
Falding.

Fale: Failure, fault.

Fall: Fallen; Cast down; Humble. RR. 881.

Fallace, **Fallas**: A Fallacy; Treachery, perfidiousness, de-
ceit. Ber. 1210. p. 506, b.

Falfe, **Falfin**: To deceive, to be false to.

Falset: Falshood. *Falsetes*: Falsties.

Fame: To defame. PW. 83. *Falsly famed*; Falsly accu-
sed, slandered. Mo. 2281.

Famulers: Menial, or domestick Servants. Test. L. 2. Lat.
Famulares.

Fande: Found. RR. 2707.

Fantase, Fr. Fancy.

Face: To paint the face, or use beautifying Compo-
sitions. RR. 2285. Sk. thinks it comes from the Fr.
Fard, Fucus.

Fardils: Burdens. RR. 5683.

Fare: To go; Gone. Fr. 1917, 3100. Also, Condition;
Welfare; Way or manner; Behaviour. *The fare of
me*; How I do. Tr. L. 5. 1365. *Made fare*; Made a
great stir, or ado. MR. 891. See *Asare*. *Leave thy nice
fare*; Leave off thy simple behaviour. Tr. L. 4. 532.
Strauunge fare; A behaviour like that of strangers to
one another. No. 2771. *For fare*, Gam. 147. should
be read *forfare*, in one word.

Farforth. See *Ferforth*.

Faring, as *Begon*, V. *Beste faring*; Best accomplished, or
qualified.

Farne: Fared. See *Fare*.

Fashe: A bundle. *A fashe of flaines*; A sheaf of arrows.
Cr. 168.

Fassoun, **Fassion**: Fashion. Cr. 225. RR. 708.

Faste by: Near, hard by. RR. 2494.

Faster: Stronger. Boeth. p. 365, a. *Firmior*.

Fast-fretes. See *Frete*.

Faibe, Fa. L. 3. 1050. It is *raib*, or *rathe* in all the Edi-
tions I have seen before 1602.

Father kin. See *Kin*.

Favours: Favourable. RR. 2902.

Faw: Fain, glad, chearfull, joyfull. WB. 210. *He des-
rib faw*; He much desireth, he would fain. Tr. L. 4.
887.

Fay: Faith, truth. *Par fay*, *Par ma faye*; By my faith.
In fay; In faith. No. 655.

Faytours. See *Faisours*.

Fe: Fee; Money. Mo. 2277. So it should be read in
RR. 6044. (not *Se*) where it seems to signify Land of
Inheritance, in opposition to *Moeble*, Moveables, in
the following Verse.

Feblesse: Weakness. Tr. L. 2. 863. Fr. *Fortlesse*.

Fed: Brought up, educated. Fr. 1427.

Federasy: A confederacy; A bargain.

Fendly, as *Fendly*.

Feir: Fire. Ber. 1621. Also, A companion. See *Fere*.

Feffe, **Feffe**: To infeoffe, to settle an Estate upon one, to
put one into possession. Tr. L. 5. 1688. CL. 932.

Feine: To feign. Bl. Kn. 512.

Feintise, Fr. Feigning, hypocrisy, dissimulation. BD.
387.

Feir, **Feire**: Fair. Also, Fire. PT. 78. *Feire fell*; Fair
skin. Gam. 152. *Feire* is omitted in H. 1. See *Fell*.

Fel, **Felle**: Many, manifold. *Felle colours*, Boeth. p.
465, b. *Multiformes fucos*. AS. *Felai*, *Multii*, *plures*.

Fel, **Felenous**, **Fell**, **Felon**, **Felonous**, **Feloun**: Villainous,
wicked; Cruel, fierce.

Felaship, **Felaship**: Fellowship, company, society.

Felaw: A fellow, or companion.

Felaship, as *Felaship*. *Felashipeth*: Joyns in fellowship,
or company. Boeth.

Felde: Fallen; A field. In *felde and town*; In Town
and Country. RR. 6234. *The felde of shewe*, &c.
Mo. 800, 801. The Blazon of a Coat of Arms; In a
Field *Argent*, an Eagle *Sable*, caught with a Lime-
twig, *Gules*.

Feldefare: A Feldfare, called *Frosty*, AF. 364. because
they come in hard weather. In RR. 5510. Tr. L. 3.
863. (where MS. Sp. reads *Feld y fare*, i. e. f. The
Field is gone, or the Battle is lost) it seems to be the
Beginning or Burden of some known Song in Chaucer's
time.

Feldin: Fell. RR. 911.

Feldis: Fields.

Fele, **Felen**, **Fellm**: To feel; To know, perceive; To smell.
RR. 8844, 3012. To relish. Fr. 2273. *Fele*, CCr. 117.

Feeling, *fense*, perception; Knowledge.

Felenous. See *Fel*.

Felaship, as *Felaship*.

Fell, **Felle**: The skin flay'd off. Lat. *Pellis*. AS. *Felle*.

Fell and bonis; Skin and bones. Tr. L. 1. 91. Ca. hath
fell instead of *soule*, Tr. L. 3. 592. Also, Many, &c.

See *Fele*, &c.

Fellie: Cruelly. RR. 3251. Madly. Boeth.

Felon, **Felonous**, **Feloun**. See *Fel*, *Felenous*, &c. **Felony**:

Cruelty. RR. 165.

Felashippeth: Keepeth company with, followeth; *Comi-
tatnr*, p. 389, a.

Felship, PT. 370. as *Felaship*.

Feltrid, Cr. 163. Entangled. See *Llari*.

Femetere: The herb Fumitory.

8 D

Femine:

Femine: Female. *Fa. L.* 3. 275. which should be read thus;

A Feminine creature.

Feminie, *Prol.* 868. seems to signify The country of the Amazons. *The Reign of Feminie*; The Kingdom of Women; *Regnum femineum*.

Feminine: The form, or shape of a woman. *La.* 361.

Feminite: Womanhood, the sex, state, dignity, weakness, or any Quality or Property of a woman. *Gr.* 80. *Fl.* 148.

Fenaunce, *Finaunce*, *Fynaunce*: An end; A fine, a forfeiture: Hence *Finance*, or *Finances* signifies a Prince's Treasury, or Exchequer, and is sometimes used for Treasure, or Wealth. To make *fenaunce* for your wrongs; To pay a Fine, or make reparation for the injuries done to you. *Ber.* 1800. See *Men. Fr.* and *Fr. Gl.*

Fende: An enemy, a fiend. The Devil is so called *καὶ ἑχλὸν*. *Fendly*: Devilish, hellish, wicked; Ugly; Hostile, hurtfull, dangerous. *Fr.* 2414.

Fenne, No. 2408. See *Cannon*.

Feoble: Feeble. *Boeth.*

Feoffid: Infeoffed. *Sq.* 1214. See *Feffe*.

Fer: Far.

Ferd, *Ferde*, *Ferdin*: Fared, sped; Went; from *Fare*, *V.* Also, Afraid; Frightened. No. 945. *Tr. L.* 2. 124.

Ferdeth: Is afraid. p. 498, b. *Fear*. p. 481, a. *For ferde*; For fear. *Sq.* 547.

Ferdfull: Fearfull. p. 498, b.

Ferdness: Fear, dread; Awe, reverence. p. 481, a.

Fere: Fear; Fire. *RR.* 5086. In *Tr. L.* 1. 229. it should be read *Fere* (as in *MS. Sp.*) to rhyme to *stere*, in the preceding Verse. It is put for *Ferre*, i. e. *Far*. p. 364, a. l. 32. and for *Fare*, i. e. Behaviour. *Tr. L.* 1. 13. A companion. *AS. Grepapa*. In *fere*, *ifere*, *yfere*; Together, in company. *Playing fere*; A play-fellow, a companion in sports. So *Lidgate* in the Story of *Thebes*, Part I.

*This Edipus among his playing feres
Was in porte passing full of pride.*

Amongst other Instances of Corruption in the Secular Clergy, that of Pluralities is thus described in the *Plowman's Tale*; That besides many Cures and Prebends, they had *A Parsonage to ben a playing fere*, *Mo.* 2663. i. e. (as it is explained in *Com.*) "They have their Parsonages for sport, not as a charge; or else, their Parsonages are bestowed upon them, that they may be idle companions in Hawking and Hunting, and as jesters to make their Patrons merry."

Ferforth, *Ferforth*, *Ferforthly*: Far, far forth; For as much as. Instead of *As faithfully*, &c. *Tr. L.* 3. 101. it is better in *MS. Sp.*

As ferforthly as I have had konning;

i. e. As far as I had any knowledge, To the utmost of my understanding.

Feris: Companions. See *Fere*.

Ferk: Fear. *Gam.* 515. *MS. Ch.* and *H.* 1. instead of it have *Serke*: A sort of Coat. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Sargia*. *Men. Fr.* in *Serge*. *Men. It.* in *Sargia*.

Ferne: Firm; To affirm. *Ber.* 1881. A farm; To farm or let. They takin to *ferne* their *somponours*; They farm out the Office of Sumner. *Mo.* 2265.

Fermerere: An Overseer, or Curator of an Infirmary. *Fr.* 595.

Fermour: A farmer. *LW.* 378.

Ferne yere, *Tr. L.* 5. 1176. February. *Sk. Fferneyere*, *MS.* *Sp.* perhaps corrupted from the *Fr. Fevrier*, February.

Ferre: Far.

Fers: Fierce. *Fers*, *Dr. Ch.* 654, &c. *Fersis*, *Ib.* 723. Chess-men; from *Fere*, A companion.

Ferthing: A farthing, a thin scale. *Sp.* The *AS. Feopðling* is the Fourth part of any Quantity or Number; and from thence it is taken to signify any small part: So the Mites, cast into the Treasury by the poor Widow in the Gospel, are called *Feopðlingar*. No *ferthing* of grece; f. Not the least spot of grease. *Prol.* 134.

Ferthir: Further; More.

Fesaunce, *Fesaunt*: A Pheasant.

Fest: A fest. No. 2320. Also, A feast; Mirth. *Fr.* 2130.

Festivally: Jocosely; Wittily. *Boeth.*

Festliok: Merry, gay. *Sq.* 301.

Fete: Feet. Also, as *Fetis*.

Fetely: Handsomely; Dextrously. See *Fetis*.

Fetirs: Features. *RR.* 2813.

Fetis, *Fetise*: Handsome, neat, decent.

Fetours, *Ber.* 162. as *Fetirs*.

Fette: Fetched.

Fettes: Fats or Vats. *Sackes fettes*, *Mo.* 2411. Sacks and Fettes, that is, Fattes, Dry-fattes, and other such Vessels. *Com.*

Feverire: February. *Fr. Fevrier*.

Fey: Faith; Credit. *Ne to the [l. shy] word there n'is no fey certain*; There is credit to be given to what thou sayest. *Phyl.* 126.

Fjaunce: Affiance, confidence; Dependance. *RR.* 5481.

Fiers: Fierce.

Fifty: Fifty. *Ch. Dr.* 422.

Fil, *Fill*: Fell; Befell. *Prol.* 1671. Fell, or Did fall. *RR.* 5813. Became. *Phyl.* 81. Also, Cruel. *Prol.* 1561. See *Fel*.

Fillin, *RR.* 6648. Fell.

Filth, *RR.* 7532. Foul play. See *Fylth*.

Finaunce, *Magd.* 497. See *Fenaunce*.

Finch, *Prol.* 654. To pull a finch: A Proverbial Expression, signifying To fleece a Man.

Findish, *La.* 752. (*MS. Ch. Feendly*) *Findliche*. See *Fendly*.

Fine: An end. *Gam.* 1093. To cease, to make an end. *WB.* 788. *RR.* 5356. *Neuir gan so fine*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1460. Never stop. *Fr. Fin*, *Finir*; from the *Lat. Finis*.

Fire leven, *WB.* 276. (*Fyeris leven*, *MS. Ch.*) Lightning. See *Sk.* in *Fyre levin*.

Fisnamy, *Ber.* 2461. Physiognomy. It is falsely printed *Finsnamy*.

Fitbell: A fiddle. *Prol.* 298.

Fittingist: Most fitting, fittest. *AF.* 551.

Fivith: Fifth. *Fa. L.* 3. 613.

Fixe, *Tr. L.* 1. 298. Fixed. See *Fyxe*.

Flaie: Flew. *CN.* 213.

Flaines, *Cr.* 168. Arrows. *Dougl.* uses *Flane*, *Flaine* for Arrow, and *Flanes*, *Flanys* for Arrows. *AS. Fla*, *Sagitta*, whence *Flo*, an Arrow. *Pl. Flone*, Arrows. The *AS. Flane* signifies a Lance, Spear, or some such Weapon. *Sonn.*

Flambe (*Flaume*, *MS. Sp.*) Flame. *Flambe funeral*; The Funeral flame, or fire wherein the body was to be burnt. *Tr. L.* 5. 302. Also, To flame, shine; To cause to shine. *Bal. Lad.* 55.

Flash. See *Fash*.

Flawe: Yellow. *CL.* 782. from the *Lat. Flavus*.

Flebring: Calumny, slander. *Test.* p. 500, b. See *Sk.*

Fleckid: Spotted, speckled.

Fleen: To fly from, to avoid. Also, *Fleas*. *Mo.* 1594.

Flees, *Fleise*, *Flese*: A Fleece.

Fleeten: To flow, to pass away; To abound. *Willeken*, *Kilian.* *Fluere*, *fluitare*, *labi*, *abundare*. See *Flore*.

Fleme, *Flemin*, *Mo.* 1759. To banish, put to flight, rout, drive away. *AS. Flyma*. *Profugus*, *Flyman*, *In exilium mittere*. *Flemed*, *Fleimid*, No. 58. Banished, &c.

Flemere: One that drives away, or puts to flight. *La.* 461. the same with *Banishir*, *Cr.* 199. Instead of *Flemin*, *Tr. L.* 2. 852. *Ca. hath Efcbene*.

Flene: To flee. *RR.* 4595. *Fouly fleme*, *Di.* 382. [nbt foul yfene] Fly away basely.

Flefbly, *RR.* 2506. Lovely, dear; Dearly, affectionately. p. 193, b.

Flei, *RR.* 2372. See *Flit*.

Flet, *Flete*: To swim, to float, to wave up and down. *Tr. L.* 3. 1227. Floated. *Flete this creature*, *La.* 464. (or *Flette this creature*, as in *MS. Ch.*) Floated, was driven to and fro. *AS. Fleotan*.

Fleting, *Fletyng*: Floating, flowing down, swimming, abounding. See *Fleeten* and *Flet*.

Flicker: To flutter. *Tr. L.* 4. 1221. *Toufe wanton dalliances*. p. 208, a: 496, b.

Flid: To fly from, avoid. *Boeth.*

Flight, *Flite*: To strive, contend. *AS. Flitan*, *Contendere*, *rixari*. In *Mo.* 3289. instead of *Fight* or *flight*, others read *Fight* or *flight*.

Flit: To fly away. *RR.* 5359. See *Flete* and *Fleeten*. To

To move. *RR.* 1812. To turn aside. *p.* 308, *a.* *Lat.* *Deflecto.*
Fliee. See *Flight.*
Flittering, *p.* 380, *b.* as *Fleeting*, *V.*
Flo, *Flone*, *Bl. Kn.* 469. See *Flaines.*
Flockmele: All together, all in a flock, or body. *Fr.* 1116.
AS. *Flocc-malum*, *Gregatim.*
Floitis: Flutes.
Floraie: *Flora*, The Goddess of Flowers. *Gr.* 20.
Flora: A floor. *AL.* 64.
Florain, *No.* 2286. A Gold Coin, in several Countries of different Values, first coined in *Florence*, with the stamp of a Flower-de-Luce, from whence it has its Denomination. *Edw.* III. *A.D.* 1344. alter'd it from a lower value, to 6*s.* and 8*d.* which *Sir Hen. Spelman* thinks to be the same with the George Noble. It was in *France* about 2*s.* *Sterl.* and in *Languedoc*, and the Parts adjacent 18*d.* *Sterl.* See *Spelm. Men. Fr.* in *Florin*, *Men. It.* in *Florino*, and *Fr. Gl.*
Florouns, *Florounis*: A Border of Flower-work. *Fr.* *Fleuron.*
Flotten, *p.* 383, *b.* as *Flete.*
Floure: To flourish. *Flourid*: Flourished. *Flouring*: Flourishing.
Flourelesse: Without flowers. *Dr. Ch.* 1860.
Flourettes, *RR.* 891. Fine Flower-work, embroidery. *Fr.* *Fleurettes.* *It.* *Fioretti.*
Floytinge: Fluting, Whistling. *Prol.* 91.
Flytte, as *Flit.*
Foiles: Leaves. *Bal. Lad.* 38. *Fr.* *Feuilles.*
Foin, *Foinin*: To make a pass. *Prol.* 1656. To fight.
Foin, *Fomen*, *Fune*, *Foomen*: Foes, enemies.
Fole: A fool; foolish. *Folie*: Folly; Rashness, unadvisedness; *Temeritas*, *Boeth.* *Folily*, *Follilie*: Foolishly, rashly.
Folelarge: Foolishly liberal, extravagant, prodigal. *p.* 156, *b.* 207, *a.*
Folien: To fail, to be mistaken. *Boeth.* *p.* 375, *a.* *Labantur.* *f. leg. failen.*
Follue: to follow.
Foly: Folly; Foolish, *Any lite foly countenance*, *RR.* 4299. Any little foolish appearance.
Fomen. See *Foin.*
Fond: To find. *Magd.* 31. *Found.* *La.* 577. To endeavour, to try. *No.* 3395. *Tr. L.* 3. 11. *Fonding*, *Gam.* 293. A trial. *AS.* *Fandian*, *Tentare.*
Fone, *CGr.* 128. *f.* Feign. See *Foin.*
Fong: To take, to receive. *Mo.* 2907. *AS.* *Fengan.*
Fonne: Fond; A fool. *MR.* 981. To fondle, to be fond of. *CL.* 458.
Fontstone: A Font for Baptizing.
Footmantill: A womans Riding-coat, coming down to the feet. *Prol.* 474.
For, in Composition sometimes enhanceth the Signification of the Simple word, and sometimes turns it to an ill sense. It is also put in Composition for *Fore*: It is put for *Far* in *Ch. Dr.* 676.
Forbere: To bear up, to support. *RR.* 4751.
Forbit: Forbiddeth. *Test. L.* 3.
Forbode: A Prohibition. *Goddie forbode*; That which God hath forbidden. *Mo.* 3245.
Forbodin: Forbidden. *RR.* 6616.
Forbrake: Broke off; Disturbed.
Forebrusid, *Mo.* 639. See *Forebrusid.*
Force. I do (or yeve) no force; I care not, Value not, make no account of, Regard not. *WB.* 1234. *RR.* 4602. Of force, *Cr.* 202: Of necessity. *Thereof no force*, *No.* 673. No matter for that. *Doth no force*; Taketh no care, or pains. *p.* 204, *b.* *Do no force of their own governance*; Take no care of their own conduct, *lb.* *Thei yeve no force*; They do not mind. *RR.* 4826.
Forcir: A coffer, or chest. *BD.* 65. A strong box. *It.* *Forziere.*
Fordid: Undid; Murdered. *Phyl.* 164. from
Fordoe: *Fordoan*, *Fordon*: To undo, to destroy; Undone, lost, destroyed. *Fr.* 3116. Broke. *Mo.* 2771.
Fordrive: Driven away by force. *RR.* 3782.
Fordwined: Wasted away. *RR.* 366. See *Dwined.*
Fore (the Preter Tense of *Fare*) Gone. *Take out of londe thou be not fore*, *RR.* 2710. See thou go not out of the Country. Also, *For.* *Mo.* 2669, 3113. In Composition it signifies Before.

Forebrusid: Sorely bruised. Perhaps it should be read *Sote brusid.*
Forefare: Faring ill, soillorn. *RR.* 5388. To decay, to go to ruine. *Gam.* 147.
Foreine, *Ar.* 78. A Jakes. See *Sk.* A stranger.
Foreward. See *Forward.*
Foreweter: One that foreknows. *Boeth.* *Forewote*: Foreknew. *Mo.* 2363.
Forgete: Forgotten. *BD.* 64.
Forgid: Forged; Coined. *MR.* 148.
Forgifte: Pardon, forgiveness. *Luc.* 174.
Forgive: Forgiven.
Forgoe, *Forgone*: To lose, to forfeit; Lost.
Forgrowin: Overgrown. *FL.* 45.
Forieten: To forget. *p.* 365, *a.*
Forjud: Prejudged, condemned unheard. *Bl. Kn.* 275.
Forkerue: To carve, to cut.
Forlaste: Left off. *No.* 1597.
Forlaine, *Cr.* 140. Destitute, left alone. *Gl. V.*
Forlete: To lose; To leave off, give over; To forsake, to neglect; *Lingere*, *Boeth.* *p.* 363, *b.* To lay down; *Deponere*, *p.* 377, *b.*
Forleven: To leave, to depart. Also, To degenerate. *p.* 378, *a.*
Forleyen: To mistake; *Errare*, *Boeth.* *p.* 375, *a.*
Forlish: Forceth, ravisheth. *Hen.* 108. *AS.* *Fopliggish*, To commit adultery, or fornication.
Forlore, *Forlost*: Lost, undone, forlorn.
Forloyne, *Dr. Ch.* 386. A Term in Hunting, when the Dogs are called off from a wrong scent, or game.
Forlyved, for *Forleved*: Degenerate. *p.* 378, *b.* See *Forleven.*
Formell: The Female of an eagle, or hawk. It is used for the Female of any fowl, *AF.* 371.
Formelliche: Formally.
Former, *Fourmer*: Maker, Creator.
Formous: Beautiful, fair. *Bal.* 605. *Lat.* *Formosus.*
Forne: Before.
Fornesather, *Fornasathir*: A Forefather, an Ancestor.
Forpined: Pined away, waited. *Prol.* 205.
Forlake, *p.* 362, *a.* *Forsaken*, *p.* 368, *a.* To deny; *Inficari.* *AS.* *Fop-recgan.*
Forshapin: Transformed. *Tr. L.* 2. 66.
Forshronke: Dried, or shrunk up. *FL.* 358.
Forfinge, *Mo.* 2847. To sing, or say Mass. See *lb.* 2928.
Forflewethed and forslugged: Slothful and sluggish. *p.* 204, *a.*
Forflothbin: To neglect. *Mo.* 1211. To lose through sloth.
Forfongin: Tired with singing. *RR.* 664.
Forstraughtin, *No.* 2613. Distracted, confounded. *Sk.*
Forfwonk and forfwat: Overlaboured and besweated. *Mo.* 1954.
Forie: Strong. *Bal.* 910. *Fr.* *Fort*; from the *Lat.* *Fortis.*
Fortenid cresse, *RR.* 4879. *Sk.* supposes it may come from the *AS.* *Fop-teonan*, *fop-cynan*, To kindle, and Grease for Increase; i. e. Lust once kindled daily increases more and more: But he suspects the place may be corrupted, which is very probable.
Fortheby as thei go, *Phyl.* 146. As they pass by.
Forthereth: Furthereth, forwardeth, promoteth, prospereth. *Tr. L.* 2. 1368. where *MS. Sp.* hath the whole Verse better, thus;

It is one of the thinges that furthreth most;

i. e. A proper place to discover one's love is one of the things most likely to procure success.

Forthi, *Forthy*: Therefore. *Not forthy*, *p.* 147, *a.* Notwithstanding.

Forthinke: To repent; To think with regret, or vexation; To be grieved, troubled, or concerned at; To disoblige, to create trouble, or concern. *Tr. L.* 2. 1414.

Forthirir: A promoter. *CL.* 1033.

Forthirith, *Bl. Kn.* 385. See *Forthereth.*

Forthonght, *RR.* 1671. Vexed, disturbed, &c. See *Forthinke.*

Forthren, *Forthrin*: To further, to promote, to encourage. *Tr. L.* 5. 1706: *Forthring*: Promoting. *AF.* 384.

Forthright: Directly, straightway. *FL.* 439.

Fortresse: A Fortresse. *RR.* 3942.

Fortroden: Trod down. *Boeth.*

Fortuis: Accidental. *Boeth.*

Fortune:

Fortune: To happen, to chance. *Bal.* 262. To give good or bad success. *Prol.* 2379. *Fortuned*: It happened. *RL.* 165.
Fortunele: Accidental. *Boeth.*
Fortunous, in *Boeth.* perhaps should be read *Fortuitous*. *Lat.*
Fortuitus, Casual, accidental.
Forwarded: Tired with wandering. *RR.* 3336. Perhaps it should be read *Forwerie* for *wandred*, i. e. Very weary with wandering; and so in *Bal. Lad.* 60. it may be read, *To werie* for *wandred*, which is a common way of speaking in this Author.
Forward: A Contract, a Covenant, a Condition, Agreement. *AS.* *Foppojs*. *First* and *forward*; *First* and *foremost*. *Boeth.*
Formelkid: Full of whelks. *RR.* 361.
Forwepi: All wet with tears. *Ch. Dr.* 1833.
Forwerid, *RR.* 2564. *Forwerid*, *Ib.* 235. Wore out.
Forwerie, *RR.* 3336. Very weary. See *Forwarded*.
Forete: To foreknow. *Forweting*: Foreknowledge. *Mo.* 1358.
Forwoundid, *RR.* 1830. Dangerously wounded.
Forwrappid: Close wrapped up. *No.* 2234.
Foryelde: To reward. *LW.* 457. To repay.
Foryete, *Foryetfulness*, &c. To forget, Forgetfulness, &c.
Foryit: To forget. *Ber.* 623.
Foste: Foes, enemies. *BD.* 212.
Foster, *Fostere*: A Forrester, a woodman: *RR.* 6329.
Fostering: Feeding, nourishment, food. *Fr.* 581.
Fostrid: Nourished. *All doth waxe and fostrid be*; [Time] causeth all things to grow, and be nourished. *RR.* 389.
Fotebys: *La.* 439. *Fote-bote*, *RR.* 3827. Forthwith, immediately.
Fother, *Prol.* 532. "It is properly a Load in Carriage by Land, a Tonne by water, namely 2000 Weight, that is, 2240 Pound, every Hundred weight 112 Pound. It may seem beyond all likelihood of truth, That the Temple of *Mars*, cost of gold largely a fother, *Prol.* 1910. But we must understand that he speaks of tale, not of weight; as if he should have said, it cost full 2000, or 2240 Pound of Money. *Com.* It is rather to be understood indefinitely of an Immense Sum.
Foudre, *Fr.* A Thunder-bolt, or Lightning. *Fa. L.* 2. 27.
Foule hem befalle: Ill may they speed, Evil befall them. See the Plowman's Tale.
Fouleth for Followeth, *Boeth.* p. 389, a. l. 18. *Comitatur*.
Foulliche: Foully. *Teff*.
Fonlis: Fowls, birds.
Found, *Tr. L.* 3. 981. for *Fayned* or *Foned*, i. e. Feigned. See *Fone*.
Founde, *An.* 244. f. To try. See *Fond*.
Founded, *Tr. L.* 2. 535. *Sounded*, *Ca.* & al.
Foundemaunt, *Foundement*: A Foundation. *Fr.* *Fondement*.
Foundrid: Stumbled. *Prol.* 2689.
Fournice: A furnace. *No.* 825.
Fourthirings: Successes. *Fa. L.* 2. 128.
Forterie: Forty. *RR.* 5733.
Foxerie: The cunning of a Fox. *RR.* 6795.
Fra, *Fram*: From.
Fraelite, *Fragilite*: Frailty, weakness.
Frain, *Fraine*: To ask, to enquire. *Tr. L.* 5. 126. *AS.* *Fpman*, *fpægnian*.
Frainith, *Tr. L.* 1. 32. (*MS. Sp. freynith*) seems to be mistaken for *fainith*, *feynith*, i. e. feigns. So *feyneth* he, *Ca.*
Franchise: Freedom, liberty; Generosity, frankness. *Sq.* 1503. *Fr.* 3078. *RR.* 1211.
Frankelene: A free man, a free tenant, a Freeholder, a Country-Gentleman. *Prol.* 333.
Franks: French Coins of different values.
Frape, *Tr. L.* 3. 411. A company, a rabble. *Sp. f.* Stamp, from the *Fr. Frape*.
Franchise, as *Franchise*.
Fray and fear, *Ber.* 281. To fright and scare.
Frey: Free.
Fredom: Frankness, a Gentleman-like behaviour. *Mo.* 1703.
Fregius, *Dr. Ch.* 1070. *Dares Phrygius*, who wrote the History of the Trojan War.
Freilte, *WB.* 92. See *Fraelite*.
Frele: Frail, weak. *RL.* 427. *Frel witted*; Of a weak mind. p. 516, b.

Fremde, *Sq.* 449. *Fremid*, *Tr. L.* 2. 248. Strange, foreign. *AS.* *Fpemb*, A stranger, or foreigner. *Let be to me your fremid manir speche*, *Tr. L.* 2. 248. Do not talk to me as a stranger would. In *Tr. L.* 3. 530. instead of *fremid*, *Ca.* reads *wyld*. Sometimes *frened* and *frend* are used in the same sense, from the *AS.* *Fpæns*, So *frened a caos*, *Di.* 121. is the same as in the preceding Verse is meant by, *so new a chance*. From all *foiknesse* *ihel* *ben yfrende*, i. e. Estranged from all truth. *Mo.* 2566. In other Editions it is *Frend*, *frende*.
Frendfulliche: Friendly. *Tr. L.* 1. 691. *Frendlyist*, *Frendlyst*: Most friendly, or sociable. *Tr. L.* 2. 204. Best friend. *Bl. Kn.* 468.
Frendnesse: Strangeness. p. 480, a. See *Fremde*.
Frenesse: Liberty, freeness, frankness.
Frenetike: Frantick. *Tr. L.* 5. 206.
Frened. See *Fremed*.
Frenith: Asketh, enquireth. *No.* 3109. See *Fraine*.
Frenseye: A frenzy. *Tr. L.* 1. 728.
Frere: A Fryer. *Freris*: Fryers. *RR.* 7463.
Fresed, *Fresid*: Freezed, froze.
Freshe: To refresh. *RR.* 1513. But it seems to be mistaken for *Frenshe*, or *French*, p. 194, a. l. 63.
Fret: Filled, fraught. *Bal.* 269. See *Lombis*. Also, *Fret-work*. *LW.* 225, 228.
Fret, *Frete*, *Freten*, *Fretin*, *Frette*: To eat, devour. *Fretting*: Devouring. *Prol.* 2021. *AS.* *Fpctan*, *Lurcari*, *vorare*. We still use it of Moth's fretting. *Faß fretus*, *Mo.* 2091. Eat hastily.
Frent, *Frente*, *Fruict*, *Fruit*: Fruit; Issue. *Fr.* 2011.
Fremell, *Fremill*: Freewill.
Frezid. See *Fresed*.
Frise: Worth all the golde in Rome and *Frise*, *RR.* 1093. f. *Friselant*, p. 413. Verse 23.
Fritth, *Fryth*, *La.* 124. A wood. *Sk.* and *Sown*. But *Blo.* from *Coke* upon *Littleton*, explains it, a Plain between woods.
Fro: From. *Drive fro drede*, Drive away fear; *Pelle timorem*, p. 365, b.
Frote: To rub. *Tr. L.* 3. 1121. *Frotith*: Rubbeth. *MR.* 639.
Frounce: A plait; A wrinkle; *Ruga*, p. 360, b.
Frouncid: Wrinkled. *Cr.* 155. *Frounciles*: Smooth, without wrinkles. *RR.* 860. *Fr. Froncer*, To gather, to plait.
Froward: Averse. *RR.* 4940.
Froy: From you. *Tr. L.* 1. 5. See *Alounb*.
Fruictfull, *Fruictuous*: Fruitfull; Usefull; Thrifty. *Mo.* 3383.
Fruict, *Fruit*, as *Frent*.
Ful, *Full*: Very. *Ful bold*; Very bold. *Full done*, for *Fully done*; Fulfilled, finished; *Perfecerit*, p. 389, a. l. 63.
Fuldrive: Fully driven. *This bargain is fuldrive*, *Fr.* 2786. Made up, finished.
Fulk, *Fa. L.* 1. 73. A hollow place. *Sp. Sk.* thinks it should be *Sulk*, *Lat. Sulcus*, A furrow, a trench, a ditch.
Fumis: Smoak; Fumes. *Fumofie*, *Sq.* 378. No. 2083. Being affected with Fumes arising from the Stomach to the Head after Excess of Drinking.
Fundement: Foundation.
Furneis: A furnace. *Fr.* *Fondement*.
Furrid hode: A Hood lined with Furr. *Mo.* 2236.
Furtherin. See *Forthrin*.
Fusible: That may be melted. *No.* 877.
Fuyre: Fury.
Fyl: Fell.
Fylth: Vileness; baseness. p. 381. *Lat. Vilitas*; from whence the word seems to be derived.
Fynance, *Ber.* 1876. See *Penance*.
Fyne. See *Fine*.
Fynt: Findeth; Found. *Fynt his horse awy*; Finds his horse was gone.
Fyns: Fines. *Ber.* 3117.
Fyxe: Fixt, fixed.

G.

Gabb, **Gabbe**: To tatle, prate. *MR.* 402. To lye. *p.* 370, *b.* It sometimes signifies To speak or talk. *RR.* 6700.

Gacides Chiron, *Fa. L. 3. 116.* Perhaps it should be read *Eacides Chiron*. Chiron was a great Musician as well as Physician, and was Master to *Achilles*, Grandson to *Æacus*, thence called *Æacides*.

Gades: The City of Cadix in Spain. *p.* 478, *b.*

Gadling, **Gadling**: An idle fellow that gads and saunters up and down. *RR.* 938. *Gam.* 203.

Gafe, **Gaffe**: Gave.

Gage, *Fr.* A pledge, a pawn, Bail, or surety. *Bh.* 1404. Also, To give bail. *Ib.* 3044.

Gailir: A Jaylor. *Ar.* 103.

Gaincome: Return. *Cr.* 55.

Gain for **Again**: Against; Touching. *RR.* 6555. There *gaine*; Against that.

Gaire, *Mo.* 1080. The Dogberry-tree. See *Sonn.* in *Tracte theop.* *Ray* says, *Gatteridge-tree* is *Cornus femina* or Prickwood; and yet *Gatteridge-berry* are the fruit of *Euonymus Theophrasti*, i. e. Spindle-tree or Bouse-berry.

Galaxie, *AF.* 56. *Fa. L. 2. 428.* The Milky-way, which is a broad white Tract encompassing the whole Heavens, consisting of an innumerable quantity of Fixed Stars, different in Situation and Magnitude, from the confused mixture of whose light it's white colour is supposed to proceed. It is called *Varlyng-street*, *Fa. L. 2. 431.* which was a Roman way extending from the East part of Britain to the West.

Gale, *WB.* 822. *CL.* 1357. To yawl, bawl, or laugh aloud; To shout. *Sk.*

Galfride, *Fa. L. 3. 382.* See *Gaulfride*.

Galianis: The Works of *Galen*. *No.* 1820.

Galiard: Gay. *Fr.* *Gaillard*, Brisk, merry; pleasant, chearfull.

Galingale, *Prot.* 383. Long-rooted *Cyperus*; *Cyperus odoratus*.

Gallice, *Galleia*, a Province of Spain. *Prot.* 468.

Gallie: Bitter, as gall. *RL.* 347.

Galoche: A kind of wooden shoe worn by Country-people in France. See *Meth. Fr.* In *Spenser* it is called *Gallage*. It is taken for a shoe in general. *Sq.* 574.

Galp: To yawn; To belch.

Game: Sport, mirth; Pleasure; A jest, a pleasant story, or tale. *Fr.* 11, 15. In *Tr. L. 4. 529.* instead of it, *MS. Sp.* reads *Grime*, *V.*

Gan, **Gannin**: Began. It is often used as a Sign of the *Preter Tense*, both with and without the Participle *To*, as *Gan proceed*; *Proceeded*. *Gannin flew*; *Pled. Tr. L. 2. 194.*

Gange: To go. *G.* 381. *MS.* *Dangan*.

Gastion, *Mo.* 1342. *Dr. Ch.* 1121. *Sp.* says, That he "betrayed the Army of the Christians under Charles" main, to the Saracens, and was therefore torn in pieces with four Horses. But *Hofman* thinks that the French call a Traitor *Gastion* from *Wenilo*, Archbishop of Sens, who betrayed Charles the Bold his Benefactor, by calling in *Lewis* King of Germany, and receiving him into that City. See *Hofm.* in *Wenilo*.

Gap-toothed, *WB.* 603. *Sk.* reads it *Ga-toothed*, i. e. Having a Goat's teeth, perhaps to signify her Wantonness; Others think, that it signifies Having gaps in her teeth, as growing at a distance from one another; and this might also perhaps be taken as a Sign of Lechery, which is signified by her having a *Coitus* tooth, *Ib.* 602. and the print of *dams Venus* fete, *Ib.* 604.

Gardbrece, *Ch. Dr.* 1584. The same with *Gracer*, *V.*

Garisoun: To garrison; To defend. *RR.* 3249.

Garnere: Properly, A Granary. It also signifies any Store-room, or place to lay up Money or other goods. *RR.* 1148, 6810.

Garnison, *Fr.* *Garnisoun*: A Garrison, a Guard. *RR.* 4204.

Garment: A garment. *Madg.* 354.

Garumne: The River Garonne in France. *Lat.* *Garumna*.

Galt, as *Agalt*. **Gastneft**: Terror; Gastliness. *Boeth.*

Gastoyne, *PT.* 280. Perhaps it may signify a Void or Wall place. *Lat.* *Barb. Gastina*, *Fr.* *Gastine*. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Vastum*.

Gate: A way. Any gate; Any manner, in any wise. *RR.* 5230. *How gate*, or *Howgates*; How, after what manner. *MR.* 129, 134. *Went her gate*; *Went her ways*. *RR.* 3332. Also, *Got*, *begot*. *Hyper.* 12.

Gathren: To gather. *Gathrid*: Gathered. *Boeth.*

Gatte: *Got*. *RR.* 2692.

Gaude, *No.* 1903. *Tr. L. 2. 351.* A trifle. Also, Trifling, jelling. *Gaudes*: Ridiculous tricks, freaks.

Gaudid, *Prot.* 159. Made gay, or gawdy; Garnished, adorned.

Gaulfride, *Mo.* 1462. *Galsfridus de Vinsalvi*, or *Jeffrey Vinesalf*, who wrote a Poem upon the Death of *K. Richard* the First, who was slain in France before the Castle of *Chaluz* near *Limoges*, on a Friday, to which *Chaucer* alludes, particularly, *Ib.* 1457. *O Venus*, &c. and *Ib.* 1466. *The Friday*, &c.

O Veneris lachrymosa dies! O sidus amarum!

Gauve, **Gauvin**: To hare.

Gawain, **Gawein**, *Sq.* 115. "This *Gawyn* was Sister's Son to *Arthur* the Great, King of the *Britains*, a Man famous in War, and in all manner of Civility; as in the Acts of the *Britains* we may read. In the year 1082. in a Province of *Wales*, called *Rose*, was his Sepulchre found; and his Body, affirmed by many to have been of the length of fourteen foot. *Sp.*

Gawrin, as *Gauve*.

Gaylere: A Jaylor.

Geant, *AF.* 344. A Jay. *Sk.* But here it must mean some other Bird, perhaps a Bittern; for the Jay is mentioned, *Ib.* 346.

Gear: Habit, clothes. *FL.* 26. See *Gere*.

Gede for *Yede*, *Ber.* 2475. *Went*.

Geftr: Gifts.

Gelofte. See *Clove gelofte*.

Gende, **Gent**: Gentle, genteel, seemly; fine. *Gent faconde*; Flowing eloquence. *AF.* 558.

Generalte: Generality. In generalte; In general, generally, for the generality. *Cap.* 402.

Genillon, *No.* 2702. *Mo.* 806. See *Gastion*.

Gent. See *Gende*.

Genterie, *LW.* 390. as *Gentillese*.

Gentile: Relations, kindred. *Fr.* 1510.

Gentill: Gentle, noble; Civil, Gentleman-like. *Gentillese*: Gentility, frankness, generosity; Civility. *Gentilly*: Civilly, in a genteel, courteous manner.

Gentilnesse, as *Gentillese*.

Gentles, *WB.* 1209. Gentlemen; Nobles.

Geomancie: Divination by points, or circles made on the Earth, or by opening the Earth, *Bla.*

Gerd, **Gerdin**: To strike, to smite; To pierce; To stab. See *Gl. V.*

Gere: Any Instrument or Furniture whatsoever; Apparel, dress, habit; Accoutrement. *Prot.* 354, 2182. In his *gere* dress, *Tr. L. 2. 635.* is better read in *MS. Sp.* In his *gere* hym dress.

Gerevous: Guardians, or Governors: Whence *Reve* signifies a Gentleman's Bailif. *Prot.* 589. *Portreve*; a Bailif, or chief Officer of a Port-town; *Sheriff*, i. e. *Shire-pretree*; *Church-gereve*; A Churchwarden. *Fr.* 43. *AS.* *trepepa*, *Comes*, *praefectus*. See *Sonn.*

Gergon: A jargon, chattering. *Sq.* 1364.

Gerie, **Geriful**: Changeable, inconstant. *Prot.* 1538, 1540.

f. a gyando. It sometimes signifies Cruel. *Sk.*

Gerr: Struck. *Gam.* 598. Where *MS. Ch.* hath it, *Smoot*

him on the nek. See *Gerd*.

Gesolrent the hant, *Ber.* 1104. *G solrent in ale*; A Note in the *Gamut*, or Scale of Music.

Gesse: To guess. To entertain as a guest. *Com.* explains

Mo. 2109, 2110. thus; "If thou wilt like of their sentence and stand to it, they will entertain thee as a

guest in their brave halles; or else they will hear

and end thy matter without any great enquiry, privately in their houses. *Gessing*: Meaning; Opinion.

Gest, **Geste**: A guest. Also, History, a story. *Tr. L. 2. 83.*

Where instead of *hem redin the gest*, the Sense and Numbers are easier in *MS. Sp.* *rede hem all the gest*, i. e. Story.

8 B *Gestu*:

Giftis: Acts, Stories, Histories; Noble Actions, or Exploits. Also, Guests. *Fr.* 2037. *Mo.* 2471.
Get: Jette. *Mo.* 974. Also, Got, begotten. *PW.* 162.
Gette: Gotten. *BD.* 67.
Geib: Goeth. *Ar.* 260.
Gathering: Gathering. *Mo.* 2673.
Gettin: Begotten. *Hyp.* 35.
Geve: Given. *Fr.* 457.
Geyn: Gain. *Her ne gate no geyne*; She got nothing, She was never the better. *An.* 207.
Geyns for *Ageyns*, Ber. 1921. Against.
Ghest: A guest. *Ghestis*: Guests. *Fr.* 1368, 1369.
Ghost: A Spirit; The Soul, the mind. See *Goste*.
Gide, *Gie*: To guide, to direct. See *Guy*.
Gierfull, as *Gerie*, *Gerisfull*.
Gigges, *Mo.* 2699. Harlots, Strumpets; Giglers. *Fa.* L. 3. 852. *Fr.* *Gigue*, a Romp. *Gigging*: Sounding. *Sp.* Perhaps from the *Fr.* *Gigue*, *It.* *Giga*, a sort of Musical Instrument.
Giglolike: Like a Strumpet. *Cr.* 83. It seems to come from *Gigge*. See *Gigges*.
Gildy: Gilt, golden. *Dr.* Ch. 838.
Gilefull: Deceitful, perfidious, treacherous.
Giler, *Gilir*: A deceiver. *Giling*: Deceiving. *Gilid*: Deceived. See *Agilir*.
Gilofre: A Gilly-flower. *RR.* 1368. *Fr.* *Giroflée*. See *Glove geloser*.
Gilowr, as *Gilar*.
Gilt, *Gilte*: Gilded; Gold-colour, yellow. *LW.* 230. Also, Guilt; A fault. *As in my gilt*; Through my fault. *Fr.* 2303. *Wubontin gilt*; Without remedy. *lb.* 2585. *Mo.* 1488. *Giltif*: Guilty. *Gam.* 1626.
Gin: A snare, or trap. Also, A trick, or contrivance; *Fa.* L. 3. 913. *Gins*: Gins, engines. *Mo.* 2591. Bonds, fetters. *Com.*
Gingiber: Ginger. *RR.* 1369.
Ginis. See *Gin*.
Ginnin: To begin. *Tr.* L. 5. 657. *Ginning*: Beginning. *RR.* 4332. *Tr.* L. 1. 378. See *Argumentid*. *Ginnish*: Beginneth. *Ginnish gone*; He goeth immediately. *MR.* 956. Here *Ginnish* seems to be used as *Gan*, *V.*
Gipe, *RR.* 7214. A Coat full of plaits. *Sk.* *Fr.* *Jupe*, An upper coat. See *Men.* *Fr.* in *Juppe*.
Gipon, *Gippon*: A short doublet, or light coat. *Prol.* 75. A Diminutive of *Gipe*, as the *Fr.* *Jupon* is of *Jupe*. See *Gipe*.
Gipsire: A pouch, or purse; A bag. *Prol.* 359. *Fr.* *Gipsiere*.
Gir del fide: The Waist, the middle. *RR.* 826. The place where the Girdle is wore; from the *AS.* *Grypl*, *Cingulum*, and *Stede*, *Locus*, ut *St. Locus cinguli*.
Girdin. See *Gerd*.
Gires: Fits. *Prol.* 1533. See *Gyre*.
Girt. See *Gerd*, *Gert* and *Grit*.
Gisarme, *RR.* 5978. A military weapon, supposed by some to be a Pike with two points, or a Staff with two pikes within it, which with a Thrust forward came forth, and thought by *Spelm.* to be the same which in *Spanish* is called *Bisarma*, or *Visarma*; but in the Statute of Winton, he thinks it signifies a Bill, in *Lat.* *Bipennis*, a Battle-ax, a Hand-ax with two edges. See *Fr.* *Gl.* in *Gisarma*.
Gift: Guise, manner, custom, usage. *In gifts*. [*MS.* *Sp.* *In wife*] of curtesy; Under a pretence of courtesy. *Tr.* L. 5. 64. Fashion of dres, or armour. *Prol.* 2127. which is better in *MS.* *Ch.*
There ne is nowe no newe gyze, that the nas olde;
That is, There is no new manner of Arming now, that was not old, and used at that time.
Gisfene: A glazard, called a *Gbizzen* in *Lincolnshire*. In p. 385, b. it is put for the Layer, *Lat.* *Jecur*, *jechnoris*, from whence perhaps it is derived.
Gift: A guest, a stranger. *PT.* 461. *Giftis*: Strangers. *lb.* 550.
Gue: A woman's gown. *MR.* 846. *WB.* 559.
Glad: Content. *Glad pover*; Poverty with contentment. *WB.* 1183. *Gladly*: Commonly, *Sk.* f. Properly, p. 151, b. 202, a. 208, b. *Hyper.* 205.
Glade, *Gladin*: To make glad, to comfort. *Fr.* 2514.
Gladir: A comforter, cherisher, one that causeth joy, or gladness. *Prol.* 2224. Also, More glad.

Gladly. See *Glad*.
Glaifing: The glazing of a window. *Dr.* Ch. 327.
Glafe, *Tr.* L. 5. 469. as *Glofe*.
Gle, *Glee*: Mirth, rejoicing; Melody, Musick. *Tr.* L. 12. 1036. *Fa.* L. 3. 119.
Glede: A burning, or live cole. *Prol.* 1994. *AS.* *Glede*, *Pruna*. *Gledis*: Coles; Embers. *Tr.* L. 2. 538. Also, Kites. *Mo.* 3267.
Glede of an eye: The white of an egg. *No.* 827. *Fr.* *Glaire*.
Glent: Glanced. *Tr.* L. 4. 1223.
Gleve: A spear. *Sp.* It properly signifies a Sword. *Fr.* *Glaive*, a Cutlance. *CL.* 545.
Glitterande, *Glitterande*: Glittering, shining. The Termination—and or—ande is frequently used for—ing, in the Old Poets; From the not observing of which arose that mistake in the Editions of *Spenser's Fairy Q.* L. 1. Cant. to 7. St. 29.
His glitter and armour shind far away;
whereas it should be read,
His glitter and armour shined far away.
Glombe, *RR.* 4356. To look gloomy; To frown. *Sp.*
Glofe, *Glofin*: To deceive, flatter, lye; To interpret. It is generally used in an ill sense for To put a fair interpretation with an intention to deceive. *Mo.* 3095. Also, A Comment, or Interpretation. *Fr.* 528. *For al the glofe that thei coune*; How fair soever a Glof they may put upon it. *lb.* 2782. *Glofir*, *Glofowr*: A deceiver, a flatterer.
Glotenis, *Glotenie*: Gluttony. *Glotens*: Gluttons. *RR.* 4307.
Glaucous: Gluttonous, ravenous. *Glaucous bonde*: A greedy hand; *Aviað mann*, *Boeth.* p. 364, b.
Glondin: Glowed, shone. *Prol.* 2134. *Glomedon*, *MS.* *Ch.* which makes the Verse compleat without pronouncing the final *e* in *betwixte*.
Glytrin: To glitter, to shine. *Prol.* 979.
Gnarr [or *Knarre*; *H.* 1.] is a hard knot in a tree, or a stubb; whence a thick chubby fellow is called a *Gnarr*, *Prol.* 551. which *MS.* *Ch.* reads thus;
He was thick shouldered, and a short gnarr;
which is a more natural Description of a thick, short, well-set fellow than it is in the common Editions.
Gnarris: Stubbied.
Gnasse: Gnashed with the teeth. *Pr.* *RL.* 123.
Gnerring: Snarling. *p. 202, a.*
Gnoffe: An old Cuff; A Miser. *MR.* 80.
Go: Goss; *Fr.* 514.
Gobbs, *Gobur*: A piece. *Prol.* 698.
Goddace, *Goddess*: A Goddess, *Cr.* 135. 218.
Goddie: Gode; Of God.
Gode: Good. Sometimes it is used by way of Intreaty; as we say, Good now! *AL.* 346, 689. Also, God. *Godie*: Goods; Gods. *Gode-gissing*: A good opinion, a good name; *Bona eximias*, *Boeth.* p. 363, b. *Godeless*: Without Money, or Goods. *No.* 2798. But it is better read in *MS.* *Ch.* and *H.* 1.
But golders for to be is a no game.
Godelist: Goodliest, handiomest. *AL.* 384.
Godelich, *Godely*: Goodly; Kind, courteous, civil, obliging; Gentleman-like, honorable; Honorably, &c. *A man may godely*, p. 157, a. (so it should be read) i. e. may do it in a goodly manner, as p. 148, a.
Godelibede, *Godelyhede*: Goodness; Civility. *RR.* 4604. Comeliness, beauty. *Tr.* L. 3. 1736.
Godehes, *Goodness*. *At godehesse*; To good purpose. *RR.* 1453.
Godelse: Goods. *RR.* 5634. It were better to read it *Godes*.
Godfib: A Gossip, a Godfather, or Godmother, any Spiritual Relation. *Parr.* *AS.* *Syb.* Relation, Kindred, or Alliance.
Goffish: Foolish, silly. *Tr.* L. 3. 585. from the *Fr.* *Goffe*, a Dunce, an awkward fellow, and perhaps Rude, ill-natured. See *Men.* *Fr.*
Gold-bewin: Of a golden hue, or colour.
Goldsmithry: Goldsmith's work.
Goles: The gullet, or throat. *RR.* 7096.
Golierdeis, *Prol.* 562. Ravenously-mouthed. *Sp.* But it signifies

- signifies rather a Buffoon, in *Fr. Gouliard*. See *Men. Fr.* and *Fr. Gl.* in *Goliardus*.
- Gomme*: Gum. *LW.* 121.
- Gon, Gonin, Gonnin*: Began; To go or proceed; Ago, agone, since. It is sometimes put for *Gan*, *Mo.* 1837. *Bl. Kn.* 32.
- Gon, Gonne*: A gun. *RR.* 4176. *Fa. L.* 3. 553. Also, Begun. *Pro.* 2662. which may be read, *folks beganne*, as in *MS. Ch.*
- Gonde*: Gone. *PT.* 574.
- Gonfanon*: *RR.* 1201. *Gonfanon*, *Ib.* 2018. *Gonfanon*, The chief Banner, or Standard. See *Men. Fr.* and *Men. It.* and *Fr. Gl.* in *Gonfanon*.
- Gong*: A house of ease, a Jakes. *Mo.* 2092. p. 208, b. *AS. Gong, Latrina*.
- Gonne, Gonnin*. See *Gon*.
- Goodlefe*, *Mo.* 6. Goodwoman, or as they say in some places, Goody. See *Left*.
- Goodship*: Goodness. *Ber.* 515.
- Gore*, *MR.* 129. No. 3298. A plait or fold. *Sp.* An arbour. *Sk.*
- Gorget*: The throat. *Mo.* 1450. *Fr. Gorge*.
- Gose*: Goes, goeth. *Ch. Dr.* 1286. Also, A goose.
- Gospellere*: An Evangelist. *RR.* 6887.
- Gossomere*: The white and cobweb-like Exhalations that fly abroad in hot Sunny weather. *Blo. Sk.* says that in a Book called *The French Gardener*, it signifies the Down of the Sow-Thistle, which is driven to and fro by the wind.
- Gost*: A ghost, a spirit; The mind. *Gostis*: Ghosts, &c.
- Goib*: Goeth; Go, in the Imperative Mood.
- Governance, Govirnanee*: Government, management, conduct, cart. In *Tr. L.* 2, 1442. *Ca.* reads *Juste-nance*.
- Governayle*: Government, management, conduct. p. 265, a. Also, A pilot, a guide, a governor. *Mo.* 3018. *Fr. Gouvernail*, The Rudder, or Helm of a Ship, the Steerage.
- Gourde*: A leathern bottle. *Mo.* 1659. So called either from the form of it; or (as *Sk.* says) because abroad they use Gourds for Bottles.
- Grace*: Favour. *Fr.* 2545. *God giveth [i. e. gives] for grace*; A Curse. No. 686. *Save, saving your grace*; With your leave, or favour. p. 149, a. *For the grace of gode*; For the sake of good. p. 382, a. *By grace of position*; For argument-sake. p. 399, a. In *RR.* 444. it seems to signify Gracefulness or Comeliness, particularly of the Countenance. *Makin lene their grace*; Make themselves look thin through an Hypocritical fasting, referring to *Math. VI.* 16. *Graces, Fr. Thanks*.
- Gracions*: Gracefull, well-favoured. *Fr.* 1633. *Fr. Gracieux*.
- Graith*. See *Greib*.
- Graine*: Grief, sorrow, vexation, anger, madness; Trouble, affliction. *Tr. L.* 1, 373. *AS. Epam, Furor*.
- Grammercy*, as *Grantemercy*.
- Grane*: A grain. *Tr. L.* 3. 1028.
- Grantmercy*. See *Grantemercy*.
- Grapinel*: A Grapling-Iron. *Cl.* 61. A Diminutive of the *Fr. Grapin*.
- Gratch*: To behave. *Sk.* *Gan her gratche as a bigine*; Dressed herself as a Beguine. *RR.* 7368. *Gratche* is perhaps the same with *Graibe*, if not mistaken for it. See *Greib*.
- Grave, Gravin*: To bury, to engrave, to carve, to cut. *Tr. L.* 2. 47. To make an impression. *Cmp.* 280. Buried. *Fr.* 2522.
- Grange*: A Grange, a Granary, Barn, or large Farm belonging to a Religious House, where there are Stables for Horses, Stalls for Oxen and other Cattle. *Fr.*
- Grange*, A barn.
- Grantemercy*: Great thanks. *Fr. Grandmerci*; I thank you heartily.
- Gre, Gree, Fr. Gré*. Will, accord, satisfaction, pleasure. *Ber.* 1326. *Take at gre, or agre, RR.* 1969, 4349. *Take in gre, Ib.* 42. *Receive in gre, Fr.* 2172. *Accept in gre, Tr. L.* 2. 529. To take kindly, or in good part. *Make gre*; To oblige one, to do a good turn. *Mo.* 2274. Also, Degree, *Gre superlative*; The Superlative Degree. *Sq.* 891. *In no manir gre*; Not in the least degree. *RR.* 5743. *Greable*: Agreeable; Satisfactory. *La.* 768.
- Gredé*: To cry, to weep. *CN.* 135. *It. Gridare*.
- Greet*: To rejoyce.
- Grefe*: Grief. *Take it not in grefe*; Take it not ill.
- Grein de Parù*, *RR.* 1369. *Sk.* thinks it to be contracted from *Grains of Paradise*; The Seed of a Plant brought from Guinea.
- Greined, Greynyd*: Made, sprung up or produced from a grain. *Sk.* Of colour *greynyd*; Dyed in grain. *Ber.* 2330.
- Greib*: To remove, to bring. *Sk.* To fit, prepare or make ready. *Mo.* 619. To contrive. *That I had greib-ed death to all gode menne*, Boeth. p. 363, a. *Si bonis omnibus necem frueretur diceretur*.
- Grene*: Green. *Grene of conscience*; Of a tender conscience; Tender-hearted. No. 100. See *Pro.* 142—150. *Hew full oft in grene*; A pale complexion. *Tr. L.* 2. 6. *As grene as gall*, *Mo.* 2102. The moisture in the Gall of living creatures is green; it should seem that he means the Gold was enameled with Green. *Com. Grene*, *Ber.* 3160. is put for *Gryn*, or *Grin* (as in *RL.* 237.) which is the same with *Gin*, A snare.
- Grenehede*: Rawsness, rashness of youth, or simply, youth. *La.* 164.
- Greynth*, *PT.* 686. Ate or look green.
- Gret, Grette*: Greeted, saluted. *Bel. Lad.* 100.
- Grete*: To cry. *RR.* 4116. See *Grede*. *Great, course. Sq.* 938. Also, as *Gret*.
- Grestin*: Smote. See *Gerd* and *Grit*.
- Grieve*: To grieve, to offend, to hurt, to annoy; Grief, grievance. Also, A grove. *Groves*: Groves, bushes. *RR.* 3019. *CN.* 64. *Grevid*: Aggrieved; Angry.
- Greynyd*. See *Greined*.
- Grill*, *RR.* 73. Cold. *Sp. f.* as *Grifly*. See *Grifs*.
- Grin*: A snare. See *Grene*.
- Grint*: Grindeth. *WB.* 389. *Grindd*: Ground; Gnashed. *Fr.* 897.
- Gribe*: To be afraid. *Ber.* 2067. *Grifly*: Frightfull, dreadful. See *Agribe*.
- Grit for Girt*: Smote, struck, stabbed. *Through grit*, *Pro.* 1012. [*gert, MS. Ch.*] *Through gyt*, *Bl. Kn.* 292. Thrust, or pierced through. See *Gird*.
- Grub*: An agreement. *Mo.* 2187. *AS. Epam, Peace*.
- Groche*: To grudge or grutch, to murmur. *Mo.* 3104.
- Grose, Grosing, Gronse, Gronse, Gruf, Gruffs*: Groveling, flat on the ground. *Now downward grouse, and now upright*; Sometimes flat on thy face, and sometimes with thy face upward. *RR.* 2561.
- Groin*: The snout of a swine. p. 192, b. To grumble. *RR.* 7099. *Fr. Grogner*. Also, Grunting, grumbling. *Tr. L.* 1, 350. *Fr. Grogne*, A powting woman.
- Gromin*: To groan. *Tr. L.* 3. 207.
- Grope, Gropin*: To search, feel, examine. *Fr.* 550.
- Grobed*: Grubbed up.
- Grouse, Gronse*. See *Grose*.
- Grown*, *Ben.* 1674. Grumbling. See *Groin*.
- Groundid*: Ground, from *Grind*. No. 796.
- Growning*, *PT.* 651. Growling, snarling. See *Groin*, *Grown*.
- Gruf, Gruffe*. See *Grose*.
- Grusill*: A gristle. *PT.* 577.
- Grys, Grece, Greece*: A valuable Furr of a Beast called by the French *Vair*. *Pro.* 194. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Griseum*. It also signifies Grey. *Fr. Gris*. In *PP. Ne neither gose ne grys*, it signifies Partridges, says *Sk.* perhaps from the colour; but probably it there signifies Pig, as *Grifis* is used by *Dougl. An. VII.* for Pigs.
- Gubernatise*: Governing.
- Gude*: Good.
- Guerdon*, *Fr.* A reward, recompence; Return of a favour or obligation. Also, To reward, to recompence, to requite. *For all guerdons*, p. 148, b. A form of Intreaty; Of all loves. *Guerdoning*: Rewarding, &c. *Guerdonless*: Without reward. *Bl. Kn.* 400.
- Guisse*, as *Gise*.
- Gurtheles*: Girdles. *Pro.* 370.
- Guy*: To guide, rule, govern; To direct, to order. *Guerdone*, as *Guerdon*.
- Gyderesse*: She that guides, a woman-guide. Boeth.
- Gyf*, as *Guy*.

Gynne,

Gynne, as *Gin*.

Gyre, *Pro*. 1374. A trance, a dump, a fit. *Sk*. Perhaps from the Lat. *Gyro*, To turn round, it may signify Dizziness, or Swimming of the head.

Gyrt. See *Grit*.

H.

H *Abandon*: To abandon, to forsake. *BD*. 763.

Habergeon, *Haburgeon*, *Fr. Haubergeon*, a Dim. of *Hanberg*, or *Haubert*, a Coat of Mail; A little Coat of Mail, or only Sleeves and Gorget of Mail. *Bl.* No. 3366, 3368.

Habilite: Ability, capacity; Address. *CL*. 1044. *Fr. Habilié*.

Habitacles: Habitations; Apartments. *Fa. L.* 3. 104.

Habiten: To dwell, inhabit. *RR*. 660.

Habound: To abound; Abounding.

Habundaunt: Abounding with. *Fr.* 1089.

Haburgeon. See *Habergeon*.

Hace: Hath. Also, Hoarse; Harsh. *Cr.* 338. *Here and hacc*; Hoarse and harsh. *CG.* 33. *AS.* Hare, *Rancus*.

Hackenaie: *RR*. 1137. *Fr. Haquenee*, a Pad; but here it signifies a very ordinary Horse (such as we now call a Hackney) in opposition to a Horse of price, *lb.* 1134.

Hadnest, perhaps for *Badnest*, *p.* 514, a. 1. 42.

Hae: A hedge. *RR.* 3007, 2971, 3175. *Fr. Hays.* *AS.* Hæg. *Sepes*, *septum*, any Fence or Enclosure.

Hails: Bliss, happiness. *No.* 2168. *In Sanctis*, *Sk.* *Sedibus*, being understood; In the Holy Habitations, or Habitations of the Saints.

Hailfin: To salute; To embrace. See *Halfe*, *I hailfin The*, *No.* 3154. *I conjure the*, *Ca.* 2. *Py. haloufe*, *Ca.* 1. *halfe*, *H.* 1. *halfe*, *hayfe*, al. *baile*, *Ed.* 1591.

Haine: Hatred. *Test.* *Fr. Haine*.

Haire: A hair-cloth. *RR.* 438.

Haketon: A Jacket without sleeves. *Sp.* No. 3365.

Halfe: A side; a part. *AS.* Dealp. *A this halfe* [*l. this halfe*] *God.* 31. On this side *God.* *p.* 489, b.

Halfindele, *Halfindole*. See *Halwe*.

Halif wode. See *Hazil wode*.

Halke: A corner. *Fr.* 2675. *No.* 322. *AS.* Deale, A nook.

Hallomes: Saints. *Pro*. 14. *AS.* Dalig, *Sanctus*.

Halowe: Hollow. *Ar.* 308. *No.* 1286.

Halowid: Hollow'd to, called upon. *PT.* 21.

Halpe: Helped, eased. *RR.* 1911. *Mo.* 158. *RL.* 72.

Halfe: The neck. *Sq.* 1911. Also, To embrace, to take one about the neck. *CL.* 1290. *Halving*: Embracing. *RL.* 216. *AS.* Dalp.

Halow it to the best: By the Context it should be, I will pray that it turn to the best. *PT.* 107.

Halt, *Halte*: Holdeth; Observeth. *Dr.* Ch. 621. Held, or kept. *La.* 722. *Tr.* L. 2. 37. Held, accounted. Also, To halt as a Cripple. *Dr.* Ch. 622.

Halwe, *Halwindole*, *Halfindole*, *Halfindole*: Half. *In some halve*: In some part, in some degree. *Test.* *Widdrowin them to halves*: Drew themselves out into two Parties, some for one side, and some for the other. *Gam.* 258.

Hameled, *Tr.* L. 2. 964. Cut off, abated. *Ca.* hath liffed (i. e. lessened, abated) instead of *hameled*. It seems to come from *Hamelari*, To maim, or lame by cutting the hams, or houghs.

Hamers: Hammers. *Dr.* Ch. 1164.

Han: Have.

Hanselins: A kind of Breeches. *Pars.* *p.* 198, a. f. leg. *Hanselins*, Breeches or slops.

Hamen: To haunt, use, exercise. *Boeth.*

Hap, *Happe*: Fortune, chance. *Happes*: Chances. *Happes aventurous*, *p.* 365, a. I suspect it was originally writ to the folie of these happes, (without *aventurous*) and that *aventures* was afterwards put in the margin as a Gloss to explain *happes*, which being in time introduced into the Text, was changed to *aventurous*; or else it may have been writ *happes* or *aventures*, there being very

frequent Instances in *Chancer's Translation of Boeth.* of two Synonymous words being put to render the sense of one in the *Latin*, where one is either obscure, or does not fully answer the force of the *Latin* word: Besides *Aventurous* bears a different sense in this Author. See *Aventurous*. *Hape* is put for *Hap*, or *Happe*, *RR.* 3284. *Happious*: Accidental, happening by chance. *p.* 490, b.

Harbere: An about. *FL.* 465.

Harberowe. See *Herberowe*.

Hardeth: Hardeneth. *p.* 514, a.

Hardied: Emboldened, encouraged. *Test.*

Hardily: Bravely, boldly; Verily. *Pro*. 156. *RR.* 4.

Hardiment, *Hardineß*: Courage, boldness.

Hardly, *Dr.* Ch. 1043. *Bal.* 828. for *Hardily*, *V.*

Hardy: Bold, brave, courageous.

Harlot, *p.* 202, b. It is used indifferently of loose persons of either sex, as *Ribalde*, *V.* *Pro*. 649. *Mo.* 2273. *King of harlots* is the same with *Rex Ribaldorum*, who had the charge of punishing those disorderly people about the King's Court. See an Account at large of his Office in *Fr. Gl.* in *Ribald*. The Office of Master of the Revels seems to have some Affinity with it.

Harlotreis: Bawdry. *Pro*. 503.

Harnis, *Harnis*: Harness, Furniture, Armour. *Harnis The*, *RR.* 2648. Dress thee.

Harnis, for *Hernis*: Corners. *Mo.* 2429.

Harpor: A Harper. *Tr.* L. 2. 1030.

Harrow: An Interjection. *Haro* is a form of Exclamation anciently used in *Normandy* to call for Help, or to raise the Hue and Cry. See *Hick.* *Gr.* *Fr.* *p.* 96, a.

Harrome: To lay waste, destroy, ravage, plunder. *MR.* 404. *Fr.* 843. *AS.* Denyan, *Vastare*.

Haryid: Carried out by force, hurried out. *Pro*. 2728.

Hazardours. See *Hazardours*.

Hastiness: Rashness. *p.* 150, a.

Hastily, *Hastly*: Soon. *Fr.* 462. Presently, immediately, without delay. *lb.* 1170.

Hastow: Halt thou. *WB.* 903.

Hate, *Haite*, *RR.* 38. Be or is called, or named. Also, Hot. *RR.* 2318.

Havan: A haven. *Test.*

Hanberk, *Fr. Hauberg*, *Haubert*, a Coat of Mail. See *Habergeon*.

Have, for *Behave*, *p.* 488, b. 1. 28. *Have the barre*. See *Bar*.

Haven, *Havin*: To have.

Hauncin: To enhance, promote. *Bl.* *Kn.* 431. *Fr. Haussier*; To lift up. *Haunsing*: Elevation. *p.* 449, b.

Haunt: Custom, a habit, skill gained by frequent practice. *Pro*. 449. *Hauntidin*: Haunted. See *Hanten*.

Havoir, *RR.* 4720. The same with *Aver*, *V.*

Hauelin, *Hauin* (*Fr. Hantain*) Haughty, proud. *RR.* 3739. *Loud.* No. 1844. High-flying. *Dr.* 195. *Hauelny*: Haughtily. *RR.* 5820.

Hawbak, *Hawbeck*, *Hawberk*, as *Hanberk*.

Hawe: Coloured. *Cr.* 257. A Hawthorn-berry. *WB.* 659. *p.* 487, b. A Yard, a hedge. *No.* 2373. See *Hais*.

Hay. See *Hais*.

Hayne. See *Haine*.

Hazardours: Gamesters, particularly Hazard-players.

Hazardrie: Gaming, playing at Hazard. *Mo.* 2106.

Hazil wode, *Tr.* L. 5. 1174. *Hazil wode*, *lb.* L. 3. 892.

Hazle trees. *Te hazlewoods* seems to have been a common form of Exclamation; and *Te halif wode*, *Tr.* L. 5. 505. should probably be read, *Te hazil wode*, or as in *MS.* *Sp.* *Te hazil wode thought* [*quod*, *Ca.*] *this Paddere*.

He, is sometimes put before Proper Names, as the Pronoun *Se* in *Saxon*; as, *He Tityus*, *Tr.* L. 1. 787. *He Mofis*, *Sq.* 270. *He Epicurus*, *p.* 375, a. So *Him*, *RR.* 6781. *Bl.* *Kn.* 269. and *Her*, *V.*

Heclid, *Cr.* 244. Wrapped. *Sk.* See *Gl.* *V.* in *Hekkyl*.

Hed, *Hede*: Heed, care, attention. Also, The head.

Hedde: Hid, covered. *LW.* 208.

Hedin of him the name, *Gam.* 431. This, as it is printed, is not intelligible; *MS.* *Ch.* gives us the true Reading, thus; *Heede of him the name*, i. e. They took particular notice of him, observed him close, and wondered how such a Stripling durst venture himself against an experienced Champion. The same Expression is used in this sense in a Poem in *MS.* *Ch.* Entitled *Progne & Phi-*

Philomene, the Story of which is taken out of *Gower*, L. 5. *Noo man in Court noon heede of hym name*; i. e. No man at Court took any manner of notice of him.
Heed: Head. *On his heed*; Upon peril of losing his head, Upon pain of death. *Prol.* 1346.

Heerde: A Shepherd.

Heere and hounne: Hare and Hound. *Sp. and Sk. Tr. L.* 4. 210. Perhaps it may have been a Proverbial Expression signifying One and all. *Ca.* has it thus, *al they sayde and fowne*.

Heeres: Hairs. *Prol.* 557.

Heeste: A command.

Hegge, *RR.* 481. A hedge. *Haggis*: Hedges.

Heighe: To hatten. *Test.*

Height, *RR.* 2984. for *Hight*, *V.*

Heine, for *Hine*, *V.* *This cursed beine*; This cursed slave. *No.* 1340.

Heire: Hair, *MR.* 868. A Hair-cloth. *No.* 143.

Heisugge, *AF.* 612. *Cunna*, a little bird in whose nest the Cuckow layeth her Eggs, and when they be hatched and grown to some bigness, they eat the bird that bred them. *Sp.*

Held: Hold. *WB.* 272.

Hele: To hide, to cover, to conceal. *RR.* 6882. *WB.* 950. *AS.* *Delan.* *Heled*, *Hyled*, *Mo.* 1170. *Hid*, covered.

Hele: Health; Prosperity, welfare. Also, A heel. *Helis*: Heels. *RR.* 7488.

Heleesse, *Tr. L.* 5. 1592. Void of *Hele*, *V.*

Helise, *Fr.* 852. *Elisha*, the Prophet.

Helise the feld: The Elysian Fields. *CL.* 119.

Helmid: Wearing a helmet. *Tr. L.* 2. 593. But *Ca.* hath it *Helmid with stele*; Crowned with Steel, the *AS.* *Delm*, signifying a Crown, as well as a Head-piece.

Helowis, *WB.* 677. *Heloise*, the Concubine, and afterwards the Wife, of *Abelard*. See their Story at large in *Bayle's Dict. Lob. Hist. of Bretagne*, &c.

Hen, *Henne*, *Hennis*, *Hens*, *Hense*: Hence.

Hend, *WB.* 6218. *Hende*, *MR.* 278, &c. (or rather, as *MS. Ch.* hath it throughout that Tale) *Hendy*: Gentle; Neat, handsome. *RR.* 285, 3345.

Heng, *Tr. L.* 2. 689, as *Hing*.

Hent, *Hentin*: To get, to take, to catch. *Fr.* 236. Caught lifted up, took, taken. *AS.* *Dentan*, To pursue, to catch, &c.

Henters: Huntsmen: Pursuers. *Boeth.*

Hepe: A company, a troop. *Halt to hepe*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1770. Holds together.

Her, *Here*: To hear. Also *Hajr*. It is used very often in the *MSS.* for *Their*, from the *AS.* *Diopa*, Of them. It seems to be retained (though not designedly) in this Edition, in *Fr.* 2380. and *Tr. L.* 4. 1141. *Mr. Urry* having in other places changed it into *Their* or *Ther*. It is put before Proper Names, as *He*. *CL.* 234.

Herande: To proclaim, to set forth, or celebrate the praise or fame of one, which is the part of a Herald. *Fr.* *Herant*.

Herandes: Heralds, *MR.* 276. Feats of activity, or furious parts in a play. *Sp.* From *Heros*, a Heroe, or from *Herald*.

Herbegere, *RR.* 7585. *Herbiger*, *AL.* 268. A Chamberlain, one that takes care of Lodgings. *Herbegours*: Chamberlains. *RR.* 5000.

Herber, *Herbere*, *Herbir*: An arbour. *Tr. L.* 2. 1705. An Inn, or place of Entertainment; A Lodging. Also, A place, station. *Fr.* 2581.

Herbergeon. See *Habergeon*.

Herberone, *Herbir*: To harbour, to lodge, to entertain. *RR.* 6145. *Herberid*, *Herbrid*, *Herbroden*: Harbour, &c.

Herbigage, *Herborie*, *Herbrough*, *Herbrow*, *Herbrue*: An Inn, a Lodging.

Herd, *Herde*: A herdsman, a shepherd. Also *Heard*; *Hard*. *Prol.* 229. *RR.* 3279.

Herdegromes: Herdsmen. *Fa. L.* 3. 135.

Herdus, *RR.* 1233. *Hurds*, *Tow*, the course part of Hemp or Flax when dressed. Also, for *Hierdis*, *Mo.* 2279. See *Hierde*.

Here, *Gam.* 1039. This place is certainly corrupted. *MS. Ch.* reads it thus;

*And doith him noon harm,
But leye upon the bodyis,
And breke both leg and arm.*

But *H.* 1. thus;

— and do hem no harmes;
But breke both her leggis and fiken her armes.

By this it appears that the true Reading is *her armes*, and that *this* was unskillfully brought into the Text out of the margin; where it was put to explain *her*, or *here*. See *Her*.

Herenus, *Pi.* 92. Instead of *thou Herenus Quene*, it is, *Te vertuose quene*. in a *MS.* in the *Harl. Library*.

Herie. See *Hery*.

Herin: Made of hair. *Herin clout*; A piece of Hair-cloth. *No.* 2252.

Heris: Hairs.

Herne: A valley; A corner. *Fr.* 2675. *Hernis*, *No.* 679. Corners. *AS.* *Dyn.* *Angulus*.

Hernia: A Rupture.

Heron: Hereupon. *Fa. L.* 3. 45.

Heronere: *Di.* 195. That kind of Hawk which flies at *Hetous*; or else it may signify a Heron. Instead of *Heroner*, *Tr. L.* 4. 413. *Ca.* hath *Heron*.

Heronseus, *Sq.* 88. f. Young Herons, *Fr.* *Heronneaux*, or *Heronceaux*. The common Heron is called *Heronseus*. *MS. Ch.* hath *Gurlewis* instead of *Heronseus*.

Heranward: Hereupon, upon this condition. *Dr. Ch.* 248.

Hert, *Herte*: Did hurt. *Dr. Ch.* 883. The Heart. Instead of *all mine herte*, read *all by herte*, *RR.* 4800. A Hart. *Hertly*: Hearty, sincere. *RR.* 5433. *Hertleß*: Heartless, discouraged.

Herto: Hereunto. *Te were not want herto*; You were not used to this. *Ber.* 532. Likewise, also.

Hery: To praise, to honour. *AS.* *Dejnan*. *Heries*: Praised, honoured. *Herying*: Honour. *No.* 2967. Praising, honouring. *Ib.* 3187.

Hesperus: The Evening-star.

Heste: A command. *No.* 2157, 2163. The Third Commandment, *Thou shalt not take the Name of the Lord thy God in vain*, &c. is called the *seconde heste*, or Commandment. *AS.* *Dæye*. It seems to be put for *Beheste*, *RR.* 4475, 4477.

Het: Heated, warmed. *AF.* 145.

Hite: To promise. *Dr. Ch.* 1226. Was called. *Rb.* 200. See *Hate*.

Hethin: A Heathen, an Infidel; Mockery. *Sp.* *MS. Ch.* and *H.* 1. read *Hethynge*, *MR.* 1092. The same Expression is used by *Dougl.* *En.* 4.

Sal y thus makkii, and to bethyng drive, &c. *Lat.* *Irrisa*.

Heithneß: Paganism, The Heathen world. *Prol.* 49.

Heved, *Fa. L.* 2. 42. *Was every vertue in me heved*. f. for *bevid*, i. e. every Faculty in me was sunk. See *H-vjeth*.

Hevenishe: Celestial. p. 442, b.

Heviesh: Sinks down, maketh heavy. *Boeth.*

Hevin: To rise, to mount; To heave, to lift up. *Di.* 271. *Thoreon was to bevin and to done*, *Tr. L.* 2. 1289. There was great difficulty, *qn.* heaving and working. Also, Heaven.

Hevineß: Severity, or an Inclination to be severe, p. 158, a.

Hewe: Colour; Pretence: *Hewis*: Colours. *Tr. L.* 2. 21. *AS.* *Dipe*, *Color*. *To hew to his*, p. 489, a. *To hew above the hedde*, *CL.* 158. were Proverbial Expressions, spoken of persons attempting things above their power, or condition; which may be further explained by a passage in *Lidgate's Life of St. Fremonde*, *MS. Harl.*

*Or who can write the tryamples glorious
Of his martirs in noumbre not a few?
And I am ferful above myn hed to hewe,
Lyst froward chippis of presumpcioun
Sholde blynde myn eyen in their fallyng down.*

Hewe of Lincoln, *No.* 3193. This *Hugh* was a child of Eight years old, crucified by the *Jews* at *Lincoln*, *A. D.* 1255. for which Eighteen of them were hanged. See *Leland's Itin.* Vol. VIII. p. 82.

Hevid: Coloured. *Hwid bright*; Of a clear complexion. *RR.* 1030.

Hewin: Hackt and hewed. *Tr. L.* 2. 638.
Hemmonde, Cr. 186. Newly made, shining. *Sp. and Sk.*
 A helmet. *Gl. V.*
Hexameton, Mo. 91. An Hexameter Verse, consisting of six feet.
Hext: Highest. *Ch. Dr.* 345.
Hidin: To hide. Also, Hastened. *Gam.* 1103. where *MS. Ch.* reads it *Heyden*; but *H. 1.* better, *Hyeden*.
Hidous: Ugly, deformed. *RR.* 1354.
Hie: To hasten. *In hie*; *In hatt.* Cr. 361. *AS. Drgan*, *Festinare.* *An hie*, *RR.* 4021. for *In hie*. Also, *High*.
Hier: Hire.
Hierde: A herdsman, a shepherd. *AS. Diepō*, *hypo*, *Pastor.* Hence *Hierdes*, *Tr. L.* 3. 620. comes to signify Guides, or Governours; and *Christ* is called our *Hierde*, No. 203.
Hierdes: A shepherdess. *Tr. L.* 1. 654. But instead of an *hierdes*, *Ca.* reads and a *pryncesse*.
Hiere: Her.
High is sometimes put for *Height*.
Highed: Hastened. *PT.* 533. See *Hie*.
Higheft, for *Height*, p. 450, a. 1. 55, 58.
High, *Highie*, *Highin*: Named, called; Was called; Promised. *AS. Datan*, *Vocatus*, from *Datan*, To say, to bid. *High* is also sometimes put for *Height*.
Hijen, for *Hie*: Hasten. *Ber.* 2435.
Hildeth: Yieldeth; Beltotheth. p. 491, a.
Him, *Tr. L.* 2. 800. for *Hemy*, *MS. Sp.* or *Them*, *Ca.* See *He*.
Hindereft: Hindmost. *Prol.* 624.
Hine: A hind, a servant, particularly in Husbandry. *Prol.* 605. A clown.
Hing, *Hinge*: Hung.
Hip, *Hipe*: A bramble-berry.
Hir, *Hire*: Her.
Historial: Historical, in opposition to Fabulous. No. 1670.
Hie: Is called. *Fa. L.* 2. 434. See *Hate* and *High*.
Hithe, No. 1316. for *Hie The*, i. e. Hasten thee. See Instances of this nature in *Alowh*.
Ho! An Interjection used for stopping, or causing to desert, or leave off. *Tr. L.* 2. 1083. *Withouin ho* [al. *ho*] seems to be synonymous to *endelesse*; Without stopping, or leaving off. See *ib. L.* 3. 190: *L. 4.* 1242. A Proclamation, or *Oyes*. *CL.* 270.
Hokerly: Peevishly, frowardly. *Parr.* p. 201, b.
Hokir: Ill nature, frowardness, peevishness. *MR.* 857.
Hold, *Holdin*: Beholden, obliged. *Tr. L.* 3. 1263. *Hyp.* 80. Held, accounted. *RR.* 1008. *Holdin in bonde*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1614. To keep in suspense. *Holdin*, *Tr. L.* 9. 1760. should be read *Holt* [i. e. *Holdeth*] in. *Holdyn yn*, *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.*
Holdir: A supporter. *Tr. L.* 2. 644.
Hole: Whole; Wholly. *Mo.* 2152.
Holily, *Holly*, *Holy*: Wholly.
Hollow, *Holour*: A whoremonger, an adulterer, a fornicator.
Holowes, for *Halowes*: Saints. *Holowes twelve*; Twelve Apostles. *Dr. Ch.* 831.
Holowness, *Tr. L.* 5. 1808. It is better in *MS. Sp.* the *hynesse of the seventh sphere*; i. e. The height, &c.
Holfaines, Cr. 168. Hailstones; or the word may be divided, *Hole stanes*, i. e. Whole stones. *Sk.*
Holt, *Halie*: Holdeth; Held, accounted. No. 942. Also, A grove, a forest. *Prol.* 6. *AS. Holt*. *Holies*, *Holies*: Woods, forests. *Tr. L.* 3. 352.
Homeide, *Homicide*: A Murderer, an Assassin.
Homely, *Homlich*: Domestick. *Homely foe*; A domestick enemy. Also, Plain, without disguise. *Homely sothe*; Plain truth. *Tr. L.* 2. 1559.
Hond: A hand. *Withouin bonde*, *Tr. L.* 3. 188. Out of hand, presently. *Honden*: Hands. See *Hent*.
Hondis: Hands. Also, Takeith. *Ber.* 3212. *Hondubrede*; A hand's breadth. *MR.* 703.
Honeste: Honourable. No. 3070. *Honestie*: Decency. *Mo.* 737. p. 198, a.
Hong: To hang. No. 2306. *Hanged*, hung.
Hongir: Hunger. *RR.* 6734.
Hongit: Hanged, hung. *A palfrey well hongit*; A horse well accoutred. *Ber.* 899.
Hont, or *Hunt*: A huntsman. *Dr. Ch.* 389.

Honyswetnesse, p. 367, b. 1. 22. for *honey of swetnesse*. Lat. *Melle dulcedinis*.
Hoole; Whole. *Hoolich*: Wholly. *Ber.* 457.
Hope, *PT.* 14. *Alle* [i. *Atte*] *cheke of the hope*; f. At the Chequer-Inn in the *Hope*, in *Canterbury*, where the Pilgrims lodged. *Hope* signifies a Dingle, or little valley, and is retained in *Kent*, and other parts of *England*, in the names of Places: But as I find no such place as the *Hope* in or about *Canterbury*, I suspect it should be read *Hoibe*, there being (as I am informed) a place called the *Hooibe* not far from that City; and the mistake might easily arise from the likeness of the Saxon *þ* [for *th*] and *p*, in the MSS.
Hoppen and bonten with beve and hale: Hopp and hoot with heaving and haling. *Mo.* 2812. Leaping, and shouting, haling and pulling. *Com.*
Hoppoferis, *Prol.* 2019. Pilots. *Sp.* But *MS. Ch.* hath it, *the ships upon the steris*, i. e. There I saw the Ships and their whole-Crew burnt as they steered, or sailed along; which must be a much more terrible Image, than barely the Pilots being burnt, and consequently a very proper Ornament to the Temple of *Mars*.
Hore: Hoary, grey-headed. *Sq.* 916. *Lakkis bore*, *Fr.* 918. Grey hairs. Also, A whore. *Sq.* 1895.
Horologe, *Horologe*: A clock, a dial.
Horisons, p. 519, b. for *Orisons*: Prayers. *Fr. Oraison*, A prayer.
Horoscope (*Horoscopum*, p. 444, a.) is in Astrology sometimes put for a Figure of the Twelve Houses (as the Signs of the Zodiack are called) erected to tell Fortunes; and sometimes for the Degree of the Ascendant, or the Star ascending above the Horizon, at the time the Question is put, any thing enquired for, or a Native born: But most properly it signifies the first House, or Ascendant, and is that part of the Zodiack which is rising at the time of the Scheme.
Horow: Mean, base; Slanderous. *Horow tongis*; Scandalous tongues. *CM.* 52. Beafly, filthy, nasty. *Mo.* 3037.
Horriblete: Horribleness, a horrible thing. *RR.* 7285. *AS. Dorig*, *Sordidus*, *squalidus*, *mucidus*.
Horse: Hoarse. *Dr. Ch.* 347.
Hospitaliers, *Hospitellers*, *RR.* 6693. *Hospitalarij*, Knights Templars, or Knights of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.
Hofelrie, *Hoferie*, *Hofrie*: An Inn. *Hofery*, *Prol.* 23. should be *Hofelry*. *Fr. Hofelerie*.
Hofiliments, *Hofiliments*: Furniture, Utensils, Household goods, *Suppellectilis*, *Boeth.* p. 370, a.
Hofilere: An host, an Inn-keeper; An hostler.
Hofresse of vertue: The hostess of Vertue, One that always entertains Vertue within her breast. *Cap.* 461.
Hore, *Horin*: To promise. See *Hete*. Also, Be named, or called; Hot; To be heated.
Hove: Lifted up. p. 359, b. Also, To hover. *Tr. L.* 3. 1433. *Hovid*: Hovered about, loytered. *Tr. L.* 5. 33.
Houfe, *MR.* 803. *Set his boufe*; Be quit with him. *MS. Ch.* and *H. 1.* *Set his boune*, al. *boun*, a word often used in *PP.* for *Gown*: Perhaps it may be a Proverbial Expression, as *sett their cap*, *Prol.* 588. though not exactly of the same signification. See *Shoufe*.
Houge: Huge. *Mo.* 3049. *Ber.* 1178.
Hound is used for a Dog in general. *Cerberus the hound of hell*, p. 395, b. *AS. Dunbe*, A dog.
Houndfish: The Dog-fish. *Sq.* 1341.
Houfel: The Eucharist, or Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. *AS. Durel*.
Houfelin, *Houfel*: To be ben. *boufled*; To receive the Holy Communion.
Houfholding: House keeping. *RR.* 1132.
How: A cap, or hood. *To make an bow above a call*, *Tr. L.* 3. 775. seems to have been a Proverbial Expression signifying To entertain two Lovers at the same time, &c. To wear a Cap and a Cowl together.
Howgates. See *Gate*.
Howpede: Hooped, hollowed. *Mo.* 1515.
Howfo: Howsoever.
Hue. See *Hewe*.
Huisht: Hush, silent. Also, Hush! A Note of Silence.
Hul by hul, *PT.* 455. f. Cheek to cheek. *Hallid and mol-lid him*, *Ber.* 745. f. Kissed and fondled him.
Hulferé,

Hulfere, Bl. Kn. 129. Holly, which in some places is still called *Hulver*. Sk.
Hulfrid, RR. 6146. Hidden, retired; from the AS. Deolſtra, *Spehuncce*, *antra*, *recessus*, *latibula*.
Humbleſſe, *Humbleſſe*: Humility; Condeſcention.
Humbling: A humming noiſe. *Fa. L.* 2. 531.
Humile: Humble. *Humilly*: Humbly. *LW.* 156.
Hure: Hire.
Hurtelen, *Hurtlin*: To skirmiſh. *Sk.* To thruſt; run againſt, daſh againſt; To provoke; *Inceſſere*, *Boeth.* p. 366, a.
Huſſ, for *Huſſi*: Huſh! A Note of Silence. *Boeth.*
Hye: To haſten. Alſo, Haſt. In *Tr. L.* 4. 1199. inſtead of *low* or *hie*, MS. *Sp.* reads it, *now* in *bye*, i. e. Follow her ſpirit juſt now, without any heſitation or delay, and dye with her immediately.
Hygh blyve: Make the utmoſt haſt, or come preſently. *Boeth.* 276.
Hyghin: High. *Fa. L.* 3. 1062.
Hyd: Haſtened away. *RR.* 3855.
Hylde, p. 367, a. *Funders*; To pour. See *Hildeth*.
Hylled. See *Hile*.
Hylle: Highly. *Fl.* 185. It may not be improper to take notice in this place of a miſtake in printing this and the following Verſes, which ſhould be read thus;
I am to blynde ſo hylle to diſcerne
Of her godines to make deſcription.
Hynge: Hung.
Hynſt: Huſh! Peace! A Note of Silence. *PT.* 536.

I.

I And *I* are indifferently prefixed to Verbs in the Preter Tenſe, and ſometimes in other Tenſes. See *I*.
Jacke of Dovyrr, MR. 1239. *Jack-a-dover*, i. e. A Fowl, or Joint of Meat done over again; as it is explained, *ib.* 1240.
Jack Strawe, Mo. 1509. One of the Ringleaders of a Rebellion of the common People of *Kent* in the Reign of *Richard* the Second, in which the *Flemmings* or *Dutch* Strangers were great Sufferers.
Jacobins, RR. 6338. The Fryers of *St. Dominick's* Order are ſo called in *France*, becauſe their Monastery in *Paris* (formerly an Hoſpital) is dedicated to *St. James*, and is ſeated in the Street called *Rue S. Jacques*. Blo.
Jamboux, No. 3380. Boots, Armour for the Legs. *Sp.* From the *Fr.* *Jambe*, A leg.
Jane, No. 3244. Halſpence of *Janna*, or *Galy* Halſpence. *Sp.* A Coin of *Genoa*. Sk. It ſeems to have been of very little value. *Fr.* 2020.
Jangle, *Janglin*: To prate, to talk much; To make an empty noiſe. *Jangle*, *Fr.* 143. Prating, babbling. See *Pars.* p. 197, b. 203, a.
Jangler, *Janglereſſe*, fem. A great talker. *Janglers*: Praters, idle talkers. *Sq.* 1822. But perhaps it ſhould be read there, *Janglereſſis*. See *Bronke*.
Jangling. See p. 197, b. 1. 54.
Jape, *Fr.* 697. A jeſt. "A word (ſays *Sp.*) by abuſe grown odious, and therefore by a certain curious Gentlewoman ſcraped out in her *Chancer*, whereupon "her ſerving man writeth thus;
My Miſtreſſe cannot be content
To take a Jeſt as Chaucer ment;
But uſing ſtill a Woman's faſhion,
Allows it in the laſt Tranſlation:
She cannot with a Word diſpenſe,
Altho' I know ſhe loves the ſenſe;
For ſuch an uſe the World hath got,
That Words are Sins, but Deeds are not.
Jape, *Japis*: To jeſt, to joke, to make ſport; To deceive, to impoſe upon. *Prol.* 173. To make a jeſt of; to laugh at. *Tr. L.* 1. 509.
Japer: A common jeſter, a buffoon; A cheat.
Japerie: It is deſcribed in *Pars.* p. 203, a.

Japes, *Japis*: Jeſts, fooleries.
Jape-worſhy: Ridiculous. p. 398, a.
Jbarrid: Fortified with barrs. *RR.* 485.
Jbathid: Bathed.
Jbe: Be, are; Been.
Jbete: Beaten. *Tr. L.* 2. 940. *Jbette*, *Di.* 197. Set forth. *Sk.* Stamped. *Sp.* See *Bete*.
Jblowe in brede, *Tr. L.* 1. 5310. Blown, or noiſed a-broad.
Jbore: Born.
Jch, *Jche*: I, my ſelf. *CL.* 204.
Jeled: Cloathed, clad. *RR.* 472.
Jclapid: Called, named. *Tr. L.* 4. 504.
Jcoignid: Coined. *No.* 2286.
Jtolerid al with cautelis, *Ber.* 925. All coloured with cautions, i. e. Making ſpecious pretences.
Jcomen: Come. *Tr. L.* 3. 1674. But it is rather to be read there, as in MS. *Sp.* *Thai comyn*.
Jcond, for *Jkend*: Known. *Dr. Ch.* 666.
Jcoruin: Cut.
Jconghi: Caught. *Tr. L.* 1. 535, 558. *Jcoughi*, *Ca.*
Jdampnid: Damned; Condemned. *Mo.* 3173.
Jdartid: Shot with an arrow, or dart. *Tr. L.* 4. 240.
Jdel, *Jdle*: Vain. *In idle*, or *idel*, *Fr.* 2413. p. 201, b. *In idilneß*, *RR.* 3323. In vain. *AS.* On y6el.
Jdo, *Jdoe*, *Tr. L.* 2. 789. *Jdoen*, *RR.* 1063. To do, to cauſe; Done. Alſo, Undone, ſpoiled.
Jdolafter: An Idolater. *Sq.* 1816.
Jdrawe: Drawn, extracted. *No.* 1461.
Jdre: The Serpent *Hydra*. *Boeth.*
Jemme: A Gem, a Jewel. *No.* 1737; 3118.
Jopardie, *Tr. L.* 5. 1547. MS. *Sp.* and the old Editions read it *Parodye*, V.
Jopardin: To put in jeopardy, to hazard. *Tr. L.* 4. 1566.
Jopardiſe: Jeopardy, danger. *Ch. Dr.* 666. *Jopardouſlie*: With jeopardy or danger. *RL.* 263.
Jeromie: St. *Jerome*. *No.* 2151.
Jetis: Jeſts. Alſo, Hiſtories. *Tr. L.* 5. 1510. Famous actions. *Fa. L.* 3. 428. See *Geſte*.
Jenſe: Juice. p. 515, b.
Jewerie: A place where *Jews* were permitted to inhabit, as the *Old Jury* in *London*.
Jeniſe, *Prol.* 1741. A reward by revenge. Alſo a Gibbet. *Sp.* From the *AS.* *Gepite*, *Pena*, *multa*, *ſupplacium*. Sk. But the Author of the *Engl. Expoſitor* rather takes it to be the ſame that often occurs in *Bruton* by the name of *Jeniſe*, where it ſignifies Judgment, Examination, or Tryal by, or before one having Jurisdiction, and to be corrupted of the *Lat.* *Judicium*.
Jfare. See *Fare*.
Jfellowſhipped: Joined in company or fellowſhip; Accompanied. *Boeth.*
Jfere, or *In fere*: In company, together. See *Fere*.
Jfete: Effect. *RR.* 4476.
Jflitte: Paſſing, ſcattering. *Boeth.* See *Flit*.
Jgloſed: Flattered. See *Gloſe*.
Jgrave: Dug. *LW.* 204.
Jgurde, *Mo.* 3266. To fly round, or in a circle. qu. *gy-rando volare*.
Jheried: Praiſed; Honoured. See *Hry*.
Jholpe: Helped, aſſiſted. *RR.* 5505.
Jkende: Known. *Mo.* 2470.
Jknert: Knitt, bound. *Tr. L.* 3. 1740.
Jknowe: Known.
Jlad (ſo it ſhould be read, *Prol.* 532.) Led, carried; Lay'd. But *Com.* explains it; He had loaden many a load of dung. See *Fother*.
Jlaſt: Left.
Jliche, *PT.* 11. The ſame.
Jlicke, *Jlike*: Like; Alike.
Jlion: Troy. *Lat. Ilium*. *Mo.* 1471. When it is joyned with *Troye*, as in *Dr. Ch.* 1248. it ſignifies the City, and *Troye*, the Country of *Troy*. *Hofman*.
Jlike, as *Jliche*.
Jlogid: Lodged.
Jlorn: Left. *Tr. L.* 4. 1250. See *Lorn*.
Jmaginatif: Suſpicious, jealous. *Fr.* 2640. Thoughtfull. Alſo, Imagination, opinion. *Lidg.* Life of *St. Edmund*. Proper, or belonging to the Imagination. p. 400, a.
Jmaſkid: Masked, wrapt up, covered. *Tr. L.* 3. 1740.
Jminte,

- Imeinte, Imente* (so it should be read, *Bl. Kn.* 458.) Mingled, mixt.
- Imeni*: Meant. *Fa. L.* 3. 652.
- Imoved*: Moved. *Boeth.*
- Imperciable*: Impenetrable. *Test.*
- Imperie*: Rule, government. *Boeth.*
- Impes*: Shoots, young twigs, or branches. *Mo.* 68.
- Impetren*: To obtain; To intreat.
- Impid*: Grafted, set.
- Importable*: Impossible; Intolerable. *Mo.* 627. *Fr.* 2165. *RR.* 6902.
- Importune*: Troublesome. *RR.* 5632. Importunate. *Fr.* *Importun.*
- Impossible*: An impossibility. *Tr. L.* 3. 525.
- In for On*; *Tr. L.* 3. 968. So *H. 2.* *Ca.* and *Py.* read it.
- Incombrous*: Cumbersome, troublesome. *Fa. L.* 2. 354.
- Incubus*, *WB.* 880. A Spirit supposed to have carnal knowledge of Women; The Night-mare.
- Inde*: India; Indian. *Inde* and *Perf.* *RR.* 67. Indian and Persian. *Inde*, *Ynde* is used by *Lidg.* for Azure, or blew; as, *His standard of colour ynde*, i. e. Azure. Life of St. Edmund. As a sceptre—The hier part of gold and stonis ynde. *Ib.* So the Saphire *Inde*. Fall of Princes, *L. 1. Ch.* 20.
- Indigne*: Unfit, unworthy. *Fr.* 1389.
- Indulgence*: Forgiveness.
- Inecbed*: Put in.
- Inferes*, p. 492, a. 1. 35. Perhaps it should be read *Inseers*. See *Inseer*.
- Inflate*: Blown; Puffed up; swelled. *CCr.* 48.
- Infortune*: Misfortune, mischance. *Infortunid*: Unfortunate. *Tr. L.* 4. 744.
- Inbauncing*: Advancing.
- Inhilde*, *Tr. L.* 3. 44. To infuse, to inspire. *Sk.*
- Iniquitaunce*: Unequality. *Sq.* 1304.
- Injure*, *Fr.* An injury. *Tr. L.* 3. 1020.
- Inly*: Inwardly. *Fr.* 84. Thorowly. *RR.* 397. Perfectly.
- Inne*: In. *Mo.* 115. A house, a habitation; A Colledge; A lodging. *No.* 2950. *Mo.* 2917.
- Innereft, Inrest*: Inmost, innermost. *Boeth.*
- Innocence*: Ignorance. So *Ca.* reads it in *Tr. L.* 2. 1048.
- Innocent*: Ignorant. *Ib.* 1723.
- Innominate*: Not fit to be named. p. 489, b.
- Inobedience*: Disobedience.
- Inome*, *Tr. L.* 1. 242. *Inomen*, *Mo.* 2971. Taken. See *Nome*, &c.
- Inough*: Enough. To do inough: To satisfy. p. 207, a.
- Input*: Put upon, imposed. p. 493, a.
- Inrest*, p. 478, a. See *Innereft*.
- Inseer*: One that has a good insight into matters. *Test.* *L. 3.*
- Infelid*: Sealed up. *Ch. Dr.* 1014.
- Inset*: Set in; Natural; *Instus*, *Boeth.* p. 367, b.
- Insolibill*: Unanswerable. *Ber.* 1888.
- Intelligence*: The Understanding. *Boeth.*
- Intennate Fenipre*, *Bal.* 310. Sweet-smelling Juniper; *In suaves halius intennata*. *Sk.*
- Intere*: Intire, sincere. *Bal.* 220.
- Intermete*: To intermeddle, to interpose. *WB.* 834.
- Interminable*: Unbounded, infinite. *Boeth.*
- Intier*, *Magd.* 568. as *Intere*.
- Intill*: Into. *CCr.* 83.
- Intresse*. See *Entresse*. With her intresse, *CL.* 811. By her own labour; unless it should be read *herin tresse*, or *here in tresse*, i. e. hair dress'd up in tresses.
- Foronde*, *No.* 607. Pleasant. *Lat.* *Jucundus*.
- Jogelours*: Juglers. *RR.* 764.
- Joigne*, *RR.* 2355. To enjoyn. *Joignid*: Joined. *Ma.* 519.
- Jolly*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1612. In all the MSS. and Old Editions which I have seen, it is *Jnly faire*. See *Jnly*.
- Joleining*: Jolly, joyfull. p. 480, b. Perhaps it signifies joining; so that the sense may be this: Though we are at a distance, yet the joining of our wordes, i. e. your being acquainted with my complaints, would administer some relief: Or if we read it *solein*, the sense may be this; Methinks that by such Melancholy expressions as these my uneasiness begins to abate.
- Jombre*: To joyn, to jumble. *Sp. Tr. L.* 2. 1037.
- Jonglerie*, *Tr. L.* 5. 755. (or as MS. *Sp. Jangelrie*) as *Jangling*, *V.*
- Jordanis*, *No.* 1819. Double Urinals. *Sk.*
- Jossa*, *MR.* 993. Turn. *Sp.* An Interjection, commonly used in catching a Horse.
- Jouis*: *Jupiter*. *Tr. L.* 3. 15.
- Journe*: A Day's work. *RR.* 579. *Fr.* *Journée*.
- Joufies*: Juffs and Turnaments. *Ch. Dr.* 1987.
- Jowels*: Jewells. *RR.* 5420.
- Jowes*: The Jaws. *Boeth.*
- Joyeux*, *Fr.* Pleasant, joyfull.
- Joynaunt*: Joyning.
- Iperlid*: Set with Pearls. *Mo.* 2098.
- Iplight*: Pawned, pledged; Plighted. *Tr. L.* 3. 783. But *Ca.* hath it better, *Ye plight*; You plighted.
- Iplied*: Plaited, folded. *Boeth.*
- Iprocas*, *Sq.* 1323. *Hippocras*, a Wine made with Spices; so called, because it is strained through a woollen Cloth, called *Hippocrates's Sleeve*.
- Iraft, Irest*: Bereaved, taken away. *Hyp.* 205.
- Irakid*: Racked up. *Mo.* 257.
- Ire*: Wrath, anger. *Fr.* 857.
- Irest*. See *Iraft*.
- Iren*: Iron. *WB.* 906.
- Ironne*: Run, or did run.
- Irons*: Passionate, angry. *Fr.* 750, 752, 753, 779, &c. *Irons corage*; An angry, hasty temper. *Bal.* 521.
- Irrecuperable*: Irrecoverable. *Test.* *L.* 2.
- Isande*. See *Belle isande*.
- Ise*: Ice. *Cr.* 168. Also, See. *Tr. L.* 2. 354, 1253. But *Ca.* and *al.* read the latter Verse thus;
And sayd nece, lo who comyth here now ride, i. e. riding.
- Iset*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1494. Set. *Ca.* hath it, *Sbet*.
- Ishape, Ishaped, Ishapen*: Shaped, formed; Ordained; Prepared. See *Shape*.
- Ishene*: Bright, shining.
- Ishoned*, perhaps for *Ishoned*, or *Ishoned*: Shewed. *Test.* p. 503, a. 1. 60.
- Ishore*: Shorn, shaved. *Tr. L.* 4. 996.
- Ishove*, for *Ishowe*, or *Ishown*: Set forth, shewed. *Tb.* 25.
- Isope*, *PT.* 292. Hyssop. Also, *Æsop*.
- Istept in age*, *Mo.* 934. Advanced or stricken in years; or, as *Spenser* hath it, *Shot in years*.
- Istocked*: Put in the Stocks, confined. p. 480, a.
- Istond*: Stand; Stood. *Tr. L.* 5. 1611.
- Iswonke*: Laboured. See *Swink*.
- Itaile*: Italy.
- Ibende*, *AF.* 47. Well ibende; Having good qualities. See *Tbwe*.
- Ithrowe*: Thrown. *Tr. L.* 4. 482.
- Itinerarie*: A Guide to Travellers. *Bal. Lad.* 64.
- Iressid*: Having her hair dressed in locks, or tresses. *Tr. L.* 5. 810.
- Jubb*: A jug, or bottle. *No.* 2578.
- Judge*, p. 209, a. 1. 3, 4. should be *juge*, as in *MS.* *Ch. H. 1.* and *al.* From *Jugum*, a Yoke.
- Judicium*: The Book of Judges. *Mo.* 158. A common way of naming any Book, or the Author of it, as *Æneados*, *Metamorphoseos*, for the *Æneis* of Virgil, and the *Metamorphosis* of Ovid.
- Juge*: A Judge.
- Julian*, *Prol.* 341. "Mandivil's MS. (says Mr. Urry) has this Note upon the place: Simon Leprosus who her-
"browd our Lord, and was baptized of him, was then
"cleped Julian the good Herberow, and was made Bi-
"shop of Bethphage; In the same place M. Magdelyn
"had her sins forgiven her, and there she wissh [i. e.
"washed] his feet with the tressis of her eyen, and dry-
"ed them with the tressis of her heed, i. e. head.
- July*: Jolly, gay. *Ber.* 1707.
- Jult, Justen*. See *Turney*.
- Justice*: A Judge; An Officer of Justice. *No.* 508.
- Justinian eke that made lawes*, &c. *RR.* 6615, &c. In the Eleventh Book of the Code, *De Mendicantibus validis*, It is enacted, That if any shall beg, having no cause either by need or maim, the same shall be examined and searched; and whoso shall find him to counterfeit, and proveth the same, *Dominium ejus consequetur*; and

and faith *Barol.* he shall be punished *Ad arbitrium Judicis.* Sp.
Justis, aray, Prol. 1934. Justs, and Preparation for them, or (as *MS. Ch.*) *Lust and aray*; Gallantry, and Dress; a proper Ornament for the Temple of Peace.
Juvenute: Youth. *Sc. 11.* Lat. *Juventus, Juventutis.*
Jwimplid: Muffled up, covered with a Wimple; Veiled. *Th. 92.*
Jwis: Verily, certainly, indeed, truly: But very often it is a meer Expletive. *See elvis.*
Jwon, Jwonne: Won, gained. *To lond jwonne*; Gained the land; got to shore. *Phyl. 34.*
Jwrie: Hid, covered. *Tr. L. 3. 1457.* But there it should be read *Jwryen*, (as in *MS. Sp.*) which rhymes to *eyen* and *spien* in the following Verses. *See Wrie.*
Jwrikin: Wrapt about. *RR. 169.*
Jwroke: Revenged. *Tr. L. 5. 589.* *See Wreke.*
Jyen, Jyme: Eyes. *Boeth.*
Jyeve: Given. *Tr. L. 3. 1617.*

K

Kalendar: A Directory. *LW. 542.*
Kalendes: Properly the First day of a Month; but is thence taken to signify the Beginning of any thing. *He thought it like the Kalendes of eschaunge*, *Tr. L. 5. 1633.* He looked upon it as the beginning of a change.
Kalendes of hope, *Tr. L. 2. 7.* The first prospect of hope.
Kasfe: Carved. *Prol. 100.*
Karoll, &c. *See Carroll, &c.*
Kars. *See Kers.*
Kele: To cool. *CL. 775. PT. 470.*
Kembre: To adorn. *Mo. 2246.*
Kembis, Cr. 222. *Kempid*, *Prol. 2136.* Combed; Adorned. *Kempe*: Dressed up; *Compisse*, p. 364, b.
Ken: To learn, to know; To teach, to make known.
Kende: Known. *CCR. 169.* Taught, made known.
Kene: Keen, sharp.
Kenebowe, *Ber. 1105.* In *kenebowe*; A kembo.
Kenelm, *Mo. 1225.* *Kenelm*, King of *Mercia*, was at the age of seven years slain by the procurement of his ambitious Sister *Quendrida*: The place of his Burial was (as it is pretended) miraculously discovered; and he afterwards obtained the Title of a Saint, and Martyr. *See the Legenda Aurea.*
Kepe: Care, heed.
Kepe, Kepin: To keep, to take care, or heed.
Kerchef, *WB. 1018.* A woman's Head-dress. *See Coverchiefs.*
Kernils: Battlements. *RR. 4195.* from the old *Fr. Kannel.* (Lat. *Barb. Quernellus*) now *Genzan*, a Battlement, or rather the Opening in the Battlements. *See Men. Fr. in Quernellus.*
Kers, Karse: Water-crests. *Set not a kers*; Valued not a straw. *MR. 648.* *Vailish not a karse*, *Ber. 239.* Is not worth a rush. *See p. 485, b: 499, a.*
Kerve: To carve, to cut; To tear. *Kersish*: Cutteth, &c. *Ph. 107.* *Kerfi*: Carved, &c.
Kesse: To kiss. *RR. 2610. Fr. 2078.*
Kest, Kestin: Cast. *Gam. 486. No. 1782.* Killed. *Sq. 370.*
Keiche: To catch, lay hold of. *Tr. L. 3. 1381.*
Kevere: To recover. *Tr. L. 1. 918.* *Keverynge*: Covering. *Ber. 1989.*
Keynard, *WB. 235.* A Micher, a Hedge-creeper. *Sp. The Fr. Cagnard* (from whence this seems to be taken) signifies a Sordid, beggarly, slothfull, idle fellow. *See Men. Fr. in Cagnard.*
Kichell, *Fr. 483.* A little cake; from the *AS. Licel*, A morsel. It was called a *Goddis kichell*; because God-fathers and Godmothers used commonly to give one of them to their Godchildren, when they asked blessing. *Sp.*
Kid, Kidde: Made known, discovered. *RR. 2172.* Perceived; Shewed. *Tr. L. 1. 208. RR. 3132.*

Kime, *Mo. 2635.* *The jely kime*; The silly fellow, perhaps from the *AS. Emma.* *See Hick. Gr. AS. p. 105, 106.*
Kimeling, or Kemeling, *MR. 449.* A brewing vessel. *St. Kimmel, or Kemlin*, is used in the North for a Powdering-tub. *Ray's Coll.*
Kin: Kindred, *AS. Eyn.* *By my father kin*, *Mo. 43. Sq. 1031. No. 850.* An Oath or Protestation; *By my Father's Kindred, or Offspring.* *See Mo. 1083.*
Kinde, Kynde: Nature. *Lawe of kinde*, *Tr. L. 1. 238.* The Law of Nature. *Kindly, Kyndely*: Natural. *Every kindly thing*; Every thing in its own nature. *Aforne his kinde*, *RR. 3128.* Before its natural time of maturity.
Kinde, for Kende, *Mo. 2422.* Taught.
Kinrede: Kindred. Instead of *after kinrede*, p. 153, b. l. 29. read *a fer* [*MS. Ch. a fer*] *kinrede*, i. e. remote kindred, in opposition to *nie sibbe*, i. e. near relations. *Ib. l. 30.*
Kinrest: Quiet rest; kindly rest. *St.*
Kirkid, *RR. 3137.* Turned upwards. *Sp. See St.*
Kirtle: A Kirtle, a woman's gown. *MR. 213. AS. Eynzel.*
Kist: Gatt. *Ber. 1549.*
Kiibe: To shew, to make known, to discover. *La. 637. Fa. L. 2. 20.* To give occasion. *Ne kiibe her jelousie*, *Fr. 2294.* Nor create, or give her occasion of jealousy.
Kiibid gentilnesse, *No. 1075.* Shewed civility. To own, acknowledge. *An. 231.* *Allo, A shew, an appearance.* *The the kiibe be fair to eye*, *Fr. 2189.* Though it appear fair to the eye. *MS. Ch. hath kynde there* instead of *kiibe*; but that reading does not make so good and clear a sense as the other.
Kiibid, as *Kid*, *V. Kiibid*: Discovereth. *LW. 504.*
Kitt a loff: Cut a loaf. *PT. 393.*
Knap: A nap, or sleep. *RR. 4005.*
Knarrie: Full of hard knobs; stubby. *Prol. 1979. See Gnarre.*
Knave: A boy, a servant. *WB. 1190.* *Knave child*; A male child. *La. 723. 735. Fr. 1464. 1466.* *A boie knave*; A young fellow, or lad. *RR. 3849. AS. Enapa, Puer. CB. Cnap, Dim. Cneppyn.* A boy.
Knawe, *Mo. 2580.* *To takin hem whom list not knawe*; To take, or apprehend them whom they list not to approve or like of, and they condemn their doctrine for heresie. *Com.*
Knaweth: Gnoweth, biteth. p. 413. 10.
Knedde: Knit. *RR. 4811.*
Kneen, Kneen, *Ch. Dr. 294.* *Kneis*, *Tr. L. 3. 1598.*
Kneys, *Gam. 1397.* Knees.
Knet: To knit; Knit, bound. *RR. 2092.* Neatness. *St.* But it may very well be taken there for Knit, and then the Verses will run thus,
Thine herre to me now will I shet,
For all thy joyfull loke, and knet
Ibinde undir this little keie, &c.
That is, For all thy joyfull look, I will now shut up, and fast bind to my self thine heart under this little key.
Knight: A soldier, a warrior. *Judas Maccabaeus* is called *God's knight*, p. 157, a.
Knit: Joynd; Agreed. *Fr. 2786.*
Knoppit, *RR. 7212.* Tyed, laced. *Sp.*
Knoppis: Rose buds. *RR. 1675, 1683.* From the *AS. Enapa*, A button: So the *French* call a Bud, *Bouton.*
Knor for Knar: A hard knob. *Ber. 1780.*
Knoue: A knee, or kneek. *Tr. L. 2. 1202.*
Knouhit: Knew. *Ber. 93.*
Knowlech: Knowledge. *FT. 256.* To acknowledge. *Ber. 3099.*
Knowledging: Knowing; Knowledge.
Kon, Konne, Konnin: Can; Can do; Understand.
Konning: Cunning; knowledge, understanding. *Fa. L. 3. 966.*
Koude, Koube, as *Conde*, or *Conte*, *V. When that he godes koude*, *Gam. 96.* When he knows, or is able to manage an Estate. *Spenser* has *Could his good*, for Distributed his bounty. *Fairy Q. L. 1.* In such Expressions as these the Principal Verb is understood.
Kut: To cut. *Ber. 2589.*

Kykin, MR. 733. To look. *Kykid*: Looked. MR. 337. But MS. Ch. reads it *loked*.
Kyn: Kind, manner. *Kyn affray*, La. 1138. Some kind of fear. See *Kin*.
Kynde, *Kyndely*. See *Kinde*.
Kynrest, p. 415, a. See *Kinrest*.
Kyrbiib, CM. 1451. See *Kiibe*.

L

L *Laas*, *Laca*, *Lache*, *Lees*, *Lese*: A trap, a snare. *ProL*. 1819. RR. 2790, 5093. Fr. *Laqs*, from the Lat. *Laqueus*, A knot, a bond; A lace.
Laboure: Endeavour. No. 2971.
Labourous: Laborious; Industrious. Sc. 69.
Lace: To ensnare, confine. See *Laas*. *Laced*: Bound up. *Test*. Taken in a snare, entrapped. RR. 3198.
Lacert, *ProL*. 2755. A Sinew. Sp. *Lacertus* signifies the Brawn or Sinew of the Arm.
Lach, *Lache*, Fr. Lazy, slothfull. To lack, or want. *Test*. L. 2. Also, To take, catch, snatch; To lay bold of. AS. *Laccan*, *Comprehendere*, *rapere*. Hick. *Somn*.
Lachesse, Fr. Laziness; Dilatoriness, or Procrastination proceeding from laziness, or sloth. See *Gone*, L. 4.
Lache, *Lackin*: To disgrace, to blame, to detract from, to disparage or lessen ones character. RR. 284.
Lad: Led, did lead. *Ch*: hath *lad*, Tr. L. 3. 59. for *ledde*. *Had lad of dong many a fother*, *ProL*. 532. That is (as the Com. explains it) He had loaden many a load of dung. MS. Ch. reads it, *That had lad dong on feld many a fother*, i. e. That had laid many a fother of dung on his field. *Lad her only by bred*, RR. 216. *Sk*: thinks it means, She [Avarice] lived only by bread: But Mr. Urry by adding *life* makes the Verse compleat, and the sense easy; *That lad her life only by bred*.
Lady often signifies Mistress, Fr. 2584.
Laste, *Lastin*, No. 904. LW. 168. Left.
Late, *Lage*: Law; A profession. Tr. L. 1. 341, 1002. La. 377.
Laine: To lay. RR. 184.
Lainers: To lay. 2506. Thongs, straps of leather. Fr. *Lainiere*, A strap.
Laisir. See *Leisir*.
Laise, RL. 186. *Sk*: thinks it comes from *Laisure*, or *Alli-cere*, To spice: But perhaps it may be a contraction of *Laywaite*.
Lak: Disgrace, dispraise, blame, a fault, a dishonourable action. Sq. 1716.
Lake: Fine Cloth and Lawn. *Sk*. No. 3363. Bal. *Lad*. 70. Also a purple colour used by Painters.
L'amant, *L'umant*: The Lover. RR. 4615. &c. Fr. *L'amant*.
Lambin: Lambs. RR. 7063.
Lang & *Long*. Cr. 379.
Langour: To languish; Languishing, faintness. *Languoring*, *Langorous*: Languishing, pining. *Languurith*: Languisheth. Sq. 1383.
Lanys: Lanes. *The law goth by no lanys*: The Course of the Law is plain and direct, not through By-ways, or Lanes. Ber. 2623.
Lapidaire: A Lapidary, a Jeweller; a Stone-cutter: But in Fa. L. 3. 262. it signifies a Catalogue of Precious Stones, or a Treatise on that subject, under the Title of *The Lapidaire*.
Lappe: A skirt, or lappet of a garment. No. 12. Tr. L. 3. 59, 743.
Larder, seems to signify a Slaughter-house, *Test*. p. 506, b. l. 13.
Large: Liberal, bountiful; Prodigious, extravagant, expensive. No. 2937. Also Liberty, freedom. *Alto large*, *ProL*. 1285. or *Atte thy large*, as MS. Ch. *At thy liberty*. See *Ab*, 1294. Fl. 15. *Large of tonge*, Tr. L. 5. 804. A free, easy, copious speaker; *Cui larga fandi copia*.
Largesse: A large quantity. *Magd*. 137.
Largesse: Generosity, liberality, bounty: Also, a Fee given to Chirurgeons and Physicians, &c. p. 152, a.
Larson: Robbery, theft. Mo. 2263. Fr. *Larcin*.
Las, *Lasse*: Less. *More and las*, RR. 3045. Greater and lesser.
Lash, PT. 34. *Teris that she out lash*, f. Let fall, or shed. See p. 48, a. l. 12.
Latche, RR. 1624. See *Laas*.
Later. See *Lattir*.
Latered: Lystered, delayed: Belated. p. 204, b.
Lath, MR. 980. A barn: It is still used in Lincolnshire. *Sk*.
Laton, *Latoun*: Copper. Sp. *Latten*: A mixt kind of metal. *ProL*. 701. No. 1864. f. A box, or case made of Latten.
Latie: Led; Instructed, brought up. *Unrightly late*; Led out of the right way. *Mo*. 2397.
Lattir: Later. *Ner the lattir*, Ber. 2384. *Neuer the later*, p. 492, a. *Nevertheless*.
Laude: Praise. *Laudes*, *Laudis*: Praises. Also, Morning Prayers, or Service. MR. 547.
Laven: To lave, to drain. *Boeth*.
Lavendir: A landress. LW. 358.
Laverock, RR. 662. A sort of Bird; a Lark. *Sk*.
Laughande: Laughing, smiling. *Test*.
Launcelot du Lake, Mo. 1327. One of the Knights of King Arthur's Round Table.
Laund: A Plain between Woods. *ProL*. 1693. A Lawn.
Laureate: Crowned with Laurel. Mo. 7214.
Lawer, *ProL*. 2177. *Lawere*, RR. 1313. *Lawriole*, Bal. *Lad*. 73. *Lawytre*, FL. 109. A Laurel-tree.
Lawe: Low. RR. 5046.
Lawghid: Laughed. Ber. 2426.
Laxative: Loosens; A Purging Medicine. *ProL*. 2758. Mo. 1058.
Lay: Lave. See *Lain*.
Laysour: Leisure. Ch. Dr. 2025.
Lazarous, CCr. 115. *Lazere*, *ProL*. 242. A Leper. Leprous persons were called *Lazars*, because their House, or Church, at Jerusalem was dedicated to St. *Lazarus*.
Léande, *Lende*, *Lemde*, *Lemid*: Ignorant, rude, unlearned. The AS. *Læpde*-man, signifies a Layman; the Laity being generally unlearned in comparison of the Clergy.
Leames: Loyalty; Truth. Fr. *Loyamé*.
Lech: To heal, to cure. Ch. Dr. 852.
Lech, *Leche*: A Physician, a Chirurgeon. Fr. 628. *Leche-craft*, *Lechis craft*: The profession, or skill of a Physician, or Chirurgeon. *ProL*. 2747.
Lecherous: Tending to lechery. No. 2065.
Lechours: Lecherous persons, whoremongers.
Leetorne, CL. 1383. A Reading-desk. Lat. *Lectrinum*; from whence the Fr. *Laurin*.
Lecturaries: Eleutheraries. *ProL*. 428.
Ledders: Scales; Divisions on a Scale. p. 441, a.
Leddin, *Leden*: Language, Dialect, Speech; from the AS. *Læben*, *leben*, *Latin*. See Gl. V. in *Leide*.
Lede, *Ledd*: Lead; Led away. Also, People; Servants, Tenants, Vassals. Gam. 121, 142. AS. *Leobe*. Gens. *populus*.
Ledge: To alledge. CL. 1065. *Ledged*: Alledged, *Test*. p. 489, a.
Leem, *Leme*: A flame, light, a blaze. Ber. 1618. AS. *Leoma*, Light.
Les, *Lese*, as *Laas*. In o. les, p. 197, b. f. In one string. Lies. *Withouthin les*, RR. 3900. Truly, without lying. Also, Lois.
Lese: To leave, forsake. No. 298. Dear, loving, pleasing, grateful. *Al be hym lothe or lese*, *ProL*. 1839. Whether he likes it or not. *It is me lese*, Tr. L. 5, 1737. It is a pleasure to me, I am glad of it. *I n'am not lese to gabbe*; I do not love to prate. MR. 402. Also, Love, affection. *For lese me loth*, No. 264. Hyp. 264. Neither for love nor hatred. Also, a Mistress. RR. 847. *Lefist*: Dearest. Sq. 1004. In RR. 103. read *love is instead of lese is*.
Lefely, *Lefull*: Lawfull.
Liff: A leaf. Ber. 2849. See *Lese*, *Leve*.
Laged: Lodged. *Test*. p. 493, a. Resident. *Sk*.
Legen: To lay; To alledge. p. 487, b.
Legge: To alledge, to lay. MR. 829.
Leggin: To lessen, to abate, to ease. RR. 5016. See *Alledge*.
Leggyng: A lodging. To void pye his own leggyng, Ch.

Ch. Dr. 814. To turn pay out of his habitation, or lodging.
Legistes: Lawyers. *Test*.
Leis: To lay. *Tr. L.* 3. 72. *Leide*: Lay down. *Id. L.* 2. 1548.
Leisar, *Leisr*, *Lezar*: Leisure.
Leite, *Thunder leite*: Lightning. *The wate of thunder leite*; *Andentis via fulminis*, p. 361, b.
Lake: A leak. *Woll not fer by him a lake*, *RR.* 5374. *Preise* not at a lake, *Id.* 4830. Will not value him of a leak, *Cara not a draw for him*. See *Kers*.
Lele: True, faithfull, honest; from the *Fr. Loyal*, Faithfull. *Lele labour*: Lawfull occupation, honest business. *Mo.* 2695.
Levan, *Levman*: It signifies indifferently either a Gallant or a Mistress. *MR.* 1132. *Mo.* 2823. *Hick*, *Gr. AS.* p. 146.
Leme. See *Leem*.
Leap: Leap. *Prof.* 289. *Leve*, *Lenie*, (*AS.* *Leannap*) To lend. *No.* 1047, 1058. To lean, bow, submit, p. 154, b. To grant; *Ar.* 198, 201, unless it should be read *trae*, i. e. let, or suffer. Instead of *lene*, *Tr. L.* 4. 325. *MS.* *Sp.* reads *leve*.
Lenge: Long. *Lenger*, *Langir*: Longer.
Lepte: Lenity, mildness. *Ber.* 2634.
Levey, *Fr.* A Message: Sending. Also the Conclusion of a Sonnet, or Ballad, serving oftentimes as a Dedication, Recapitulation, or Application of the whole. *Mr. Prior's Address to the Earl (now Duke) of Dorset*, at the end of his *Conversations*, is of this kind. See p. 100, 429, &c.
Leonine courage: The Spirit, or Courage of a Lion, *Mo.* 671.
Leos, *No.* 113, 116. People. *Gr. AS.*
Lepande: Leaping, jumping. *RR.* 1928.
Lepe, *No.* 2079, 2086. A Town in Spain.
Leperloge: A Lodge, or Hospital, for Lepers. *CCr.* 27.
Leprous: Leprous. *Magd.* 175.
Ler, *Ber.* 1219. Leer, void, empty; as we say a *Leer horse*, for a Spare horse. *AS.* *Lelep*.
Lere: To learn, to know; To teach. *Lered*, *Letrid*: Learned; Taught.
Leri: The skin. *No.* 3352. *Gr.* 155. Complexion, colour. *Sp.* But *Sk.* thinks it rather signifies the Symmetry of the lineaments of the face, from the *Fr. L'air du visage*, The Air of the Face: But when it signifies Face, it rather comes from the *Cimbr. Myle*, a Cheek, or the *AS.* *Meape*; A cheek, jaw, the chin; The countenance, the face; whence we say, to Leer, to Lowr: And in *Ber.* 2467. *Leris* seems to signify Cheeks. See *Gibson's Notes on Polemon-Media*, in *Lyte*.
Les: Eels. *Ber.* 1115. But in *No.* 46. it should be *lees*, (as in *H. 1.* and *Id.*) to rhyme to *pres*, *Id.* 44. *Withoutin les*; Without ceasing; *Id.* Out of reles, *MS.* *Ch.* Without delay. See *Leas*.
Lese: To loose; *Loft*. *Di.* 22. To lie; A lie; Lying; Falshood; treachery; False. *RR.* 8. *Withoutin lese*, *RR.* 5728. Doubtless. See *Lees*. *Lustie lese*, *Tr. L.* 2. 752. is the same with *Louis lace*, *RR.* 5093. See *Leas*.
Lesynge: Lying; A mistake. *Lefingour*: A lyer, a flatterer. See *Lofengeour*.
Lefir, *Lefire*: Leisure.
Lesse: Left. p. 413. *Verse* 17. Lesser, smaller. *More* and *lesse*; Greater and smaller.
Lessid: Eased, relieved. *Pro.* 2438. *Fr.* 2726. See *Lisse*.
Left, *Lefter*: To lift, to like, to please, or to be pleased; Pleased. *Pro.* 789. Will, pleasure, desire, fancy. *Tr. L.* 2. 787. *Fr. L.* 1. 287. See *Left*. Also, *Left*. *Tr. L.* 2. 1330.
Left, p. 484, b. *Lefted*: Lasted.
Let, *Letr*, *Lette*, *Lettin*: To hinder, to stop; To omit, neglect; To delay, put off. *Mo.* 1199. *Let be*, *Fr.* 25.
Letin *be*, *WB.* 242. Let alone. Hindered. *Tr. L.* 3. 718. Delayed. *Fr.* 1419. Also, Delay, hindrance. *Tr. L.* 3. 700. Leadeth. *RR.* 6111. To cause; Caused. *Luc.* 185, 187.
Let: To leave. *Pro.* 1325. *Till he his life gan let*, *No.* 417. Till he dyed. To leave off, give over, forsake. *La.* 932. To dismiss, put away. *Fr.* 1765. Also *Letbe*, the River of Oblivion. *Fr. L.* 1. 71.
Leigame: A hinderer of pleasure, or diversion. Every pie

and every leigame, *Tr. L.* 3. 528. Every chattering Tale, and hinderer of mirth. See p. 483, a. l. 68, &c.
Leithy: Soft. *Test.* See *Liub*.
Letrows: Hindereis. *Test.* See *Lev*, &c.
Letrow: Lithuania. *Pro.* 54.
Lettrature, *Lettrure*, *Mo.* 410. *RR.* 8751. Literature, Learning.
Lettrid: Learned. *RR.* 7691.
Letmaris: An Electuary. *No.* 1821.
Leud: Unlearned; Ignorant; Foolish. *Fr.* 3018. See *Leande*. *Leudily*, *Leudlye*: Unlearnedly; Ignorantly.
Leudinesse: Ignorance; Folly.
Leve: Dear; Loving; Love; desire, inclination. *MS.* 59.
Love, *Levin*: To believe. *Sq.* 1722. *Tr. L.* 1. 689. may be thus read from *MS.* *Sp.*
Mistrowin al, or *elis al to leve*;
 To distrust all, or believe all. *Levin on m mortal*, *Mo.* 2390. Believe no mortal. To Live; To Love. *He loves more than he may do*, *RR.* 3519. He loves more than he ought. To grant, permit. *God leve him werken*; God grant he may work. *Tr. L.* 3. 566. See *Leve*. *Levid*, *RR.* 4535. Believed.
Leuylisse: Without leave. *Ch. Dr.* 74.
Levisell, *Levisell*, *MR.* 953. *Leffel* (*umbraculum*) A bush, or hovel. *Sp.* *Sk.* thinks it comes from the *Fr. Lais*, *Vepres*, *virgula*, the Termination all being added. But *Lais* signifies also a Stander-tree; of which *Leffel* or *Levisell* may be a Diminutive, signifying a young Stander. In *Pars.* p. 198, a. it plainly signifies a Bush.
Levir, *Levre*: Dearer; Rather.
Levde. See *Leande*.
Lay: To lay. See *Lie*.
Leyden, *as Leden*.
Leyis, *Pro.* 58. *Sp.* takes it to be *Levisia* on the Continent, not far from *Rhodes*: But *Sk.* supposes it may be *Libysa*, a City of *Bithynia*.
Leyser. See *Lefire*.
Liard, *Fr.* 299. Nimble. *Sp.* Perhaps the same with *Liart*: Gentle; Pliant; Smooth. *Sk.* In *Dougl. Virg.* it signifies Grey-haired, white. *Albas crines*, *En.* VI. *Liart hars*. *Incarnag; mema*, *Id.* VII. *Liart berde*. *Carnities inculta*, *Id.* VI. *Liart felerit tails*, i. e. Locks entangled for want of combing; an Expression like that in *Cr.* 162, 163. *His liart lockis late felerid unfaire*; His white locks lay filthily entangled, felted, or twilted together.
Libart: A leopard. *Pro.* 2188. *Libartes*: Leopards. *Mo.* 375.
Libel repudy, *Cr.* 74. *Libel* of departition, p. 508, b. A Bill of Divorce; *Libellus repudij*.
Licande: Agreeable; Well-liking. *Sq.* 1294. *MS.* *Ch.* reads the place thus;
 — *Venus hant him with her brande*;
 As that she baar dawnsyng in her hande.
Licentiate, *Pro.* 220. One that hath a Licence in any Faculty. *RR.* 7693, 7694. Or one that is licensed to admit others to any Degree, or Order.
Lich: Like. *Liche even*, *Fr. L.* 1. 10. All alike. See *Like*.
Liche-wake, *Pro.* 2960. A Custom anciently used, and still practised in some places, of Watching the Dead every night till they are buried; from the *AS.* *Lice*, A Body, or Corpse: It is called *Vigile*, *Tr. L.* 5. 305. *Vygyles*, *Ca.* and *Wake-places* by *Lidg.* in the story of *Thebes*, Part. III. from the Games and Exercises therein used, as *Wrestling*, &c. there described.
Liches, for *Leches*, p. 483, b. See *Leche*.
Licorous, *WB.* 466. *Likorous*, *Lycorous*: Dainty, gluttonous; Lecherous; Luxurious; Curious; Vile; wicked. *Lycorous shew*, p. 376, b. *Scurra nequissimus*. *AS.* *Liccepa*, *Gulosus*, *belluo*; *Affeniator*. *Licorousnesse*: Lechery, wantonness; Luxury. *Pars.* *Licorously*: Deliciously, &c.
Licour: Liqueur, moisture. *Pro.* 3.
Lide, *Mo.* 752. *Lydia* in *Asia Minor*.
Lie, *Gaw.* 320. *Thy lande that lyth lie*; or as, *MS.* *Ch.* *that lygh lie*; Thy land that lieth uncultivated. Untilled grounds are called *Lays* in *Scotland*; and we say

- to let Lands *Ley*, i. e. lye fallow, a year or two; and *Lay-land* is land that lieth untilled. See *Somn*, in *Ley*, and *Gl. V.* in *Leyt*.
- Liege, Liegeman*: A subject, one that owes allegiance to his Liege, or lawfull Lord. *RR.* 4647. *Liege*: Subjects. *Fr.* 1097.
- Lies*: Lees. *Fa. L.* 3. 1040.
- Liebh*, *RR.* 4143. *Layeth*.
- Lifelich, Lively*: Lively. *Lively hewed*; Of a lively complexion. *Dr. Ch.*
- Life*: Left. *p.* 441. *A life halfe*; On the left side. *RR.* 163.
- Lige, Mo.* 1944. *Ligge, Ligge*: To lye down. *Ligging*: Lying.
- Light*: To alleviate, to make light, or easy. *Tr. L.* 3. 1088. *Her loking gan she light*, *Tr. L.* 1. 293. *She lo ked pleasantly*. *Alighted*. *La.* 787. It is put for *lite*, i. e. little, in *Mo.* 1047. Also, *Easy*. *Lightly*: Easily; Probably.
- Lighnesse*: Light. *AF.* 263.
- Ligne, Chr. Dr.* 1517. *Ligne*: Lineage, descent; A line. *Defending by ligne*, *Tr. L.* 5. 1480. *Descended lineally*, or in a direct line.
- Lignes*, *p.* 493, *b.* *Liketh*, *yieldeth*. *Sp.* *Pleasure*. *Sk.*
- Like*: Alike. *Like ruin*, *RR.* 6144. In all places, or things alike.
- Likely*: Like. *A likely thing him till*, *RR.* 4852. A thing like himself, or his own likeness, *Ib.* 4845.
- Likorous, Likorousnesse*. See *Licorous, Licorousnesse*.
- Likin*: To please, to be agreeable to. *Tr. L.* 1. 432. *f. leg.*
- Liking*, *Fr.* 1536. Agreeable, as in *RR.* 868. And perhaps in *Tr. L.* 1. 309. it should be so read instead of *loking*: *Ca.* reads it, *lykyng*.
- Likir*: More like. *Tr. L.* 3. 1030.
- Limaile* (*Fr.* *Limaile*) Filings of Iron, Steel, or any other Metal. *No.* 874. *Silver limaile*, *Ib.* 1183. *Silver-dust*, or *Shaving of Silver*, *Ib.* 1260.
- Lime his feathers*: Stick his feathers together, as with bird-lime. *Tr. L.* 1. 354.
- Limere, Lymere*, *Dr. Ch.* 362, 365. A *Lymere, Leviner* or *Leamer* (so called from the *Leam*, or *Line*, wherewith he is led) is a middle sized Hound between a Harier and a Greyhound both for kind, and frame of body, being active, light and nimble. *Holme's Acad. of Armory*. See *Cains De Canibus*. fol. 3, b.
- Limetod*: A Lime-twig. *Mo.* 801.
- Limes, Limis, Limmis*: Limbs. *CL.* 228. *AS.* *Lima, Membrum*.
- Limid*: Polished. *Fa. L.* 3. 34.
- Limit*, *p.* 158, *b.* To appoint, to set a day.
- Limitation*, *WB.* 877. A certain Precinct, allowed to a *Limitour*, *V.*
- Limitour*, *Prol.* 209. A Fryer that had a particular Grant, or License for begging, or exercising other Functions within certain Limits, or Bounds; as the *Limitour* of *Holdernesse*, *Fr.* 455, 456, &c. See *p.* 590, *b.* *Paragr. II.* *Why hire you to ferme*, &c. It will give more light to the meaning of the word if the whole Paragraph be read as it is in *Mr. Rawlinson's MS.*
- Whi sette ye at the Kyngis londe to ferme to your Lymyours*, as ye weren lordis of al menes goodis and ye woll not suffre o frere to begge in anothers lymytacioun unpunished.
- Limmis*. See *Limes*.
- Linage*: Family. *RR.* 258.
- Linde*: A Teil-tree, or Lime-tree. *Fr.* 2226. *Lindis*: Teil-trees, Lime-trees. *RR.* 1385.
- Lipsid*: Lipped. *Prol.* 266.
- Lis*: To ease, to comfort. *Ber.* 216. See *Lisse*.
- Lisse*: To ease. *Bal.* 954. To be eased. *RR.* 3758. To cease; To be lessened. *RR.* 4128. *Ease*. *Tr. L.* 5. 550. Instead of *blisse* read *lisse*, or *lysse*, as *Ca.* *Respite*. *Fr.* 2794. *Abatement*. Also, A list, or border; *Lipit*, end. *Sp.*
- Lis*: Will, pleasure. *RR.* 1957.
- Life*, *Tr. L.* 4. 394. should be read *lyef*, i. e. doff lie down. So *MS. Sp. Ca.* and *al.*
- Liftis*: Lifts, a place for Combatants, or Wrestlers, &c. to fight or exercise in. *Prol.* 63, 1864. *Fr.* *Lice*.
- Litage*: Lithargy: White Lead, "The foam that riseth from Lead when tried: It is cold of operation, and used by Chirurgions in Ointments and Plasters, be-
- ing of a gentle, drying, cleansing, and binding nature. *Blo.* See *Ceruse*.
- Lite*: Little, small.
- Lith*, *RR.* 5909. *Lyeth*. *Thereby lithe a tale*; Thereby hangs a tale. *AL.* 21. In *Tr. L.* 4. 228. instead of *Lithe*, i. e. *Lyeth*, *Ca.* hath *Ryght* for *Also*, *Gentle*, tractable; Smooth, plain; Soft. *Fa. L.* 119. *RR.* 3762. To lessen, to ease. *Tr. L.* 4. 754. Also, A joint, a limb, a nerve. *Mo.* 990. *AS.* *Lith*. *Lenis*, &c. *Ar-* 145, &c.
- Lither, Lihir*, *Ber.* 727. Naughtly, wicked; Froward, unacceptable. *AS.* *Lyðne*, *Nequam*, *ingratus*. *Lithirly*: ill, wickedly, &c. *Lithirly beset his while*; Spent his time ill. *MR.* 191.
- Lithin*, *Gam.* 1. To hearken, attend, listen. *AS.* *Lithan*, *Applicare*, *conferre*.
- Lithir, Lithirly*. See *Lither*.
- Lithy*: Humble, quiet, mild. *Sk.* See *Lith*. It seems to be the same with *Lither*. *CN.* 14. and perhaps should be so read.
- Litynge*, *Fa. L.* 3. 133. Very small or little. *AS.* *Lit-* ling.
- Litrage*: A Lethargy. *Boeth.*
- Little*, *Tr. L.* 4. 834. *Into litle*; Within a little, almost.
- Littrature*, *No.* 86. Literature, learning, scholarship.
- Livande*: Living. *Ch. Dr.* 1628.
- Live, Lyve*: Life. *On live*, or *lyve*; Alive. *RR.* 5294.
- Livelisht*, *CL.* 782. *f.* as *Lifelich*.
- Livelod, Livelode*: A livelyhood.
- Livery* (*Fr.* *Livree*) *Livery*. It properly signifies Wages, Salary, or Fee allowed to Officers, whether in money, or necessaries in kind. *Gam.* 1018. *Payth him gode livery*; Pay them good wages, spoken ironically for, Beat them soundly.
- Living*, for *Levin*: To believe. *Mo.* 2835.
- Livis body*: A living body, or person. *Fa. L.* 2. 555. *Livis creature*; A living creature. *Fr.* 1924.
- Loc*: Loose. *Fa. L.* 3. 196. *p.* 393, *a.*
- Lodemanage*, *Bal.* 250. *Lodemenage*, *Prol.* 405. The Skill, or Art of Navigation. It seems to be the *AS.* *Lad-man*, A Guide, and perhaps a Pilot, with a *French* Termination. In *Gen. XXXIII. 15.* *Esau presseth Jacob* to take him guides of his people that knew the way. *Io bibbe þe þu nyme þe Ladmenn*, &c. *Lottman, Kilian*. is a Pilot from *Lmt*, *Lead*, because he useth a Plummet for sounding. See *Mynshew*.
- Loder*, *Ber.* 837. for *Lodesterre*, *V.*
- Lodesmen*, *Hyp.* 121. *Lodismen*, *Ber.* 823. Pilots; *qu.* Guides, or Leaders. The *Lodestone* is so called from the *AS.* *Lædan*, To lead, or guide; *qu.* a Leading-stone, *Somn.* in *Lædan*. See *Lodemenage*.
- Lodesterre*: The North-star, by which Sailors steer their Course. *Prol.* 2061. and thence it is taken to signify any sure Guide, or Director. *Tr. L.* 5. 232. where instead of *Lodesterre* it is *Lodis terre* in *MS. Sp.* as it is, *Ib.* 1391.
- Loft*: High, from *Lifr*. *On loft*; On high. *La.* 278.
- Loge*: A lodge, a lodging, habitation. *Lepir loge*; A Lodge, or Hospital for Lepers. *CCR.* 27. A hen-roost. *Mo.* 966.
- Loggit*, as *Alogit*.
- Loigne*: A line. *RR.* 7100.
- Lollers*, *Mo.* 2013. *Lollards*. A name of Infamy bestowed on the Followers of *Wicklif*; supposed by some to be so called from one *Walter Lolhard*, the Author of a Sect in Germany and the Low Countries, in the Thirteenth Century: Others think they had the name from *Lolium*, as being Tares among the Lord's Wheat; to which *Chaucer* alludes. *Sq.* 12, 15, 21. *Sk.* from a certain Tower called *Lollard*, where they were imprisoned; but probably the Tower was so called from them. In later times the word hath been used to signify all Opposers of, or Dissenters from, the Established Religion.
- Lombardes*, *No.* 2875. Bankers, so called from the *Lombards* of Italy, who were notorious Usurers, and as such are joyned with Jews in *PP. Pass.* 5.
- I lerned amonge Lumberdes and Jewes a lesson*
To wey penyces with a peyres, and pare the knyff;
And lene is for lone of arefe, &c.

Lambis,

Lombis: Lambs. *Bal.* 267, &c.

Of lombis, as in *sofbaßneß*,
Tho Clerkis makin mencions;
Ther kind is fret with doubleneß.

Though Clerks, or Scholars, represent Women to be like Lambs for their truth and sincerity, yet they are all fraught, or filled, with doubleneß or falshood.

Lome: Often. *Ber.* 968. How oft. *Ib.* 1367. *AS.* Gre-lome.

Londe: Land. *Londes, Landis*: Lands.

Londenoy: A Londoner, one born in London. *p.* 488, b.

Londe-sillers: Husbandmen. *Boeth. Test.*

Londlefe, qu. **Landleß**: Having no Lands. *Mo.* 2013.

Lone: A loan, a thing lent; Lending. God be thankid of his lone, *Fr.* 597. There seems to be a corruption both in this verse and the next, of love into lone, and above into alone, which might easily happen, u and n, b and l, being very like in the old MSS. Those two Verses may be easily understood if thus read;

*Thei may now (God be thankid of his love)
Makin ther Jubile, and walke above;*

That is, They may now (God be thanked for his Love) walk above, in Heaven, and keep their Jubilee there. In *Ca.* 1. they are so read with a very little variation, viz. *Maken her Jubilee, and walkyn al above*. But all the subsequent Editions read lone and alone.

Long, *RR.* 3377. Of long passid; A long time ago.

Longe; To belong. **Longith**: Belongeth. *Tr.* L. 2. 1346. *RR.* 2197.

Longias, *Magd.* 176. or **Longem**, is said to be the Name of the Soldier who pierced our Saviour's side with a Spere, and being blind was restored to his sight by wiping his eyes with his hands which were bloody. See *Nicodemus's Gospel*.

Loos. See **Lose**.

Lop, **Lope**, **Loppe**: A spider. *p.* 440, a: 442, a. *Sk.* charges the Interpreter of *Chaucer* with a mistake in explaining **Loppe**, a Spider, whereas it signifies a Flea: But it can scarce bear that sense in *p.* 440, a. It seems rather to be a mistake of the Transcribers in writing **Loppe** for **Coppe**; *Atter-coppa* in *AS.* being a Spider, which is still called *Attercop* in the North, and in *CB.* *Cop* or *Coppyn*. See *Ray's Coll.* *p.* 123, 129.

Lordlingis, **Lordingis**, **Lordlingis**: Sirs, Masters; A Dim. of **Lords**. Lord sometimes signifies no more than Master, as *No.* 2820. *Ray* says, that **Loert** (which seems to be a corruption of **Lord**) is used in the *Peak* of *Derbyshire* for Gaffer, Lady, Gammer. See *GL V.* in *Lord*.

Lordship: Power, authority.

Lore: Direction; Rule. *Tr.* L. 1. 646. Learning. *La.* 4. Advice. *Tr.* L. 1. 755. Doctrine. *Pro.* 529. Knowledge. *Fr.* 1808. Also, for **Lorne**, *Mo.* 2671.

Lorell: A devourer. *Sp.* *Sk.* thinks it to be a Dim. of **Lurco**, a Glutton. *WB.* 273. *Mo.* 2314. A loose, vile, or lewd fellow. *Every lovell; Perditissimum quicunq;* *Boeth.* *p.* 363, b.

Lorne: Lost, undone. *Sq.* 649. *Fr.* 2092, 2583.

Lose, **Loos**, *RR.* 1161. Praise; Fame; Reputation. *Lat.*

Lous. Also, **Lok**. *Tr.* L. 4. 27. **Loses**: Praise. *Fa.* L. 3. 598.

Lofell: A crafty fellow. *Sp.* A liar, a hypocrite, a cheat, a counterfeit. *Mo.* 3206. From the *AS.* *Leas-Mendax, falsus*.

Lofengery, **Lofengrie**: A liar, a flatterer. *Lofengier* in old *Fr.* is a Deceiver. See *Men Fr.* in *Lofengir*; and *Men. Ib.* in *Lofinga*.

Lofengry, **Lofengrie**, *Mo.* 2575; **Lofery**, *Ber.* 193. Lying; Flattery; Deceit, a cheat.

Lofengis, **Lofynges**: Lies; Flattery. *Fa.* L. 3. 227. Also Scutcheons of Arms, born by Ladies in a Lozenge. *Lofingis and fochans*, *RR.* 893. Coats of Arms of Ladies, and Gentlemen.

Lofid: Loosed, set at liberty. *RR.* 4511.

Loß, for **Loß**, *Ber.* 2819.

Loichy, *RR.* 6339. A Companion, or Love. *Sp.* See *Sk.* We find *Lemmans* and *Lottchies* joyned together in *PP.* *Paß.* 3. as being synonymous.

— And priestes maineineth
To have lemmanis and lottchies all her lyne dayes
And bring forth barnes agayne forbidden lawes.

Loth: Unwilling; Hatefull, odious, loathsome. Be him loth or dere, *Tr.* L. 2. 808. Whether it pleases him, or not. *Lothe unto Christ*; Hated by Christ. *Hen.* 250. **Lothir**: More odious, &c. As to me, nls lezir non ne lothir, *LW.* 191. I neither love, nor hate the one more than the other.

Lothely: Loathsome. *WB.* 1100.

Lothir. See **Loth**.

Love dayis: Meetings for pleasure and diversion. *Pro.* 260. *Fa.* L. 2. 187. **Love-dair**, *p.* 481. b. Signifies Peacemaking, reconciliation.

Lovefome: Lovely. *Tr.* L. 5. 465.

Lough, *No.* 1990. **Loughe**, *Ber.* 2317. Laughed.

Louvis: Lovers. *Hyper.* 4.

Louke, *MR.* 1307. A fellow-receiver. *Sp.* A Receiver to a thief; An Overseer, or Examiner of Accounts. *Sk.* Perhaps it may signify a Setter to a thief, one that looks out, and gives notice of booty.

Loupe, *Bal.* *Lad.* 92, 93. See **Depe loupe**.

Lour, **Loure**, *Ber.* 728. *RR.* 7099. To lower, to look askint, to look sower, sullen or crabbed.

Loure: To submit; To kneel. *RR.* 7336. To honour; To stoop, bow, cringe. *RR.* 1554, 4384. To lurk or hide one's self. *No.* 197. See *Ib.* 322, &c.

Loueden: Bowed, made obeysance, &c.

Low: Law. *Ch. Dr.* 324.

Lowe: To praise. *RR.* 4732. *Ber.* 920. To allow, approve.

Lowlyhed: Lowliness, humility. *Bl. Kn.* 315.

Loyalte: Truth, sincerity. *AL.* 98.

Luce, *Pro.* 54. **Livonia**, **Liesland**. *Sk.* Also, A Pike, or Jack. *Pro.* 352. *RR.* 7089.

Lucerne: A lamp, a candle. *CIV.* 303.

Lucina: *Juno*, or *Diana*; The Moon. *Fr.* 2591.

Luse: Love. *Pro.* 2787.

Lukir: Lucre, gain. *Ber.* 3162.

Lure: A Device used by Falconers for bringing their Hawks to fist: Whence the Expression *Bring to lure*, *Reclaim to the lure*. To make a hawk familiar, to bring him to fist; and thence it is used for To bring a person to one's purpose, &c.

Lushburgh: Base Coins imported from foreign parts, and dispersed here in the time of *Edward III.* so called (as *Sk.* thinks) from *Luxenburgh*, where they were first coined. *No lushburgh payis ye*, *Mo.* 74. You make true payment, not in counterfeit coin; *Vos solutanem prestatis non fictam*. *Spelm.*

Lust: Will, pleasure, desire; To be pleased. *Lust to sey*, *No.* 282. Was pleased, or list, to say. **Lusty**: Gay, pleasant; Earnest; Earnestly. *Lustie lese*, *Tr.* L. 2. 752. The snare, or bond, of love or pleasure. See *Lees*.

Lustibede, *Hyp.* 163. **Lustibed**, **Lustineß**, *Tr.* L. 3. 177. **Lusty**.

Luxury: Lechery, lust.

Lycorous. See **Licorous**.

Lyfellebe: Lively. *Test.*

Lygeance: Allegiance. *Bl. Kn.* 552.

Lyurge: *Lycurgus*, the famous *Spartan* law-giver.

Lymere. See **Limer**.

Lymme: A limb. *Dr. Ch.* 499. **Lymys**: Limbs. *Ber.* 1621.

Lynd. See **Linde**. Under the mode lynd, *Gam.* 1339. perhaps may signify no more than, In the wood, under the trees, in general, as the Expression, *Under the lynd*, seems to be used in *Doug. Virg.* *p.* 220, 40.

Lyne: Line. *Lyne right*; In a right line. *p.* 446, b.

Lynne: To loyter, to tarry. *Gam.* 1105.

Lyffe: To lessen. *Boeth.* See **Liffe**.

Lye: Little. *Fr.* 971.

Lyve. See **Lve**.

Lyvere: Livery; Apparel. *Pro.* 365. See **Livery**.

Lyvery: Delivery. *Ber.* 1163.

Lyvinge: Living. *Her daies lyving*; All the days of her life.

Lyvode, *Ber.* 2464. See **Livode**.

Mace

M.

- Mace**, Prol. 2126. A Batoon; A club, a staff.
Match, for *make*, PT. 83. A mate, a match, an equal; To match, to be even with. *Ib.* 340.
Machabe, Mo. 604. The Apocryphal Books of the *Machabees*; particularly the first six Chapters of the First Book, wherein are described the Actions and Death of *Antiochus Epiphanes*.
Mad: To be mad. RR. 1072.
Maise, *Maïsaie*, Fr. *Ma foy*, *Sur ma foy*: Faith, upon or by my Faith. Tr. L. 3. 52.
Magician: A Magician. Fr. 2797.
Magike nature, Prol. 418. "He meaneth (says Sp.) this Physician was skilfull in Astrology, and could make his election of fortunate hours, wherein to minister his potions to his Patient; and likewise that he was practised in *Magick Natural*, as in making of Sigils, or Characters stamped on metal in their due times fitted to that Sign that governed that part of the body wherein the Malady was; as the stamp of *Aries* for the disease in the Head, and of *Leo*, for the Reins, &c. Hereof he speaketh, Fa. L. 3. 178, &c.
Magre, as *Maugre*.
Mahound: *Mahomet*. La. 225. Perhaps mistaken by the Transcribers for *Mahomid*, as it is often written in the MSS.
Maïsaie, RR. 7580. See *Maise*.
Maile: A Coat of Mail. Fr. 2217.
Mainte: Mixed, mingled. Bl. Kn. 230.
Maineine, *Maineiners*, *Maineynours*. See *Champartie*.
Maintenanc: Countenance, looks, carriage. Dr. Ch. 834. Fr. *Mainien*. See *Champartie*.
Maisondene (Fr. *Maison-Dieu*) A Hospital for sick persons. RR. 5619.
Maisterie, *Maistry*, *Maistre*, *Maistrice*: A Mystery: A masterly action; Magistracie; *Magistratum*, p. 362, a. Command; Authority, Mo. 3057. Government, power. *Ib.* 525, 2741. *Bacchus* had of her mouth no maisterie; No. 1573. She was not given to wine. Imperiousness. Fr. 2315, 2311. Masterly workmanship, RR. 842.
Maistrifull, *Magisterial*, imperious, domineering. Tr. L. 2. 756.
Maistr Street: The principal Street. Prol. 2904. Fr. 3506.
Maistris: Mistress. LW. 88.
Maistrise: Curious, masterly workmanship. RR. 4172.
Make: A match, a mate, a fellow, a companion, a consort; A husband, or wife. WB. 84. LW. 158. In Prol. 2558. it signifies the Person engaged with in fight. But MS. Ch. reads that passage thus;
*And yif that so befall, that the Chevetayn
 Bee take on either side, or ellis slayn, &c.*
Make: To compose, make Verses. LW. 69, 74. 364.
Makings, *Ib.* 413. Compositions in Poetry. A *Maker* seems to have been the common Appellation for a Poet in Q. Elizabeth's time; wherein (says Sir Philip Sidney) "I know not whether by lucke or wisdom we Englishmen have met with the Greeks. Defence of Poetic. p. 494.
Make one's Verde: To impose upon, or deceive one. WB. 365. *Faire la barbe*, is a Fr. Phrase for To abuse, affront, &c.
Makeleß: Matchless. Tr. L. 1. 172.
Makid: *Makidin*: Made. MS. Sp. *Madyn al the walls*, Tr. L. 4. 121. Built the walls.
Makin his fort, Tr. L. 4. 1404. Ca. has it, *Marryng his fort*, and *berying*, &c. which is intelligible. Others read *Ma-kyng*.
Malapert. See *Apert*.
Male: A Mail, a packet. No. 2438. To unbooke a male; To open one's budget. MR. 7. No. 2499.
Malebouche: A foul mouth, an evil tongue. Fl. 84. BD. 741.
Male talent, RR. 273, 330, 3438. Ill will, evil intent;

- Displeasure; Indignation. Gl. Lob. See *Talent*.
Malgre, as *Maugre*.
Malifise: Evil doing; *Maleficium*, Boeth.
Malison, Fr. A curse. No. 1266. Contracted from *Mal-ediction*, as *Benison* from *Benediction*.
Malt: Melted. Tr. L. 1. 583.
Malvesie: *Malmesie* wine. No. 2578.
Malure: A misfortune, a mischance. Ch. Dr. 599. Fr. *Malheur*.
Man, RR. 6055, 6059. A Vassal, a Homager.
Manace, *Manacing*, *Manassinge*: Threatning. RR. 4007, 4051. Boeth.
Manere: Carriage, behaviour. Prol. 140.
Mangerie, Fr. Eating, feasting. Gam. 681, 858, 919. See Gl. Lob. in *Manducarium*.
Mangonell: A Warlike Engine to batter walls withall. RR. 6279. See Gl. Lob. in *Mangoneaux*.
Manhede: Manhood, courage.
Manie, Fr. Madness. Prol. 1376. Gr. *Mania*.
Mannishe: Wicked. La. 783. from the AS. *Man*, *Sec-lus*. Also, Proper to man or mankind, humane. *To done shene is mannish*, p. 152, a. *Humannus est peccare*.
Masculine, manly. Tr. L. 1. 284. Fl. 149.
Manor: A Mansion, a habitation. Dr. Ch. 1004.
Manra: Manner.
Manstere: Meek. Tr. L. 4. 194.
Manlet, Prol. 2160. Dim. of *Manile*. MS. Ch. has it,
A Manell upon his shoultris hanging.
Marchandrie: Merchandize. Mo. 2740.
Marcia Catoun, Fl. 198. *Marcia* the daughter of *Cato*. So *Hectoris Andromache*. Virg.
Marcian: Martial, warlike. WB. 610.
Mare: More; Greater. RR. 2215. *Less and mare*; Great and small, High and low.
Mareis: Marshes, fens. Boeth. Fr. *Maraie*. Also, Marrows. p. 383, a.
Margarie: A Pearl. p. 472, b. A Daisy. Fr. *Marguerite*. Bal. Lad. 119. comp. with 124.
Margelaine, AL. 56. *Marjerom*. Fr. *Marjolaine*.
Margerets: Dailies. AL. 57. See *Margarie*.
Marie, as *Mary*.
Mario: Mares.
Marishe: Marthy, moorish.
Mark of Adam, WB. 696. All the Offspring of *Adam*, that are born after his Image, or, All that have *Adam's* Mark, or Image stamped upon them. See *Merke*.
Mark [or *Markin*] *heter*. One that makes quartels in Markets. MR. 828. Mo. 2811. See *Beter*.
Marrid: *Mar'd*; Undone. Magd. 112.
Marris: A marth. WB. 670. See *Mareis*.
Mart, *Marte*: Mars, the God of War. It is often put for War. Prol. 2023. MS. Ch. reads the place thus;
*Nought was forgotten by the infortune of Mart
 The carter overryden by his cart,*
i. e. In the Temple of *Mars* was not forgot to be described the Charioteer run over by his own Chariot through the mischance of War. This sense is very proper and easy; but as it is printed the first Verse is scarce intelligible. Instead of *for the love of Mart*, Tr. L. 2. 988. Ca. and Py. read it, *for love and charite*, and *departed be*, instead of *departe*, *Ib.* 990.
Martire, Fr. Martyrdom; Torment. RR. 2547. *Martirid*; *Martyred*. Test.
Martydom: Any pain, or suffering. Prol. 1452.
Martyrsh: Tormenteth. Prol. 1564.
Mary, *Marie*: Marrow. No. 2058. *Marie-dome*: Marrow-bones. Prol. 382.
Mase: A whim, a fancy. Mo. 1208; Tr. L. 4. 468.
Masal: Amazed, astonished, confounded, confused.
Masidness: Amazement, confusion, astonishment, surprise. Fr. 2082.
Masin: To doat, rave. Sq. 1919. To be in confusion.
Masseday, *Massedayn*: Holy-days, wherein *Mas* is celebrated with more than ordinary Solemnity. Sz.
Masterte: for *me astert*: Escaped me, came from me un-awares. Tr. L. 1. 1051.
Mastirship, as *Maistrice*.
Mastling, Mo. 2127. Shining. Sp. Glittering. *Com*.
Mastrie, as *Maistrice*.
Mate: Pined, consumed; Daunted, abashed, dejected, fati-

- fatigued. *ProL*. 957. *RR*. 1739. *BD*. 35. From the old Lat. *Marius*. See *Men. Fr.* in *Eche*, and *Gl. V.* In *Tr.* L. 4. 342. *MS.* Sp. hath *mad* instead of *mat*.
- Maire*, *Hyp*. 215. *Muiro*, *Tr.* L. 4. 818. *Matter*.
- Maugre*, *Malgre*, *Fr.* Ill will; Disgrace. *Cup*. 376. *Thou canst me grete maugre*, *RR*. 4399. *Thou takest it unkindly of me. Should I conne him maugre*, *ib.* 4559. *Should I take it ill of him.* These Expressions are purely *Fr.* *Savoir bon, ou mauvaigres*. In spite of. *Maugre her bed*; In spite of her head, In spite of her teeth. *Malgre her*; With an ill will, as it were in spite of himself. *RR*. 2386, 5933.
- Mavis*, *Mauise*: A Thrush, or Song-thrush. *CCr*. 24. *RR*. 619, 665. Also, A bushel. *ib.* 5590.
- Maumet*, *Maumet* (a Contraction of *Mahomet*). A false God; An Idol. *Pars.* *Maumetrie*: Mahometanism. *La*. 227. *Idolatry. Pars.* p. 205. 4.
- Maunderment*: A command, an order, a commission.
- Mawe*: The belly, the stomach. *No*. 3328.
- May*, often signifies *Cau*, *May* do. *A man may godlye* [*i. godly*] *i. e.* may do it. *To may*, *Ber*. 1224. *To be amayed*, or amazed.
- Maydinhode*: Maidenhead, Virginity. *ProL*. 2331.
- Mazeline*: A Mazer. *Sp.* That is, a wooden cup made of Maple. *Sk.* No. 3357.
- Mealide*: Meal-time, Dinner-time. *Tr.* L. 2. 1556.
- Meanliche*: Moderate; Mild. *Booth. p.* 365, b. l. 2. *Lenibius* is there rendered *light and meanliche*: The Translator doubting whether it was *lenibus* or *levibus*, made use of two words to express both senses.
- Meddell*, *Medell*, *Medle*: To mix, mingle. *Booth. Medeling*, *RR*. 898. A mixture. *Medled*, *Medlid*: Mixed, mingled; from the *Fr.* *Meler*.
- Mediacion*: Means. p. 439. 4.
- Medley core*: A coat of mixt Stuff. *ProL*. 380.
- Meed*, *Mede*: A reward. *AS.* *Med*, *mebe*. *Gad do you mede*; God reward you. *AL*. 293. It is often put for Wealth in general in *PP*. Also, A meadow. *ProL*. 89.
- Medis*: Meadows. *Tr.* L. 4. 770.
- Mees*, *Cup*. 334. Meadows. *Sp.* contracted from *Meades*, says *Sk.* Rather a *Messuge*, or *Messuges*, in old *Fr.* *Mees*, and now called *Mees* places in some parts.
- Meine*, *Meinie*, *Meinye*: A Company, a Retinue; All that live together in a House. *Tr.* L. 1. 127. from the *AS.* *Menigeo*, *Melindio*, or the old *Fr.* *Mesnie*, a Family.
- Meim*: Mingled. *RR*. 2296.
- Meith*: Mead. *ProL*. 2281.
- Meke*: Meek, humble, submissive. Also, To be meek, to submit; To humble. *Ar*. 313. *Became meek, pliable.* *RR*. 3584. *Mekin and soplin*; To grow meek and supple. *RR*. 2244.
- Melancolius*: Melancholy. *Fr.* L. 1. 304.
- Melis*: Meals. *Dr.* Ch. 612.
- Mell*: To meddle. *Mo.* 2797. *Fr.* *Meler*. Also, A mill. *MR*. 815.
- Memoure*: Memory. *Cr.* 50.
- Menace*, *Fr.* Threatning. *ProL*. 2005.
- Menasub*: Threateneth. *Fr.* 1152.
- Mende*, *Ber*. 2417. f. *Men*.
- Mendement*: Amendment. *PT*. 46.
- Mendicants*: Beggars; Begging Fryers.
- Mendicence*, *Mendicite*, *Mendicence*: Beggings; Beggery, poverty.
- Mene*: Moderate. *Mene differaunce*; Moderate distance. *CL*. 783.
- Menge*: To mix. *Mengid*: Mixt. *CCr*. 32.
- Meninge*, *Tr.* L. 1. 285, 289. Should be *Mening*, *i. e.* Moving, motion: It is *meuing*, or *meuyng* in all the *MSS.* and old Editions that I have seen; nor is it less, if it be read otherwise.
- Menis*: Means. *Fr.* 220. Substance.
- Menivere*, *RR*. 221. *Miniver*, a fine white Fox.
- Menuse*: To diminish. See *Amenuse*.
- Menye*, as *Meine*.
- Merciabile*: Mercifull, compassionate. *RR*. 1864. *Fr.* 2582.
- Merciement*: Amerciements, penalties, fines. *Pars.*
- Meritorie*: Meritorious.
- Meritote*, *MR*. 662. A Sport used by children, by swinging themselves in Bell-ropes, or such like, till they be giddy. *Sp.* Some Annotators on the place, correct it, on her to dote; but produce no Authority for it. It is in other Copies, *verytote*, *virittote*, *brittote*.
- Merke*: A mark, an image. *Fr.* 2426. Also, Dark. *RR*. 5339. *Merknesse*: Darknes. From the *Dari*. *Sp.* *Mirk* and *Murk* are still used in some parts of the North for Dark.
- Merkenrike*, *Mo.* 1227. The Kingdom of *Mercia*. *AS.* *Myrcna-ricce*.
- Merle*, *CCr*. 24. *Mercula avis*; A Black-bird.
- Merlion*, *AF*. 339. A merlin, a sort of Hawk. See *Emulan*.
- Merthe*: Mirth. *Mo.* 1285.
- Mervayle*: Marvel, wonder. *Fr.* *Merveille*.
- Mery*: Pleasant. *Mo.* 1186.
- Mes*, *RR*. 2462. *At gode mes*; In good humour.
- Mese*, *Ch.* Dr. 2116. *Mais*, which used to be celebrated at Nuptials. *Sk.*
- Mesell*: A Leper. *Pars.* It seems to be used in *PP*. for common Beggars, such persons often pretending to be afflicted with Sores and Ulcers.
- Messagerie*, *AF*. 228. Diligence in doing a Message. *Sk.* The business of a Messenger. Also, A pump, a bawd.
- Messangere*: A messenger. *Ch.* Dr. 123. *Messangers*; Messengers. *Tr.* L. 2. 936. In the *MSS.* it is generally (if not always) *Messenger*; &c.
- Messe*: *Mais*. *Fr.* 464.
- Mest*, *Meste*: Molt; Greatest.
- Mesurable*: Moderate. *ProL*. 437.
- Mesure*: Moderation. *No*. 1563. *Mo.* 2447.
- Mes*, *Mes*, *Mein*: Foodreams; Dreamed. *WB*. 577.
- Metamorphoseos*, *Metamorphose*, *CL*. 1266. *Ovid's Metamorphosis*.
- Mets*: To measure. *Asfr.* Also, Meet; Meat. During the *metis* space; During the Entertainment. *La*. 1015. See *Mes*.
- Mesborde*: A table. *Test.* L. 2.
- Mesly*: Meet; Comely, of a proper size. *RR*. 822. *AL*. 79.
- Merritiens*: Poets. *GL*. 30.
- Mette*: Dreamed. *Tr.* L. 1. 363. Also, Measure. By *mette* or by *mesure*, p. 206, b. By *mesure* seems to be added as a Gloss to explain *By mette*.
- Mevable*: Moveable; Unconstant. *RR*. 4736.
- Mebles*, as *Mooble*.
- Mevie*, *Mevie*: To move.
- Mewards*: Towards me. *Test.*
- Mewe*, *Sq.* 663. *Tr.* L. 3. 1790. "A kind of Cage where Hawks are wingbred, or kept, when they *Mue*, or change their Feathers: Whence those great Stables belonging to *Wolpbal* took denomination; that place having been anciently full of *Mews*, where the King's Hawks were kept. *Blo.* in *Mews*. From hence it is taken to signify a Cage in general, or any sort of confinement. *RR*. 4778. Also, Secret. *in mewe*, *Tr.* L. 1. 10382. In secret. *Tr.* L. 3. 603. Should be read thus; *Ther be bestet, fith midnigh, was in mewe.* *Ca.* and *Pj.* read it thus; *Ther be shet was fith mydnight in a mewe.*
- Mewer*, as *Muer*, *V.* *In mewe*; As a dumb person. *CL*. 1498.
- Meyn*, as *Meine*.
- Mfold*: A thousand fold. *Tr.* L. 3. 1546.
- Miche*: A covetous, sordid fellow. *Sk.* It seems to signify rather a lazy, loitering Vagabond, or Truant. *RR*. 6541.
- Middill*: The middlemost.
- Midwib*: The middle.
- Mihlmesse*: Michaelmas. *Pars.* 97.
- Miche*: Strength. *Mikuy*: Strong. *RR*. 6573.
- Mikil*, *Mikil*: See *Mochill*.
- Mildrop*: Droppings of the nose. *Cr.* 158.
- Minim*, *Minim*: To undermine; To make a Lodgment by digging; To lodge. *Tr.* L. 2. 677.
- Ming*: To mix. *CCr*. 197. *Mingid*: Mixed. *Cr.* 236.
- Minishe*: To diminish.
- Ministers*: Magistrates. *Mo.* 1158.
- Minoreffe*, *RR*. 149. It may be the fem. of *Minir*, An underminer. But *Sp.* will have the right reading to be *Mouereffe*, A stirrer of debate; for so it is (says he) in

- in the French Verses in the oldest written Copies, *Sembla bien estre monereste*.
- Minour**: A digger, a miner. *ProL*. 2467.
- Minstralcie**: Musick. *ProL*. 2199. *Mo*. 1690. **Minstrallis**: Musicians.
- Mintings**: Minding; Endeavouring. *Mintyng to gone*, p. 360, a. *Tendit ire*.
- Mirror**: A looking-glass. *Fr. Miroir*.
- Mirthelesse**: Sad, void of mirth. *AF*. 592.
- Miribid**: Cheered, comforted, made merry. p. 494, a.
- Mis**, *An*. 282. **Misse**, *Tr. L.* 4. 1267. *Amis*. In Composition it betokens Error, or mistake.
- Misacomptid**: Misreckoned, counted wrong. *Tr. L.* 5. 1184.
- Misaventure**: Mischance, misfortune.
- Misavise**: To act unadvisedly. *When they be misavise*; When they do not rightly consider, or are not well advised. *VB*. 239.
- Misbeleve**: To distrust. **Misbelevid**: Distrustfull. *Tr. L.* 3. 840.
- Misbeide**: A mishap, a mischance.
- Misbodin**, *ProL*. 911. To wrong. *Sp*. It seems to signify To misinform, from *Mis*, and the *AS*. *Boba*, *bobe*, *Nuncium*, *nuncium*. *MS. Ch.* reads instead of it, *Mysdo*: Done amiss, wronged.
- Misborne**: Misbehaved. p. 159, b.
- Mischefe**: To chuse amiss. *Sc*. 188.
- Mischief**: Misfortune. *RR*. 6731. *At mischief*, *lb*. 4552. In the time of distress.
- Misclepyng**: Naming amiss.
- Miscorden**: To disagree. *Test*.
- Miscovering**: Unlawfull desire, coveting that which one ought not. *RR*. 196.
- Misdeparte**: To distribute, or divide amiss. *La*. 107.
- Misericorde**, **Misericordies**, *Boeth*. Pity, mercy, compassion.
- Misese**: Uneasiness, trouble. **Misese**: Uneasy. p. 483, b.
- Misfill**: Fell amiss, miscarried.
- Misforgave him**, *Tr. L.* 4. 1426. *Misgave*, failed him.
- Misgo**: Gone amiss, or astray. *Mo*. 2697.
- Misgovernance**: Mismanagement, misbehaviour, ill conduct. *No*. 2501.
- Mishap**: To disappoint. *RR*. 5543. To miscarry, to be disappointed. *Tho it mishap one*, *PW*. 87. Though one miscarry.
- Mistaken**: To misbehave. *Tr. L.* 4. 48.
- Mistivd man**: A man of evil life. *Tr. L.* 4. 330. **Mistivng man**, *MS. Sp*.
- Miswacer**, **Miswetre**. See *Misse-metre*.
- Mispleasure**: Displeasure, discord, disagreeableness. p. 482, b.
- Misquesmes**: To displease. *Mo*. 2587. See *Quem*.
- Missaie**, **Missile**: To say amiss, to speak evil of. *RR*. 1260. To contradict; To hinder. p. 514, a. **Missayere**: An evil speaker, a slanderer. *RR*. 2231.
- Misse**: Misbecame. *RR*. 1194.
- Misse**, as *Mis*. **Misse manere**: A wrong manner. *Mo*. 3137.
- Misse-entechanged**: Wrong changed. *RR*. 6581. *Vice versa mutatus*, p. 391, b.
- Misseie**. See *Missaie*.
- Misweryng**: Evil meaning, mistaken, p. 506, b.
- Misse-metre**, *Tr. L.* 5. 1795. To destroy the Metre or Numbers in Poetry by incorrect Writing, or wrong Reading: But *Chaucer* having particularly mentioned the fault of Miswriting in the foregoing Verse, it is rather to be supposed he means there that of Reading amiss, which generally happens, for *defaute of songe*, *L. c.* for want of a perfect understanding of his language. He owns in *Fa. L.* 3. 9, &c. that he chose sometimes to leave a Verse too short by a Syllable, where he had a greater regard to the sense than the Metre: But whether he be to be imitated in this, as some, who have writ in his style, have affected to do, is not my business to determine. It seems plain from this Passage, as well as his words to *Adam Scrivener* at the end of the Book, and his care about Pointing, *RR*. 2157, 2161. that he was not so loose in his Metre, as some may imagine; for by collating any part of his works with *MSS.* or old Editions, it will appear, that Verses, which in one Copy or Edition are defective, may out of others be made compleat; and that very often without the use of *i* or *y* prefix to Verbs, the distinct pronunciation of the final *is* or *é*, or useless Expletives.
- Mistake**: To take amiss, to be offended. *RR*. 1540.
- Mister**, **Mistere**, **Mistr**: A Mystery. *Fr*. 2898. A profession, or trade. *ProL*. 615. *RR*. 6332. *Fr. Mestier*. Hence it is used in general for any Sort, kind, or condition. *ProL*. 1342. *Mister men*, *lb*. 1712. *Mo*. 2696. *Mister folk*, *CL*. 227. Kind of men. *As mister was*, *RR*. 1426. *f*. According to the quality of the ground, or of what it produced. Also, Business, occasion, need, necessity. *lb*. 2787, 5614, 6078, 6519, 6581. *In mister*, *Sq*. 970. Upon occasion. In *Tr. L.* 3. 859. instead of *more nede is*, *Ca. hath*, *more myster is*, which is the same.
- Misterte** for *Ministry*, p. 208, b. 1. 68. In some Copies it is read, *As by the mistery of her dignity*.
- Mistidngs**, p. 378, b. 1. 53. perhaps for *Mistledngs*. *Lat. Devia*.
- Mistibed**: A Mystery. *CM*. 71.
- Mistily**: Darkly, obscurely. *No*. 1415.
- Mistr**. See *Mister*.
- Mistrust**: Mistrust. *No*. 1883.
- Mistrustid**, or (as *MS. Sp.*) **Mistronid**: Distrusted. *Tr. L.* 2. 433.
- Misturnid**: Turned upside down. *Mistournish you*; Turns you aside. *Boeth*.
- Mistwae**: The wrong way. *RR*. 4766.
- Miswene**: Gone amiss, or astray. *RR*. 7280.
- Miswoman**: A lewd woman. *RL*. 15.
- Miswrite**, *Tr. L.* 5. 1794. To copy wrong, so as to prejudice the Sense or Metre in Poetry. See *Misse-metre*.
- Mitches**, *RR*. 5585. Mites, the smallest pieces of money; Manchets. *Sp*.
- Mitigative**: Tending to mitigate, or allay, *sc. the fervency of love*. *Pr. RL*. 20.
- Mittaine**: A mitten, a glove. *No*. 1886, 1887.
- Mixins**: Dunghills. *RR*. 6496. *AS. Mixen*.
- Mo**: More. In *Tr. L.* 5. 1508. *Mo* has been printed in some Editions, and has escaped in this, for *Wo*.
- Moble**: Moveable Goods. *Ber*. 779. See *Moble*.
- Moch**, **Mochill**, **Mokel**, **Mokil**, **Muchel**, **Muchil**: Much; Great; Many; Very. *Moch shew*; Very wicked, a great villain. *Gam. FI*. **Mochefold**: Manifold. *Test*. p. 488, a.
- Mokeren**: To mucker or hoard up. *Boeth*. See *Muckre*.
- Mode**: Mind; Courage, spirit; Mood, manner. Also, Passion, anger; Measure, moderation. *AS. Mod*, *mobe*. Also, Time, or measure in singing; *Modus*, p. 366, a.
- Moder**, p. 441. The *Matrix*, or principal Plate of the *Astrolabe* into which the other parts are fixed.
- Modifie**: To moderate, to qualify. *G*. 299.
- Moble**: Moveables; Personal estate; Household-stuff. *Fr. Menble*.
- Moidil at ther paris**, *PT*. 139. Sprinkled water upon all their heads; from the *Fr. Moiller*. To wet.
- Moison**, *RR*. 1677. Ripeness. *St*. From the *Fr. Moisson*, Harvest, a crop.
- Moistle**, *Mo*. 1637. **Moistie ale**; Strong ale.
- Moistir**: Moisture. *CR*. 318.
- Mokel**, **Mokil**: Stature; Size. *Dr. Ch*. 454, 861. See *Moch*.
- Mold**: The ground, the earth. *AS. Molbe*. *Most of man of mold*, *Ber*. 1309. *f. leg. Most of man on mold*; The most of any man upon the earth. *Tgravin undir molde*; Buried under ground. *Gam*. 1783.
- Molestie**: Anxiety, trouble. *Boeth*. p. 380, a.
- Molles**, *Mo*. 3268. *Kittrells*. *Sp*. *Keitrells*, or *Kastrells*, a kind of Hawk. *St*.
- Mollock**: Earth, or dung. *Sp*. From *Muck* (as *St*. thinks) produced into *Mollock*.
- Molse**: Melted. *Tr. L.* 5. 10. *Fa. L.* 2. 414.
- Momblijnesse**, *AL*. 61. Talk. *Sp*. from *Mamble*. *Sk*.
- Mon**: A man. *CN*. 85. Also, May; Might; Must.
- Monche**, *Tr. L.* 1. 915. To eat, devour; from the *Fr. Manger*.
- Mone**, *ProL*. 425. A Globe, either Celestial or Terrestrial; A Map; from the *Fr. Monde*, The World. See *St*. Also, The Moon. *Wintir mone*, *Tr. L.* 1. 525. The Winter-season. Also, Moan, complaint.

Mored:

Moned: Bemoaned; Lamentable.
Moneſte, RR. 3579. **Moniſhe**, CGr. 196. To admoniſh, to adviſe.
Moniours: Mint-men, Coiners. RR. 6811. Fr. *Monnoyeurs*.
Monſtre: A ſample, or pattern. Dr. Ch. 912. Fr. *Monſtre*.
 Alſo, To ſhew, to expreſs. No. 1321. Fr. *Monſtrer*.
Monſtreſull: Monſtrous. Ber. 2033.
Morcills: Morſels. RR. 6179.
More: Greater. AS. *Maſpe*. *More and leſſ*, Fr. 1961, 2600. Great and ſmall; Greater and leſſer.
Mormall, Prol. 388. A canker. Sp. A gangreen. Sk.
Morne: The morning. To *morne*, [f. leg. *morne*] Ch. Dr. 948. To morrow.
Morowe, *Morownynge*: The morning. CMV. 26. WB. 875. The dawning of the day. Mo. 1416.
Morter, Tr. L. 4. 1245. A Lamp. Sp. Sk. "This word doth plainly intimate our Author *Jeffrey Chaucer* to have been an Eſquire of the Body in Ordinary to the King, whoſe office it is, after he has charged, and ſet the Watch of the Guard, to carry in the Morter, and ſet it by the King's bed-side; for he takes from the Cupboard a Silver Baſon, and therein pours a little water, and then ſets a round cake of Virgin-wax in the middle of the Baſon; in the middle of which cake is a wick of Bumbast, which being lighted, burns as a Match-light all night at the King's bed-side. It has as I conceive, the name of Morter from the likenes it has, when near conſumed, to a Morter wherein you bray Spices; for the flame melting firſt the middle of the Wax cake which is neareſt to it, the wax by degrees, like the ſand in an hour-glaſs, runs evenly from all ſides to the middle to ſupply the wick. This Royal Ceremony Chaucer wittily fancies to be in *Creſeide's* Bed-chamber, calling this kind of Match-light by the Name of Morter, which very few Courtiers beſides the Eſquires of the Body (who only are admitted, after all Night is ſerved, to come into the King's bed-chamber) do underſtand what is meant by it. Kyn.
Mortiſie, No. 1147, 1452. Quickſilver is *mortiſied* when it is diſſolved in an Acid *Menſtrum*: And ſpirits are ſaid to be *mortiſied* when they are mixt with ſuch things as deſtroy their Strength, and hinder their Operation.
Mortreis, Prol. 386. Meat made of boiled hens, crummed bread, yolk of eggs, and ſaffron, all boiled together. Sp. So called, becauſe the Ingredients are all pound-ed together in a Mortar. Sk.
Morne: Morrow, the morning.
Moſill: The muzzle, the mouth, or ſnout of a beaſt. Prol. 2153.
Moſt: Greateſt. Prol. 2200.
Moſt, **Moſtin**: Muſt. Tr. L. 5. 1507.
Mote: Muſt. *Mote nede*, Tr. L. 3. 1293. *Mote nedes*, or *medis*, Dr. Ch. 42. Muſt needs, or Needs muſt. May. The *ſalſir ſoule mote him beſalle*; May evil befall the ſalſer of the mote. Mo. 2024, &c. Alſo, A mote, an Atom. *It ne might not a mote ſuffice*, Tr. L. 3. 1609. It would not ſignify ſo much as the leaſt triſle in the world. In *Gam*. 737. it is perhaps put for *Mode*: Paſſion, anger.
Mote-hall: A Hall where Courts of Judicature are kept. *Gam*. 1421.
Motiſe: A motive; Advice. Sq. 1007. Encouragement. Caught a grete *motiſe* of this wunneſ; Was much encouraged by the Information of this witneſs to enquire, &c. La. 629. Fr. *Motiſ*.
Motin, as *Mote*.
Mouble, Tr. L. 5. 300. as *Moible*.
Mouche, Mo. 2887. To devour, to eat all up. Sk. See *Monche*.
Moucis herte: The courage of a mouſe. Tr. L. 3. 737.
Moud: Mood, temper. PT. 502. See *Mode*.
Mought: May; Might. La. 398.
Moughibes, p. 147, b. *Moughis*, WB. 560. Moths.
Monle, Mo. 3205. To moulder wax; To grow mouldy.
Mouled, **Mould**: Mouldered; Mouldy. p. 492, b.
Moultiplying, No. 1412. See *Multiplie* and *Multiplia-cion*.
Moun: May. Teſt.
Mountaunce, **Mountenaunce**, No. 2381. RR. 1562. Quantity; Value, amount. Prol. 1572. Space. Tr. L. 2.

1707. In old Fr. *Montance*. In Tr. L. 3. 1738. inſtead of *mountenaunce* of a gnat, which is ſcarce intelligible, MS. Sp. and al. read, *mountenaunce* of a knot, which makes the ſenſe eaſy, i. e. Could not unbind ſo much as one knot of *Creſeide's* net.

Mourdaunt, RR. 1094. The tongue of a buckle. Sk.

Mourningly: Mourntully. Magd. 212.

Mow, **Mowe**, **Mowin**: May; Can. To *mowin* done; To be able to make. Tr. L. 2. 1594. *Mowin* him gie; Be able to govern, or behave himſelf. RL. 340. *Thou ſhalt not mowe ſuffer*, i. e. be obliged to ſuffer. p. 154, b.

Mowe: The mouth. **Mowis**: Mouths. *Makiſh* him the mowe, Tr. L. 4. 7. Makes mouths at him.

Mowish: The mouth. PT. 481. Ber. 3098.

Mowlin, La. 32. as *Moule*.

Mowynge: Being able. Boeth. See *Mow*.

Much: Great; Many. No. 694. *Much* or *lie*; Great or ſmall. Prol. 496.

Muchel, **Muchill**. See *Muchell*, *Mochill*.

Mucker: To hoard up; *Coacervare*, p. 369, b. See *Muckre*. *Muckerers*: Covetous perſons, niggards.

Muckre: To hoard up. Tr. L. 3. 1381. From the AS. *Quæg*, A heap, whence *Muk*: Riches. Ber. 112.

Mue, Tr. L. 3. 1790. as *Mew*. Alſo, To change. Tr. L. 2. 1258. Fr. *Muër*.

Muet, Fr. Mute, dumb, ſilent. Tr. L. 5. 194. Ber. 1331.

Muk. See *Muckre*.

Mullocke: Rubbiſh. No. 959. See *Mollocke*.

Multiplicacion: The Art of multiplying Gold and Silver. No. 870.

Multiplie: To underſtand Arithmetick; To multiply Gold and Silver by Chymitry. No. 690, 752.

Murched: Made glad. p. 479, a.

Murde: A dull, heavy, lazy fellow. RR. 3256, 4034. A lingerer, that amuſes himſelf with triſles.

Muſe, RR. 1592. To amuſe ones ſelf; To meditate. Alſo, to ſtop, to delay.

Mut, for *Mote*: May. PT. 57.

Mydmerowe: The middle of the morning. PT. 13.

Myere: Mire. PT. 304.

Myneche: Threatneth. Teſt.

Myronre, as *Mirror*.

Myſgloſid: Miſinterpreted. Teſt. L. 2.

Myſſetake: Miſtaken. Dr. Ch. 525.

Myſwandringe: Uncertain, wavering. Boeth.

N.

NA: No. *Na ſorce*; No matter for that. MR. 1068.

Nad, Ber. 3168. A Contraction of *Ne had*; Had not. It is generally in the MSS. written *Ne had*, though to be often pronounced *Nad*: The ſame is to be obſerved of the like words, *Nam*, *Nor*, &c.

Naied: Denied. *Naieth*: Denieth, reſuſeth. Boeth.

Nakid: Made naked or bare, ſtrip; Deprived. Cap. 353.

Nakers, Prol. 2513. (*Crotalum*) Cimbals. Sp. Brazen horns. Sk. Military Inſtruments of Muſick. Fr. *Nacquaires*. Gl. Lob.

Nale: An Ale-houſe. Sp. qu. *Inn-ale*, an Inn for Ale. Sk. Mo. 2810. Fr. 85.

Nalle: A nail. Sc. 229. *Nalis*: Nails. WB. 769.

Nam, for *Ne am*: Am not. WB. 148. See *Nad*.

Name: Took. No. 1318. from *Nim*.

Namiliche, **Namily**: Namely, particularly, chiefly, eſpecially.

Nane: No one, none.

Nappith: Noddeth, ſleepeth.

Napron: An apron. PT. 33.

Nar: Narrowly. *Nar' ariſe*, for *narue ariſe*; or *narue ariſe* (as MS. Ch.) Are well adviſed, have well conſidered. Sq. 1504.

Narcoikes and **Apies**, Hyper. 109. The ſame with *Narcotiſe* and *Opie*, Prol. 1474. Narcoticks and Opiates, ſtupifying Medicines cauſing ſleep.

Nart, for *Ne art*: Art not. See *Nad*.

Narwe: Narrow. *Mo.* 935.

N'at, for *Ne was*: Was not. See *N'ad*.

N'at, for *Ne wat*: Knew not. Also, Not. *Nat* and *Not* are often printed for *Naught*, or *Nought*.

Natall: Belonging to ones birth. By *natall Jovis fest*, *Tr.* L. 3. 150. By the feast of *natal Jupiter*; who may be so called, for being invoked by Men on their Birth-day, as *Juno* by Women, who is therefore called *Natalis Juno*. *Tibull*.

Nath, for *Ne hath*: Hath not. See *N'ad*.

Nathleß: Nevertheless.

Nation, *WB.* 1068. seems to signify Kindred, Family, as *Gens* in Latin.

Naught, *Nought*: Not. *No.* 280.

Ne: Nor; Not; Never. *Ne were*; Were not, were it not.

Nebule: A cloud. *Bal. Lad.* 53.

Necce: A neece.

Necessaire: Necessary. *Tr.* L. 4. 1021.

Nede, *Neede*: Need, necessity; Business, affair. *RR.* 6174. For *nede*; Upon occasion. *Ib.* 1123. *Must defend her nede*; Must needs defend her. *Mo.* 3024. *Nedis*: Business, affairs, occasions. *Nedis mote*; Must needs. *Must it be nedis*; It must needs be. *Test.* L. 3. *Nedis cost*, *Prol.* 1479. Of necessity. *Sp.* *Sk.* If we read *cast*, instead of *cost*, the sense will be natural and easy:

—fast by was the day
That *nedis* cast he mote himself in bide;

i. e. It was near day, that he must needs cast, or contrive, how and where to hide himself

Nedefully, *Nedely*, *Nedily*: Necessarily, of necessity. *WB.* 968.

Nedirs: Adders, snakes, serpents. *CL.* 120. Instead of *Adders*, *MS.* Ch. hath *Neddre*, *Sq.* 1302. *AS.* *Næððne*, *CB.* *Neidr*, A snake.

Neigh, *Neighin*: To approach, to draw near. *Test.* *RL.* 148.

Neithyr nothir: Neither the one nor the other. *LIV.* 192.

Nelde: A needle. *Mo.* 2720.

Nemen, *Nemene*, *Nempne*, *Neven*: To name, to tell

Nempnid, *Nempt*: Named.

Nene: Noon.

Ner: Near. *Ner bonde*; Near hand, almost. *PT.* 474.

Nere: Near, nearer. *Tr.* L. 1. 449, 450. *Nighest nere*; The nearer you approach. *RR.* 2572. *Never*. *Nere the nere*, or (as *MS.* Ch.) *Nevere the nere*; Never the nearer. *No.* 742. In the oldest MSS. it is written *nevere*, and not *nere*, for *Never*, though often to be pronounced as one Syllable.

N'ere, for *Ne were*: Were not; were it not for. *No.* 1383.

Nerfe: A nerve, or sinew. *Tr.* L. 2. 642.

Nerthe: A Neat-heard; A shepherd. *p.* 156, 4.

Neshe: Nice, tender. *CL.* 1092. *Nash* is used in the same sense in some parts of England.

Nest: Next. *Cr.* 109.

Nete: Neat, black cattle, kine. *Prol.* 599.

Neitheleß, *Neithirles*, *Ber.* 672. Nevertheless, however.

Netherest: Nethermost, lowest. *Boeth.*

Nettle in, *Dock out*, *Tr.* L. 4. 461. *p.* 482, a. or, as we say now, *In Dock*, out *Nettle*, spoken of unconstant and fickle persons, chiefly in love.

Neven, *Nevin*: To name; Named. *Tr.* L. 1. 877.

Neverthelater, or *Never the later*: Never the less. *Boeth.* *Test.*

Neuene: A nephew. *Hyp.* 73. A grandson. *Hyper.* 98.

Newe: Now; Lately. *No.* 208. *Anew*, afresh. Of *neme*; Lately. *But it befall of neme*, *Fr.* 1959. or (as in *MS.* Ch.) *But it be fallen neme*; Unless it has otherwise happened lately. *Neme and neme*; Now and then. *Tr.* L. 3. 116. For the *neme*, *Mo.* 2866. al. of the *neme*, *sc.* fashion. Also, To renew. *Tr.* L. 3. 306. *Newed*: Grew fresh and new. *Dr.* Ch. 906.

Newsangell: Desirous of novelty. *Mo.* 1770. *Newsangleneße*: Love of novelty and change; Inconstancy. *An.* 142.

Newlyche: Newly.

Nexite: The last foregoing. *Fa.* L. 3. 685.

Nice: Foolish, simple, silly, ignorant; Rude. *Fr.* *Niais*. *Nice fare*; Silly actions, trifling. *Leude and nice*, *No.* 658, 946. Ignorant and foolish. Also, a neece. *Ib.* 2608.

Nicete, *Nicite*: Folly; Coyness; Simplicity. In *Tr.* L. 2. 1286. instead of *nicete*, *Ca.* reads *nyce shame*, i. e. Foolish bashfulness. *Ib.* 1500.

Nigardie: Niggardliness, stinginess. *No.* 2680.

Nigges: Niggards. *Mo.* 2697.

Nigh, *Nighin*: To approach. *Tr.* L. 2. 1555.

Nightertale, *Prol.* 97. By night. *Sp.* The night time.

Nightspell: A Prayer against the Night-mare. *Sp.* A Charm against Thieves. *Gl.* to *Spenser's Sheph.* Cal.

Nigon: A sordid, niggardly fellow.

N'ill, for *Ne will*: Will not. *N'ilt*, for *Ne wilt*: Wilt not.

Nim: To take. *AS.* *Niman*.

Ninthe: Ninth. *Tr.* L. 5. 1103.

Nis: Is not, for *Ne is*, as it is written in the old MSS. but to be pronounced either as one Syllable or two, as the Verse requires.

Nise, as *Nice*.

N'ist, for *Ne wist*: Knew not. *Nistest*, for *Ne wistest*; Kuowest not. *Boeth.*

Niirtale, *CL.* 999. as *Nightertale*.

Nixte: Next, nearest.

Noblay, *Nobley*, *Nobles*, *Nobleß*, *Nobli*, *Nobly*: Nobility; Pomp, splendour; Honour; Renown. Of great nobley; Very famous for their Enterprizes; *Felix*, *Boeth.*

Nockid: Notched. *RR.* 942.

Noie: Harm, hurt, trouble. *RR.* 3772. *Noien*: To annoy, to hurt. *RR.* 4416. *Noisfull*, *Noions*, *RR.* 2449. *Hurtfull*, *noysome*, *troublesome*. *p.* 148, b. See *Annoy*, *Annoius*.

Noisen: To make a noise, to boast. *p.* 378, b.

Nold, *Nolde*, for *Ne wolde*: Would not.

Noll: The noddle. *Ber.* 2524.

Nom, *Nome*, *Nomen*, *Nomin*, *Nommen*: Took; taken; from *Nim*, *V.*

Nombir, *Nombre*: Number.

Nompere: An umpire, an arbitrator. *p.* 481, b.

Non: None; No; Not. *No.* 627. *Fr.* *Non*. *Non unright*; No injustice, nothing wrong or amiss. *Tr.* L. 2. 453.

Noncertaine: An uncertainty. *Test.* L. 3.

Nonne: A Nun.

Non-obstant: Notwithstanding. *Ber.* 1733. *Lat.* *Non obstante*.

Non power, *No power*: Impotence, want of power. *p.* 498, b.

Noon: None; No. See *Non*.

Nore: Comfort, nourishing. *Sp.* In *MR.* 618. *MS.* Ch. hath it, *thyin oore*, *H.* 1. and al. *thyin ore*. See *Ore*.

Norice, *Noris*, or *Nourice*, *Fr.* A nurse; A foster-father; A cherisher, a nourisher. *Cr.* 171, 199. Also, for *Norie*, *V.*

Norie: A foster-child, a pupil; from the *Fr.* *Nourri*, Nourished, brought up.

Noriture: Breeding, education, nursing or bringing up.

Northrin: Northern. *Cr.* 17.

Nortirly, for *Nortilry*, *MR.* 859. or (as *MS.* Ch.) *Nortory*; Nursing, or bringing up.

Norture, as *Norture*.

N'oste, for *Ne woste*: Knowest not.

N'ot, *N'ote*, for *Ne wot*, *Ne wote*: Know not. *Tr.* L. 2. 35. But the whole Verse may be better read as in *MS.* *Sp.*

I note, me semish hit no wondir thing.

Notabilie: A remark, an observation, a notable thing.

Note, *MR.* 960. Business. *Kilian.* *PM.* *AS.* *Not*, note. By *note*, *Tr.* L. 4. 583. By *St.* *Neote*. *Sk.*

Notefull: Notable, remarkable.

Nother, *Nothir*: Nor, neither.

Notis: Nuts. *RR.* 1377.

Notte bede: A round head, with the hair cut short. *Prol.* 109.

Novelrie, *Novellerie*, *Novilrie*: Novelty.

Nought: Not; Nor; Nothing.

Noughtie, *f.* *Naughty*. *Mo.* 3037. *Nasty*. *Com.*

Nourice, for *Nourie* or *Norie*: A pupil; *Alumnus*, *Boeth.* See *Norice*.

Nouth, *Prol.* 464. *Tr.* L. 1. 986. *Nouth*, *Ber.* 3097. *Nouth*, *Ib.* 2478. *Now*.

Nowe and now: Now and then. *Sq.* 450.

Nowiber: Nor, neither.

Nowell:

Nowell: Christmases. Fr. *Noel*.
Noyances: Nuisances, troubles. *Paris*.
Noye, as *Noie*.
Noyance: A nuisance. *Ch. Dr.* 255.
Nuncupation: Naming. *Test.*
Nicite. See *Nicete*.
Nie: Nigh, near. *Magd.* 89.
Niffes, Fr. 496. Trifles; Trifling news. *O cité de nêffes*, is explained by *Furet*. Pitiful and despicable city.
Nyghiriale, CL. 1356. as *Nyghiriale*.
Nygromance, Ber. 2039. *Nygromancy*, PT. 339. for *Necromancy*: Divination by calling up Dead mens Ghosts.
Nys, as *Nis*.

O.

O Often signifies One. It is sometimes put for *u* in the beginning of a word, especially in *PT.* and *Ber.* as *Oppon*, *Onknown*, *Onto*, &c. for *Upon*, *Unknown*, *Unto*, &c.
Obay, No. 1615. should be *Abaye*, or (as *MS. Ch.* and *ah*) *Abeye*: Abide; To suffer for. See *Abie*.
Obediencer: Obedient, subject. *Test. L.* 3. Bound upon the obedience due to a Superiour.
Obeisance: Obedience. *Tr. L.* 3. 479. Fr. *Obeissance*. *MS. Sp.* reads it, *Observance*.
Obeisin: To obey; To make obeisance. *CL.* 738.
Obeising, *Obeissing*: Obedience; Obeying. *RR.* 3380. Obedient, humble. *Di.* 341.
Obombrid: Overshadowed. *Bal. Lad.* 102.
Observances: Observations. *Fr.* 2845.
Observe: To countenance, overlook. *No.* 3140.
Obstant. See *Non-obstant*.
Occasion: Opportunity. *Words of occasion*; *Words of reproach* used upon occasion. *RL.* 279.
Occian: The Ocean.
Occident: The West.
Occiser: A slayer, a murderer. *La.* 306. *MS. Ch.* reads it, *Os a tazir*. *H.1. O Atazir*. al. *Occiser*. al. *occisifer*.
Occupier: A possessor, an owner, a proprietor, p. 496, b.
Ocy, *Ocy*, CN. 124, 127, 135. The Nightingale's Note, alluding to the Lat. *Occidere*, To kill, to perish.
Oersbraw: Overthrown, overwhelmed. *Ch. Dr.* 1151.
Offendid: Hurt. *Prol.* 2396.
Offensoun: Offence. *That never yet ne felt offensoun Of rasour ne of shere*; That was never shaved, nor cut. *Prol.* 2418.
Offertorie: An Anthem sung in the time of Offering. *Prol.* 712. See *Fr. Gl.*
Offrende: Offerings. *Mo.* 2430. *Fr. Offrands*.
Offrin: To offer.
Ofier: Oftener.
Ofisthes: Oftentimes.
Oilvete, for *Olive*, *Magd.* 319.
Olibane, *RL.* 214. *Olibanum*, Frankincense.
Olifantes: Elephants. *Boeth.*
Oliueres, *Oliueris*: Olive-trees, *RR.* 1314, 1381. *Fr. Olivier*, an olive-tree.
Omer: The Poet *Homer*. *Tr. L.* 1. 46. *Fa. L.* 3. 376.
On: One. *Prol.* 2336.
Onbide: To abide, to continue. *Test. L.* 3.
Onde, *RR.* 148. Breath. *Allo*, *Fury*. *Sp.*
Ondo: Undone. *PT.* 341.
One: Alone. *WB.* 66. *I mine one*, *Ch. Dr.* 1019. *I my self*. *One and one*, *Ch. Dr.* 1785. *One by one*.
Onched, *Onhed*: Unity. *Test.*
Onerous: Burthensom, chargeable. *RR.* 5633. *Fr. Oneroux*.
Ones, *Onis*, *Onys*: Once.
Onid: Made one, united. *Fr.* 704. *Oning*: Uniting.
Onily: Only.
Oo, *Oon*, *One*. *Were at oon*: Were united, agreed. *We ben at oon*, *RR.* 5817. *We are agreed*. *Thei fel as one*, *Tr. L.* 3. 566. *They agreed*. *Evir in oon*; Continually. *Prol.* 1773. *MS. Ch.* reads it, *Thei wepen everische one*. *Also*, A Proclamation, an *O Yes*. *Prol.* 2535.

Osse: An host.
Opie: Opium. *Prol.* 1474.
Opinable: Ambiguous, disputable, apt to create different opinions. *RL.* 62.
Opinbede, *WB.* 645. Bareheaded.
Opposite: Opposite.
Oppress: To ravish. *Fr.* 2939, 2960, 2965. To suppress. *Tr. L.* 5. 398. where *Ca.* hath it, *forgette ourre oppresse*, i. e. forget the grief which oppresseth us. *Oppression*: A Rape, ravishment. *Lus.* 189.
Or: Before, ere; *Or death*, *Fr.* 1540. Before death; or (as *MS. Ch.*) *till death*. Instead of *Or*, Before, is generally printed *Er* in this Edition. *Also*, Over.
Oratory, *Prol.* 1907. *Oratore*, *Cr.* 120. *Orature*, *Ib.* 8. A Temple, a private Chappel, or any place wholly dedicated to Divine Worship, particularly to Prayer.
Ordain: To order, dispose. *RR.* 7069.
Ordal, *Tr. L.* 3. 1048. *Ordeal*, a kind of Purgation used in the Saxon times, and continued to the time of *Henry the Third*, of which there were Two sorts; one by Fire which *Emma*, the Mother of *Edward the Confessor* underwent, by passing over hot burning Culvers of Iron bare-foot; the other by Water. Concerning the methods used in both, see *Kilian*. in *Maister-py-deel*, and *Spelm.* and *Somn.* where the Forms are described at large. As to the Etymology of the Word, see *Hick.* *Diff. Epist.* p. 149.
Orde, *Cl.* 66. A point. *Sp.* Beginning. *Orde and end*, *Mo.* 746. Beginning and ending. See *Hick.* *Gr. AS.* p. 70, 115.
Orderly: Orderly, in good order. *Boeth.*
Ordered, *Orderit*, [not *Ordent*, as it is printed, *Ch. Dr.* 1096.] *Ordred*: Ordained, in Holy orders.
Orders four, *Prol.* 210. The four Orders of Fryers, which were these, 1. Fryers Minors, or Gray Fryers, *Franciscans*. 2. Fryers Preachers, or Black Fryers, *Dominicans*. 3. Fryers Carmelites, or White Fryers. 4. Fryers *Augustines*. *Sp.*
Ordinable: Capable of being ordered. *Test. L.* 2.
Ordinance: Order, disposition, direction; Provision. *Fr.* 2449. *Aray in ordinance*, *Ib.* 1082. Set in order.
Ordour, for *Ordure* (as in *MS. Ch.*) p. 209. a. l. pen.
Ore, *Gam.* 277, 461. By *Christie ore*. *MS. Ch.* reads *Goddie ore*, *Ib.* 316, 637. It seems to have been a common Oath, By *Ch—s* or *G—s* *Gore*, or *Nore*, *V.*
Orewell, *Prol.* 279. A Sea-port in *Essex*. *Sk.*
Orfrays, *RR.* 562, 869. "*(Anrifrisum)* Frized cloth of Gold, made and used in *England*, both before and since the Conquest, worn both by the Clergy, and the Kings themselves, as may appear out of *Math. Paris*, where he speaks of the Ornaments sent by the Abbots of *England* to the Pope; and also by a Record in the Tower, where the King commands the Templars to deliver such Jewels, Garments and Ornaments as they had of his in keeping, among which he names "*Dalmaticum velatum de Orefreis*, that is, a Damask Garment guarded with *Orfraies*. *Sp.* Of old the Jackets or Coat Armors of the King's Guard were also termed *Orfraie*, because they were covered with Goldsmith's work. *Blo.*
Orfret, [not *or fret*] *Cr.* 163. Overspread. See *Pret.*
Orient: The East.
Origines upon the Mandelaine, *LW.* 428. The Lamentation of *Mary Magdalen*, taken out of *Origen*. See the Title of that Poem. p. 520.
Orison, *Orisoun*: A prayer. *Fr. Oraison*.
Orisont: The Horizon.
Orloge, as *Horologe*.
Orphelyn: An orphan. *Boeth.* *Fr. Orphelin*.
Orpiment: A soft yellow kind of Arsenick, like Brimstone, found very deep in the earth, commonly taken for Ratsbane. *Blo.* There are several Medicines Chymically prepared out of it.
Orwhelid: Overwhelmed, overcast. *Cr.* 401.
Ostrye: A lodging. *Mo.* 1110. See *Estris*.
Osker, *Oshir*, *Ousher*, *Oushir*: Or; Either; Other. *Oshir-gate*: Otherwise. *RR.* 2158.
Otherwised, p. 491, a. f. Falling out contrary to expectation.
Onche: A kind of Collar of Gold, or such like ornament, which Women did wear about their Necks: It is mentioned *An.* 24. *H.* 8. c. 13. and it is sometimes used

used for a Bos of Button of Gold. *Blo.* Also, A wedge of gold. *Sp.* Sometimes it is taken for a Socket, wherein precious Stones are set.

Over, Ovir : Upper, uppermost. In Composition it denotes Excess. *Ovirmoche* ; Too much. *Ovirmerily* ; Too merrily. *CL.* 384, 406.

Overcome. See *Ouircome*.

Overisk, *Prol.* 292. Uppermost. *MS.* *Ch.* reads it, *His over courtsey*, i. e. His upper coat.

Overkerueth : Divideth, cutteth. *Astr.*

Overleide : f. Imposed upon. *Mo.* 23. *MS.* *Ch.* *Overlad*, which *Lidg.* uses for Overpowered. Fall of Princes. *L.* 2. *Ch.* 7. al. *Overledde*, Led away, abused. See *Ovirlede*.

Overlein : Lay'd over, covered. *Test.* *L.* 3.

Overlippe : The upper lip. *Prol.* 133.

Overlowe : Too low. *Boeth.*

Overte : Open. *Fa.* *L.* 2. 210. *Fr.* *Ouvvert*, fem. *Ouvverte*.

Overthinketh, p. 481, a. l. pen. f. *Forthinketh* : Grieveth. See *Forthinke*.

Overtthrowing, f. leg. *Overtthrowin*, p. 364, b. l. 51. Headlong ; *Praceps*.

Overthwart : Cross-ways, across. *Prol.* 1993. Over against. *Tr.* *L.* 3. 686. Squinting. *Dr.* *Ch.* 863. Upside down. *Test.* *L.* 3.

Overtimeliche : Unseasonable ; *Importunus*, p. 359, a.

Oughe : Oh ! A Note of Admiration ; *Papa*, p. 359, a.

Ought : Owed. *Cl.* 10. It behoves. *No.* 14. Any. *Ought where* : Any where.

Ovir. See *Over*.

Ovircome : Come or passed over. *Tr.* *L.* 4. 1069. Covered over. *Magd.* 129.

Ovirgo, *RR.* 3784. *Ovirgone*, *Tr.* *L.* 1. 847. To go or pass over, to pass away ; To overcome, to overpower. *RR.* 6821.

Ovirlede : To overload, oppress. *Hyper.* 194.

Ovirlive : To outlive. *WB.* 1260.

Ovirsprade, *Tr.* *L.* 2. 769. *Ovirsprat*, *Ib.* 767. Over-spread.

Ovirthwart, as *Overtthwart*.

Ounding : Waving. See *Paling*.

Oures, *Bl.* *Kn.* 422. It should be *lesingoures*, in one word.

Outcast : Vile, mean, base ; *Abjectus*, *Boeth.*

Outforthe : Outwardly. *Test.*

Outin : Out. *Prol.* 454. It is *out*, or *out*, in all the *MSS.* and Editions which I have consulted : Some read it, *out of alle charite* ; others, *all out of charite*.

Outrage : Hurt ; Affront ; Excess ; Luxury. Also, Outragious, excessive, extravagant. *Bal.* 555.

Outraie, *Outrayen* : To grow outrageous, to rave. *Fr.* 1663. *Fr.* *Ourer*. Also, To degenerate, p. 378, a. To overcome. *Lidg.*

Outrede : To give better advice. *Prol.* 2451.

Outren : To out-run. *Prol.* 2451.

Outfranght : Stretched out. *RR.* 1515.

Out-take : Except. *RR.* 948.

Outmategyng : Wandring, straying. p. 488, a.

Outmaile : An outcast, the refuse, off-scourings. *Cr.* 129. See *Outweal*. See *Gl.* *V.* in *Wale*.

Outwongen : Wrung or squeezed out. *Test.* *L.* 3.

Owande : Owing. p. 492, a.

Owe, *Mo.* 2485. *Owin*, *Fl.* 23. Ought ; To own.

Oweh, *RL.* 5. *Owehe*, p. 501, a. Ought.

Owber : Any where. *Prol.* 655.

Owndid, *Tr.* *L.* 4. 736. A Corruption in transcribing for *Undaunt* or *Undee*, Waving, flowing. *Kyn.* See *Owndie*. *MS.* *Sp.* hath it, *her ornyd beere*, i. e. her hair which was adorned, or dressed.

Owndie, *Fa.* *L.* 3. 296. Waving ; from the *Fr.* *Ondoyer*, To wave to and fro, or *Ondé*, Waving.

Owthr. See *Other*.

Oxenford, *Oxenforth* : Oxford. *The Clerk of Oxenford* : The Oxford-Scholar.

Oyse, *Fa.* *L.* 3. 838. *Sk.* will have it to be the River *Isis*, by *Oxford*, which was commonly called *Ouse* : But there are other Rivers of that name, particularly the *Oyse* in *Picardy*, which falls into the *Seine*, not many leagues from *Paris*.

P.

Paa : To pass ; A pace or step. *Tr.* *L.* 3. 282. Instead of *gone* or *paas*, *Ca.* hath, *go a paas* ; *Sir* a step, which is better. *Paas two* ; The space of two paces. *CMV.* 121.

Pace : To pass, go, proceed : To surpass.

Paie : Content, satisfaction. *RR.* 5938. Also, To content, satisfy. *Ib.* 3599. *Paie* : Contented, satisfied. *Ch.* *Dr.* 426.

Paine : Endeavour. *Fr.* 2276. *Fr.* *Peine*. Also, To endeavour.

Paine de maine, *No.* 3234. Whitebread. *Sp.* See *Sk.*

Painems, as *Paynims*.

Paire : Damage, hurt. *RR.* 6103. To impair.

Palasins, *RR.* 6862. *Ladies palasins* ; Ladies of Honour attending a Court. Perhaps it should be read *Palatines*.

Palastre, *Bal.* *Lad.* 69. *Put in palastre* : Brought to a combat, or dispute ; from the *Lat.* *Palestra*, The place where Games or Exercises were performed.

Palasby, *Prol.* 65. It seems (says *Sk.*) to be some Country in *Asia*, perhaps *Palestine* ; *Palatibia* in *Anatolia*. *Sp.*

Palays, as *Paleis*.

Pale, *Fa.* *L.* 3. 750. A spangle. *Sk.* A Robe of State. *Sp.* See *Pall*.

Paleis : A Palace. Also, a Fortification, a fortified place ; *Vallum*, *Boeth.*

Palethe : Maketh pale. *Boeth.* *L.* 2.

Paleys, as *Paleis*.

Paling, p. 198, a. seems to be an ornament used upon Clothes, as *Lace*, &c. layd on lengthwise, as *Barring*, that layd on cross-ways, and *Ounding*, that layd on waving. They are all Terms used in Heraldry in the like sense.

Pall, *Mo.* 2046. A Robe belonging properly to Archbishops, and must be had new for every Archbishop from *Rome*, at a dear rate. By their superstitious order it should be made of the Wool of those two Lambs, which being on *St. Agne's* day offered upon the High Altar in *St. Peter's* Church, are after the hallowing of them committed to the Subdeacons of that Church, and kept by them in a pasture appointed. The whole Garment is not made of that Wool, but only that Lift, or Plate of it, which falls down before and behind, and compasses the Neck about. *Com.* It is described more at large in *Fr.* *Gl.* in *Pallium*.

Palladion : The Image of *Pallas* at *Troy*. *Tr.* *L.* 1. 161.

Palleis : A Palace.

Pallid : Grown pale with age. *No.* 2610.

Palmerie, *Mo.* 361. *Palmyra*, a City of *Syria*, on the borders of *Arabia Deserta*, supposed by some to be *Tadmor* in the Wilderness, built by King *Solomon*. It is famous for having been the Seat of the Empire of *Zenobia*.

Palmer, *Prol.* 13. Pilgrims that visited holy places ; so called from a Staff or Boughs of Palm they were wont to carry, especially such as had visited the Holy places at *Jerusalem*. *Fr.* *Gl.* " A Pilgrim and a Palmer differed thus ; a Pilgrim had some dwelling place, a Palmer had none ; the Pilgrim travelled to some certain place, the Palmer to all, and not to any one in particular ; the Pilgrim must go at his own charge, the Palmer must profess wilfull poverty ; the Pilgrim might give over his profession, the Palmer must be constant. *Blo.*

Palomown : *Palamon*. *Bl.* *Kn.* 369.

Palse : The Pally. *Test.*

Pampired : Pamper'd up. *CL.* 177.

Pan : The Crown of the head. *Mo.* 64.

Panier, *Panir*, *RL.* 226. A sort of net. *Fr.* *Pantier*.

Paniers, *RR.* 1621. Nets. *Panier* : A Pitfall. *Sp.*

Panymes, as *Paynims*.

Papelarde, *Fr.* A Hypocrite, a false Zealot. *RR.* 7233.

Papelardie : Hypocrisy, dissimulation. *Ib.* 415, 6796.

Papere : Pepper. *No.* 783.

Par : For. *Par company* ; For company. *MR.* 731. By. *Par caas* ; By chance.

Parablis : Parables ; The Proverbs of *Solomon*. *RR.* 6530.

Parage : Birth, parentage. *WB.* 250. It properly signifies

- fies High birth; whence *Disparage*, To lessen one's birth, &c. But it is used indifferently; for *Lidgate* hath *Low parage*, as well as *High parage*. Fall of Princes, L. 1. C. 13. L. 2. C. 16. See *Gl. V.*
- Paraments*: Ornaments, rich furniture; Robes of State. Di. 181. Fr. *Paraments*.
- Paramour*: A Lover; A Gallant, or Mistress.
- Paraventure*, *Peraunter*, Dr. Ch. 556. Perhaps, peradventure. Where it is printed *paradventure*, *peradventure*, *peravinture*, it is generally to be read *peraventure*, as it is commonly written in the MSS.
- Par caas*: See *Par* and *Caas*.
- Parca* *suffrin thre*, Tr. L. 5. 3. The three Sisters, called *Parca*, Fates or Destinies.
- Parchemine*, Fr. Parchment; Paper. *Boeth.*
- Parcell*: A parcel, a part; In part, partly.
- Parde* (Fr. *Par Dieu*) By God. It is most commonly used (as other Oaths generally are) as merely Expletive. MS. Sp. hath *By God*, instead of it in Tr. L. 2. 183, and they are indifferently used in other places in different Copies and MSS.
- Pardieux*, Tr. L. 2. 759. By the Gods: But it is *Parde* in MS. Sp. and Ca. hath *pardieux*, lb. 1319.
- Pardonere*: One that sells Pardons, or Indulgences.
- Pardurable*: Everlasting. See *Perdurable*.
- Parel*, Ber. 2325. The Furniture, or Rigging of Ships. Fr. *Apparax*.
- Parentele*: Kindred. p. 209, a.
- Parentyne*: Parentage; Good birth. Ber. 109.
- Parfaic*, *Parfay*, *Parfei*: By my faith. RR. 6228.
- Paril*: Peril, danger. CMAP. 108.
- Parishens*, (so it should be read in *Prol.* 484. according to the general current of the MSS) Parishioners. It often occurs in PP. Some printed Editions read it as it is in this.
- Parlirs*: Parlours. AL. 162.
- Parodye*: So it is in Tr. L. 5. 1547. in MS. Sp. and the old Editions instead of *jeopardie*. It is *Parady* in *Lidg.* Fall of Princes. L. 1. C. 4.
- Till their *Parady* say to them *checkmate*.
- It seems to mean Fate, Destiny.
- Parrill*: Apparel. WB. 561.
- Partable*; Partaking; A partaker, an accomplice.
- Parten*, *Parin*: To partake, to share. LW. 465.
- Participant*: Partaking. Cr. 289.
- Partie*, Fr. A part. Test. L. 2. See *Party*.
- Partineris*: Partners. Ber. 2441.
- Partise*: Parts. In some *partise*: In some part, degree, or measure. BD. 746.
- Partivere*, RR. 4796. Sk. takes it to be a Corruption of *Parcere*, Fr. *Par coeur*, By heart, which is confirmed by the next Verse, *Mine herte*, &c. and lb. 4800. *Thas all by herte*, &c. which is wrong printed, *all mine herte*.
- Partles*: Without a share; Void of; *Expers*, p. 388, b.
- Party*: A part; Partly; side, course. p. 153, a. In *partie*, RR. 5338. In part. Fr. *En parti*.
- Parva*, Fr. Contracted from *Paradis*. Παράδεισος, Τόπος ἐν ᾧ μενομένη. Hesych. *Locus porticibus & deambulatoriis circumdatus*; A Portico, or Court, before a Church. Fr. Gl. in *Paradisus*. The place before the Church of *Notre dame* at *Paris*, called *Parvis*, RR. 7158. was anciently called *Paradis*. Men. Fr. in *Parvis*. Spalm. says in *Parva*, &c. that our Lawyers used formerly to walk in such a place to meet their Clients, and not for Law-Exercises, as *Blo.* and others write; being perhaps led into that mistake by that passage, *Prol.* 312. and others, considering the Context more than the Sense of the word *Pervise*, explain it a Barr.
- Passid*: Surpassed, excelled. *Prol.* 450. A passing man; An extraordinary person. No. 625.
- Pattre*, RR. 6794. *Patrin*, lb. 7195. To pray, to say a *Paier* *noster*.
- Pavade*: A dagger. MR. 852.
- Pawmis*: The palms of the hands. Tr. L. 3. 1120.
- Paufacion*: A pause; Rest. Bal. Lad. 61.
- Pax*, p. 197, b. It was an ancient Custom at the celebration of Mass, that when the Priest pronounced these words, *Pax Domini sit semper vobiscum*, i. e. The peace of the Lord be always with you, both Clergy and People kissed one another, which was called *Osculum Pacis*, The Kiss of Peace: But now that Custom being abrogated, the Deacons, or Subdeacons, at the pronouncing of those words, present to the Clergy and People standing, a certain Image to be kissed, which is called the *Pax*. See Fr. Gl. in *Osculum Pacis*.
- Pay*: Satisfaction, content. RR. 1721. AL. 255. PT. 582. See *Apay*.
- Paynims*: Pagans, Heathens.
- Payssaunce*: Pausing, or stopping. Ch. Dr. 1673.
- Paytrell*: The Breastplate of a Horse-Furniture. No. 575. Fr. *Poitral*, from the Lat. *Pectorale*.
- Pece*, *Pees*: Peace.
- Pecis*: Pieces.
- Petre*, as *Perre*.
- Peice*, *Peisen*, *Peysen*: To poize, to weigh. Fr. *Peser*.
- Peire*: To impair, disparage; from the Lat. *Pejorare*. Yet [L. 7i, i. e. It] *peirish not your worship nor your fame*; It is no disparagement to your honour, nor reputation, BD. 228.
- Peitrell*, as *Paytrell*.
- Pell*, Fa. L. 3. 220. A Houfe, a cell. Sp. and Sk. f. A Palace.
- Pellis*: A pellet, a bullet, a ball. Fa. L. 3. 553.
- Pelour*, Ber. 3194. *Pelure*, Test. L. 2. Furr.
- Penaunce*: Penance; Repentance.
- Pendaunts*: Robes hanging down. Mo. 2879.
- Pende*, Mo. 2590. To pen or shut up. Com. f. Hang up; as *Pent*, lb. 2897. Hang down. Fr. *Pendre*.
- Pene*, CCr. 17. A pin. The countre of *Pene*; The Country of the *Peni*, or the *Carthaginians*. p. 375, b.
- Penible*: Painfull; Full of aches and pains. Fr. 582.
- Penitencer*, p. 211, b. It seems there to signify in general, A Confessor, a Priest that enjoyes Penance; but it signifies properly a Dignitary in Cathedral Churches, who has power to absolve in Cases reserved to the Bishop.
- Penitens*: Penance. p. 206, b.
- Pennir*: A pen, a pencil. Sq. 1395.
- Pens*: Pence; Money.
- Pensell*, RR. 6280. A Dim. of *Penon*, A Pendant.
- Pensfihede*: Pensiveness, thoughtfulness. Bl. Kn. 102.
- Pensis*, AL. 62. The Paunsie, a Plant; *Viola tricolor*. Fr. *Pensée*.
- Pent*: See *Pende*.
- Peplishe appetite*, Tr. L. 4. 1677. A vulgar, or mean, taste or desire.
- Peraventure*, Tr. L. 1. 669. The Verse is better read in MS. Sp. thus;
- And yet *peraventure* can I *redin* *the*.
- See *Paraventure*.
- Peraunter*. See *Paraventure*.
- Percase*, as *Par caas*. See *Par*.
- Perce*: To pierce. *Percedde*, *Percid*: Pierced.
- Perce*: *Persia*. *Perciens*: *Persians*. Mo. 362.
- Percel*: A part, a parcel; Partly, in part. Bl. Kn. 225.
- Percever*: To persevere, continue.
- Perchemen*, Ber. 788. for *Prechement*, V.
- Perchemene*, *Perchemine*: Parchment.
- Perde*, Fa. L. 2. 332. as *Parde*.
- Perdurable*: Very durable, perpetual; Everlasting, eternal; *Disturnus*, *perpetuus*, *Boeth.* *Perdurabilite*: A long duration; Immortality.
- Pere*: A Peer; A match, a fellow, an equal. Sq. 697. To appear. CL. 55. *Perelesse*: Matchless. Bl. Kn. 347.
- Peregal*: Equal. Tr. L. 5. 840.
- Peregrine*: Strange. Sq. 448.
- Perfetiobe*: Perfectly. *Boeth.*
- Perfite*: Perfect.
- Perie*, *Prol.* 2928. *Perrie*, MS. Ch. Precious Stones; Jewells. Fr. *Pierres*.
- Perienet*: A young Pear-tree. Sk.
- Permegal*: An equal. Mo. 2070.
- Permutacion*: A change. *Adagd.* 60.
- Pernaso*: Mount *Parnassus*.
- Perpetualtie*: Perpetuity; Perpetual duration. Test.
- Perre*, *Perrey*: Precious Stones. In gold and *perrey* *wright*, Di. 276. Covered with Gold and Jewels; unless it should be rather read *perrerie*, instead of *perrey* *wright*. See *Perie*.
- Persaunt*: Piercing. RR. 2809. Fr. *Persant*.
- Perse*, *Prol.* 441. Sky-colour. Sp. Fr. *Pers*, Blewish-gray. See Fr. Gl. in *Persue*.
- Persele*, as *Percel*.

- Perfeyte*: Perceived. *Ber.* 3051.
Perfomer, p. 492, b. A Parson; one possessed of Ecclesiastical preferment, *Personā, personar.* Lat. Barb.
Perte, p. 511, a: 516, b. f. Corrupted for *pure*, or *perfite*.
Pertelote: A fictitious name of a Hen in the Tale of the Nonne's Priest. See *Gl. V.*
Pertinacie: Stiffness, stubbornness, obstinacy. *Test. L.* 2.
Perturb, Perturbin: To disturb, to trouble, to vex. *Perturbing*: Disturbing, vexation.
Pervinke: A periwinkle. *RR.* 903.
Pervise, *Prol.* 312. See *Parvis*.
Pery: A pear-tree.
Peje: Peace. *RR.* 4703. Also, To appease.
Pesen: Pitch. *Cl.* 69.
Pesible: Peaceable, calm, easy, quiet. *RR.* 7413. *Fr.* *Paissible*.
Pete: Pity. *Ber.* 1492.
Petous: Pitifull, miserable, wretched. *Petously*. See *Pitously*: So *MS. Sp.* hath it, *Tr. L.* 4. 1248.
Peynus: Pains. *Peynous*: Painfull. *Peynous ordinance*; Orders enforced with great penalties. *Ber.* 1875.
Phane: A fane, or vane, a weathercock.
Phonessis, *Fa. L.* 3. 171. for *Pythonesse*; from the Lat. *Pythoniassa*, A woman possessed with a Python, or prophesying spirit.
Phi, *RR.* 5739. The Poet plays upon the first syllable of *Phisicke*, and *Phisicien*, both beginning with *Phi*, a Note of Abhorrence; and from thence pleasantly infers the folly of trusting in them.
Pie: A map-pye; A prating, tattling gossip. *Tr. L.* 3. 528. *Fa. L.* 2. 195.
Piement, as *Piment*.
Pierre, as *Perre*.
Piggesnye: A word of fondness, as my duck, my honey. *RR.* 257. From the *AS.* *Piga*, *Puellula*, A little maid. *Sk.*
Pight: Struck; Peaked; Picked. *Sq.* 438. Pitched his habitation, dwelt. *No.* 2979. Threw. *Pight him on the pomell of his bede*, *Prol.* 2691. Pitched, or threw him on the crown of his head. *Undir pight*; Supported, bore or born up. *He dronk, and well his girdle undir pight*; He stuffed himself with Liquor so, as to fill up his girdle. *La.* 790.
Pik, Pike: To pitch, or rather To pitch upon; To pick out. *Tr. L.* 4. 1274. But *MS. Ch.* instead of *pik* reads *steke*, i. e. stick. Also, To peep. *Tr. L.* 3. 60. To pick; To take away by stealth. *Phyl.* 74.
Pikis: Prickles, sharp points, or pikes. *Pikis on ther shone*, *Mo.* 2870. Shoes with long sharp Toes turning upwards, peaked like Scates; which in another place are called *Pikid shoes*.
Pilche, *Bal.* 166. A Furr gown. *AS.* *Pylce*. See *Gl. V.*
Pilere: A pillar. *Dr. Ch.* 739.
Pilgrim. See *Palmer*.
Pilid: Peeled; Made bald. *A pilid [al. pelid] berde*; A thin beard. *Prol.* 629. *Fr.* *Peler*, To make bald.
Pill: To pillage, to plunder. *Fr.* 98. *Di.* 337. *Fr.* *Piller*.
Pillid skull: A bald pate. *MR.* 1198. See *Pilid*.
Pillir: A Pillar; Fit for making Pillars or Columns of. *AF.* 177. *Pilliris*: Pillars. *Bal.* 601.
Pillours, *Mo.* 2046. A Pillor is one of the Ensigns, or Marks, which is usually carried before Cardinals, to signify, that they forsooth are Pillars of the Church. *Com.* It rather signifies Furred robes, as *Pelour* and *Pelure*, *V.*
Pillours: Pillagers, plunderers. *Prol.* 1009. See *Pill*.
Piment, *MR.* 270. *RR.* 602. A Drink made of wine, honey, and spices. See *Boeth.* p. 371, a. *Thet ne could not medell the yeste of Bacchus to the clere bonie, that is to saine, they could make ne piement or clarre*; i. e. They could not mix wine with clarified honey, and therefore could not make *Piement*, or clarified wine.
Pinaunt: A starveling, that pines away for hunger. *Mo.* 46. But it should rather be there read *penaunt* (as *MS. Ch. H.* 1. *Ca.* and *Py.*) One that doth penance.
Pinchin, *Prol.* 328. To jeer, or banter. *Fr.* *Pincer*.
Pinde, *Mo.* 2421. Tormented, plagued, afflicted, put to pain; Pined away, starved.
Pine, *Mo.* 1174. *Pinin*, *RR.* 3511. To put to pain, to torment, to put to the torture. *Pine*: Pain.
Pipe with an yvelese, p. 516, a. A Proverbial Expression of the same signification as *Blow the bukis borne*, *MR.* 297. See *Bukis borne*. *Lilg.* expresses the same by *Blome in an borne*, and *pipe in a rede*. Story of *Thebes*, Part. II.
Pirate: Perry. *CG.* 30.
Pire: To peer about.
Pirrie, *Mo.* 2099. See *Perie*.
Piscine, *Bal.* Lad. 127. A pond, a fish-pool. See *Probatisse*.
Pistill, Pistle, *Fr.* 2175. An epistle. *Rownid a pistill*; Whispered a secret. *WB.* 1021.
Pitance, Pitence, *Fr.* *Pitance*, A Monk's Mels, Commons, or Allowance for a Meal.
Pith: Vigour. *WB.* 475.
Pitously: Pitifully.
Plages, p. 440, b. *Plagus*: Climates, Regions. Lat. *Plaga*. *Plagus of the North*, *La.* 544. The Regions of the North; if not rather to be read (as in *MS. Ch.*) *The people of the north*.
Plaie, as *Play*.
Plaine: To explain, declare. *Tr. L.* 5. 1229. To complain. Also, Perfect; Full. *Tr. L.* 5. 1817. *Pleyme*, *MS. Sp.* *Fr.* *Plein*, Full. In *No.* 2567. it is put for *Playing*, *V.*
Plainliche: Plainly. *Tr. L.* 2. 272.
Plaintis: Complaints.
Plaisted: Pleated, folded. *Many plaisted*: Manifest. *Test.* p. 488, b.
Plat, *Fr.* Flat, plain. *He goth forth plat*, *Mo.* 1952. He goes forth directly, without any stay, or stop. *Rather cause of plat than edge*, *Tr. L.* 4. 927. Rather cause of ease than grief. *Sp.* It is flat in *MS. Sp.* and *Ca.*
Platis: Plates of Armour. *Prol.* 2123.
Play, Playe, Playin: To take ones pleasure; To divert one's self. *Playe a pilgrimage*, *No.* 2741, 2742. [*pleye*, *MS. Ch. H.* 1. *Ca.* 1, 2. and *Py.* 1. f. *ply*] Go on pilgrimage. *Playing*, *RR.* 598. Diversion, pleasure; Jesting, a jest. *In playe*, *Fr.* 2051. In jest.
Ple: A Plea, a dispute, debate. *AF.* 485. *Plees*: Pleas, Pleadings, Law Suits, Tryals at Law. *AF.* 101.
Pleasant: Pleasing. p. 157, b.
Pleide: Played.
Pleinte: Complaint.
Plenere: Full, perfect, compleat. *Hyp.* 240. *Fr.* *Plenière*, fem.
Plentivous, Plentuous: Plenteous, plentiful. *Ber.* 764. *Boeth.*
Plesance: Pleasure; Pleasantness.
Plesing, p. 206, b. l. 33. The place is scarce intelligible as it is printed. *MS. Ch.* reads it thus — *chirche*. And *playnly and generally*, &c.
Plete: To implead, to sue at Law. *Tr. L.* 2. 1468. *Ber.* 3104.
Pley, as *Play*.
Pleyne, Pleyin: To complain.
Plight, (from Pluck) Plucked. *RR.* 1745. *Tr. L.* 2. 1120. *Pulled*. *La.* 15.
Plight my troth: Plighted my troth. *Tr. L.* 4. 1610.
Plie: To plait, to fold up. *To some and plie*; To seal and fold. *Tr. L.* 2. 1204. See *Some*.
Plies: Plaits, foldings. *Test.*
Pliid: Turned in her mind, or thoughts. *Tr. L.* 2. 697.
Plumtuous, p. 360, b. for *Plentuous*, *V.* Lat. *Fertilis*.
Plungi: Rainy, bringing or causing rain; *Imbrajer*, p. 374, b.
Point, Pointe: To appoint. *Bal.* 518. A point. *In good pointe*; In good case, or condition. *Prol.* 200. *At the point to brest*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1638. *In point for to brest*, *RR.* 3186. Ready to burst. See *Magd.* 189. *And here a point*, *No.* 1501. Here I conclude, make a full stop. *That cannot set his pointle double*; That hath not two strings to his bow. *BD.* 524.
Pointell, Pointell: A Pencil, a writing pen; *Stylus*, *Boeth.* p. 359.
Pointen: To prick with a point. *RR.* 1058.
Point devise, *RR.* 1215. The utmost exactness. *Fr.* *A points devisez*; i. e. *Secundum puncta multo cum studio designata*. *Sk.*
Poise mater: Poetical Compositions. p. 359, a.
Polive: A pully. *Sq.* 204.
Poll: The head. *Ber.* 2525.

Pomelles of gold : Balls of gold. *AL.* 479.
Pomelly grey, *Prol.* 618. **Pomily grise** : Dapple-grey. *Fr.*
Gris pommelé.
Pomill : The pommel of a saddle, the hilt of a sword;
 Any ball or round thing; The head, or top of the
 head. *Prol.* 2691.
Pomperry, *Ber.* 1934. *f.* Pompous appearance, or plausible
 pretension.
Popelere : A poplar-tree.
Popelot : A puppet, or young wench. *Sk.*
Popere, *MR.* 823. A bodkin. *Sp.* and *Sk.*
Popet : A puppet. *No.* 3210.
Poppingay : A parrot. *Sq.* 1840. See *Sk.* on Poppinjay.
Popped : Dressed up like a puppet. *Ne popped here*, *RR.*
 1019. *Ne* hair over-nicely dressed. See *Sk.*
Poraille, *Porayle* : Poor, mean people. *Prol.* 247.
Porismes (so it should be read, *p.* 381, *b.* l. 46. as well
 as l. 61.) Corollaries, Theorems deduced from Propo-
 sitions demonstrated before. *Gr.* Πορίσματα.
Portatife : Portable. *Afr.*
Porte : Carriage, behaviour. *Meke of port* : Affable,
 complaisant. *Prol.* 69. *Stout of port* ; Haughty, dis-
 dainfull. *RR.* 4015.
Porthes : Parts. *Boeth.*
Porthose, *No.* 2643. A kind of Service-Book, called *Por-
 trets* by *Spenser*, *Portoos* by *Blo.* who says it was an
 ancient name for a Breviary. *Sommer* in his *Rom.*
Ports and Forts, *p.* 6. mentions a Legacy left to *Rich-
 borough Chappel* of one *Portuys printed*, with a *Mas-*
book, &c. See *Fr.* *Gl.* in *Portiforium*.
Portraie, *Prol.* 96. *Portrey* : To paint, to draw a picture.
Portraitour ; A painter of Portraits.
Portrayed, for *Portrayed*, *RR.* 140. See *Portraie*.
Portrid : Portrayed. *Mo.* 2077.
Posse, *Mo.* 1639. A Rheum, or humour, which falls into
 the nose, stopping the nostrils, and hindering the voice.
Blo. The same with *Catarre*. Also, To suppose. *Tr.*
L. 3. 572.
Poshid, *RR.* 4625. *Possid*, *Ib.* 4479. Pushed, thrust, tof-
 sed. *Fr.* *Pouffer*, To push.
Possid, as *Poshid*.
Posse : Power. Perhaps contracted from the *Lat.* *Potes-*
tas. *Is full of grete posse*, *RR.* 2095. Hath an extra-
 ordinary vertue in it. See *Ib.* 6484, 6533, 6957,
 7679.
Potsume : An impostume. *p.* 376, *b.* See *Boche*.
Potent : A crutch. *RR.* 368, 7417. *Fr.* *Potence*.
Potestate, *Fr.* 753. The chief Magistrate, or Judge of a
 Place. *It.* *Podestà*, from the *Lat.* *Potestas*, which is used
 in the same sense, *Juv.* *Sat.* X.
*An Fidenarum Gabiorumq; esse potestas
 Et de mensurâ jus dicere—*
Potbequeres, *Potiquares* : Apothecaries.
Pouder marchants, *Prol.* 383. Powders (says *Sp.*) where-
 of Gingerbread is made. *Sk.* disapproves this Explica-
 tion, but gives none of his own.
Poudre, *Fr.* Dust, powder. *Fa.* *L.* 2. 28.
Pouer, *Pouir* : Poor. *Poverly* : Poorly.
Pouert, *Poverie* : Poverty. Also, Poor. *Fr.* 1262. if not
 rather to be read (as in *MS. Ch.*) *Povre*, there and *Ib.*
 1925. *Glad poverie* ; Poverty with content. See a no-
 ble Description of it in *Lidg.* *Fall of Princes.* *L.* 1.
C. 1.
Poulce : The pulse. *Tr.* *L.* 3. 1120.
Pouls windows, *MR.* 210. The Windows of *St. Paul's*
Church, *London*. See *Decapld*.
Pounced : Cut, punched. See *Gl.* *V.*
Pouped : Made a popping, or hooping noise with a horn.
Mo. 1514.
Powde : Poured. *RR.* 1148.
Poure : To pore upon. *RR.* 1640. *Tr.* *L.* 2. 1708.
Pourse : A purse.
Poursue : To pursue.
Powdiring : Embroidery, or rather Ermine-spots. *AL.*
 530.
Poyse : Poetry. *Ber.* 1930.
Praise : To praise, value.
Praktike : Practice, customs, usage. *WB.* 187.
Preasin on : To preis forward. *Tr.* *L.* 5. 1011.
Prece, *Sc.* 222. Praise; A preis, a croud. *Put in prece*,
prece or *prese* ; To set ones self forward ; To endeavour,

attempt, undertake. *AF.* 602.
Precelling : Pre-eminence, advantage. *Pr.* *RL.* 31.
Preceen, perhaps for *Perceen* : To pierce, penetrate. *Boeth.*
L. 2.
Prechement, *Fr.* Preaching, a Sermon. *Ber.* 531.
Precious : Precise, over-nice. *WB.* 148. *Fr.* *Precieux*.
Predestine : Predestination. *Tr.* *L.* 4. 966.
Predication : Preaching, a Sermon.
Prees, *Preise*, *Ch.* *Dr.* 267. A preis, a crowd. See *Prece*!
Prese : A proof.
Presest : The chief Magistrate of a Place.
Preide : Prayed, entreated.
Preise. See *Praise* and *Prece*. *Is not so preise* ; Is of no
 value. *RR.* 4476.
Prentise : An apprentice. *No.* 2808. These three Verses,
No. 2807, 2808, and 2809. are thus in *MS. Ch.*
*Three morwen com, and thee Marchaunty ridyht
 To Flandris wardes, his prentys wel him gidyht
 Untill he come to Bruggis meryly.*
In RR. 687. *A prentise*, should be read *aprentise* in one
 word, i. e. Apprentices, novices, learners. *Were not
 aprentise* ; *Were not to learn*.
Prentishode : Apprenticeship.
Prese, *Tr.* *L.* 4. 1473. To praise. Also, A preis, a
 crowd ; Price, value, esteem ; To preis. *Prese to bond*,
RR. 4194. To come near. See *Prece*.
Presence, for *Prescience*, *Tell.* *L.* 3.
Present : Presence. *In present* ; Just then. *RR.* 1191. *In
 Isopis present* ; In the presence of *Isope*. *Ber.* 2062.
Presentarie : Present ; *Presentarius*, *p.* 403, *b.*
Presin : To preis, to crowd.
Prest : Ready. *Tr.* *L.* 2. 785. *Fr.* *Prest*.
Preterit, *Preteritte* : Past. *RR.* 5011. *Preteristes* : Times
 past. *p.* 402, &
Preve : To prove ; Proof. *Tr.* *L.* 1. 470 : *L.* 3. 1004. *Pre-
 veth*, for *Repreveth*, *p.* 154, *a.* l. 68.
Price, for *Prise*, *Phyl.* 141. *Premium*, *p.* 390, *a.*
Prick : A point. *p.* 372, *b.* A sting. *p.* 337, *b.* *Fa.* *L.* 2.
 399. To afflict, torment. *Fr.* 2059. To ride hard. *RR.*
 2314. *Pricking* : Hard riding. *Prol.* 191.
Prie : To pray, to entreat. *Fr.* *Priet*.
Prikasoure, *Prol.* 189. A hard rider. *Sk.*
Prikid : Rode hard.
Prill and poincten, *RR.* 1058. Gore and strike. *q. d.* *Pric-
 kle and poincen*. *Sk.*
Prime, *Tr.* *L.* 2. 1095. "Our Ancestors (says *Kyn.*) divided
 "their morning Devotions into two spaces, 1st. From Six
 "to Nine in the morning, which was called *Spatium*
 "*Orationum primarum*: 2. From Nine to Twelve, which
 "was called *Spatium Orationum Novarum*. And hence we
 "have our word *Noon*. *Prime large*, *Sq.* 380. Late in the
 morning, towards nine a clock. *At prime temps*, *RR.*
 3373. The first time, at first. *Of Ver the prime*, *Tr.*
L. 1. 157. The beginning, or perfection, of the spring.
At prime face, *Tr.* *L.* 3. 921. *p.* 485, *b.* At first view,
 at first sight. *Prime temps*, *RR.* 4747. Spring. *Fr.*
Primemps.
Princes : A Princess. *Bal.* 589.
Printishode : Apprenticeship. *MR.* 1292.
Pris, *Prise* : Praise. *Tr.* *L.* 2. 181, 376.
Prise : Price ; Value, esteem. *In prise upborn*, *Tr.* *L.* 1.
 376. (for so it should be read ; *In pryct up born*, *Ca.*)
Valued, esteemed.
Prisonment : Imprisonment. *Test.*
Prived : Proved. *Test.*
Privy and apert, *WB.* 1114. In publick and private. *Al-
 vy man*, *Fr.* 1548. A Confident, a person employed
 in secret affairs.
Probacy : Proof by witnesses. *Ber.* 1861. It is called *Pro-
 bat Law*, *Ib.* 1335.
Probatise piscine, *Bal.* *Lad.* 127. or rather *Probatike piscine*,
 i. e. The Sheep's pool, or pond ; which *Blo.* says was a
 Pond at *Jerusalem*, where those Sheep were washed,
 that were by the Law to be sacrificed, otherwise called,
 the Pool of *Bethesda*. The Poet here plainly alludes to
John V. 2. where instead of *ἐν τῇ πρὸς βοῦν κολυμβήθρᾳ*
 a Pool in the Sheep-market, or at the Sheep-gate, [See
Neb. III. 1. and XII. 39.] some Copies read *πρὸς βοῦν
 κολυμβήθρᾳ* ; and so the *Vulg. Lat.* translates it, *Est
 autem Jerosolymis Probatica piscina* ; There is at *Jerusa-*
lem a Sheep-pond.

Probat

Probat law. See *Probac*.

Processe: A harangue, a long discourse. *Bl. Kn.* 127.

Procurator, *Mo.* 2673. A Proctor, or Farmer, employed by the Clergy to gather in their Tithes and other Duties. *Com.*

Profession, *RR.* 4910. The solemn and entire Dedication which a religious person makes of himself by a Triple Vow of Obedience, Chastity and Poverty.

Probeme: A Proem, or Preface. *Fr.* 1073.

Proineth, Pruneth: A Term in Falconry; They say, a Hawk *pruneth*, or *proineth*, when she picketh her self. In *Sq.* 1527. it is applied to a person that is very nice in dressing.

Prolle: To look out; properly in order to pilfer. *No.* 1433.

Promesse, *Fr.* A promise. *BD.* 39.

Propine: To drink to one; To give one drink. *Bal. Lad.* 52.

Propinquit: Kindred, relation, alliance. *Test.*

Proposid: Designed. *Ber.* 1988.

Prosses: Process, proceeding. *BD.* 848.

Provable: Probable; To be proved, capable of being proved. *RR.* 5414.

Prove: Proof. *Phyl.* 1.

Provende, *RR.* 6931. It is properly a Prebend: But it seems here to signify any Preferment, or Provision, in general.

Provendre: A Prebendary. *p.* 492, *b.*

Proverbe, *Tr. L.* 3. 294. To speak in Proverbs; To deliver as a Proverb. But *Ca.* reads the Verse thus;

Have wryte or thys, as yit men teche us yonge.

Provostry: The Office or Dignity of a Provost; *Præfectura*, *p.* 377, *a.*

Prowe: Honour; Profit, benefit, advantage. *No.* 1814. *Mo.* 1065. *RR.* 5806. *Tr. L.* 1. 334.

Prowesse: Valour; Goodness, vertue, honesty, integrity; *Probitas*. *p.* 389, *a.*

Pruce; *Prussia*. *Pro.* 53. Also, A *Prussian*.

Pruise: *Prussia*. *Dr. Ch.* 1025.

Psalter: The Psalter, or Psalms of David. *p.* 507, *a.*

Pucell: A virgin, or maid. *Bal. Lad.* 54. *Fr. Pucelle*.

Puella and Rubens, *Pro.* 2047. "The names of two figures in Geomancy, representing two Constellations in Heaven: *Puella* signifieth *Mars* Retrograde, and "*Rubens*, *Mars* Direct. *Sp.*

Fulchritude: Beauty. *CL.* 613.

Pullaile: Fowl, poultry. *RR.* 7094.

Pullid hen, *Pro.* 177. *He gave not of the text a pullid hen*; A Proverbial expression signifying, He valued it not a straw, a pin, &c.

Punice: To punish. *RR.* 7187.

Puppe: The Pope. *Hen.* 383.

Pur: Pure. *PT.* 500. *Purid*: Purified. *Bal. Lad.* 81.

Purchase, Purchase, Purchase: To procure, obtain, attain; To gain or engage one; To provide. *Tr. L.* 2. 1125. comp. with *lb.* 1160. Also, Buying, paying dear for.

Purfil, *AL.* 87, 524. *Purfile*: A guard, border, or fringe about a garment. *Fr. Purfile*. *Purfilid*: Fringed. *Pro.* 193.

Purpose: A discourse. *Fr. Propos*. Instead of the purpose, *Tr. L.* 2. 897. *Ca.* hath that purpose, which is the true Reading.

Purple: Purple.

Purprise: An enclosure. *RR.* 3987. *Fr. Pourpris*. The whole compass of a place.

Purtrings: Paintings, Drawing, Pourtraitures.

Purture: Paintings, Drawings. *Pro.* 1970. In former Editions it is *Purgatory*.

Purwayid, Purveyed. Pre-ordained. *Tr. L.* 4. 1009. Provided.

Purvie, *Tr. L.* 2. 504. *Purveigh*, *p.* 482, *b.* To provide, prepare.

Purveable: Carefull, provident. *Boeth.* *p.* 375, *b.*

Purveance, Purveighaunce, Purveyance: Providence, foresight; Provision.

Purveid, *WB.* 591. *Purveighed*, *Boeth.* Provided.

Purvyde, *Bl. Kn.* 497. See *Purwayid*.

Pusell, as *Pucell*.

Putaigne: A whore. *Ber.* 543. *Fr. Putain*. It should rather be read *Putage*, Whoring. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Putagium*.

Putours: Whoremongers.

Putre, *Mo.* 2227. *Patrie*, *p.* 208, *b.* Whoredom.

Putrocks, *Mo.* 3268. Bitterns, Kites. *Sk.*

Pyes. See *Pie*.

Pynande: Painfull. *Test.*

Byne, as *Pine*.

Pyrid soft and powrid, *PT.* 149. Peer'd, looked hard and pored.

Pry: A pear-tree. *Ber.* 583.

Pythoneß: A witch. *Fr.* 246. See *Phetoneßis*.

Q.

Quad, Quade: Bad. *Kilian. Quæd.* *Sothe play*; *quade play*, *MR.* 1249. A true jest is a bad jest, or, as we say, No jest like a true jest. *Quad yere*, *No.* 2946. *MS. Ch.* hath it;

God yeve this Monk a thousand last of quad yere.

A Curse; *f.* May this Monk have very many unhappy years.

Quainte: Strange, odd; Neat, nice. See *Queint*, &c.

Quaire, *Bl. Kn.* 675. A quire paper; A little book, or Pamphlet.

Quakk, *MR.* 1044. The inarticulate sound which one makes at any hard labour. See *Gl. V.* in *Quaikk*.

Qualme, *Pro.* 2016. Grief. *Sp.* a *Fit. AS* *Epealme*. *Mors, exitium.* Not of qualme ystowe; Not dead of any sickness, or of a natural death, but slain.

Quappe: To shake, quake. *Sp. Sk.* To pant, to tremble. *Th.* 160. *Tr. L.* 3. 57. *Ca.* reads it *whappe*. See *Whaped*. *It will be water quappe a day or two*, *Luc.* 88. Yet the water will continue in motion, and beat against the shoar, for a day or two after the storm is over.

Quarelis, *RR.* 1823. Short, thick square darts shot out of Cross-bows. *Fr. Carreaux*; In old *Fr. Quadrills*. *It. Quadrilli*. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Quadrilli*.

Quein: A Quean, a whore. *RR.* 7082. *Sonn.* in *Quena*. See *Quene*.

Queint, Quainte: Quenched, put out. *Mo.* 1980. *I madin of that lefe full queint*, *RR.* 3079. I made very much of that leaf, put a great value upon it. Also, Delicate, neat, dainty, nice, *Mo.* 2953. *Queins aray*; A neat dress. *RR.* 2251. Strange, odd. *Queins a sweven*: A strange, odd dream.

Queintice, Queintise, *RR.* 2250. Neatness; Strangeness; oddness. *Covetise chaungen with queintise*, *Mo.* 2567. Colour their covetousness with devices, making it seem other than it is. *Com. Serpentine queintises*; Cunning, crafty, subtle devices. *p.* 487, *a.*

Queintlie: Strangely, oddly; Curiously.

Quek, *Ber.* 2210. A sort of Game.

Quel, Quell: To destroy, to kill; To overcome. *AS. Tpellan*.

Queme, Quemen: To please, *Pr. RL.* 69. *AS. Epeman*.

Quene, Quein: A Queen. Also, A quean. See *Quein*.

Queintise, as *Queintise*.

Quently, as *Queintlie*.

Quere, *Cr.* 40. as *Quaire*.

Querelouse: Querulous, full of complaints. *Ber.* 1337.

Querne: A hand-mill. *Fa. L.* 3. 708. *AS. Epeopn*.

Querrow: A stone-digger, one that works in a quarry. *RR.* 4149.

Quest: An Inquest, a Jury. *Gam.* 1558. *Quest-mongers*: Jury-men, or perhaps Packers of Juries. *p.* 206. *Fa. L.* 3. 648. *Achevid all their questes*: Obtained all they desired.

Quesh: To bequeath. *RR.* 6999.

Quiske: Alive. *That quicke wol selle her by her life*, *RR.* 5056. That will in her life-time sell her self alive. Also, To quicken; To save alive. *No.* 492.

Quiente, as *Queint*.

Quike: Quick, alive, living. *Bal.* 462.

Quinible, *MR.* 224. A Treble. *Sp.* See *Sk.*

Quisshen,

Quishin, Ib. l. 3. 966. *Quishen*, Tr. L. 2. 1229. A Cuthion.
Quistron, RR. 886. A beggar; One that goes about begging alms for himself or others, under pretence of preaching, or selling Indulgences. See Fr. Gl. in *Questioarii*.
Quite: To pay, requite, repay. *Quite her cost*, Mo. 488. To bear her ordinary expenses; To acquit, deliver. Also, Quit, free. *Gan al quite*: Are acquitted. No. 459.
Quiste: Requited. RR. 3146. *Quiste him*: Acquitted, behaved himself. Ib. 3069.
Quoth, *Quoth*: Quoth, said.

R.

Ra, MR. 978. *Rae*, RR. 7098. A roc.
Rabiate: Enraged, mad. *Magd.* 232.
Race, for *Arace*, V. Fr. 1592, 2124. *Mo.* 3205.
Racine, Fr. A root. RR. 4881.
Rad, *Radd*: Read, or Did read. *WB.* 721. Advised, *AF.* 579.
Radevore, Ph. 126. Tapestry, Loom-work. *Sp.* *Ras* in Fr. signifies any Stuff, as *Ras de Chalons*, *Ras de Gennes*. *Rau de Vore*, or *Vaur*, may be a Stuff made at such a place; or else it may be *Ras velore*, for *Velours ras*, Shorn Velvet.
Rae. See *Raa*.
Raft (from *Reve*, V.) Deprived, took away. *Rafte her selfe her life*; Killed her self. *Luc.* 176.
Rage: To play the rogue. *MR.* 850.
Ragerie: Roguery, wanton tricks, playing the rogue.
Ragounces, RR. 1117. A kind of precious Stone. *Sp.*
Raie: Array, order. *CCr.* 26.
Railed, *Magd.* 181. *Reiled*, Ib. 119. Flowed. See *Reilith*.
Raine, as *Reigne*.
Raines: The City *Rennes* in *Britany*. Cloth of *Raines*; Cloth made in that City. *Dr. Ch.* 255.
Raison, *Raisoun*: Reason. Fr. *Raison*.
Rakestele: The handle of a rake. *WB.* 949. See *Siele*.
Raket, p. 482, a. *I have not plaid raket*; I have not been unconstant.
Rakid: Ragged. *A balfaff and els a rakid end*; A Quarter-staff with a ragged end. *PT.* 153.
Rakil, *Rakle*: Rash, hasty. *Tr. L.* 1. 1068; *L.* 3. 420. Instead of *rakil*, *Ca. hath recheles*, V. To be rash. *Tr. L.* 4. 1648. But *MS. Sp.* reads it, *No rakill nyl y be*.
Ramage, p. 482. b. *Ramagious*, *RL.* 324. Wild, *RR.* 5384. See *Sk.* Also, The singing, chirping, or warbling of small birds. Fr. *Ramage*.
Rammish: Rank.
Ranke, *CCr.* 33. for *Rauke*: Hoarse; from the Lat. *Raucus*.
Ranson: A ransom. *Prol.* 1178. Fr. *Rangin*.
Rape: Haste. Also, Hasty. *Gam.* 202. Quickly. *RR.* 6516.
Rapily: Quickly, hastily. *Gam.* 839.
Rase, *CL.* 868. for *Race*, V.
Raskail, *Tr. L.* 5. 1852. The Rabble, the Mob. Fr. *Rascaille*, Trash, idle stuff.
Rate: To chide. *MR.* 355.
Ratb: Soon, early. *Tr. L.* 5. 937. *Ratbir*: Quicker, sooner. *RR.* 4514. Also, Former, first. *Boeth.* *Ratbir speche*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1343. Former discourse. *Ratbir*: Spoonst. *Bl. Kn.* 428. *AS.* *Ratb.* *Cit.*
Ravenish: Black as a raven. *Sp.* *Sk.*
Raveshing: Rapid. p. 363, b.
Ranght: Reached, stretched. *Prol.* 136. *Tr. L.* 2. 447. from *Reach*. Also, Went. *Sp.*
Ravine, *Raviness*, *Ravyn*: Rapine; Greediness, covetousness. *Foulis of ravine*; Birds of prey. *AF.* 323. *Ravines*.
Rapine, pillage; *Rapina*, p. 362, a.
Ravinour: A robber.
Ravishable: Greedy, ravenous. *RR.* 7066.
Ravishing, as *Raveshing*.
Ravish, *Gam.* 222. for *Revish*, as in *MS. Ch.* See *Reve*.
Ransom: To put one to ransom, to set a price for one's ransom. *Mo.* 2595.

Raunsoude, *Mo.* 2605. Put to ransom.
Ravysing, as *Raveshing*.
Rayid: Arraied, adorned. *Dr. Ch.* 252. See *Aray*.
Rayish, *MR.* 1201. for *Arayish*. [See *Aray*.] But *MS. Ch.* reads it, *Greythede* [H. 1. *greithen*, al. *greyden*] *hem*; i.e. made them ready to go. [See *Greithe*.] Others read, *And dressed hem*.
Raylid: Railed in. *Ber.* 291. See *Railed*.
Rebek: *Rebecca*. *Sq.* 1220. Also, An old woman, an old Trot. *Sp.* Fr. 309.
Rechase: To beat, or drive back. *Dr. Ch.* 379. Fr. *Rechasser*.
Reche, *Recke*: To care for, to value, to regard, esteem, make account of. *AS.* *Reccan*. *Rechelesse*, *Rechilese*: Rash, negligent, careless; Without pity. *Rechelesnesse*: Carelessness, heedlessness. *Prol.* 204.
Recomfort: To comfort again, to restore comfort to one. *Tr. L.* 2. 1672. *MS. Sp.* reads the Verse thus;
And him with all her wyt to comfort;
But *Ca.* hath this and the following Verses much better, thus;
And hym with al her hert she gan disport
As she best cowde, of sorrow hym to comfort.
Recommunde: To recommend. No. 555.
Records: Witness, testimony. *Dr. Ch.* 934. To remember. p. 384, a.
Recomr, p. 483, b. as *Reccure*.
Recreance, *Magd.* 425. *Recreandise*, *RR.* 2107. Distrust; Falshood, treason; Infidelity. *ib.* 4038.
Recreant, *RR.* 4099. One that betrays his Trust; An Infidel; Faint hearted, cowardly. p. 204, a. See *Gl. V.* in *Recreant*.
Recuperable: To be recovered, recoverable. *Bal.* 1116.
Reccure: A remedy, a cure. *Cr.* 335. Recovery. *Bl. Kn.* 682. To recover. *Returid*: Recovered. *RR.* 4920. *Bl. Kn.* 652.
Redde: Advised. *Tr. L.* 5. 737. It is printed for *Rede*, *Ib. L.* 2. 1698. *Mo.* 575. where *MS. Ch.* hath, *he coube no bettir rede*.
Reddour: Violence. *Fort.* 13. *No force of thy reddour*; I care not for thy violence. From the Fr. *Rouder*, Stiffness, &c. See *Gl. V.*
Rede: Advice, counsel; To advise. *Redish me love*, *Tr. L.* 2. 413. or rather (as *MS. Sp.*) *Ret me to love*; Advise me to love. To explain, interpret. *Dr. Ch.* 279. To guess; To read. Also, A reed. *Tr. L.* 2. 1387.
Redemir: Redeemer. *Magd.* 384.
Redolence: A sweet smell; Perfume. *RL.* 213.
Redonnable, *Redoubted*: Feared; Honoured, revered. *Boeth.* Fr. *Redonnable*.
Redoute: To reverence. *RR.* 2023. To fear. Fr. *Redouter*.
Redoutinge of Mars, *Prol.* 2052. For the honour of *Mars*. *H. 1.* and *MS. Ch.* read it, *In recordyng of Mars*, and of his glory, i.e. In memory, &c.
Redresse, *Redressin*: To recover, reform, amend, correct. *RR.* 3423. *Tr. L.* 2. 969.
Reed, as *Rede*.
Refect: Recovered, refreshed. *Boeth.*
Referre: To return, requite. p. 361, b.
Refiguring: Recollecting. *Tr. L.* 5. 472.
Refraine, *Tr. L.* 2. 1571. The Burden of a Song. Fr. *Refrain*. *Refraining*: Upholding a Song. *RR.* 749.
Refreide, *Tr. L.* 2. 1343. To retrain. *Sp.* To cool, slacken, lessen, relent. Fr. *Refroidir*.
Refrete, p. 508, b. l. 19. f. the same with *Refrain*, if not corrupted from it.
Refroidin: To cool. *Tr. L.* 5. 507. See *Refreide*.
Refte: Taken away, bereaved; from *Reve*, V. Also, A chink, or crevice. *RR.* 2661. From *Rive*, V.
Refuce, *BD.* 755. *Refuite*, Fr. *RR.* 3840. *Refuse*, *Cr.* 94. *Bal.* Lad. 222. Refuge, help.
Regalie, *Fl.* 121. Royalty, sovereignty, government, power.
Regals: The Regalia; Sovereignty. *Ar.* 243.
Regarde: A view. Fr. *Regard*. *Pleasant regarde*, *AL.* 170. A pleasant, or beautifull prospect, which answers to the Fr. *Beauvoir*, and the It. *Belvedere*.
Regnaife: Fit for reigning. *Test.* Capable of government.
Regrate: Regret, sorrow. *Cr.* 397. Esteem or courtesy. *Sh.* 8 L

- I make regrade; I shall take it as a favour. Bal. 374.*
 From the Lat. Barb. *Regratiare*. Gl. Lob.
Reguerdoned: Rewarded. *Boeth.*
Rebete, RR. 6509. Seems to be synonymous to Comfort:
 But *Rebeting*, Tr. L. 3. 350. seems to have a very different signification, if that be the true Reading. Some MSS. and most of the printed Editions read *richeffe* instead of it.
Reigne, Prol. 868. A Realm, or Kingdom; Power, rule, government, authority. To govern, to reign, &c. Also, A Queen. Fr. *Reine*.
Reilid. See *Railed*.
Reilish: Rowleth; *Vagatur*, p. 365, a.
Rein, RR. 1822. *Yet arrows rein*, f. run through me: Some will have it to be a Corruption of *Reigne*; Arrows prevail over me. See *Sk.*
Reine: Power, government. Ch. Dr. 677. Bl. Kn. 511.
Reins, RR. 3826. f. *Rennes* in *Britany*.
Rejoie: To rejoice. Tr. L. 5. 395.
Reise: To raise.
Reisins: Grapes. RR. 3689. Fr. *Raisins*.
Reve, CL. 192. as *Reve*.
Reke, *Rekin*: To smok. *Hyper.* 51. Also, as *Reche*.
Rekelagis: Raking ways, revellings.
Rekes: Ricks. p. 479, a.
Rekilneß: Rashness. See *Rakil*, &c.
Rekk, Gam. 1744. as *Reche*.
Relayes, Dr. Ch. 362. (Fr. *Relais*) Fresh hounds; The places where such hounds are kept. *Releyes* and *lymers*; Standers at advantage with darts to kill deer. Sp.
Relese, p. 479, a. as *Remissails*. AS. Lapa.
Reles: A release, a discharge. *Haddin no reles*; Were not spared. Bal. 601.
Releve: Relief. Bal. 598.
Releved up again: Rose up again. *Magd.* 197.
Relevid: Relieved, delivered.
Religiousite: The Religious. CL. 686.
Relike: A relick. RR. 2673.
Remed, Cr. 33. *Remede*: A remedy; To remedy, to cure. CCr. 57.
Remes: Realms, kingdoms. Mo. 1251.
Remeved, *Remewed*: Removed. RR. 7432. See *Salved*.
Remissails, p. 476, a. Remnants, remainders, leavings.
Remorde, *Remordin*: To check, to cause remorse. Tr. L. 4. 1491. To grieve, vex, torment; *Remordet*, *Boeth.* p. 393, b.
Remuable: Changeable, unconstant. Tr. L. 4. 1682. Able to move. *Boeth.* L. 2.
Ren, *Renne*: To run. *Rennir*: A runner.
Renably: Readily. Fr. 245.
Rending, *Boeth.* p. 359. Rent, torn. f. l. *Rendyn*; *Lacera*.
Renegate: A runagate, an Apostate from the Christian Faith, a *Renegado*.
Reney, *Renie*: To deny, renounce, abjure. Fr. *Renier*.
Rengis, Prol. 2596. *Renkie*, CCr. 26. Ranks.
Reniant, as *Renegate*: One that renounces, &c. See *Reney*.
Renogates: Renegado's. See *Renegate*.
Renome, Bal. Lad. 226. *Renomic*, WB. 1159. Renown, a good name. Fr. *Renommée*.
Renovelauncis: Renewings. Fa. L. 2. 185.
Renovels, CMV. 18. *Renovellen*, p. 212, a. To renew. Fr. *Renouveler*.
Renowned: Renowned. Bal. 588. Fr. *Renommé*.
Reny, as *Reney*.
Repairs: Resort. Also, Return; To return.
Repase: To repass, to return. Ber. 1803.
Repe and renne, No. 1443. Rape and rend, scrape together by any means, by raping and rending, by hook or by crook.
Repent: Repentance. CL. 667.
Repentaunt: Repenting, penitent. Prol. 228.
Replete: Full.
Report: To refer. Pr. RL. 108. Fr. *Rapporter*.
Repreß: To restrain. *Hyper.* 30. *Repression*: Restraint. Tr. L. 3. 1040.
Reprove: Reproof. Tr. L. 2. 419. Scandal, reproach. No. 2111.
Reprovable: To be reproved, scandalous.
Reputy. See *Libel repudy*.
Repugn: To resist, contradict. *Repugnance*: Repugnancy, contradiction.
- Requirable*: Desirable; *Expetibilis*, *Boeth.* p. 371, a.
Rere, as *Arere*. Also, To rear up, to raise. *Rere a war*; To raise a war, to make war. Ch. Dr. 468.
Res, Gam. 1085. *Rese*, PT. 498, 548. Rage, a mad prank. In Tr. L. 4. 350: instead of *in a rage*, it is *in a rees*, in MS. Sp. Ca. and al.
Rescous, Prol. 2645. Rescue; Defence. In the *rescous* of our laie, RR. 6749. In the defence of our Law, or Faith. Deliverance. Tr. L. 1. 479.
Rescowed: Rescued, saved. *Boeth.*
Rese, Ber. 178. To rise; To rage.
Resemblable: Like, resembling one another. RR. 985.
Reson: Account. Who can lay any reson; Who can make any account. *Magd.* 363.
Resonabliche: Reasonably.
Resonn: Reason.
Resowne: To resound. Fl. 167.
Resonsaile: An answer. Cr. 127.
Resporie: Respect, regard, consideration. Tr. L. 4. 856. Perhaps from the Fr. *Rapport*.
Rest, Tr. L. 1. 945. or rather, *Rist* (as in MS. Sp. and Ca.) Ariseth, or springeth.
Restis: Rest, quiet. Tr. L. 2. 1722.
Resynge, Cup. 415. perhaps for *Racing*. See *Race*. *Resing ibat*; Taking that away, except that.
Retche, as *Reche*.
Reichelesse, as *Rechelesse*.
Reie: A net; *Reie*, p. 440, a.
Reithorie: Rhetorick, eloquence, oratory. Cr. 240.
Retour, Cr. 51. *Retowre*: Return. Also, An Orator. Bal. 394. Lat. *Rhetor*.
Reve: A Bayliff, or Steward. See *Geroves*.
Reve, *Revin*: To bereave, take away. By force *reve*, MR. 903, or rather, By force *berieve*, as in MS. Ch. To take away by force. Also, To force. *Tess*.
Revelous: Addicted to pleasure, or revelling.
Revelrie: Revelling; Pleasure. RR. 720.
Reverse: To overturn. RR. 5468. Fr. *Renverser*. Also, Contrary. Fr. *Revers*.
Revert: To bring back. RR. 7284.
Revestin: To cloath again. Tr. L. 3. 354. Fr. *Revestir*.
Revuill, Ph. 28. *Revilry*: Revelling.
Row: A row, order. *Al by row*, WB. 506. or (as in MS. Ch.) *Alle on row*; All in a row. *On a row*; In a row. Fa. L. 3. 602.
Rew, *Rewin*: To have compassion, to pity.
Rewakin: To wake again. Tr. L. 3. 1124.
Rewarde: Regard. RR. 3254. LW. 375.
Reyls, Fa. L. 3. 146. A kind of Songs, such as Roundels. Sp. and Sk. See Gl. V. in *Ray*.
Reyne: Rain.
Rheibor: An Orator. See *Retour*.
Rial, *Riall*: Royal. *Rially*: Royally. *Riake*: Royalty; Pomp.
Ribarnings: Ribbands, or Laces, lay'd on Robes. RR. 1077.
Ribande, RR. 5673. Idle persons attending Courts and Camps were formerly called *Ribalds*, or *Ribandes*; who being the meanest, and commonly the most profligate, of mortals, the word came to signify in general, Lewd persons, Ruffians, Pimps, Bawds, Whores, &c. See Fr. Gl. in *Ribaldi*. See *Harlot*.
Ribibe, Fr. 113. An old bawd. Sp. Perhaps from *Ribande*, V.
Ribible, MR. 223. A fiddle, or gittern. Sp.
Rice, MR. 216. or *Rife*: Small twigs, sprigs or rods; from the Cimbr. *Ryffs*, which signifies the same: "Hinc *Ryffar*, apud Islandos, loca virgultis obsita, & *Ryffs*, Virgultis confita domus, casula. A Rice-dike apud Septentrionales Anglos est *Sepes* ex caesis ramis & virgis texta. Gibson in *Polemo-Medin*. See Gl. V. in *Rifs*.
Richesse, *Richesse*: Riches; Richness, valuableness. RR. 1116.
Richi: Right.
Riddleed, RR. 1235. *Riddilid*, Ib. 1243. Plaited.
Riding knot: A running knot. Ber. 2212.
Rife, Sq. 752. To pierce, thrust, stab; To split, to force asunder. See *Rive*.
Rife: A small chink. RL. 381.
Rigg: The back. PT. 594. AS. *Þpicg*.
Riggin bone: The back-bone.
- Rightwise*:

Rightrise: Righteous. *Rightrised*: Judged aright; Justified, approved. p. 488, a. *Rightriseß*: Righteousness.

Rimplid, for *Rumpled*, RR. 4495. Withered, dried up; Wrinkled.

Rin: To run. Cr. 158.

Ringin: To ring. *Ringin trampis*; The trumpets found. Prol. 2602.

Rining: Running. Test. p. 481, a. l. 46. unless it should be read *reyning* (as in some Editions) i. e. Raining, dropping.—*Μέλιτος γλυκίων εἶεν αὐδῆ*. Hom.

Rife, RR. 1015. Beauty. Sk. See *Rice*.

Rishe: A rush. Tr. L. 3. 1167. *As rishe right*; As upright, or strait, as a rush. RR. 1701.

Rist: Rose. Tr. L. 2. 812.

Ritt: Rode, did ride. Luc. 97.

Rivage, Fr. The Sea-shore; The bank of a river; The water-side. *Toke a rivage*; Took a voyage by Sea. Fa. L. 1. 223.

Rive, RR. 5393, 5718. *Riven*, No. 2346. To thrust, stab, pierce; To split, rend. Also, Split, rent, &c.

Rived, *Ripid*: Rent, &c. Magd. 140.

Riveling: Wrinkled. RR. 7214.

Roche, Fr. A rock. Fa. L. 3. 26. *Rochis*: Rocks. Fa. L. 2. 527.

Rode, *Roode tree*, *Roode beam*: The Holy Cross.

Rody: Ruddy.

Rodylese: Pale. Ber. 219. See *Rudde*, &c.

Rofe, *Rofte* (from *Rive*, or *Ryve*, V.) Struck, stabbed, &c. Cl. 82. Di. 426. Fa. L. 1. 373. Bl. Kn. 373.

Roggeth: Rocketh, joggeth, shaketh. Hyper. 147.

Royaliche: Royally.

Roignous, RR. 6190. Ruinous. Sk. Fr. *Roigneux*, Scabby. See *Roin*.

Roill, WB. 653. To wander, to ramble, *qu*. Rowl about.

Roin: A scabb; Scurf, mange. RR. 553. Fr. *Rogne*. *Roinous*, Ib. 988. Scabby. See *Roignous*.

Rokette, RR. 1240, 1242. *Rotchette*, Ib. 4754: A Linnen Garment. Sp. "Rocket, a Frock, loose Gaberdine, or "Gown of Canvas worn by a Labourer over the rest "of his clothes; Also a Prelate's *Rochet*. Blo. Fr. *Roquet*, a short Coat, or Cloak, formerly wore. See Fr. Gl. in *Roccos*, &c.

Roking: Rocking, trembling, quaking. RR. 1906.

Romaunce myne Auctour, Bal. 538. *Romance de la Rose*, Ib. 556. The Author of *The Romant of the Rose*.

Romaunt: A Romance.

Romin, Tr. L. 2. 516. To roam, rove, wander; To walk. Fr. 2389.

Romir: Wider, larger, having more room. MR. 1037.

Rondils, LW. 423. *Roundelay*, A shepherd's Dance; Sometimes used for a Song which ends as it begins. Fr. *Rondeau*. Blo.

Rone: Rained. Tr. L. 3. 678. MS. Sp. reads it, *And sub it rone*, instead of, *And fens it rained*, Ib. 641. Also, The City *Roan* in Normandy. RR. 1674.

Ronge, *Rongin*: Rung.

Ronges: The rounds, or steps, of a ladder. MR. 517. Round long pieces of wood are called *Rungs* in the North of England. Gibson in *Polemo-Medin*. See Gl. V. in *Rounges*.

Rood: Rode, did ride. Ber. 2162. See *Rode*.

Roos: Arose. In Tr. L. 2. 611. MS. Sp. hath, *In the felde roos a skirmish*, instead of, *In field arose*, &c.

Ropen: Reaped. LW. 74.

Ros algar, No. 835. Flowers of Antimony.

Rosen, *Rosin*, *Rosy*. Bl. Kn. 657.

Rosere, *Rosir*, RR. 1651. A Rose-tree. See Ib. 3072, 3073. Instead of *Rosir*, should be read *Rosirs*, Ib. 4188.

Rose red, *Rosing redde*; Red as a Rose. Cr. 49.

Rotchette. See *Rokette*.

Rote: The root. Tr. L. 2. A musical Instrument used in Wales, says Sp. which perhaps he mistook for *Crota*, a Crowd. On a *rote*, Prol. 236. f. By *rote*. *Roted*: Rotted.

Roth, Bl. Kn. 581. *Routh*: Pity.

Rother, *Rothir*: The rudder, or helm of a Ship.

Rotid: Rooted. Mo. 2721.

Roting: Rotten. Cr. 49.

Rough [from *Reche*] Cared, valued, regarded. RR. 1873. Dr. Ch. 244.

Rough [from *Rue*] Had pity, or compassion upon. Tr.

L. 1. 497. But it may there also signify Cared, valued, minded.

Rouk, *Roukin*: To lye, to snore. Prol. 1310. Instead of *roukin*, Tr. L. 5. 409. MS. Sp. and al. read *joukyn*: It is said of a Hawk, he *Jouketh*, when he sleepeth.

Roume: Room. Ar. 114. *Roume space*, for *Round space*, Altir.

Roun, as *Rowne*.

Rounceval, Prol. 672. A Town in Spain at the foot of the Pyrenean Mountains, where "Rowland, nephew to "Charlemain, was slain in a Battle against the Saracens. "The place to this day is called *Rowland's Vallie*, and "was in times past a great Pilgrimage; there being a "Chappel built over the Tomb, and dedicated to our "Lady, called commonly, but corruptly, *Our Lady of "Renceval*. Peacham's Compl. Gent. Ch. 10.

Rouncey: Prol. 392. A little Poney, or Tit. Lat. Barb. *Runcinus*. See Fr. Gl.

Roundell: A Song beginning and ending with the same sentence. See *Rondils*.

Roundil: Any round thing, as a Ring, a Circle, &c. Fa. L. 2. 283, 290. A Ball or such like round substance in Blazon. Blo.

Roufe, Ber. 936. f. A cunning trick, a wile. Fr. *Ruse*. *Ruze*, *Reouze*, or *Ruse*, are used in the North for To extoll or commend highly. Ray's Coll. See Gl. V. in *Ruse*.

Rouffy: Rusty. Cr. 187.

Rou: A company. *Rouits*: Companies. Tr. L. 2. 620.

Route: To snore. MR. 539, 1058. Dr. Ch. 170. To make a roing noise. Fa. L. 2. 530.

Routhe, as *Ruthe*.

Routhelesse: Unmerciful, having no pity. Tr. L. 2. 346.

Routhelesse: Sorrowfully; Pitifully, compassionately.

Row, No. 882. *Rowe*, Tr. L. 1. 206. Rough. Also, A line. Fa. L. 1. 448. So we say, The *Christ-croß-row*.

Rowe, PT. 284. f. the same with *Rowne*, V.

Rowis, Bl. Kn. 598. Streaks. Sp. Perhaps, Rays. See *Rowe*.

Rowish, Ber. 3132. for *Routh*: Pity.

Rowne: To whisper. AS. Runnian. *Rowneft* ow for *Rowneft thou*? Whispereft thou? WB. 241.

Rowte, Prol. 624. as *Rout*.

Rubens. See *Puella*.

Rucking, or (as in MS. Ch.) *Rowkyng*: Lying, lurking. Mo. 1341. See *Rouke*.

Rudde, *Rude*, MR. 209. Colour, complexion; Ruddiness of complexion, a blush. AS. Rubu. Cimbr. *Rode*, *Rubor*; whence *Ruddy*.

Ruddocke: Robin-red-breast. AF. 349.

Rue: To pity, to have compassion upon; To suffer for. Tr. L. 2. 789. To be sorry for, to repent. Tr. L. 5. 1070. MS. Sp. hath the place thus;

And that to late is me now to repente,
To this y will be trewe in myn entente.

Ruel bone, No. 3383. f. Diversly coloured, from the Fr. *Riolé*. Sp. Sk. thinks it comes from the Fr. *Rouelle*, *Rotula*, The whirl-bone; but this sense will hardly suit here. It is otherwise read *remell*, *renel*.

Ruth for *Ruthe*, p. 487, b.

Rusfull: Sorrowful.

Ruth: Have compassion. Fr. 252b. from *Rue*.

Ruse: To praise. Cr. 157. See *Roufe*.

Ruthe: Pity, compassion. *Ruthless*: Merciless.

Ryff: Rife, frequent, common. Ber. 660.

Rymedin, Fr. 2257. Rhimed, or made Verses.

Ryve, Gam. 1553. Ber. 1440. as *Ryff*.

Ryve, Luc. 114. as *Rive*.

S.

SA: So. MR. 932.

Saaf, *Saafing*: Safe; Saving, except.

Saal: The Soul. Ber. 1948.

Sabel: Sable. Bal. 955.

Sack

Sackes fettes, Mo. 2411. Perhaps *Sacks* and *Fattes*, that is Dry *Fattes* and other such Vessels. *Com.* But *St.* supposes it may be *Feat sacks*, i. e. Neat sacks, or else *Fat sacks*, i. e. Sacks well filled, and stuffed with money.

Sackid freres, RR. 7462. Fryers wearing a coarse upper garment, called *Saccus*. See *Fr. Gl.*

Sacre, *Fr.* A coronation; A consecration; The solemnization of Matrimony. *Ch. Dr.* 2135.

Sacremēt: An oath. p. 486, b.

Sacrifice: To sacrifice. *Fr. Sacrifier*.

Sad, *Sadde*: Sober, serious, modest, grave, reserved. *No.* 898. *Sad of demene*: Of a reserved behaviour. *CL.* 734.

Sad of chere, or, *Of chere sade*, *Ber.* 414. Of a grave countenance. Solid, studdy, stedfast. *Booth*. It is sometimes used in an ill sense; as *CCr.* 151. Unsettled, unconstant; unless it should be read there, *Unsad*, which is used in that sense, *Fr.* 2016. *Sadly*: Gravely, soberly, &c. *Sadness*: Sobriety, gravity, modesty. *Sq.* 1107. *Fr.* 1482. *Solidity*; *Soliditas*, p. 386, b.

Saff: Save. *Ber.* 1948. See *Saaf*.

Saie: Saw. *Tr. L.* 3. 993.

Saile, for *Sale*, Mo. 2817. *Set a sale*; *Set to sale*.

Sailin: To assail, to assault. *RR.* 7338.

Saine: Seen. *RR.* 7445. To say. Also, the River *Seine* in France. *Fr.* 2778.

Saint John to borow. See *Borow*.

Salad: A sort of Head-piece. *Ch. Dr.* 1554. *Fr. Salade*.

Saladis: *Sallads*. *FL.* 412.

Sale, Mo. 2084. *Som one thei sustein with sale*; Some other that are able to bribe them they uphold in their lewdness. *Com.*

Salen, *Salne*: To salute.

Salidome, *Ber.* 2567. A kind of precious Stone: Perhaps corrupted from *Cassidome*. See *Cassidony*.

Salne, see *Salen*..

Salved, *RR.* 7431. for *salued*, or *salened*; and so removed, in the following Verse should be, *remened*, or *remew-ed*.

Saluingis: Salutations, greetings. *Tr. L.* 2. 1568.

Samette, *RR.* 836. *Samite*, *Ib.* 873. *Tr. L.* 1. 109. *Sattin*. See *Sk*.

Samin: The same.

Sance, *Sans*, *Sauns*: Without. *Fr. Sans*.

Sandall, *Pro.* 442. A thin stuff like Cypress. *Sp.* in *Sendall*. A fine silk stuff. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Cendalun*.

Sande, *Hen.* 84. as *Sonde*; and perhaps it should be read on *honde* in the foregoing Verse.

Sang: Song. *MR.* 1062.

Sanguin: Of a blood-colour; Red. *Pro.* 441.

Sare: Sore. *Cr.* 5.

Sarlunisse, *RR.* 1188. A kind of Silk like *Saucenet*. *Sp.* See *Sk*.

Sarmoning: Preaching; Talking. *Pro.* 3093.

Sarpleris, or (as in some Copies) *Sarplefis*: Satchels, packs, or fardels; *Sarcinas*, p. 361, b.

Sat. See *Sit*.

Sataly, *Pro.* 58. A City in *Anatolia*, called sometime *Atalla*. *Sp.*

Saturnad, *Bal.* 895. Swart, black. *Sp.* Yellow, or rather of a Lead-colour. *Sk*.

Save, *Pro.* 2716. The herb Sage. *Lat. Salvia*. See *Saff*.

Saved: Cured, healed. p. 212, b.

Savely: Safely. *Mo.* 1323.

Saverid: Savoured, relished, approved, *Ber.* 3230.

Sause I ne vouche, *RR.* 2002. I do not vouchsafe.

Sausleme, *Pro.* 627. Red-faced. See *Sk.* in *Sausleme*. f. *Fr. Enflammé*, All on fire. *Sausleme*, *H.* 1.

Saugb, *Saugbe*: Saw. *Pro.* 1757.

Saughte, *Gam.* 299. *Sawghte*, *MS.* *Ch.*

Savige: The herb Sage. *PT.* 292.

Savir: To savour, to tast, relish. *WB.* 171. To season. *No.* 1859.

Savite: Safety. *RR.* 6869.

Saul: The Soul. *MR.* 979.

Savorous: Savory, sweet. *RR.* 84.

Savouring: The Talt. p. 193, b.

Sautie: Assaults. *Bl. Kn.* 419.

Sautrie: A Psaltery or Shalm, a Musical Instrument like a Harp. *Pro.* 298. See *Blo.* and *Fr. Gl.*

Same: An old saying; A Proverb. *Saves*: Sayings; Precepts.

Say, *Sq.* 1452. *Saye*, *WB.* 645. *Sawa*,

Scall: Scabbiness; A scalled head. *Scallid*: Scabby, scurfy; Scalded. *Pro.* 630.

Scantilone: A scantling, a measure. *RR.* 7114. *Fr. Eschantillon*, A pattern.

Scape: To escape.

Scaplerie: A scapulary, a Garment worn by Fryers, covering the head and shoulders. p. 590, b.

Scarce: Sparing, niggardly. *RR.* 2329. *Scarfly*: Sparingly. *Pro.* 585.

Scarmishe, *Tr. L.* 2. 934. *Scarmishinge*, *At.* 25. A skirmish, a fight.

Scathe: Mischief, damage, harm, hurt. *Pro.* 448. *RR.* 6649. *AS.* *Sceaðian*, *Noene*, &c. *Scathesse*: Without harm or hurt, safe. *RR.* 1550. *Scathliche*: Hurtful. *Hyp.* 5.

Schall in the *MSS.* for *Shall*.

Scho: A shoe. *Pro.* 255. It is very often writ in *MS.* *Ch.* for *she*. *AS.* *Geo.*

Schole, *Tr. L.* 1. 635. *MS.* *Sp.* reads it, *to the schole* is: Is an Instruction or Example to thee. The old Poets frequently use it in that sense.

Scholeie, *Pro.* 304. To be educated. *Schoolelay*, An Exhibition. *Sp.* It may be two distinct words, *Schole aye*; and *MS.* *Ch.* has the two lines thus;

And besily gan for the sowles pray,
For the sowles that hym to skole found ay, i. e.

He prayed heartily and diligently for the Souls of them that maintained him at School, or were the Founders of the School or College, where he had his Education.

Selaunder, *Sclaundir*: Slander.

Sclaw: Slain. *Ber.* 64.

Sclae: To slay. *Ber.* 1593.

Sclendre: Slender.

Sclepe, *Schope*, *PT.* 454. To sleep.

Sclipper: Slippery; Treacherous. *Ber.* 908.

Sely: Sly, cunning. *Ber.* 2725.

Selyt: Slit. *Ber.* 2469.

Selyve: A sleeve. *Ber.* 624.

Scachons: Scutcheons of Arms. *FL.* 216. *Fr. Ecuison*, a Coat of Arms.

Scribble: Fit to write upon. *RL.* 106.

Scripe: A scrip of paper, any writing. *Tr. L.* 2. 1130.

Script, *Ca.* and *al.* *Fr. Escript*, now written *Ecrit*, a Writing.

Scripture: Writing. *Pro.* 2046. *Booth*.

Scrite: A scrip, a writing. *Sq.* 1213. See *Script*.

Scryven-like: Like a subtle Scrivener. *Tr. L.* 2. 1026. Some read it *scryveinisse*, which *Kyn.* renders *Padantic*, like a Pedant.

Scylid: Hid, covered, withdrawn. *Scylid under care*: Hid under cover. *Cr.* 19. *AS.* *Scylan*, To withdraw.

Se: A seat. *Mo.* 263, 2053. *Tr. L.* 4. 1023. Also, To see. *Mo.* 163. To look upon. *Tr. L.* 3. 130. *God you se*, *Fr.* 905. *No.* 2232. A Form of Salutation; God save you, have a gracious regard to you. So in *Tr. L.* 2. 85. *God you save and se*, and *God hir se*, *Gower*, *L.* 4. f. 78. p. 2, b. in the same sense. In *RR.* 6044. instead of *se* read *fe*, *V.*

Se of the day: The Daisie. *Bal.* 686.

Sech, *Seche*, *Sechin*: To seek, look out. *Sechers*: Seekers. *Test.*

Seche: Cause, occasion. *No.* 950. *AS.* *Saca*.

Secondly, *Tr. L.* 2. 1741. *Ca.* and *al.* *Sikerly*, *V.*

Secre: Secret. *Tr. L.* 3. 287. *Secretour*, for *secret tour*, i. e. tower; *Arce abbat*, *Booth*, p. 389. b. l. 33.

Seculer, *Seculere*, *Mo.* 2658. "The Popish Clergy are either "Regular, which live by Profession, severed from the "ordinary course of the World, after a certain Rule "appointed by their Founder; or *Secular*, which live "without any such restraint, in *saeculo*, in the world, "as other men commonly do, the difference of calling "excepted. *Com.*

Seculeres, *Sq.* 767. *Seculer folke*, *RR.* 6150. Laymen; or Secular, in opposition to Regular, who may be meant by *Religious*, *Ib.* 6149, 6152.

Sedin: To produce seed. *RR.* 4344.

Sedis: Seeds. *Mo.* 1995.

Sedumall: The herb Valerian, or Setwall. *MR.* 99. *AS.* *Sydepale*.

See: The Sea. *The grete see*, *Pro.* 59. *Mar Maggiore*, *The*

The *Euxine* Sea. *Sp.* Seas. Also, Seats. *Fa. L.* 3. 120. See *Se*.

Sege, *Prol.* 939. *Assège*, *MS. Ch.* A siege.

Segge: To say, speak. *Tr. L.* 4. 194. The whole Verse is in *MS. Sp.* thus;

O Kyng Priam qd they lo thus seyn we.

Sele: To say. *Tr. L.* 1. 575.

Seien: Saw. *Tr. L.* 5. 816.

Seigh: Saw. *AF.* 117.

Seignorie: Sovereignty, power. *RR.* 3213.

Sein, *Seine*: Seen. *RR.* 2181. To see. *Ib.* 7468. To say. *Ib.* 2195.

Seinde: Singed. *Mo.* 959.

Seint: A girdle. *Prol.* 331. *Fr. Ceinte*.

Seintewarie: A sanctuary.

Sejour: Sojourn, stay. *Fr. Sejour*.

Seiþow: Sayest thou. *Prol.* 1127.

Seit: Said. *Ber.* 2142.

Seke: To seek. *Prol.* 17. Sick. *Ib.* 18. *Sekenes*: Sicknes. *Ber.* 130.

Seld, *Selde*, *Selden*, *Seldin*: Seldom.

Seler: A cellar. In p. 367, a. l. 37. it should perhaps be read, *felle* or *fille*; *Limen*, A door-fill, or threshold.

Seleris: Cellars.

Selie, as *Sely*. *Selineß*: Happiness. *Tr. L.* 3. 815.

Selis: Seals. *Tr. L.* 3. 1468.

Sell: A cell. *Ch. Dr.* 2064.

Selve: Self, the same.

Sely: Silly, simple. *MR.* 992. Plain, honest, harmless. *WB.* 370. Happy.

Semblable, *Fr.* Like.

Semblance, *Semblance*, *Semblaunt*: Outward shew, appearance, pretence. *Fr. Semblant*. Fair *semblant*: Fair shew, Disimulation. *RR. passim*.

Semeliche, *Semely*, *Semily*: Seemly, decent, comely.

Semelyhede: Seemliness, comeliness. *RR.* 777.

Semilineß, *Fl.* 206. for *Semelineß*, as *Semelyhede*.

Semiram: *Semiramis* Queen of *Assyria*.

Semis: Seams.

Semifoune: A soft, gentle noise. *MR.* 588.

Semyboufy: Half-drunk. *PT.* 705.

Semy cope, *Prol.* 264. A short Cloak. *Sp.* But *MS. Ch.* hath it, *His semely cope*. See *Cope*.

Semyryse, *Ber.* 1468. Half-killed. See *Rose* and *Rive*.

Sene: To see; Seen. *Fairir* into *sene*, *Phyl.* 32. Fairer to look upon.

Sengel: Single. *Mo.* 946.

Sengin: To singe. *WB.* 349. *Sengid*: Singed.

Sens: Since.

Sent: To assent, agree. *Ber.* 881. Also, for *Seint*: A girdle. *CL.* 817.

Sentence: Discourse; Knowledge; Opinion; sense, meaning, intention.

Sentiment, *Fr.* Sense, feeling; Mind, opinion, thought; Inclination, passion.

Sentyn: To scent, to smell, to perfume. *Ber.* 2031.

Sepulture: A sepulchre, a grave. *Tr. L.* 4. 327. In *WB.* 498. *MS. Ch.* hath *Sepulkre* instead of it.

Sere: Dry, withered. *RR.* 4749. p. 516, a. *AS.* Seapan. To dry.

Serial, *FL.* 209. as *Carrial*.

Serid potis, No. 829. Pots scared up, close shut. In former Editions it was *Sered pokettes*, and therefore explained by *Sk. Loculi serati, vel clausi*; and in *MS. Ch.* it is *fyred pokettes*: But the present Reading bears an easy and obvious sense.

Serie: Series, proceeding. *Prol.* 3069.

Serkill celestyne: The Celestial circle, i. e. The Heavens. *Ber.* 355.

Serment, *Fr.* An oath. p. 487, b.

Sermon: To talk, to say. *Sermoning*, as *Sarmoning*.

Serpentine: Belonging to a serpent, venomous, winding, cunning, crafty. p. 487, a.

Servage, *Fr.* 1176, 1512. *Servise*, *Ib.* 1144. Slavery, servitude.

Servand: A servant. *Ch. Dr.* 1627.

Servisable: Officious, obliging, complaisant. *Prol.* 99.

Servise. See *Servage*.

Servitour: A servant.

Sesid: Posselt, seized. *Ber.* 1327.

Seft: Seeth. *Test.* L. 3.

Set, *fete*: Sat. *FL.* 436.

Seib, *Seibe*: Seeth. *Tr. L.* 2. 1254. Since. *Ib.* L. 4. 1101. Also, Seethed, boiled.

Seirone: Bright of hue; for a Citron colour is the brightest and livelyest of any other, says *Sk. Fl.* 195. See *Citrin*.

Sett his cap, *Prol.* 588. Impose upon, or deceive him.

Sette, *Settin*: To put. *Sette case*: Put the case, suppose. To regard, to value. *Tr. L.* 3. 902. where *MS. Sp.* reads it, *I wolde sette his sorrow at a myte*. *I sette not an haw*, *WB.* 659. or rather (as in *MS. Ch.*) *I sette it not an haw*; I valued it not an haw, I cared not a rush for it.

Settlinge, p. 515, a. *Settele*, p. 518, b. A young plant.

Seviliouns: Civilians. *Ber.* 1335.

Sevith, for *Sewith*: Followeth. *Bal.* 120. See *Sewe*.

Sewe: To sow; Sown. *Mo.* 1995.

Sewe, *Sewin*: To follow, to pursue; To prosecute. *AL.* 117. To sue. *Ib.* 332. *Fr. Suivre, sequi*.

Sewe and surgery, *PT.* 290. f. Salve and chirurgery.

Sewes: Broths, soups. *Sq.* 87. *Fr. Jus*, Gravy.

Seye: To say. *Prol.* 1869. Seen. *WB.* 552.

Seyll: To fail. *Ber.* 2151.

Seyne: To say.

Seyng: Seeing. *Tr. L.* 4. 363. Seeming. *Boeth.* L. 1.

Seynour: A belt, a girdle. *Ber.* 3191. *Fr. Ceinture*.

Shadde ovir: Overshadowed. *Dr. Ch.* 426.

Shadowy: Sorry, slight; *Umbratilis*, p. 377, a.

Shakill: A shackle. *Ber.* 332.

Shalmies, *Fa. L.* 3. 128. See *Saurie*.

Shalons, *MR.* 1032. Blankets. *Chalonnis*, *MS. Ch.* perhaps so called from *Chalons*, where they were made.

Shape: To form; To prepare; To order, direct, dispose; To move, excite; To contrive, design, intend.

Shapetich, *Prol.* 374. *Schapely*, *MS. Ch.* *Shapely*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1452. Likely. *Sk.*

Shaw: A shade, a tuft of trees. *Sp.* and *Sk.* A Wood, forest, grove. See *Gl. V.*

Shede, *Mo.* 2215. But he is so get, from it shall shede; But he that so gets his goods shall soon lose them; shall shede, that is, shall fall away from them. *Com.* The place seems to be corrupted. *Shede abak*. See *Abak*.

Sheff of arrowes: A sheaf, or bundle of arrows. *Prol.* 104.

Shefeld, *MR.* 824. *Sheffield* in *Yorkshire*, still famous for Cutlery-ware. See *Thwidd*.

Sheld: A shield; To defend. *God sheld*: God shield, or defend us. *Sheldis*: Shields; French Crowns (*Fr. Écus*, from *Scutum*) so called from the Impression of a Shield upon them. *Prol.* 280. But *MS. Ch.* reads the whole Verse thus;

Well couth he in his eschaungis beye and selle.

Shell, for *Shall*, *Ber.* 142.

Shend, *Shendin*: To trouble, spoil, mar, ruin, corrupt; To shame, confound, expose; To blame.

Shene: Shining, bright; Fair, beautiful. *When the sunne shene*, *Tr. L.* 4. 1432. or (as it is better read in *MS. Sp.*) *When the sun is shene*; When the sun shines.

Shent: Spoiled, &c. from *Shend*, *V.*

Shepe, *Shepis*: Sheep.

Shopy: Sheepish, silly, simple. p. 486, b.

Shore: To cut with shears, or other Instruments. *CL.* 62.

Shorn, shaved, clipped. *RR.* 6196. To reap. *Ib.* 4335.

Shert: A shirt.

Shet, *Shete*, *Shette*: Shut.

Shete: To shoot. *MR.* 820. To shete a featherles bolt, *Ber.* 1031. To shoot an unfeathered arrow, i. e. To labour in vain. A sheet. *Tr. L.* 3. 1058.

Sheweth, for *Sheweth*, p. 367, b. l. 1.

Shewe, for *Sewe*: To follow. *Mo.* 3178.

Shift: To divide, distribute. *WB.* 104. To change, vary. *AS.* Scyptan.

Shild, as *Sheld*. *Shildes*, No. 2860. as *Sheldis*.

Skill, *Cr.* 20. f. leg. *Shrill*. *Schill* is used for *Shrill* in *Dongl.* See *Gl. V.*

Shimring: Glimmering. *MR.* 1189. *AS.* Scýma, Splendor.

Shinande: Shining. *Test.*

Shipins: Sheep-pens. *WB.* 871.

Shipman: A tailor, a seaman.

Shire, Gam. 1414. The meeting of a Shire; The Assizes. *AS*. Scip. gemot.
Shiregereve: A Sheriff. See *Gerewe*.
Shit, *Shitte*: Shut. *Shutting*: Shutting up. RR. 1598.
Shode, Prol. 2009. Head, bush of hair. *Sp*. Shod, having shoes on. *Fa*. L. 1. 98. *Shode and bare*: Shod and bare-footed. RR. 7463.
Shofe: To shove, push, drive; Pushed. RR. 534. Drove. *Phyl*. 19. *Shofth*, for *Shofth*: Shoveth, &c. *Fr*. 882.
Sbonde: Shame; Harm, misfortune. *Fa*. L. 1. 88. See *Shende*.
Shone, *Shoone*: Shoes. Gam. 423.
Shonne: To shun, avoid.
Shop, *Shope*, *Shoped*: Shaped; Prepared, &c. See *Shape*.
Shore: A cleft, a cranny. RR. 2260. From the *AS*. *Scynan*, To divide.
Shot: Shut. MR. 250.
Shotir: A shooter. The Ewe is called *Shotir*, *AF*. 180. because it is proper for making Bows. *Shottis*: Arrows, darts, any thing that is shot. *Tr*. L. 2. 58.
Shoufe, MR. 804. *MS*. *Ch*. and *H*. 1. *Showne*. By comparing these with other Copies I guess the true Reading of the two Verses to be this;
Though I answer and somedell sette his bowne;
For lesfull it is with force, force off to shoun,
for *shouven*, To shove off, oppose, or resist. See *Houfe*.
Shoure, *Shoures*. See *Stoures*.
Shoue: A shoe. *Mo*. 2401.
Shreudneffe: Wickedness, &c. *Tr*. L. 2. 858. See *Shrend*.
Shren, *Shrene*: A villain, &c. *Scurra*, p. 376, b. See *Shrend*. *Shren his face*; Beshrew him, a curse light on him.
Shrend: Impious, vile, wicked; *Impius*, *nequam*, *Boeth*. Ill-natured. *Shrendes*: Wicked folk. *Shrendes* and *Felons* are used as synonymous in *Boeth*. p. 364, a. *Iniqui*, *scelesti*.
Shrift: Confession. No. 288. *Shrift-father*: A Father Confessor. RR. 6423.
Shright: Shrieked. *Sq*. 442.
Shrive, *Shriven*: To confess one's self.
Shroff: Confess. *Ber*. 847.
Shronde: To cover, hide. *Bl*. Kn. 148.
Sibbe: Kindred, alliance, relation. *AS*. *Sybbe*.
Sice fortune is tourmid to an ace; so the common Editions read *Mo*. 687. The greatest fortune is changed to the lowest or meanest; A Metaphor taken from Dice, when in the lowest of the highest cast expected, there comes up the lowest. See *Affe*.
Sie: To see; Saw. *Fr*. 2396. *PL*. 194. *PW*. 136. To fall off. *Tr*. L. 5. 182. perhaps from the *Fr*. *Sier*; To fall after; unless it should be read *Stie*, from the *AS*. *Stigan*, *Descendere*.
Sigh: Saw. RR. 818. To see. *Ber*. 863.
Sight: Sighed. *Tr*. L. 4. 714.
Sightfull, p. 519, b. Visible.
Signe: To assign, appoint. *CL*. 642.
Signifer: The Ecliptick, or Zodiack, so called from the Twelve Signs. *Tr*. L. 5. 1020.
Significance: Signification, intimation. *Tr*. L. 5. 1446.
Sike: Sick. For *sike*, *WB*. 394. For being sick. *Sikeliche*: Sick, sickly. *Tr*. L. 2. 1528.
Sike, *Siklin*: To seek; To sigh.
Siker: Firm, sure, certain, safe. *Sikerneß*: Security, certainty, assurance, firmness: But instead of *Sikerneß*, *Tr*. L. 3. 833. *MS*. *Sp*. hath *Selineß*: Happiness.
Sikerde: Made sure, assured of. *Ar*. 243.
Sikes: Sighs.
Sikir, *Sikre*, as *Siker*. *Sikirneß*, as *Sikerneß*. In *Tr*. L. 2. 843. *Ca*. and *al*. read *Secretneße*.
Sikith: Maketh sick. *CN*. 19.
Sikkir, as *Siker*.
Sild: Seldom. p. 902, b.
Silfin: Self.
Silineße, *Tr*. L. 3. 827. for *Selineß*, *V*.
Simble, Prol. 119. It is *simple* in all the MSS. and printed Editions of any Authority that I have seen.
Similacion: Diffimulation, hypocrisy. RR. 782.
Similineße, *Fl*. 206. for *Semelineß*: Decency in behaviour.
Similitude: The like effect, the same sense. No. 442.
Simply: Simply, modestly. RR. 3861.

Simple of attire, *Tr*. L. 1. 181. Drest in a plain attire, or habit. But *MS*. *Sp*. hath it, *Simple of beryinge*; Of a modest, easy behaviour, which seems to be the better Reading, her simple attire being described before, *ib*. 170.
Simpleße: Simplicity, plainness, downright honesty. RR. 954.
Sin: Since. *La*. 815.
Singid snout, *Mo*. 1959. A singed nose, i. e. a tann'd face.
Singuler: Single; One.
Sipher in Augrim: A Cypher in Arithmetick. See *Augrim*.
Siris: Sirs.
Sise, see *Sice*.
Sisouris: Jurymen. Gam. 1247. See *Skene* in *Affiores*.
Sisterne: Sisters. The *Parca*, or Goddesses of Destiny, are so called. *Bl*. Kn. 489.
Sit: To become, suit, agree with: *It sit not me*, No. 2671. It does not become me. *It sat me well bettir*, *Tr*. L. 2. 117. It would become me better. *It sat me fore*, *Tr*. L. 3. 241. It grieved me much. *It were an unsittende thing*. It were unbecoming. *Gower*, f. 151. p. 1.
Sith: Time. *Sithis*: Times. *Ofte sithis*: Often times. *AS*. *Sirð*, *Sirðon*, *Vice*, *Vices*.
Sithe, *Siben*, *Sithin*, *Sithnes*: Since; Afterwards. Gam. 1039.
Sithes: Scythes. p. 479, a.
Sithin. See *Sithe*.
Sistande: Sitting; Fitting, becoming. RR. 2263.
Sitte: Set. RR. 1398. See *Sit*.
Sixe, No. 800. should be *fixe*, i. e. Fixed, opposed in Chymistry to Volatile.
Scaffaw, RR. 4176. An Engine of War. *Sp*. Perhaps what is in *Lat*: called *Testudo*, a Scaffold or Fence made of boards, covered with raw hides, under which the Besiegers of Towns approached the Walls. *Fr*. *Echaffaw*.
Skall: A scab, scabbiness. *Mo*. 2222. *Sk*. thinks it signifies Scalp.
Skere, *Mo*. 2927. To scowr, to make clean. *Cam*.
Skill: Reason. *Tr*. L. 2. 365; *L*. 3. 647. *LW*. 385. *Skilles*: Reasons. p. 159, b. *Skilfull*: Reasonable. *Tr*. L. 2. 392; *L*. 3. 288, 940.
Skinke: To fill or pour out drink. *Sq*. 1238. *AS*. *Scencan*.
Sklander: Slender. Prol. 589.
Sklere, *Skleren*: To cover. p. 506, b. It was *smeren* in the former Editions in *Mo*. 2647.
Skore, p. 203, b. 1. 29. So *MS*. *Ch*. Others have *Sconre*; but most of the Editions have either *sconre* or *beat*.
Skorclish, p. 372, a. 1. 29. for *scorchish*: Scorcheth. *Lat*. *Torret*.
Skippe: A scrip, a wallet, a fatchel. RR. 7405.
Skriviner: A scrivener, a writer, or transcriber of Books. *Bl*. Kn. 196. p. 626, b.
Slaen: To slay, to kill. *Tr*. L. 1. 824. *Slaeth*: Slayeth. *Tr*. L. 5. 1342.
Slain, RR. 7316. for *Flain*: Flead.
Slake: Slack, slow, Prol. 2903: To slacken; To quench; To appeale; To desist, forbear. *PW*. 98.
Slannis, RR. 7092. for *Flannis*: Custards. *Sk*. *Fr*. *Flans*.
Slawe: Slain.
Slea, *Sleen*: To slay, to kill.
Sleer, Prol. 2007. *Sleer*, *Hyp*. 2. A slayer, a murderer.
Sledes: Sledges, carriages; Vehicles; *Vehiculus*. p. 386, b.
Slethe, *Slethe*: Slayeth.
Sleke, as *Slake*.
Slen, *Slene*: To slay. *La*. 960, 965.
Slepe: Sleep; To sleep; Slept; Sleepy, causing sleep. Prol. 1389.
Slepin: To sleep.
Slet, *Di*. 295. *Slete*, RR. 2651. Sleet, a mixture of rain and snow.
Slethe. See *Slethe*.
Sleveless, p. 500, a. Lifeless. *Sk*. f. Idle.
Slider, *Cl*. 69. *Slidir*: Slippery.
Sliding of corage: Easily perswaded, or moved to comp passion. *Tr*. L. 5. 825.
Slie: Wife; Cunning.
Slightly, for *Slightly*, or (as in *MS*. *Sp*.) *Slily*: Slyly, wisely, prudently. *Tr*. L. 2. 462. *Wyfely*, *Ca*. . In RR. 3156. it should be *slighly*.
Slippir:

Slippir : Slippery. *BD.* 264.
Slitbir : Slippery. *Prok.* 1266.
Slivere : A small slice or piece. *Tr. L.* 3. 1015. *MS. Sp.* reads it *lyvere*, which is much the same.
Slo : To slay. *RR.* 1953.
Slogardie : Sloth, sluggishness. *Sc.* 76.
Slombringas : Slumblings. *Tr. L.* 5. 246.
Slonge : Slung. *Tr. L.* 2. 941. *Ca.* and *ad.* read it, with *syngis and stones*.
Sloppe : A sort of breeches. *p.* 198, *a.*
Slottish : Sluttish, slovenly. *No.* 647.
Slough : Slew.
Slowe : Slain. Also, A slough. *RR.* 4751.
Sme : Slew. *An.* 56.
Slaggardie, as *Slogardie*.
Sly : Slideth. *No.* 703.
Smalisse : Pretty small or slender. *RR.* 826.
Small : Fine. *p.* 198, *a.*
Smaragde : An Emerald. *Lat.* *Smaragdus*.
Smarrh, *Gam.* 373. *f.* *Smart.* *H.* 1. reads it, *Imertly* [*smartlye*, *MS. Sp.*] and *skete*.
Smaught : Taisted; Perceived. *Ber.* 2387. From *Smack*.
Smere, *Smeren* : To besmear, anoint. *Mo.* 2222.
Smerande : Smarting. *Test.*
Smerin : To smart. *Smerin that* : Smart, or suffer for that. *RR.* 7107.
Smokleß : Stark naked, without a smock.
Smoterlich, *MR.* 855. Snout-fair, or painted. *Sp.* Perhaps of a fallow complexion, or freckled, from *Smüt*; or *Fair*, clear. *Sc.* *Smout*. See *Gl. V.*
Smythieth : Forgeth, as a smith. *MR.* 653.
Snache : To snatch, or snap. *PT.* 651.
Snele, *Ber.* 1972. *Snel*, *Snell*, *Ib.* 961, 1017. Presently, immediately. *AS.* *Snel*, *Swift*, nimble, &c.
Snefe : To sneeze. *PT.* 42.
Snewid : Snowed. *It snewid*, &c. *Prok.* 347. That is, Meat and drink were as plentiful in his house, as Snow in Winter. This Metaphorical Expression of Abundance by *Snow* is used by *Gower*, fol. 135. *p.* 2, *a.*
He was with yestis all besnewid.
Snibb, *Prok.* 525. *Snybbe* : To snubb; chide, reprove, rebuke.
Snyffuh : Snuffleth. *PT.* 39.
Sobirliche, *Sobirly* : Soberly, gravely. Instead of *Sobirly*, *Tr. L.* 4. 178. *Ca.* hath, *so breuely*, i. e. so briefly.
Soc : The *AS.* *Soc*, signifies Power, Authority or Licence to administer Justice; and execute Laws; Also, The Precinct wherein such Power is exercised. It is sometimes used for Duties and Services due from Tenants to their Landlord, as Mowing, Carriages, Grinding at his Mill, &c. whence Toll taken for Grinding is called *Soc*, *Mo.* 2315. And Custom to a Mill is called *Sokin*, *MR.* 879.
Socour, *Socours* : Succour, help. *Fr.* *Secours*.
Sodainliche : Suddenly.
Sodenly, *Sq.* 1578. See *Sorelly*.
Soficiente : Sufficient. *p.* 206, *at*
Soget : Subject. *CL.* 93.
Soigne : Care, diligence. *RR.* 3882. *Fr.* *soin*, or *soign*.
Soile, for *Affoile* : To absolve. *Mo.* 2926.
Sojour, *Sojourne* : Stay, abide, residence. *RR.* 4282, 5149.
Thalt sojour; *Sojourneth*, *Ib.* 4979. *Sojournant* : A sojourner. *Mo.* 2712. *Fr.* *Sejour*, *Stay*, &c. *Sejourner*, To sojourn.
Sokid : Sucked. *Fr.* 1480.
Sokin. See *Soc*.
Soking of his—*Ber.* 1394. *Chyld* seems to be wanting here, which being added will make the sense plain; The sucking of his child.
Sokingly : Leisurely, gently. *p.* 156, *a.*
Solace, *Solas* : Comfort, delight, mirth, spott, diversion.
Sole : Alone. *RR.* 2395. *Solitary*. *AF.* 505.
Soleine : Solitary. *Ch. Dr.* 982. *Alone*. *AL.* 607, 614.
Sullen. *RR.* 3897. *Solein* [not *sole in*] purpose; A selfish purpose. *p.* 508, *a.* 1. 13.
Solempne : Solemn, majestick, grave. *Solempnely* : Gravely.
Solere : A solar, an upper floor.
Solere Hall, *MR.* 881. *H.* 1. *MS. Ch.* and all the printed Editions that I have seen before Mr. *Spegh's* in 1602. read it *Soler*, or *Solere*. Tho' he retained *Solere* in the

Text of the Edition 1598. yet in his Notes he directs it to be read *Scholar's Hall*, that is (says he) "The University-Hall, founded by the Chancellor and Masters of the University, Anno. 1326. but since united to the Foundation of the Lady *Elisabeth de Burgo*, Countess of *Clare*, and called *Clare-Hall*. If *Scholar's* or *Scholler's Hall* be the true reading; perhaps it may mean a College Founded by *Edward the Third*, by the name of *Aula Sclorum Regis*, now part of *Trinity College*. See *Rymer's Fœd.* Vol. VII. *p.* 239. *Pro Sclorum Aula Regis Ordinationes. Cum Dominus Edwardus, bone memorie, nuper Rex Angliæ, Avus noster ordinasset quoddam Collegium in Universitate Cantabrigiæ, in quodam manso, quod Aulam Sclorum Regis vocari fecit, perpetuis temporibus duraturum; Nos volentes, &c.*

Syng, *p.* 504, *b.* 1. 61. *f.* Corrupted from *Feling* : Sense. *Somar*, *Bal.* 190. *Somir*, *LW.* 142. *Somme*, *RR.* 1430. The Summer.

Somdele : Somewhat. *Prok.* 448. In some measure or degree. See *Dile*.

Somir. See *Somar*.

Somme, *Fr.* A sum, A burden. With his tenthé somme. *Tr. L.* 2. 1249. Perhaps it may signify Horsemen, or Servants on horseback. The *Fr.* *Somme* signifies a Burden or Load, whence *Sompter-horse*, *Fr.* *Sommier*; and perhaps this place should be read, with his tenne sommes ifere. *MS. Sp.* reads it his *X Somme*, and *Kyn.* renders it *Denis stipatus servis*; but *Ca.* hath it, wyth his people in feere. *Sommis* : Sums.

Sompne, *Fr.* 313. To summon; whence *Sompnour* : An Apparitor, an inferior Officer that summons Delinquents to appear in Ecclesiastical Courts.

Son, *Sone*, *Sonne* : A son; The Sun. *Sonne ybrent* : Sunburnt.

Sond, *Sonde* : Sand. *Ch. Dr.* 2018. A message. *Tr. L.* 3. 493. A present, or whatever may be sent. *Of Goddis sonde*, *No.* 2727. Of God's sending, of what God has sent. *Sondis*, *Ber.* 3211. Presents.

Sondid, or (as in *MS. Sp.*) *Sandyd* : Sanded, gravelled. *Tr. L.* 2. 822.

Sondin : To send.

Sone : Soon. *Come hitbir lovis sone*, *Prok.* 674. This doth not seem to be the true Reading; for *Sone* is not a proper Rhime to *Rome*. *H.* 1. *MS. Ch.* and all the old Editions read it, *Come hitbir love to me*, and in some of them, *to me*, is written *rome*, and may be pronounced as one Syllable, to rhyme to *Rome*; or else *Rome* may be divided into two Syllables *Ro-me*, to answer to *to me*, which will make the numbers compleat in both Verses. See *Alouth*. *Come hitbir Love [or Loves] to me*, might be the beginning of a Song well known in *Chaucer's* time. See *Son*, &c.

Soneneß, *AL.* 61. Noise; from the *Lat.* *Sonus*. *Sp.* Some Editions read it *soneneß*.

Songedeß : Didst sing. *Test.*

Sonir : Sooner.

Sonken : Sunk. *RR.* 5113.

Sonne. See *Sm*.

Sonnisse : Sunniss, yellow. *Sonnisse of bette*, *Tt. L.* 4. 736. Bright yellow.

Soorb, as *Soib*.

Sope : To sup. *PT.* 217. *Soper*, *Ib.* 286. *Sopor* : A supper. *A rere sopor*, *Ib.* 365. A second supper. *So Lidg.* describes the Luxury of *Sardanapalus* in *The Fall of Princes*, *L.* 2. *C.* 14.

*Cherisbynge surfetes, wasche, and glotony—
 Founde rere suppers and fetherbeddes soft,
 Drynke late, and chaunge his wines oft.*

Sopheme; *RR.* 7471. A Sophism, a Fallacy; Sophistry.

Sophisms : Sophisms, Subtleties. *Sq.* 574.

Sople : Supple, flexible; Complying. *Cr.* 138.

Sorde, *Cr.* 211. Sortel-colour. See *Gl. V.* in *Sore*.

Sorie : Sorrowfull.

Sorowdest, for *Sorowdest* : Didst lament or bewail. *Boeth.*

Sorne : Sorrow. *Prok.* 2824.

Sort, *Tr. L.* 2. 1754. *Sorte*, *Pars.* Fortunt, lot.

Sorrid : Allotted. *Tr. L.* 5. 1826.

Sore : Sweet. *Prok.* 1. *Soot*. *Test.* *L.* 2. *p.* 506, *B.*

Sorelly [so it should be read *Sq.* 1578. as in *MS. Ch.* and *ad.* not *solely*] Subtly, cunningly.

Soth,

Soth, Sothe: Truth; True. *AS.* 808. *Sothir*: Truer.
Sotherne: Southern. *Mo.* 3352. *MS. Ch.* reads it *Sowtherne*.
 It seems there to signify Plain, honest, simple, &c. See
Gl. V. in *Sodroun*.

Sothfast: True. *AS.* 808. *Sothfastneffe*: Truth.

Sothneß: Truth. See *Soth*.

Sothfaw: Veracity. *RR.* 6125.

Sorill: Subtle, cunning, crafty.

Sotille: Subtilty, a sleight. *WB.* 576.

Sottid: Befotted, stupid, dull. *Test.*

Souble, *Mo.* 1998. *f.* Supple; Tractable. In the Edition
 1602. and *al.* it is *Saukle*, Poor, wretched. *Sp.* Poor
 and thin. *Com.* See *Sk.* in *Soukle*.

Soudon, *Sowdan*: A Sultan, or Mahometan Sovereign
 Prince. The true Reading of *La.* 422. (as it is in *H.* 1.
MS. Ch. and the oldest Editions) is thus;

O fodeyn wo, that ever art successour, &c.

i. e. O fuddainWo, or Misfortune, that ever succeedest
 worldly happiness, &c.

Soudonneß: A Sultan's Consort, or Saltana. *La.* 359.

Soveraine notabilite, *Mo.* 1324. A very remarkable obser-
 vation, or occurrence. *Soverainly*: Above all, especi-
 ally. *ib.* 1477.

Soverainneß: Sovereignty, Government. *Test.*

Sowir: Sowr. *Magd.* 486.

Souke: To suck; To spend, consume. *MR.* 1308. *Souk-*
ing: Sucking. *Test.* p. 484, *a.*

Soule, *Ber.* 257. Alone. See *Sole*.

Souled blyffe: The bliss of the Soul, or spiritual happiness.
p. 507, *a.*

Sounde: To make sound or whole, to heal. *An.* 245. To
 grow found. *Bl. Kn.* 293.

Sonne, as *foun*.

Sonnitrefß, *Bal.* 846. Hair shining as the Sun. *Sp.* It should
 be *Sonnitrefse* (*n* and *n* being often confounded by the
 Transcribers) and perhaps it should be read in two
 words, *Sunny trefse*, *i. e.* Sunnith tresses. See *Sonnish*.

Soupe, *Soupin*: To sup.

Soupir: A supper.

Souple: Supple, pliant.

Sourde, *p.* 198, *b.* To proceed, to spring. *Fr.* *Soudre*;
 whence

Sours: Source, spring. *Fr.* *Source*.

Sours, *Fr.* 674. *Fa. L.* 2. 36, 43. *Soar* is a Term in Fal-
 conry, when the Hawk *soars* or flies aloft, termed also
 Towering; and *Source* is when he takes the Game in
 flight. *Holme's Academy of Armory*.

Souter: A cobbler. *MR.* 796. *Lat.* *Sutor*.

Southly, *Ch. Dr.* 1324. *CL.* 140. seems to signify Softly.

Some, *Tr. L.* 2. 1201, 1203. To seal; from the *Fr.* *Seau*,
 or *Sean*, A seal.

Sowirs: Sores, male fallow deer four years old. *Dr. Ch.*
 429.

Sown: Sound, noise. *Tr. L.* 5. 580. To sound; To signify;
 To tend to; To sound well or ill in a moral sense.
Sownid into bad, *Tr. L.* 4. 1675. Savoured of evil. *Sownish*
into honeste; Is agreeable to good manners. Also, To
 swoon away. *Prol.* 915.

Spannishing, *RR.* 3633. Full breadth. *Sp.* A span
 broad. *Sk.*

Spar, *Sparre*: A wooden bar or bolt of a door. *Prol.*
 992.

Sparande: Sparing, niggardly. *RR.* 5363.

Sparrid: Barred, bolted; Locked. *RR.* 3320.

Sparthe: A double Ax; *Bipennis*. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Sparth*.

Species: Sorts, kinds; Parts. *p.* 191, *a.* *Lat.* *Species*.

Spede: Speed; Success; To dispatch. *Spedefull*: Success-
 full, effectual.

Spell, *No.* 3398. A history, a tale; Discourse. *AS.* *Spel*.

Spence: Any place where Provision is laid up, as a Lat-
 der, a Buttery, a Cellar. Also, Expences.

Spene: To spend, consume.

Sperde, *BD.* 66. *Spered*, *RR.* 2099. Eockt up.

Spere: A spear; A Sphere. *Fr.* 2839. A long pole or staff.
Lat. Contin. *AS.* *Speape*, *Surna*, a Flake, &c. *Speris*:

Spears; Spheres. *Fr.* 2836. *AF.* 59, 61.

Sperhauke: A Sparrow-hawk.

Speris: Asketh, enquireth. *Cr.* 272. See *Gl. V.*

Sperkel and, *p.* 481, *b.* should be *sperkeland*: Dispersed,
 wandering, strayed.

Sperm: Seed. *Mo.* 121. It was so in the former Editions;

but in this it is changed to *streme*, from *MS. Ch.* which
 doth not alter the sense.

Sperrid, as *Sperde*.

Spete: To spit.

Spetouse: Spightfull. *PT.* 635.

Spette: Speedeth, fareth. *Gam.* 1599.

Spicid conscience, *Prol.* 528. A double conscience. The
 meaning is, He did not distinguish upon Conscience,
 and divide it into many *Species*, or sorts; but had only
 one honest, plain one. *A sweet spicid conscience*, *WB.*
 435. A sweet sort of conscience. *f.* Good humour.

Spill: To dye, perish. *MR.* 170. To destroy. *Fr.* 1533.

Spilte: Destroyed, lost. *Test.*

Spire, *p.* 515, *a.* A sprout or twig. *Gam.* 997. See *Sperre*.
An oaken spire; An oaken cudgel; perhaps from the
Lat. *Sparus*.

Spired, *No.* 3311. *f.* Blowed. In the former Editions
 which have this Passage, it is *Spied*.

Spitous: Spightfull, envious. *RR.* 979. *Spitouslich*, *PT.*
 520. *Spitously*, *WB.* 223. Spitefully, &c. Severely:

Spitil house: An Hospital. *Cr.* 391.

Splate, *Bl. Kn.* 33. To display, to set forth; To
 dress. *Sk.*

Spone, *Prol.* 2608. Some read it *spou*, others *spoon*, or *spoun*:
f. Thrust, driven, pushed; from the *It.* *Spingere*, To
 thrust, &c. See *Gl. V.* in *Spang*.

Sponis: Spoons.

Sponne: Spun. *Tr. L.* 3. 735.

Spontanie: Spontaneous, voluntary. *p.* 511, *b.*

Spore: A spur. *Prol.* 2605. *Sporis*: Spurs. *ib.* 1706.

Sporne: To spurn at, to stumble upon. *Tr. L.* 2. 797.

Sponsale: Marriage. *Fr.* *Espousailles*, the Marriage-vow.
RL. 251.

Sprant, *Sprend*, *Spreynid*, *Sprint*: Sprinkled. They seem to
 come from an old word *sprene*, for Sprinkle; from
 whence comes *spreuth*, *Gam.* 997. Sprinkleth.

Spray: A sprig, a small bough, or twig.

Sprend, *Spreuth*, *Spreynid*, *Sprint*. See *Sprant*.

Springoldis, *RR.* 4191. Warlike engines. *Sk.*

Sprti, for *Spirit*, *Ar.* 184.

Spronge: Sprung. *Test.*

Spryngill: An Instrument to sprinkle Holy Water with:
all. *PT.* 138. *Lat.* *Aspergillum*.

Sprnid: Spurned, stumbled upon. *MR.* 1172.

Spwing, for *Sprewing*, *p.* 192, *a.* *L.* 58. Spuing.

Squaimus, *MR.* 229. Squeamish. Adjectives in *om*,
 are often written with *us*, in the MSS. So *dangerous*
 in the next Verse is *danngernus* in *MS. Ch.*

Squames: Scales of Fish.

Squires: Squares. *p.* 441, *a.*

Squirish: Ushereth, attendeth, waiteth upon as a Gentle-
 man-usher. *WB.* 305.

Stabill, *Stable*: To confirm, establish. *Ber.* 1242. *Hen.*
 145.

Stablie: Firmly. *Boeth.*

Stabishment: Establishment. *p.* 508, *a.*

Stace: The Poet *Stacius*. See *State*.

Stacke: Stuck. *RR.* 458.

Stad, *Stadde*: Placed, stated; Encumbered, oppressed;
 Befet. See *Befadde*.

Stady: The *Stadium*; A Course, a place for running;
p. 388, *b.*

Staker: To stagger, to be anxious. *Hyper.* 127.

Stalkes: The steps of a ladder. *MR.* 517.

Stallid, *Ber.* 1876. Perhaps for *Stablid* (by an easy mis-
 take in the Transcribers of *b* for *l*) Established, or-
 dained.

Stalworthe: Brave; stout. *Gam.* 403. See *Gl. V.* in
Stalwart.

Stamen, *Stamin*: Hemp, or course cloth made of it.

Stanch, *Staunch*: To stop; To satisfy.

Stan dede: Stone-dead. *Ber.* 3082.

Stant, *MR.* 815. *Stante*, *Ph.* 18. Standeth.

Stapid, *Stappid*: Stepped, trod. *PT.* 585.

Stark: Strong; Stiff. *Sq.* 974. *AS.* *Stapc*. *Kilian.*
Sterke.

Starf, *Starfe*: Dyed; from *Sterve*, *V.*

Starlinges: Sterling Money.

Startling, for *Sparkling*, *Di.* 279.

State of Thebis: The Poet *Stacius*, who wrote of the Wars
 of Thebes. *Prol.* 2296. *al.* *Stace*.

Statelich: Stately, stiff, proud. *Prol.* 140;

Staunche,

Staunch, as *Stanch*. Covetise that may not be stancheth, Boeth. p. 367, a. Insatiable covetousness.

Stede: A place. *Gam.* 841. A steed, a horse. *Stedis*: Steeds.

Stedshyp: Steadiness, firmness, assurance. p. 484, a.

Steerileß: Without steerage. *La.* 440.

Steire: The rudder, or helm of a ship, the steerage.

Stele, Cup. 50. A handle. *AS.* *Stele*, *Kilian.* *Stelt*, *Capulus*, *manubrium*. Also *Steel*; To steal.

Stellise: To transform into a star, or to call a star or Constellation after ones name. *LW.* 525. *Fa. L.* 2. 78. See *lb.* 91.

Stent: A hint, a stop, or stay. *At one stent*, *BD.* 769. In the same case or condition, equally regarded.

Stent, *Stentin*: To stay; To stop, desist, cease, give over.

Stentis, perhaps for *Statutes*, *CL.* 1009. See *Stent*.

Stere: To stir; To steer: Also, A rudder, *Phyl.* 23. A steer, or young bullock. *Stering*: Stirring. *Fa. L.* 1. 478. *Sterse*, as *Starf*.

Stersman: A steersman. *Fa. L.* 1. 436.

Sterne: To lay down; from the *Lat.* *Sternere*. *Sk.* Perhaps it is put for *Steren*: To stir up. p. 488, a. Also, Sharp, cruel, fierce. *Mo.* 1993. *Sterneliche*, *Sternily*: Fiercely, &c.

Sterre: A star. *Sterris*: Stars.

Stert, *Sterte*: To escape; Escaped. *Tr. L.* 4. 93. See *Asterte*.

Sterling: Suddainly, or unexpected. *Luc.* 62.

Sterve: To dye, to perish. *AS.* *Steopran*, To kill.

Sterven, *Mori.* *Kilian.*

Steven, *Sevin*: A voice, sound. *AS.* *Stefn*. An appointment. *Set a stevin*: To appoint a time. *MR.* 1275. *Was set a steven*: A time was appointed. *CMV.* 52. *At unset stevin*: Unexpected. *Pro.* 1526. So *Lidgate* in the *Fall of Princes*, *L.* 2. C. 21. and *L.* 3. *Pro.* useth, *At unset honre*; At a time when it is not expected.

Stewe: A little closet. *Tr. L.* 3. 602, 699. A small pond for fish. *Pro.* 351.

Stey: To stay; Also, To mount, ascend. p. 480, a. *AS.* *Stigan*.

Steyrs: Stairs. p. 480, a. See *Stey*.

Stighed: Ascended. *Hen.* 177. See *Stey*.

Sille. See *Sirete*.

Sille: Quiet. *Let it be stille*, *Fr.* 2240. *Let it alone.* *Stillneß*: Quietness; Silence. *Boeth.*

Stint. See *Stent*.

Stith, *Pro.* 2028. An anvil. *Sp.* See *Sk.* in *Stithy*.

Stives: Stews, where lewd women prostitute themselves. *Fr.* 68.

Stobill: Stubble. *MR.* 1243.

Stockid in prison: Imprisoned. *Tr. L.* 3. 381.

Stokis: The Stocks. *PT.* 490.

Stole: An Ecclesiastical Vestment worn by Priests and Deacons when they officiated. *Sq.* 1219. See *Fr. Gl.* *Stolis*: Stools. *WB.* 288. *Stole*, *Ber.* 1669. seems to be mistaken for *Scole*, or *Schole*, *V.*

Stongin: Stung.

Stonied: Astonished, confounded. *Boeth.*

Stont: Standeth. *No.* 2622. *Stood*.

Stopin in age, *Sq.* 1030. *Stept* or advanced in years; as in *Mo.* 934. *Isstept in age*.

Store. *I told of it no store*; I made no account of it. *WB.* 203. *Mo.* 1269. See *Tell*.

Storfall: Historical, in opposition to *Fabulous*. *CL.* 123.

Storke, the wreker of *advouerie*. "This bird (says *Sp.*) breedeth in the Chimney-tops of houses, and, as it is written of him, if the man, or the wife commit adultery, he presently forsaketh the place; and as *Aristotle* saith, If his female play false, he will, if he can, kill her, or else utterly forsake her. Therefore *Chaucer* called him the wreker [i. e. revenger] of adultery."

Stot, *Pro.* 618. A young horse. *Sp.* See *Samp.* in *Stot-hopp*.

Stote, *Fr.* 366. A fitch-hew, or pole-cat.

Stound, *Stounde*: A while, a little space, a moment. *AS.* *Stund*, *Momentum*, *spatium*, *hora*. *Kilian.* *Stond*.

In a *stound*, *Mo.* 1994. In *stound*, *RR.* 1733. *MR.* 884. All on a sudden. At diverse *stounds*, *WB.* 286.

At different times. Vicissitude or change, turn, hap. She ne maie stanche my stound ill, *RR.* 4472. She can not stop or help my misfortune. A smarting pain, a

fitch. *CCr.* 122. See *Gl. V.* *Astonishment*, sorrow. *Sk.* *Stoundemele*: Various, changeable. *RR.* 3784. By turns. *lb.* 2304. *AS.* *Stundomælum*, *Sensum*, &c.

Stoundes, *Stoundis*: Moments; Seasons. *Tr. L.* 3. 1758.

Courses of the Seasons; *Vices*, p. 364, b. *Stormie stoundis*, *CCr.* 126. Stormy seasons, i. e. Anxious, disturbing thoughts. By *stoundis*; By turns. *Boeth.*

Stoure: A fight, an assault, a quarrel, a skirmish, an engagement. *Stiff in stoure*; Valiant in battle. *RR.* 1270. Perhaps *stoures*, *lb.* 4658. should be *stoures*; and *stoure*, *Tr. L.* 4. 47. might be *stoure*. *H.* 2. reads it, *last oure*.

Stradu: To constrain, force, compel. *Mo.* 1364.

Strake, *Dr. Ch.* 1312. f. *Stretch*, or straggle.

Straight, *Straghten*: Stretched out. *Pro.* 2918. *Spread*. *RR.* 1021.

Straunge, *Tr. L.* 2. 411. for *Strangers*; or it may be read *straunge folk*, as in *MS. Sp.*

Streight: Stretched. p. 507, a.

Stremes of the sonne: Rays of the Sun. p. 441, a.

Stremidin: Streamed, flowed. *Tr. L.* 4. 247. The *Verse* is otherwise read in *MS. Sp.*

His cyin—

So wepyn that thei semyn wellis twey.

Strene: Kindred, stock, race, descent. *RR.* 4859.

Strengift faithid: Having the strongest faith. *Tr. L.* 1. 1008.

Strengih is put for the Vertue of Fortitude, p. 507, b.

Strepe: To strip. *RR.* 6818.

Sirete. By *stile* and *eke* by *strete*, *No.* 2210. Over every stile and in every street, i. e. Every where, in town and country. In the same sense are used, *Over stile and stone*, By *dale* and *eke* by *downe*, in the Rhyme of *Sir Thopas*.

Strife: Endeavour. *Bl. Kn.* 357.

Strikes: Streaks; Stroaks; Lines. *Astr.*

Sripe: Race, kindred. *CL.* 16. f. for *Siirpe*, from the *Lat.* *Siirps*.

Strive, for *Strife*, *Ch. Dr.* 1191.

Stro: A straw. *CCr.* 28.

Strode: He was a learned Poet of *Merton College* in *Oxford*, in the time of *Edw. III.* See *Leland* in *Chaucer's Life*.

Stronde: A strand, a shore. *Ar.* 304. *Water-side*. *Ber.* 1146. It is put for Country in general, *Pro.* 13.

Strondword: Towards the strand or shore. *Ber.* 2403.

Strotbir, *Ber.* 848, 1151. seems to be the same with *Rothbir*; The rudder, or steerage of a ship. See *lb.* 2325.

Strought: Strawed; Lying flat on the ground. *Boeth.*

Stroundes: Strands. *Boeth.* p. 395, b.

Strout: To strut. *Ber.* 1107.

Stroy: To destroy. *Ber.* 1472.

Student: Studious, thoughtfull. p. 514, b.

Stuffed man, *Ber.* 997. A man well stuffed, well fed, one that eat plentifully.

Stulie: Foolish, silly. p. 494, a.

Sturt and strive with true tillers, *Mo.* 2808. They are able and wont to scuffle and contend with luttly strong Plowmen. *Com.*

Sry, *Ber.* 856, 860. See *Srey*.

Stylneß, as *Silneß*.

Suasion of swetnes Rhetorian: Perswasion of Oratorical sweetness. *Boeth.*

Subfumigations, *Fa. L.* 3. 174. A Ceremony used by Sorcerers to drive away evil spirits by burning Incense: Or, Smoaking of Corn, Cattle, &c. by way of Charm; a Practice still used by superstitious people on certain days.

Subget: Subject. *Mo.* 3152.

Sublimatories: Subliming pots, Vessels used by Chymists in Sublimation, whereby the more subtile parts of a mixt body are separated from the rest, and carried to the top of the Vessel, in the form of a very fine Powder; such Powders are called Flowers, as Flower of Sulphur, Benjamin, &c.

Submit: Subject. *BD.* 234.

Suckiny: A white Attire like a Rotchet. *Sp.* A Frock. *RR.* 1222. See *Sk.* in *Surkney*.

Sued: Followed. *Mo.* 1452.

Sufferant, *Dr. Ch.* 1010. See *Suffraunt*.

Sufficiantly, *RR.* 6743. should be *Suffsauntly*, *V.*

Suffirable: Patient, passive. *WB.* 442. *Suffrid*: Suffered. *Suffsaunce*:

Suffisaunce: Sufficiency, contentment. *Prol.* 492. Ability. *CV.* 17.

Suffisaunt: Sufficient; Able. *Phyl.* 131. *Fr.* *Suffisant*. *Suffisauntly*: Sufficiently.

Suffile: To bear; To be sufficiently able. *p.* 198, *b.*

Suffraunce: Patience. *Mo.* 2443.

Suffraunt: Suffering, patient.

Sugre: Sugar. Also, Sweet; Gratefull, pleasing. *Sugrid*: Sweetened, made sweet. *Tr. L.* 2. 384.

Sum: Some.

Superfyce: The Superficies, surface, or outside. *Boeth.*

Superne: Above; Supream. *Bal.* 367.

Supplien: To beseech, intreat; *Supplicare*, *p.* 379, *a.*

Supportation: Support. *BD.* 838.

Suppoale: Supplication. *p.* 511, *a.*

Supprised, *p.* 158, *a.* Surprised; Suddenly and strongly affected, taken, smitten. In *Tr. L.* 3. 1190. *MS. Sp.* has it *uprised*, i. e. raised up, elevated with his good fortune.

Supprize: To suppress. *Fl.* 232.

Surcote: A gown with a hood of the same. *Sp.* An upper coat. *FL.* 141. called the *Overist courtyn*, *Prol.* 292.

Surement: Security, assurance. *Fr.* 3088. or *Severte* (as in *MS. Ch.*) Security.

Surenels: Security, safety. *Pr. RL.* 126.

Suretie: Certainty, assurance. *WB.* 903.

Surid: Assured. *Ber.* 2361.

Surmonning: Surmounting, surpassing. *CL.* 356.

Surplus: The remainder, overplus. *RR.* 3676.

Surquedrie, *Surquidri*: Ambition; Presumption; An over-weening conceit of one's own knowledge.

Surrey, *Surrie*, *La.* 174, 178. *Syrta* in *Asia*. Former Editions read *Surrie*, *Sq.* 30. instead of *Ruffy*, as it is in this. *MS. Ch.* hath it, *werryngge on Tartarie*.

Sursumure, *Fr.* 2656. *Fl.* 75. A fore festered inwardly, and whole without. *Sp. qu.* *Sursum sanatum*. *Sk.*

Surveyaunce: Surveying, overseeing.

Suspect: Suspicious, suspected. *Fr.* 1570.

Suspeccionne: Suspicion. *WB.* 306.

Suspen: Suspended, interdicted. *Mo.* 2223.

Suspiris: Sighs. *CN.* 305.

Sustaan, for *Sustance*, *AL.* 741.

Sustene: To sustain. *Prol.* 195. But *MS. Ch.* reads there *Festine*, al. *Fasten*. Also, To stand. *An.* 178.

Susterne: Sisters.

Sustir: A sister. *Tr. L.* 2. 69: *Sustrin*: Sisters. *Tr. L.* 3. 734. *Fasall sustin*: The Fates or Destinies, *Parca*.

Sute: Series, order, rank. *Bl. Kn.* 83. *Fr.* *Suite*.

Suyr: To assure, to ensure. *Ber.* 754.

Swa: So. *MR.* 922.

Swagid: Affwaged, appeased. *Bal.* 523.

Swale: Swelled. *No.* 3069.

Swappe: To strike; To cut off, or, as we say, whip off. *No.* 377. To fall down suddenly. *Fr.* 2120. To throw or fling down violently. *Tr. L.* 4. 244.

Swart: Black, swarthy. *Ch. Dr.* 1862. *Swartishe*: Swarthy. *Fa. L.* 3. 557.

Swat: Sweated. *Ber.* 1080.

Sweigh: Force. *Sp.* A rumbling noise. *AS.* *Speg*, A violent crash; *Turbo*, *p.* 363, *b.*

Sweight, *Tr. L.* 2. 1383. *Sk.* derives it from the *AS.* *Speg*, Sound, and quotes this place for it: But it seems here to be rather a Corruption of *Weigh*. See *Gl. V.* in *Swecht*. *MS. Sp.* hath it thus;

The grete swerf doth hit than fall at onys.

See *Gl. V.* in *Swarf*.

Swele: To dye. *Ber.* 1615. *f.* leg. *Swelte*: To kill, suffocate. *AS.* *Speltan*.

Swell, *Ber.* 388. should perhaps be *snell*, *V.*

Swent, *Bal.* 903. Former Editions have it *iswent* or *iswent*.

Swere: The neck. *PT.* 361. *AS.* *Speop*.

Swerne: To swear. *RR.* 4834.

Swert, *Bal.* 903. Swarthinels. See *Swart*.

Sweet: Sweated. *Magd.* 126. Also, Sweet.

Sweete: Sweated.

Swetynge, *PT.* 36. Sweet-heart, Darling.

Sweven: A dream. *AS.* *Spepen*. Hence perhaps *Asweved*, *Fa. L.* 2. 41. for *Aswevened*: Being as it were in a dream.

Swevenes: Dreams. *Tr. L.* 5. 358.

Swilk: Such. *MR.* 1062.

Swinke: To work, to labour. Also, Labour, pains. *Prol.* 188. *Swinker*: A hard labourer. *Ik.* 533.

Swire, as *Swere*.

Swithe: Swiftly, quickly, presently, immediately. *AS.* *Spide*.

Swolowe: The swallow, the throat. *Di.* 179.

Swonne, *Swoun*: A swoon, a trance; To swoon.

Swough: Sound, noise. *AF.* 248. *Fa. L.* 2. 523. See *Sweigh*. A swoon, a trance. *Tr. L.* 4. 1211. *Law.* 137.

Swoun. See *Swonne*.

Swowe: A swoon, a trance. *Dr. Ch.* 2151.

Swyff: Swift. *Ber.* 1231.

Syghfull: Visible. *p.* 478, *b.*

Syn: Since.

Synglerly: Singularly, particularly, singly. *p.* 380, *a.*

T.

Tas: A heap. *Prol.* 1007. *Fr.* *Tas*.

Tabarde, *Mo.* 1949. *Taberd*, *Prol.* 20. "A Jacket or sleeveless coat, worn in times past by Noblemen in the Wars, but now, only by Heralds, and is called their Coat of Arms in Service. It was the Sign of an Inn in Southwark by London, within the which was the Lodging of the Abbot of Hyde by Winchester. This was the *Hofilrie*, where Chaucer and the other Pilgrims met together, and with Henry Bailie their Host accorded about the manner of their Journey to Canterbury: And whereas through time it had been much decayed, it is now by Mr. J. Preston, with the Abbot's House thereto adjoining, newly repaired, and with convenient rooms much encreased, for the receipt of many guests. It is now the Sign of the Talbot. *Sp.* It still bears the same Sign of the Talbot, and has on the Sign-Post this Inscription; *This is the Inn where Sir Jeffrey Chaucer and the nine and twenty Pilgrims lodged in their Journey to Canterbury, Anno 1363.* "A *Tabbard* (says *Verstegan*) is a short gown, that reached no farther than the mid-leg; it remaineth for the name of a Gown in Germany and the Netherlands. From the wearing of this *Tabbard* or *Tabbard*, some of those on the Foundation at Queen's College in Oxford are called *Tabbardarii*. *Stow* in his Survey. *L.* 4. C. 1. says it was a Jacket or sleeveless coat, whole before, open on both sides, with a square collar, winged at the shoulders. See *Fr. Gl.* in *Tabardum*, and *Dr. Davies's Welsh Dict.* in *Tabar*.

Tabouren: To make a drumming noise, as of a Tabour. *LW.* 354.

Tach, *PT.* 84. *Ber.* 347, 727. *CN.* 192. *Techre*, *Bal.* 237. Craft. *Sp.* Pranks, tricks; from the *Fr.* *Tache*, A spot; or *Tacher*, To endeavour, to attempt; which comes from the Lat. *Tactare*, a Frequentative of the Verb *Tangere*, To touch: So we say a Touch of Ink, for a Stain or Spot of Ink. See *Sk.* Perhaps it may signify Attack, attempt.

Tailagiers, *RR.* 6811. Receivers, or Collectors of Tolls, or any publick Taxes or Impositions. See *Talages*.

Tails, *Prol.* 572. Took by tale; Took upon account, or upon trust. See *Tale*.

Take for *Taken*, *Prol.* 1868. *Ber.* 1326. *Again him take*; To oppose him. *RR.* 3529.

Takerde, *PT.* 190. *f.* *Taberd*. See *Tabarde*.

Takil: Tackle. *RR.* 1727. Shooting tackle, as Arrows, &c. as we say, Fishing tackle. *Dr. Davies* explains the *CB.* *Taccl*, by *Sagitta*, An arrow.

Talages: Taxes, Impositions. *p.* 201, *a.* *Fr.* *Tailages*.

Talcuisse: Talkative. *RL.* 334.

Tale: To talk, to tell a tale. *Ch. Dr.* 103. Speech, discourse; *Oratio*, *p.* 364, *a.* A reckoning, account. *Li. till tale he therof told*, *Mo.* 1233. He made little account of it; did not mind it. *Taling*: Talking, telling of tales. *No.* 2942.

Talent: Desire, inclination. See *p.* 152, *a.* *l.* 13, 17. Affection. *Tr. L.* 3. 145. *Set his talent*, *RR.* 1716. Set his mind.

Tall,

Tall, for *Tell*, RR. 1356.
Tane: Taken. *Ch. Dr.* 888.
Tapes: Tapestry. *AL.* 499.
Tapinage, RR. 7363. *Secresie*, *silyness*. *Sp.* Perhaps from the *Fr. Tapir*, To squat down. *Fr. En tapinois*, Secretly, cunningly.
Tapis: Tapes, strings. *MR.* 133.
Tapiser: A Tapestry-maker. *Proh.* 363. *Fr. Tapissier*.
Tapistère: A tapster. *Proh.* 241.
Tapite: To hang with Tapestry. *Dr. Ch.* 260.
Tare: Tore. *Magd.* 150. See *To*.
Targe: A target. *Proh.* 473.
Tars: The City *Tarsus* in *Glicia*. *Proh.* 2162.
Tartarium, FL. 212. *Du Fresne* in his *Gl.* says there was a sort of fine Cloth imported from, or manufactured in *Tartary*, called *Tartarin*; but *Sk.* thinks it was called *Tartaron*, 4. H. 8. Cap. 6. from the City *Tortona* in the *Milaneze*, where that sort of fine Silk was made.
T'assay: To assay. *Tr. L.* 5. 783.
Tassid: Fringed. *MR.* 143. It is better in *MS. Ch.* *Tasseled with grene silke*; Having green silk tassels.
Tast: To feel. *No.* 514. *Fr. Taster, tater*.
Tatarmagges: Ragges, jagges. *Sp.* Tatter'd rags. *RR.* 7211.
Tatche: Craft. *Sk.* From the *AS. Tacan*, To teach. See *Tach*.
Tave, *Ber.* 1327. To rage; a word used in *Lincolnshire*. *Ray's Coll.*
Tavernere: One that haunts Taverns, a common drunkard. *No.* 2223.
Taur and *Mars* therein, *WB.* 613. "*Taurus* being properly *Venus's* Houle, under the which this woman was born, *Mars* then ruling in the same prognostic, cateth great Incontinency. *Sp.*
Tayllagys, p. 205, b. as *Talages*.
Teche: To teach. *WB.* 642. See *Tach*, and *Tache*.
Teene, as *Tene*.
Teine: Little. *No.* 1246, &c. A little piece. *Tiny* is still used for Little. See *Tene*.
Tel, for *Til*, i. e. Untill. *Dr. Ch.* 1106.
Tell: To reckon, account, make account. *Tell no store*, *Mo.* 1269. Make no account.
Temperance: Temper, moderation. *Fr.* 2331.
Tempestuous: Tempestuous, troublesome. *Tr. L.* 2. 5.
Temps, *Fr.* Time.
Tenance: To enhance, advance or help. Also, Tenants. *Mo.* 2963. which is thus read in some Copies,
Her poore tenance fully they flite;
 "That is. They fleete, take off the cream of their poor tenants, i. e. they lick the fat from their tenants' beards, taking away the best of their Estate. *Cam.*
Tend: To attend. *Ber.* 1907. *Tendant*: Attending. *ib.* 501.
Tene, *Teine*, *An.* 180. Sorrow, grief, affliction, trouble; Injury, slander; Anger, provocation. *Magd.* 5. *AS.* *Teon*; and *Teen* is Angry. *Ray's Coll.* Also, to afflict, to grieve. p. 405, a: 481, a. *Nene* fruit filled with winter sene, *RR.* 4750. perhaps foiled; i. e. hurt with the injury of winter-weather. *Nighis tene*, *Fl.* 116. The injury of the night. *Tenefull*: Sad, sorrowfull, &c.
Tennith: Tenth. *Tr. L.* 5. 642.
Tent: Intent. *PT.* 126.
Tenistly: Diligently. *Fr.* 1364. See *Enamistly*.
Tenyth: Tenth. *Ber.* 1900.
Tercell, *Tercellet*, *Sq.* 522. The Male of all large Hawks is called the *Tassil*, or *Tercoll*.
Tere: To tear. *It medish not this matere oft to tene*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1649. It is needless often to repeat, or rip up this matter. *Ca.* and *al.* read it *tere*, i. e. *Rir* up.
Terins: A kind of Birds. *RR.* 665. *Sk.* conjectures that it signifies Teals. *Kilian*. *Calingh*. *Terin* is a sort of Gull; but in this place it seems to signify some singing bird.
Term of his live: For the term of his life, all his life time. *No.* 1500.
Termagaunt, *No.* 3318. qu. *Termagnus*, Thrice great, or Great in the Superlative degree. *Bl.* God.
Termine, *Termyn*: To determine, conclude, resolve.
Terrestre: Earthly. p. 500, b. But in *Tr. L.* in Read of *His paradise terrestre*, &c. *MS. Sp.* hath, *His paradis*, his joye, &c.
Tery: All in tears. *Tr. L.* 4. 821.

Teferis, *Proh.* 2501. *Helmeta. Sp.* *Tefer* seems rather to signify, the Head-stall of a Bridle. *Fr. Testière*.
Testife, *MR.* 896. Wild-brained. *Sp.* Testy. But in *Tr. L.* 5. 802. *MS. Sp.* has, *Hard and trusty*, instead of *Hardy and testife*.
Testis, *No.* 8319. Certain Devices to try gold and silver. *Sp.*
Teuch: A fashion. *Sk.* A trick, a stain, frowardness. *Sp.*
Teiches: Frowardness. *Tr. L.* 3. 937. qu. *Teichineß*. *Sk.* Stains. *RR.* 6517. See *Tach*.
Tewell, *Fa. L.* 3. 559. A chimney. *Sp.* from the *Fr. Tuyau*, A pipe. *Sk.*
Tewnes: The City of *Tunis* in *Africa*. *Dr. Ch.* 310. The place should be read thus;
So merie à soun, so swete entunis,
That certis for the town of Tunis
I n'oldi, &c.
Textuelo: Well versed in the Text of Holy Scripture. *Mo.* 1894.
Thacke: Thatch. *Housis of thacke*; Thatched houses. *Ch. Dr.* 1771.
Thakid, *Fr.* 295. *Thakkid*, *MR.* 196. Thumped, thwacked, beat.
Thank: Service, kindness, obligation. *In thank*: Kindly. *RR.* 2741. *Thankes*, *Thankis*: Acts, enterprizes, labour, reward. *Sp.* *Ther*, his *thankes*; With their, his good will. p. 213, a: 383, a. *Thankis held*, *WB.* 272. Make account of his services or thanks. *Thankbeeld*: Thank-worthy. *Sp.* *Thankings*: Obligations, services.
There: There. *Dr. Ch.* 256.
Thassige, *Tr. L.* 1. 465. for *The assige*, or *Siege*.
The: To thrive, to prosper. *AS. Dean.* *So mote I the*; So may I thrive, As I hope to thrive; or, as it is in *Tr. L.* 2. 120, 125. *As evir thrive I, As evir mote I thrive*. Wherever *The* is in this Edition printed with a Capital T, it stands for *Thee*; though there be no such distinction in the MSS. but *thee* is often written for *the*, and *the* for *thee*. *The*: They. *Ber.* 1726. See *The dome*.
Theche, *Sq.* 1907. *Theiche*, *No.* 2465. Plain, smooth. *Sp.*
The dome, *No.* 2913. (so it should be read in one word) Thriving, success. See *The*. That place is obscure as it is printed; *Py.* 1. hath a (.) after *What*. The two Verses will be intelligible, if read thus;
He take me certaine golde, that mote I wele
What—Evill thedome on his monkis snoute,
 That is, He brought me some gold, I know very well how much—A P—on his Monk's snout. This Curse seems to be spoke aside.
Thefely: Like a thief. *Lut.* 162.
Theff: A thief. *PT.* 599.
Thei: They. In p. 205, b. l. 6. it has no Antecedent; but *MS. Ch.* and *al.* have it *men ben*, &c.
Theiche. See *Theche*.
Thenne, *WB.* 1141. *Thenair*: Thence.
Theorike: Theory, speculation.
Ther: There; but most commonly, Their.
There: Their. *Sq.* 363. and sometimes, Where; and *Thereas*, for *Whereas*. *There as*, for *There*, i. e. *Where*. *MR.* 543. and *No.* 1639. but it should rather be read as one word, *thereas*. *There gain*, for *There against*, i. e. Concerning, or touching that matter. *RR.* 6555.
Thereout: Without. *No.* 1157. *Cr.* 38.
Therfro: From thence, or from them. *RR.* 4941.
Therinne: Therein. *RR.* 6260.
Therro: Thereunto; Likewise, besides, also.
Thevis: Thieves. *Mo.* 2750.
Thewis, *Fa. L.* 3. 744. *Thewis*, *Sq.* 1058. *Hyper.* 16. Qualifications, qualities, manners. *AS. Deap*, *Mo.*, *modus*, *instrumentum*.
Thike: Thick. *MR.* 214.
Thilke: A contraction of *The ilke*: That, the same.
Thinke: Seem. *Tr. L.* 1. 406. So *Methinks*, *Methought*; It seemeth, seemed to me.
Thirle: To pierce through, to stab. *An.* 212. *AS. Pipilian*. Whence our *Drill*.
Tbo: Those. Also, Then, at that time. *AS. Da.* Although.
Thoforth: Thenceforth, thenceforward.
Thole: To suffer. *Fr.* 282. *AS. Dolian*.
Tholomew, *Beq.* 2019. *Ptolemy* the Astronomer.

Thomba

Thombe of gold, Prol. 565. f. A ring of gold upon his thumb. See *Sk.*

Thonderinge: Thundering. *Tr. L. 2. 233.* In *MS. Sp. Ca.* and *al.* it is, *that maketh the thundur to ring*. The true reading of the Verse seems to be this;

And Jupiter, that maketh the thonder ring.

Thonke: Favour. *Tr. L. 3. 1214.* See *Thank.*

Thonkis helde: Bestow labour, or liking. *Sp.* See *Thank.*

Thore, RR. 1853. It seems to be a contraction of *The yore*: Before; or a Corruption of *yore*, the *y*, and the *AS. þ*, for *th*, being written much alike in the MSS. Or else it may be put for *there*, *metri causa*.

Thorpe, AS. A village. *Thorpis*: Villages. *WB. 871.*

Thorrake, p. 204, b. A heap. *Sp.* *Thoruk* is commonly written for *through* in Lord *Harley's MS.* of *Lidgate's Life of St. Edmund*; and perhaps in this place it may signify a Thorow-fare.

Thongbry: Thoughtfull. *Test.*

Thrages, p. 494, b. Busy matters. *Sp.*

Thralle, p. 413, b. Verse 20. for *Thrall*, V.

Thrall: A slave, a servant. *Thrallin*: To enthrall, to enslave. *Tr. L. 2. 773.*

Thraſt: Thrust, crowded. *No. 1774.*

Thre: Three.

Threke: To thrust. *Prol. 2614.* But in this Edition it is *threſte*, and *brefte* for *breke*, *Ib. 2613.* to answer it; and so it is in *MS. Ch.* See *Trice.*

Thremote, Dr. Ch. 376. The blast of a horn. *Sp. Mot* (says *Blo.* is a Note, which a Huntsman winds on his Horn; and perhaps *Thremote* may be such a Note thrice repeated.

Threpe: To blame, rebuke. *AS. Ðneapian.* To affirm. *Sp.* To aver, urge, alledge. *Gl. V.* To call, or name. *No. 847.*

Thresten: To thirst; or perhaps to Thrust, or prefs forwards. *Test. p. 482. a. l. 22.*

Threte: To threaten. *Th. 49.*

Thridde: Third. *Tr. L. 2. 56.*

Thrie: Three, or Thrice. *Everich thrie*, *Ch. Dr. 1780.* Every three of them, or rather Every one thrice. *As I have told you thrie*, *Tr. L. 2. 1285.* thrice, i. e. often. But in *MS. Sp.* it is, *As I told you try*; Try as I told you.

Thrift: Prudence; discretion. *No. 760.* *Thrifty*: Prudent, discreet; Civil. Instead of *In thrifty wife*, *Tr. L. 1. 275.* *MS. Sp.* hath *In busy wife*; Earnestly. *Thriftyly*: Civilly. *Tr. L. 3. 212.* *Ca.* reads it, *Honestly*. *Fr. Honnêtement.*

Thrilled: Thrust through. *RR. 7636.* See *Thirle.*

Thringe: To thrust. *RR. 7419.* To throng, to croud. *Tr. L. 4. 66.* *AS. Ðpingan, Premere*: Whence our *Throng.*

Thringing: Thronging. *RR. 656.*

Thriste: Thrust; Did thrust. *Tr. L. 3. 1580.*

Thristid: Thirsted.

Throff: Throve, did thrive. *Ber. 157.*

Throng: Thrust. *Sq. 1871.* See *Thringe.*

Thropis: Villages. *AF. 350.* See *Thorpe.*

Throſillcock: A thrush. *No. 3278.*

Throtycorue, Prol. 2015. should be read *throt ycorue*, i. e. throat cut.

Through-girt: Pierced through, stabbed. *Tr. L. 4. 627.* See *Gerd and Grit.*

Throwe: Thrown. *Ar. 75.* Also, A cast, a stroke, a blow. *Chancer* uses it as the *French* do their *Coup* (of the same signification) for A short space, a little while. *La. 954. Tr. L. 2. 687.* In this throw, *RR. 1771.* In this time. *Fr. A ce coup.* *Thromis*: Pangs, violent fits. *Tr. L. 5. 206, 1200.* *AS. Ðnopian*, To suffer.

Thrugb: Through.

Thrust, for *Thurst*: Thirst. p. 483, b. l. 39. *Thrusting*: Thirsting. *Thrustes*: Thirst. *Test. L. 3.* *Thrusty*: Thirsty. *Magd. 708.*

Thrye, Thrys, Thrys: Thrice. *Prol. 63.*

Thwidd, MR. 824. In *MS. Ch.* and the former Editions it is *Thweetell*, *Thwyell*, or *Thwittell*: A whittle. *AS. Ðpitel, Culcellus*, a little knife. See *Sheild.*

Thwitten, RR. 933. f. Twisted. See *Twithe*. *Twytten*: Carved out. *Sp.* See *Sk.*

Thybir: Thither. *AL. 166.*

Tidde: Happened, befell. *Tr. L. 1. 908.* *MS. Sp.* hath the whole Verse thus;

The ſhold never beyd ſo fair a grace.

Ca. hath it in other words of the same sense;

That thou ſould neuer have had ſo, &c.

Tidife, LW. 154. Sq. 668. A kind of bird, perhaps that which we call a Titmouse. *Sk.*

Tiffelers attired in trecherie, Mo. 2135. Triflers given to treachery, and false dealing. *Com.*

Tikilneß: Nicety, delicacy, difficulty. *Sc. 221.*

Til, Till, Gam. 94. Cr. 1. Unto, to. *Him till*, RR. 4594. To him. *There till*, *Ib. 3482.* Thither. *A likely thing him till*, *Ib. 4852.* A thing like himself. See *Hick. Gr. AS. p. 65.*

Tillages, as *Tayllaiges.*

Tiltbe: To till. p. 156, a. Tillage.

Timbeſters, RR. 767. Players on sounding Instruments. *Sp.* Perhaps from *Timbrells*. *Sk.*

Timbres, RR. 770. *Fr. Timbre* is a small Bell. Also, the Crest of a Helmet.

Tinging, Cr. 144. perhaps for *Ring*ing, or *Tinkling*.

Tirin: To tear. *Tr. L. 1. 788.*

Tifing, for *Enticcing*, PW. 103.

Tiffue: A lace or tape. *Tr. L. 2. 639.* *Taffel*, *Ca.* and *al.*

Tue: Betideth, happeneth. *Tr. L. 1. 334.* *Tis trenlich The tite*, *Ber. 1244.* Perhaps for *Thie*, &c. by an easy mistake of *þ* [t] for *p*. This happens to thee.

Tuben: To pay tithes. *Mo. 3149.*

Tuiring, *Tr. L. 2. 1744.* Persuading, courting. *Sk. f.* Tittering. But *MS. Sp.* hath it, *In tarrying*, *purſuyte*, &c.

Tittleleß: Without a Title. *Tittleleſſe tyrant*: An usurping Tyrant, that hath not a just Title.

To: A toe. This. *To yere*; This year. *Tr. L. 3. 242.* *To day*, for, This day. *Untill. CM. 112.* It is very often seemingly an Expletive before a Verb, or Participle; but it is often expressive of extraordinary violence in the action, especially when joyned with *all*; as, *All to tare*, *All to rent*, *All to broken*: Torn, rent, broken all to pieces. *To draw*, *Mo. 3167.* Drawn to pieces. *To dashed with ſwerdis*, *Tr. L. 2. 640.* or rather (as *MS. Sp.* hath it) *To dashed was with*, &c. Was dashed to pieces. Sometimes it is omitted before Verbs in the Infinitive Mood, as *Daring do*, *Tr. L. 5. 387.* Daring to do.

Toſore, *Toſorne*: Before, formerly. *Ber. 2721.* *AS.* *To-ropan*. In *Boeth. p. 373, a. l. 55.* it should be read *to foren*, i. e. foreign; *Lat. per remotas populos.*

Togithers: Together.

Tokining: Token. *RR. 2439.* Signification, intimation.

Told, Mo. 512. See *Tell.* *Told of it* [so it should be read] *no ſore*, — *no dainty*, *WB. 203, 208.* Made no account of it.

Tole, Clout, toy. *Sp.* A tool. *Ber. 2607.* *Lowd. tole*, *Ib. 2184.* A bad instrument, or tool. *Toll. Mo. 2315.* If it be read, as in other Editions, *Take ſuch curſed ſocbe a tole*, it must mean, Betake, or commit such a tool as the key of Heaven to so curſed a wretch. *Com.*

Tumbleſteres: Tumblers. *No. 1991.*

Tomblynge: Tumbling; Unconſtant. *Boeth.*

Tomblyſtere: A Tumbler, a woman-dancer, or Stage-play: *cr. p. 493, a.*

Tomedis: To boot, into the bargain. See *Mede*. In *Tr. L. 2. 1201.* it is *the medis*, in *MS. Sp.* and *al. f.* In the mean time.

Ten, Tone, Toon: A contraction of *The one*, or *That one*.

Tone: Toes, *Mo. 975.* Claws. *Fa. L. 3. 938.*

Tonne: A Tun weight. *Prol. 1996.*

Too: Two.

Toom, PT. 153. as *Ton.*

Toes: Toes.

Torcencious, p. 486, b. *Torcious*, p. 493, a. Using extortion. *Sp.* Extortioners.

Tornis: A turn, or sleight in wrestling. *Gam. 472, 479, 484.*

Torretes, Prol. 2154. Rings, or the fastening of dogs collars. *Sp.* From the *Fr. Toweret, Annulus accipitris.* *Sk.*

Torris: A Turret. *Gam. 648.*

Tort, *Fr. Wrong*; Extortion. *Sq.*

Tor-

Tortuous, La. 303. "*Tortuous* the Signs are, which are called *Oblique ascenduntia*, that is, all from *Capricorn* to *Cancer*: So he calleth the Ascendent, unfortunate; because it is one of those Signs, and had at the same time the Lord of that Sign in his fall, which is in the Sign contrary to his exaltation. *Sp.*

Toteth: Looketh. *Sp.* Who toteth on hem, thei ben unall, Mo. 2014. Who looks on them, shall see they are low, weak, and poor. *Com.* Thei toteth on her summe totall, Ib. 2359. Their large gifts is the thing that is looked after. *Com.* Perhaps the word signifieth, To cast up, or ballance an Account, from *Tot.* the Sum total. *Tooting*, Prying, peeping, searching narrowly. *Gloss.* to *Spenser's* Sheph. Cal.

Toth, for *To The*. See *Alomth*.

Totoler: A prater. *Sp.* A tatling busy-body. *LW.* 353.

Totty, MR. 1145. Dizzy. *Sp.* qu. *Tottering*. *Sk.*

Tough, Ber. 1097. Tough; Tight. In *Tr.* L. 5. 101. it should be *tough* (or *tow*, as in *MS.* *Sp.*) to rhyme to *inough*, Ib. 99.

Toure: A tower. *Ar.* 75. *Fr.* *Tour*.

Tournais: Tournaments. *Ch. Dr.* 1987. See *Turney*.

Tourner: A turret. *RR.* 4164.

Tout: The backside, the tail, the breech. *MR.* 746.

Towel, *Fr.* 884. The tail. *Sp.*

Trace: To walk, to pass. Also, A track, a path, a foot-step; A step. *RL.* 58. A company, or train. *LW.* 285. To dance with her a trace; f. To dance a turn with her. *BD.* 190.

Tracs: Traces, or Geers for Draught-horses or other working Beasts. *Prol.* 2141.

Tragetors, *Fr.* 2699. *Tragetour*, *Fa.* L. 3. 187. See *Tregetoris*. *Tragetrie*, *Ber.* 2040. See *Tregetry*.

Traie, *Traine*, Mo. 2563. *Traish*, *Tr.* L. 4. 438. To betray. *Fr.* *Trahir*. *Traied*: Betrayed. *Phyl.* 93.

Trail: An harbour. *BD.* 184, 695. *Fr.* *Traille*.

Traise: The Traces of horses. *Tr.* L. 1. 222. *Fr.* *Traits*.

Traisonne: Treason; Treachery. *Test.*

Traiterie, *Trakork*, *Traitourie*, *An.* 187. Falseness, treachery.

Tramifene, *Prol.* 62. A City in *Barbary*, in the Province sometime called *Mauritania Tingitana*, or *Casariensis*, as hath *Mela*; *Arcthan*. *Sp.* *Ferrario* *Tenissa*, seu *Timici*. *Sk.*

Transmewin, *Tr.* L. 4. 467. or (as in *MS.* *Sp.*) *Transmewin*: To transform. *Transmuid*: Changed. *Ib.* L. 4. 830.

Transposed: Turned, changed. p. 590, a.

Transvers, p. 482. a. f. *Traverse*, from the *Fr.* *Traverser*, To cross, to thwart.

Trapures: Trappings, Horse-furniture, *Prol.* 2501.

Traibid, *RR.* 3231. for *Betrashid*: Betrayed, deceived.

Traval: To labour, to take pains. *Mo.* 2366. *Fr.* *Travail*.

Trave: A Trevice to shoe unruly horses in. *MR.* 174.

Travell: Labour, fatigue, trouble. *Fr.* *Travail*.

Travers: A curtain. *Sq.* 1332.

Tray, Mo. 2561: as *Traie*.

Tre: A tree.

Trecheur, *RR.* 6308. Treacherous, perfidious; A treacherous person, a Traitor. *Ib.* 7168.

Treclis, *RR.* 932. See *Tretes*.

Tredehouse, Mo. 1566. A cock.

Treget, *RR.* 6310, 6820. *Tregette*, *Ib.* 6267. *Tregetry*, *Ib.* 6374. *Tregetry*, *Ib.* 6382. Imposture, tricking, cheating. *Tregetoris*, *Fr.* 2697. *Tregetours*, *RR.* 7588. Juglers, Impostors, Cheats. *Lat.* *Barb.* *Tricator*, Deceptor. *Fr.* *Tricheur*, *Trigaud*.

Tremour: A trembling. *Tr.* L. 5. 255.

Trenchant: Sharp, cutting. *Fr.* *Trenchant*.

Trend, *Ber.* 1304. Perhaps it should be *wend*; it being easy to mistake *to* in the *MSS.* for *tt*, especially if the last stroke of the *to* be faint. See *Ib.* 1558. where perhaps should be read, *wend how* [*so*] *men wend*.

Trentall: A Service performed for the dead the Thirtieth day after their decease. *Sk.* Or rather, a service of Thirty Masses performed for the dead, which sometimes began the next day after the person's decease, and was repeated on the Anniversary: It also signifies the Obventions, or Allowances to the Priests for performing those Services. See *Fr.* *Gl.* in *Tricenarium*, &c.

Trepeget, *RR.* 6279. A military Engine for casting stones,

and battering Walls. *Fr.* *Treppe*, or *Trebuchet*. See *Fr.* *Gl.* in *Trebuchetum*.

Tretable: Tractable, mild, gentle, easy to be entreated. *LW.* 411. Mildly, gently. *Magd.* 665.

Trete: To treat; A Treaty, a contract.

Tretes, *Prol.* 151. *Treife*, *RR.* 1016, 1216. *Treclis*: Streight. *Sp.* Streightned, pinched up. *Sk.* It seems rather to signify Well-shaped or Well-proportioned, and is generally spoken of the face, or some part of it, as the Nose; and perhaps comes from the *Fr.* *Trait*, a Feature, or lineament of the face. It is also applied to other things made in just proportion, as to Love's Bow, *RR.* 932.

Treteffe: A Tract or Treatise. *CL.* 28.

Tretis, *Tretise*: A Treaty. *Tr.* L. 4. 64, 670. See *Tretes*.

Trew: True. *Trewlich*: Truly.

Treys: Trees. *Prol.* 1979.

Triacle: Treacle. It is used in general for a Medicine, Remedy, or Cure. *La.* 480. To every harm triacle; A salve for every sore.

Tribucion: Retribution, reward. *Test.*

Trice: To thrust. *Mo.* 550. *AS.* *Epican*.

Trie, No. 3363. f. Tried, or refined.

Trill: To turn; To thrust. *Sq.* 336. See *Thirle*.

Trine compas, No. 45. *Trinite compas*, *MS.* *Ch.* The Trinity.

Trist: To trust. *Tr.* L. 2. 247. Also, Trust, charge; A Mark, *Meta.* *Sp.* and *Sk.* Instead of *Triste*, *Tr.* L. 2. 1534. *MS.* *Sp.* hath *Tristre*, Also, Sad. *Tristesse*, *Fr.* Sorrow, sadness.

Trobelid: Troubled. *Ber.* 2730.

Trompis: Trumpets. *Prol.* 2513.

Trone: A throne. *Prol.* 2531. *Troned*: Inthroned. *Test.*

Trounable, *Troublie*, *Troublous*: Troublesome, boisterous; Troubled; *Turbidus*, p. 388, b.

Troublnesse: Trouble. *Ber.* 685.

Trow, *Trome*, *Trown*: To believe, to trust. *AS.* *Tupian*.

Thou shalt irowe all by me, *Tr.* L. 2. 956. *Ca.* and *al.* read, *Thou shalt trust in me*.

Trowanding, *Trowandise*: Truanting, loitering, strolling, wandering about. *RR.* 3954.

Trowes, f. for *Thromes*: Pains; Fits. *PT.* 38. See *Throme*.

Trowith: Troth, truth. *PT.* 602. Also, Believeth, trusteth.

Truanding, *RR.* 6721. *Truandise*, as *Trowanding*.

Trucassit: Sincerest, truest, most constant. *Bal.* *Lad.* 78.

Trust, *RR.* 4722. for *Thrust*: Thirst, as *Ib.* 5713.

Tull, *MR.* 1026. To lure, allure, *Sp.* See *Sk.* This *Pro-* verb is expressed in other words in *Gower*, f. 109, a.

Full oft he failerh of his game

Thas will with ydell bonde reclayne

His hawke—

Where *ydell bonde*, is the same with *empty hand* here.

Tulsur-like, *Cx.* 194. *Tile-kill-like*. *Sp.* Of a red tile-colour. See *Sk.*

Turkis, *CL.* 80. *Turquois*, a sort of Precious stones.

Turmentise: Torment. *Mo.* 542.

Turney: To practise the exercise of Juffs and Turnaments. See *Gl.* *Neubrig.* published by Mr. *Hearne*, p. 501, 502. and his Preface, p. 46, &c.

Turvis: Turfs. *Sq.* 1753.

Twile: Defence, protection. Also, a Guardian, a Patron. *Bal.* *Lad.* 57.

Twa: Two. *Cr.* 301.

Twene, for *Twaine*: Both. *Tr.* L. 2. 1715. It were better to read it *Twaine*, or *Tweyne* (as *Ca.*) and *Helaine*, or *Helleyne*, in the foregoing Verse.

Twey and twey: Two and two. *Prol.* 900.

Tweyne: To twine, twist, spin. p. 486, a.

Tahite, for *Thwite*: To twist. *Fa.* L. 3. 848.

Twifold: Double. *Sq.* 1876.

Twight: Plucked, pulled. *Tr.* L. 4. 572, 1185. from *Twich*.

Twin, *Twinn*: To depart. *Tr.* L. 3. 1717. To separate. *Ib.* L. 4. 476.

Twine, *Tr.* L. 5. 7. as *Tweyne*.

Twinkin: To wink, or twinkle with the eyes.

Twilight: Twi-light. *RL.* 170.

Twireth, p. 375, b. Singeth. *Sp.* Whispermeth. *Lat.* *Snurrat*.

Twist: A twig, a small bough of a tree. *Sq.* 462. To pinch, to put to pain; Twitched, pressed, squeezed. *Ib.* 1521. Struck, moved, agitated with violence. *Fa.* L. 2. 267.
Twyes: Twice. *PT.* 411.
Twynt, *PT.* 433. *Had not a twynt*; *f.* Had not a jot.

V.

Vailable: Available, usefull, profitable. *Hem.* 142.
Vailed: Aailed. *Test.*
Valais: A valley. *BD.* 24.
Valance: Value. *p.* 496, *b.*
Valence, *AF.* 272. *Valencia*, a Province of Spain.
Valerie and Theophrast, *WB.* 672. "Some will have us read *Valerie* and his *Paraphrast*: This *Valerie* wrote a Book *De non ducenda uxore*, with a Paraphrase upon it, which I have seen (says *Sp.*) in the Study of Mr. Allen of Oxford, a man of as rare learning, as he is stored with rare books. His name was *Gualternus Maape* Archdeacon of Oxford, in the days of King Henry the Second, but changed his name, because he would not have the Author known, and termed it *Valerius ad Rufinum*: But yet there was one called *Valerius*, who wrote a book of the same argument, printed among St. Jerome's Works; and likewise one called *Theophrastus Eresius*, who among other things did write a book, wherein he reasoneth, Whether it be convenient for a wise man to marry. *Johannes Sarisburiensis* in his *Policraticon* has translated some things in this book out of Greek and Latin, as may appear, *Lib.* 8. cap. 11. *De molestiis et oneribus Conjugiorum*; out of which Chapter Chaucer hath taken much for this Argument, as may be seen in the Merchants Tale, but more in the Wife of Bath's Prologue, where between 30 and 40 Verses are translated from thence: And if the whole Work at this day were by some sufficient Scholar translated, it would deserve as much commendation as many Books, which learned men, not without great applause, have heretofore translated. *Sp.*
Valing his cappe: Uncovering himself, putting off his cap. *Gr.* 272.
Van, *Mo.* 1619. See *Wine ape*.
Variunt: Varying, unconstant, unsettled.
Varien: To vary, differ. *It ne male nought varien*: That should not alter the case. *Tr.* L. 2. 1621.
Vassalage: Servitude, subjection; Service due from the Vassal to the Lord. *Prol.* 3056. which is thus read in some Copies;
For alle foryetin is than his vasselage.
Vavassour, *Vavesour*, or *Valvassour*, *Prol.* 362. One that is in Dignity next a Baron. *Blo.* Concerning the Dignity of a *Vavassor*, and the Etymology of the word, See *Fr. Gl.* and *Spelm.*
Vauntour: A boaster, a Braggadocio. *Tr.* L. 2. 724.
Vecche, *RR.* 4286, 4495. An abusive name for an old woman, An old Trot, an old Hag. *It.* *Vecchia*, An old woman.
Vees: Voice, speech: Rape of *vees*, *Gam.* 202. A hasty speaker. It is *rees* in *H.* 1. and *MS. Ch.* See *Res*, &c.
Veigne, *RR.* 447. *Veine*: Vain.
Veine blode: Bleeding by opening a vein. *Prol.* 2749.
Veined, perhaps for *Veived*, or *Weived*: Put away, cast off. *p.* 480, *a.* l. 48. *p.* 499, *b.* l. 25. Disappointed. See *Weive*.
Vel, *Ber.* 551. *f.* for *Well*, i. e. *Very*.
Vendable: To be sold, set to sale. *RR.* 5804.
Venemus: Venomous.
Venery: Hunting. *Prol.* 166. *Fr.* *Venerie*.
Venge: To revenge. *p.* 152, *a.* *Fr.* *Vanger*. *Vengeable*: Revengfull. *Mo.* 2745. *Vengience*: Vengeance, revenge. *RR.* 6430.
Ventm: Venom, poison. *Prol.* 2753.
Vente: The forepart. *AL.* 526. *Fr.* *Avant*, Before.
Ventonfinge: Cupping. *Prol.* 2749. *Fr.* *Ventoufer*, To cup.

Ver, *Lat.* The Spring. *Tr.* L. 1. 157.
Verament: In tuth, truly. *No.* 3222. *Fr.* *Vrayment*. *It.* *Veramente*. *Mo.* 3154. Should be thus read; *So is he therein verament*, i. e. truly in the Eucharist.
Verdite: A verdict, opinion. *AF.* 503.
Verger, *Vergere*, *Vergir*: A garden. *RR.* 3610, 3831. *Fr.* *Verger*, An orchard.
Verilayes, *Fr.* 2494. A rustick song or dance. *Sk.* *Fr.* *Virelaie*, A roundelay, Countrey-ballad, or Free-mans song. *Blo.*
Veritrate, *Fr.* 318. In some Copies it is *verry* [al. *very*] *trate*, in others *virirate*: A very trot. *Sk.* An old trot.
Vermaile, *RR.* 3645. *Vermelet*, *CL.* 142. Of a vermilion colour.
Vernage, *No.* 2597. A sweet wine; so called (says *Sk.*) because the best of the sort is brought from *Verona*.
Vernicle, *Prol.* 687. A Cloth, or Napkin, wherein is represented the figure of *Christ's* Face; from Saint *Veronica*, whose Handkerchief is supposed to have the impression of *Christ's* Face upon it. *Sk.* *Misson*, in his Description of the Chappel of the Holy Handkerchief (*Le Saint Snaire*) at *Turin*, gives this account of it; "It is a pretended Veil, or Handkerchief, which was presented (says that Tradition) to our Saviour, as he was carrying the Cross (according to St. *John*) by a Maid named *Veronica*. They pretend, that *Jesus Christ* wiped his Face with it, and gave it back to her who had presented him with it; and that the Face of *J. C.* remained imprinted upon it with some colour: "This is the Holy Handkerchief, *Sudarium*. And as for *Veronica* the Devout Virgin, 'tis a pretty diverting stroke of ignorance: With these words, *Vera* *Jeon*, that is to say, a true image or representation (viz. of the Face of *J. Christ*) those curious Doctors have made *Veronica*; and afterwards they took a fancy, that *Veronica* was the name of a woman, of the pretended young woman supposed by themselves to have presented her handkerchief to our Saviour. This *Sudarium* was carried from *Chamberry* in the year 1532. the Chappel where it was at *Chamberry* having been accidentally burnt. There are five or six more at *Rome* and other places. See *Reiskius de Imaginibus Christi*, and *Bede de Locis sanctis*. *Misson's* New Voyages to *Italy*. London, 1714. Vol. II. Part 2. p. 388.
Vernishid his bede: Varnished his head, i. e. got drunk. *MR.* 1041.
Verray, *Very*: True. *WB.* 1204. Truly. *Fa.* L. 2. 571.
Verre, *Fr.* Glafs. *Tr.* L. 2. 867.
Versifour: A Poet. *p.* 156, *a.*
Vertewe: Vertue.
Vertue: Valour; *Virtus*, *p.* 157, *a.*
Vertuleffe: Without vertue, of no use. *Tr.* L. 2. 344.
Vesselage, *RR.* 5871. See *Vassalage*.
Vessel: Plate. *Mo.* 418, 3070. *Fr.* *Vaisselle*.
Vestments: Cloaths.
Veved, *Gam.* 170. *f.* for *Reved*.
Vlage: A voyage, a journey; Travels. *Prol.* 77.
Vicary: A Vicar. *Mo.* 3332.
Vice: The Nuel or Spindle of a winding stair-case. *Ch.* Dr. 1310. *Fr.* *Escalier à vis*, A winding stair-case.
Viendid, *Prol.* 344. Furnished with provisions, or victuals. *Fr.* *Viande*, Provisions, &c.
Vigile, *Tr.* L. 5. 305. The Ceremony of watching a dead Body till it was burned or buried. See *Liche-wake*.
Vigillia, or *Vigils*, *Prol.* 379. "It was the manner in times past upon Festival Evens, called *Vigilia*, for Parishioners to meet in their Church-houses, and there to have a drinking fit for the time: Here they used to end many quarrels between neighbour and neighbour; hither came the wives in comely manner, and they which were of the better sort had their mantles carried with them, as well for shew, as to keep them from cold at the table. These mantles also many did use in the Church at Morrow-masses, and other times. *Sp.* *Vigils* may be taken here for the Nocturnal Office used in the Church, to which the Citizens wives resorted in great state.
Villany, *Villony*, *Vilony*: A base, rude, dishonourable, or wicked word or action, such as none but a mean fellow, a Villain, would be guilty of; Disgrace. *Ph.* 106.
Foul contagion, or infection. *p.* 376, *b.*
Vinarie envermailed, *Bal.* Lad. 45. A vineyard made red. *Sp.*

- Sp. Of a purple, or vermillion colour.
Vinolent: Given to wine; Drunk. *WB.* 467. Full of wine.
Fr. 667. Smelling of wine. *Sp.*
Visage, *Fr.* The face. *Visage it*, *Sq.* 1791. Face it out.
Vise: A voice. *Test.* It is also put for *Avisé*, *Tr. L.* 3. 1390. But *Ca.* and *al.* read it *dewyse*, *V.* *MS. Sp. Wyse.*
 See *Wise*. By thine own vise, i. e. *avise*; Of thine own accord. *p.* 481, 4.
Vite: A vine. *Bal. Lad.* 113. *Lat. Vitis.*
Viteile: Victual. *MR.* 460. *Viteilis*: Victuals. *ib.* 443.
Umple, *AL.* 471. Fine Lawn. *Sp.*
Unaracid: Not plucked or pulled asunder; *Inconvulsa*, *p.* 386, a. See *Arace*.
Unaservid: Deserved not. *PT.* 56.
Unberde: Unbarred, unbolted; Enlarged, set at liberty. *CGr.* 7.
Unbetide: Not to happen. *p.* 402, b.
Unbide: To abide. *p.* 515, b: 516, b.
Unbodie: To leave the body. *Tr. L.* 5. 1549. *p.* 480, b.
Unbokle: To unbuckle, to open. See *Male*.
Unbrace: To unfold. *Magd.* 211.
Unbrennid, *Unbrent*: Unburnt. *Fa. L.* 1. 173.
Unbroidin, or (as in *MS. Sp.*) *Unbreydid*, *Tr. L.* 4. 818.
 Unbraided, not tyed up, not twitted.
Uncircumscrip: Not circumscribed, infinite. *Tr. L.* 5. 1864.
Uncis: Ounces.
Unclofid: Not enclosed, open. *RR.* 3921. *Untyed. ib.* 4698.
Uncommitted: Not committed to one's care. *Office uncommitted oft anyoeth*; Proffered service thinks. *AF.* 518.
Unconninge, *Uncunninge*: Ignorance. Also, Ignorant, unskillfull. See *Conning*.
Uncovenable: Inconvenient, unseasonable, troublesome; *Importunus*, *Boeth.*
Uncouple, *Mo.* 528. To let loose, or To be let loose, as hounds. In the Edition 1602. and *al.* it is *Encomple*: To couple, joyn together.
Uncouth: Unknown, strange. *Sq.* 304. Unusual, uncommon, disagreeable. *Boeth.*
Uncunninge, as *Uncunninge*.
Undaungerid: Not endangered, out of danger. *Ber.* 1676.
Undefended: Not forbidden. *Hen.* 224. See *Defende*.
Undepartable: Inseparable, not to be divided. *p.* 388, b.
Undergrowe: Undergrown, of a low stature. *Profr.* 156.
Undern, *Fr.* 1290, 2002. The Afternoon, the Evening. It is still used in that sense in some parts of England, and may be so understood in *Chaucer*. *Mr. Somner* says it signifies the Forenoon, the Third hour of the day, or Nine of the Clock with us; as it certainly does in the *Saxon* passages he quotes in *Undern*: To which *Dr. Hickes* adds another which is very expressive. *Undern* is *ðager þriðde tîð*. *Cod. MS. Can. et Const. Eccl.* in *Rubrica de Officiis*. *Cap.* 28. *Hick. Somn.*
Underneme, *AS.* *Undern-niman*, To undertake, to receive. *p.* 591, a. l. 28. The sense of that Paragraph appears clearer from the Reading of it in *Mr. Rawlinson's MS.* which is thus; *Frere, where fynde ye bi goddis lawe that preeftis schulden prisoun her britheren and so distroie hem? siþ the gōspel techiþ to undernyme hem in charite and so to wyne hem; and if he wold not be wonne bi you ne bi the chirche, goddis lawe and seint Austins rule techiþ us to putte hym from thee as an heþem man: This is not to prisoun hem.*
Undernome: Took, received; Perceived. *No.* 254. See *Underneme*.
Underput: Subject. *Underputting*: Subjection. *Test.*
Understond: To bear, support, sustain. *p.* 198, b. *Underbonding of temptacion*; Ability to withstand a temptation.
Undirfongen, *Hen.* 264. Undertaken. *Undirfongiþ*: Undertaketh. *RR.* 5709. See *Fong*.
Undirmelis, *WB.* 875. Times of *Undern*, *V.*
Undirspore: To heave up by putting a pole or leaver underneath. *MR.* 357. See *Spere*.
Undisþitons: Without spight. *Ch. Dr.* 674. See *Desþite* and *Disþite*.
Undo: To explain. *RR.* 9.
Undoubtous: Undoubted. *p.* 396, a.
Undowne: Undone. *Test.*
Undren, as *Undern*.
Uneath, *Uneth*, *Unethes*, *Unethis*, *Uneths*: Scarcely, hardly. *AS.* *Un-eaðe*. See *Eith*.
Uneschuable: Unavoidable, *p.* 396, b.
Unese: Uneasiness, disquiet. *Ch. Dr.* 867.
Unfawe, *Gam.* 166. perhaps should be read *unfawe* (as it is in *H. 1.*) *Unfown*. But *MS. Ch.* reads the place thus;
Hee thoughte on his landis, that laye unfowe,
And his feyre ookis, that down were lithrowe.
Unfestlich: Sad. *Sq.* 386. See *Festlich*.
Ungilty: Guiltless, innocent. *Tr. L.* 3. 1020.
Ungodely: Uncivil. *RR.* 3741. Dishonourably. *Bl. Kn.* 386. See *Godely*.
Ungreable: Disagreeable, ungratefull; *Ingratus*, *p.* 359, a.
Unhap, *Unhappe*: Mishap, misfortune. *Tr. L.* 1. 553. *MS. Sp.* reads the place thus;
 —What maie this be to mene.
Unbardy: Cowardly, faint-hearted. *Unhardy is unfely*, *MR.* 1102. A coward is unfortunate, or *Faint heart never won fair Lady*.
Unbele: Misfortune. *No.* 1630. Want of health, sickness.
Unbide: To lay open, to discover. *RR.* 2168.
Unbolde: Of no account or value. *Their servauntes be to them unbolde*, *Mo.* 2413. "Their servants are little beholden to them, or get little by them, are little esteemed, unless they can find means to double their Lord's Revenues. *Com.*
Uniale *Bal.* 573. f. Smooth, plain, exact; from the *Fr. Uni*.
Unjoine: To disjoyn, separate; *Dissociare*, *p.* 384, b.
Universe, *Tr. L.* 3. 36. *In universe*; Universally, in general.
Universtie: The Universe, the World. *p.* 489, b.
Unkist: Not kissed. *Tr. L.* 1. 820.
Unknowable: Not possible to be known; *Ignorabilis*, *p.* 373, a.
Unkonninge, *Unkunning*, as *Unconninge*.
Unlace his male: Open his mail or packet. *PT.* 700.
Unlacid: Opened. *PT.* 67.
Unlettid: Uninterrupted, unmolested. *Ch. Dr.* 1829.
Unlovyn: Not to love, to cease to love. *Tr. L.* 5. 1697.
Unlust: Unwillingness, ill will, dislike. *p.* 203, b.
Unlustes, *p.* 513, b. l. 60. should be *unlustie*, or *unlusty*, as in *p.* 514, b. l. 13. Disagreeable. See *Lust*, *Lustie*.
Unmanhode: An unmanly action. *Tr. L.* 1. 835.
Unmeke: Uncivil, rude. *RR.* 590.
Unmete: Unmeet, unfit, improper. *FL.* 17.
Unmightye: Unable. *Tr. L.* 2. 858.
Unneth. See *Uneath*.
Unpacience: Impatience. *RR.* 4575.
Unpece: Want of peace, discord. *p.* 506, a.
Unperegall: Unequal; *Impar*, *p.* 374, a.
Unpin: To open. *Tr. L.* 3. 699.
Unpitous, f. for *Impious*; *Impia*, *Boeth.* *p.* 359, a. l. 26.
Unplite: To unfold, to explain; *Explicare*, *p.* 373, b.
Unpower: Want of power, weakness. *p.* 593, b.
Unpurveied: Unforeseen, unexpected. *p.* 365, b. *Unprovided*, not ready. *AL.* 382.
Unquert, *Ber.* 1323. f. Undeserved, unsought, unexpected. See *Gl. V.* in *Unquirit*.
Unreson: Unreasonableness. *p.* 514, b.
Unrest: Uneasiness, disquiet. *Fr.* 231, 1739. In *p.* 393, a. l. 67. the Translator seems to have taken *inquires* for a Noun, and so translated it *unrest*: Or else it may have been put in the margin as another sense of *inquires*; for the true sense of it is also in the Text, *thou mayst saie*, and if *unrest* be omitted, the sense will be plain and compleat.
Unrestie: Causing uneasiness. *Tr. L.* 5. 1354.
Unright: Wrong. *Bl. Kn.* 335. Falshood. *Tr. L.* 3. 986. But that Verse is better read in *MS. Sp. Ca.* and *al.*
Ne shulde of right none untrouthe in byr gesse.
 i. e. Should not justly suspect her of any falshood.
Unsad: Fickle. *Fr.* 2016. See *Sad*.
Unscience: Ignorance, want of knowledge. *p.* 398, a.
Unfely: Unhappy, unfortunate. *MR.* 1102. See *Unbardy*. *Unfelynesse*: Misfortunes. *p.* 390, a.
Unset: Not appointed. See *Sieven*.
Unshete: Opened. *BD.* 65.
 Unshrive,

Unshrive, Mo. 2691. for *Unshriven*: Not confessed.
Unsicke: Not sick, in good health. *Ch. Dr.* 1203.
Unskilfully: Unreasonably. *Not unskilfully*; Not without cause; *Non injuria*, p. 378, a.
Unslakid: Unslacked. *No.* 827.
Unsleep: Having had no sleep. *Ch. Dr.* 1834.
Unsolempne: Uncommon, unusual; Not famous; *Incelebris*, p. 361, a.
Unspedefull: Unsuccessfull, ineffectual. p. 403, b.
Unspere: Unlocked, unbolted. *RR.* 2654. See *Spere*.
Unstanchd, *Unstanchable*: Insatiable, unquenchable; *Inexhaustible*; *Inexplebilis*, *inexhaustus*, Boeth.
Unswiſt: Most uncertain. *Ch. Dr.* 892.
Unswell: To sink down or fall after swelling. *Tr. L.* 4. 1146.
Unsweet: Not sweet, stinking. *Fa. L.* 1. 72.
Unwall: Short, of a low stature. *Mo.* 2014. See *Toteth*.
Unthank, *Unthanke*, *Tr. L.* 5. 699. Ill will; Mischance.
Unthank come on his hand, *MR.* 974. A curse on his hand. See *Thanke*.
Unthrift: Prodigal, indiscreet. See *Thrifty*.
Unthrive: Ill success, misfortune, disappointment. *CN.* 142.
Untill: To, unto.
Unto: Untill. *AB.* 647.
Untrende, Mo. 2536. some read the place, *ſeken the wool untrend*: But the Edition 1602. and *al.* have it, *Of hem ſeken the woll to rend*, that is, He takes hold of, and embraces the sheep, as the cook does, to cut him in pieces; to rend the wool off his back, when he hath taken him. *Com.*
Untratable: Untractable, inexorable. p. 373, b.
Untrist: To be mistrustfull, to be jealous or diffident. *Tr. L.* 3. 841.
Untrouthe: Falshood. *Tr. L.* 5. 1098.
Untruſt: Uncertainty. *Bal.* 236.
Unuſage: Disuse; *Inſolentia*, p. 372, b.
Unware: Sudden, unexpected. *La.* 428. *Unawares. Tr. L.* 1. 550.
Unweld: Unwieldy. *RR.* 359.
Unwenmid: Pure, unblemished. *No.* 236.
Unwetingly: Unknowingly, ignorantly.
Unwiſt: Unknown. *Tr. L.* 2. 1294. Ignorant. *Ib.* 1400.
Unwiſt, *CM.* 118. Folly, want of *Witte*, *V.*
Unwitting: Not knowing, ignorant. *Unwitting of this Dorigene*; Without the knowledge of *Dorigene*. *Fr.* 2482.
Unwote: Knoweth not. *He ne unwote nat*; He is not ignorant; *Non neſciat*, p. 402, b.
Unwrappe: To discover, lay open, *La.* 103.
Unwrie: To uncover. *Tr. L.* 1. 859. See *Wrie*.
Unwurſhip: Disgrace, a dishonourable thing. p. 484, b.
Unyd: United. *Ber.* 2990.
Unyoldin: Without yielding or surrendring one's self. *Prol.* 2726.
Voide, *Voidin*: To empty. *Fr. Vnider*. To depart; To remove, to drive away, to put away; To leave, quit, forſake; To diſmiſs; To caſe. *RR.* 2922.
To frustrate, or make void; *Evacuare*, p. 403, a.
Voidid: Gone out of the room. *Tr. L.* 2. 912; *L.* 3. 233.
Volage, *Fr.* Fickle, light, unconstant, raſh. *Mo.* 1816. *RR.* 1284.
Volatily, *No.* 2580. Wild fowl. *Sp. Fr.* *Volaille*, Fowls.
Volipere: A kercher. *Sp.* A wrapper for the head. *MR.* 133. From the *Fr. Envelope*, To wrap up.
Volome: A volume. *WB.* 681.
Voluntie: Will, pleasure. *RR.* 5276. *Fr. Volonté*. Of *volunté*; Wilfully, for the nonce. *Bl. Kn.* 300.
Vomes: Foam, froth; *Spumis*, p. 396, a.
Vouchideſafe: Vouchsafed. *ABC*, *H.* 1.
Vouchſafin, *Tr. L.* 2. or rather (as *MS. Sp.*) *Vouchethſafe*: Vouchsafeth.
Vouch ye ſave: Vouchsafe ye.
Vounde ſtone, *RR.* 7113. Free-stone. *Sp.* See *Sk.*
Up, *Sq.* 1899. *MR.* 1182. for *Upon*. In *La.* 796. instead of *On pain*, &c. *MS. Ch.* hath *Uppeyne*; which seems to be the genuine reading. *Up paine for to be ded*, *RR.* 667. Upon pain of death.
Upbrayd: Upbraided. *Hyp.* 304.
Upperſt: Uppermost, highest. *Boeth.* p. 360, a.
Uppeyne. See *Up*.
Upheſe: Heaved, or lifted up. *Prol.* 2430.

Uphap: Perhaps. p. 489, a.
Upbent: Taken up or lifted.
Upreiſd: Raised up. *Di.* 238. Extolled. *Boeth.*
Upright ſignifies Straight (whether lying down, or ſtanding up) in oppoſition to Crooked. *Dr. Ch.* 451.
Uprift: Riſen up.
Upſwale: Swelled up.
Upſaſe: Gave up, ſent up.
Urchons: Urchins. *RR.* 3135.
Ure, *Bl. Kn.* 152, 303, 483. Fate, deſtiny, chance, hap; *Uſe. Sp.* Contracted from the *Lat. Uſura*, *Uſe*. Or from the *Fr. Heure*, *Hora*; whence *Bonheur*, *Malheur*, Good or Bad fortune. See *Sk.* *Ured*: Fortunate. *I was well* had good fortune. *Ch. Dr.* 144. *Enured* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe, *Ib.* 796.
Uſage, *Fr. Uſe*, experience. *Prol.* 2450. Custom. *No.* 2580.
Uſant: Uſing, wont, accuſtomed. *MR.* 833.
Uſauces: Uſages, cuſtom. p. 377, a. l. 31.
Uſen: To enjoy. p. 373, b.
Uſerere: An uſurer. *Ib.* 5691.
Uſure: Uſury. *RR.* 5797.
Utter, *Utir*: Outward, external. *No.* 509. The outer-moſt. *Tr. L.* 3. 665. *Utterliche*: Utterly. *Ib.* *L.* 2. 1710.
Uttereſt: The utmoſt, uttermoſt, or outermoſt.

W.

W *Achet*, *MR.* 213. Sky-colour. *Sk.*
Wade, *Tr. L.* 3. 615. He told a tale of *Wade*, or (as in *MS. Sp.*) the tale; A Romantick Story, famous at that time, of one *Wade*, who performed many ſtrange Exploits, and met with many wonderful adventures in his Boat *Guingelot*. *Sq.* 940.
Waferers, *No.* 1993. qu. *Wayfarers*: Way-faring men, vagabonds.
Waft about, *Gam.* 1556. Wandered about, went up and down; *f.* Caſt about, contrived: But inſtead of *he waft about*, *H.* 1. and *MS. Ch.* have, *he was faſt about*.
Wage: Wages, hire. *BD.* 243, 684.
Wailid: Changed, old. *Sp.* Choice, picked out, ſelected.
Wailid wine, *CCr.* 29. Choice wine. See *Sk.* and *Gl. V.* in *Wale*.
Waimenting: Lamenting, bewailing. *Tr. L.* 2. 65. But *Ib.* 68. it is better to read (as it is in *MS. Sp.* and *al.*) *chytering*, i. e. chattering; it being very improbable that the Poet ſhould uſe the ſame word at the end of two Verſes rhiming to one another, which ſeldom or never happens, unleſs the word is uſed in different ſenſes.
Wake: To watch. *Fr.* 636.
Walachie, *Dr. Ch.* 1024. *Wallachia*, a Province tributary to the Turk, bordering upon *Poland*, part of the ancient *Dacia*.
Wall, *Mo.* 2023, 2238. ſeems to ſignify a Well.
Walnote ſhale: A walnut ſhell. *Fa. L.* 3. 191.
Waloweth up: Vomith, or caſteth up; *Eruſtare*, p. 371, a.
Waltring: Weltring, toſſing, tumbling or rolling about. *MR.* 508. *MS. Ch.* hath it *Walwyng*, i. e. Wallowing.
Walſome: Loathſome. *Sp.* Hatefull. *Mo.* 1168.
Wan, *Prol.* 444. Won, or gained.
Wane or wax, *No.* 1539. Decrease or increaſe.
Wanger: A male, or budget. *Sp.* A pillow. *No.* 3417. *AS.* *Pangene*; from the *AS.* *Pang*, The cheek.
Wangis: The Grinders. *MR.* 922. from the *AS.* *Pang*, The cheek; qu. Cheek-teeth. See *Sonin*.
Wangtothe, *Mo.* 1956. The *Wanges* are the great teeth, which in a dog are called *Fangs*. See *Wangs*.
Wanbope: Deſpair. p. 480, b.
Waniſheth: Vanitheth. *Teſt. L.* 2. The *w* and *v* are often confounded in the *MSS.*
Wantruſt: Diſtruſt, diffidence, jealousy. p. 488, a: 500, b. *Tr. L.* 1. 805.
Wapid: Troubled, ſorrowful. *An.* 217. See *Ambapid*.
War,

- War*, as *Ware*.
Warrantise, Bal. 896. f. The same with *Warrantise*, V.
Wardain: A Guardian, a Keeper; One that is upon Guard. Tr. L. 3. 666. *Wardainis*, *Wardinis*: Guards. WB. 1216. Keepers; Judges, or Arbitrators. Gam. 553.
Wardcorps: A Life-guard-man. WB. 359. Fr. *Garde de corps*.
Wardrobe, *Wardrope*, No. 3081. A house of office. Fr. *Garderobe*.
Ware: Wary, cautious. Prol. 311. Also, Wore or did wear. FL. 340.
Wariangles, Fr. 144. "A kind of birds full of noise, and very ravenous, preying upon others, which when they have taken, they use to hang upon a thorn or prickle, and tear them in pieces and devour them: And the common opinion is, that the thorn, whereupon they thus fasten and eat them, is afterwards poysonous. In *Staffordshire* and *Shropshire* the name is common. Sp.
Warie, *Warren*: To curse. La. 373. Tr. L. 2. 1619. AS. *Peþman*, *Peþgan*. To grow weary of. Tr. L. 5. 1377. *My life I warie*; I am weary of my life; *Tedet me*. Also, To worry.
Warin: Warned, cautioned. Tr. L. 1. 647.
Warishe: To cure, heal, ease; To be healed, to mend, recover. p. 147, b. Fr. *Guerir*. *Warishing*, p. 148, a. *Warison*, RR. 1537. Cure; Recovery. Fr. *Guerison*.
Warne: To encourage; To assure. Fr. 2094. To hinder, forbid. RR. 5840. To deny, refuse. Ib. 3652, 3730. To refrain, forbear.
Warnishe, p. 498, b. l. 58. f. A Guard; To guard.
Warnfore, p. 152, b. 153, a. To fortify; To defend.
Warrantise: Guaranty. On *warrantise*, AL. 406. For certain; I'll warrant you.
Warray, *Warrey*, *Warrie*: To make war upon, to disturb, or molest; To worry. AS. *Peþgan*, *Laceffere*, *molestare*.
Wariangles, as *Wariangles*.
Wase: A wisp. Ber. 1617.
Wassell bread, Prol. 147. Fine Cymnel. Sp. Bread or cakes made of the finest flower. For the original signification of the word see *Versteg*. Chap. V.
Wate: To know. RR. 5399.
Watynge strete, Fa. L. 2. 431. See *Galaxie*.
Watti's pack, RL. 67. To bear *Watti's pack*, seems to have been a Proverbial expression signifying, To be duped, fooled, or imposed upon.
Wave: Wove. Ph. 138.
Wave: A wave. RR. 4712. *Wawis*: Waves. Ib. 3776.
Wawy: Waving. Ch. Dr. 695.
Wax. See *Wane*.
Wayn: To weigh. LW. 398. *Waylb*: Weigheth. Luc. 109.
Wayuin: To depart, to turn. Sq. 999.
Waywarde: Froward; Cruel. Magd. 237.
Webbe: A weaver. Prol. 364. AS. *Peþba*.
Wed, *Wedde*: A pawn, a pledge. AS. *Peþ*. To wedde; In pawn. No. 2631.
Wede: Weeds, apparel. No. 2342. Mo. 2151. *Wedis*: Weeds. Tr. L. 1. 947.
Week: Wicked. Tr. L. 2. 1273. See *Wicke*.
Weelful, as *Welefull*.
Weened: Thought.
Weer, for *Were*, Ber. 2833.
Wegging: Wagging, moving. Tr. L. 2. 1745.
Welkid: Weakened. RR. 4737.
Weilub: Bewaileth. Tr. L. 5. 211.
Weine: To wane, to decrease. RR. 2080.
Weive, *Weivin*: To wave, put off; To refuse, neglect, forsake. Tr. L. 2. 284. To move to and fro; To let go, to drive away. Boeth. Instead of *Weivub*, Tr. L. 4. 602. MS. Sp. hath, *Flieth from*.
Wekin: To weaken; To lessen, or abate. Tr. L. 4. 1144.
Wekid: Weakened; Tired.
Welaway: An expression of grief or surprise. *Welaway the sound*, Tr. L. 3. 1701. *Welaway the while*, Ib. L. 4. 1. Alas the time! *Welaway for to sing*: To make a woful cry, or lamentation. See *Gl. V*.
Weld, *Weldin*: To wield, rule, manage, govern, command. Fr. 683. AS. *Fealban*. *Weldid*, *Welt*: Ruled, govern-

- ed. *Welding*: Management; Power. p. 156, b.
Weldy: Nimble, active. Tr. L. 2. 636. Ca. and al. read, *so worthy*.
Wele: Health; Welfare, prosperity. La. 176. where instead of *livin welle*, it may be better read, *live* [or *livin*] *in welle*, as in MS. Ch. and al. Also, Wealth, riches. AS. *Peþan*.
Weleful, *Welful*: Blessed. La. 452. Happy; Healthy.
Welefulnesse, *Weleneffe*: Happiness, Prosperity. Boeth.
Welke: Did walk, walked. Ch. Dr. 828.
Welkid, No. 2254. Withered. Sp. or rather, Full of wheals or wheals. *Welked*: Shortened, impaired. *Gloss*. to *Spenser's Works*. See *Welknith*.
Welkin: The Sky; The Firmament. Dr. Ch. 339. AS. *Peþen*, from *Peþalc*, The Revolution of Celestial Bodies.
Welknith, Hyper. 214. f. Turneth; changeth; from the AS. *Fealcan*, To revolve, to rowl up and down, &c. See *Gl. V*. in *Walkyn*.
Well, *Wellin*: To flow; To spring. Tr. L. 4. 709.
Wellynge: Flowing; Springing. p. 480, b. See *Welknith*.
Wellis: Wells, springs. Tr. L. 5. 1373.
Well-willy: Well-wishing, bearing good will, favourable. Tr. L. 3. 1263.
Wellynge. See *Well*.
Welmsith, RR. 1561. Rifleth. Sp. From the AS. *Peþallian*, *Scatwirth*. Sk.
Welny: Well nigh, almost. Dr. Ch. 3.
Welplich: Like a whelp. PT. 481.
Welle: Governed, ruled; Had the power, command, or use of. Mo. 122. See *Weld*.
Welshed: Wealthy, rich, *Test*.
Wel-thewid: Having good qualities, or morals; Bene moratus, Boeth. See *Thewis*.
Wem, Sq. 141. *Wemme*, RR. 930. A spot, a blemish; A fault. AS. *Peþem*, *Peþemme*. Also, Hurt, damage. Sk. *Wemleß*: Unspotted, innocent. *Pars*.
Wend, *Wende*, *Wendin*: To go; Went. Tr. L. 2. 1654. Thought; from *Wene*, V. *Wendin her delight*, Tr. L. 4. 683. — *her disport*, Ib. 724. Thought to divert her. *Wende conne*: Thought to have conn'd; or got by heart.
Wende: Guess, conjecture. Bl. Kn. 463.
Wende, for *Winde*, or (as in MS. Sp.) *Wynde*, i. e. Turn, revolve. Tr. L. 3. 1547.
Wene, *Wenin*: To think, suppose, imagine. AS. *Peþan*.
Wene: A supposition, doubt. *Withoutin wene*; Doubtless.
Wengereffes, for *Vengereffes*: Revengers. Boeth.
Wenstow, for *Wenest thou*? Thinkest thou? WB. 311.
Went: A doubt, a thought; from *Wene*. Going, passing. Tr. L. 5. 605. A way, a passage. Tr. L. 3. 788. Fa. L. 1. 182. Gone. p. 491, b. from *Wend*, To go. Also, A turn. Tr. L. 2. 63. from the AS. *Peþan*, To wind, to turn. Want. FL. 150.
Wepelie: Weeping, mournful. *Test*.
Wepen, *Wepin*: Weapons. Mo. 3032. Ar. 255.
Wer: War. Ch. Dr. 2110. Also, Were.
Werbelles: Warblings. p. 492, a.
Werch, *Werchin*: To work, to do.
Werdie, Hyper. 19. as *Wierdis*.
Were, *Where*: Doubt, delay. *Withoutin were*; Without doubt. RR. 1776. *His herte in joche a where is set*, Ib. 5699. His heart is in such a maze or uncertainty. *In joche a were*, Hyper. 125. In such confusion. Also, A wear. Tr. L. 3. 35. AF. 138. To wear.
Weren, *Werin*: Were.
Werie: Weary; faint. RR. 440. *Wered me*, Tr. L. 5. 584. should be read (as in MS. Sp.) *werred*, or (as in Ca. and al.) *werred me*; i. e. made war upon me: See *Warrey*.
Werke: Work; A deed; To work.
Werne, for *Weren*: Were.
Werne, *Wernin*, as *Warne*.
Werre: War. In *his Lordis werre*, Prol. 48. He served in the wars under his Lord, from whom he held by Knight-Service. Also, Grief, sorrow, Tr. L. 5. 1392. Dr. Ch. 616. Perhaps for *Were*, V. Also, for *Werrey*, ABC. P. 4.

Werrey, See *Warray*.
Wers: Worfe. *Werft*: Worst.
Werth, Cr. 385. CCr. 886. Worth, deserving. *Sp.* and *Sk.*
 But perhaps it may be the same with *Wierde*: Fate or
 Destiny. See *Wierdes*.
Weryin, Prol. 1545. or (as in *MS. Ch.*) *Werrien*, as *War-
 ray*.
Wesh: Washed. *La.* 454.
Westrin: To draw towards the West. *Tr. L.* 2. 906.
Westrich: Sets as the Sun. *Hyper.* 186.
Wesche: Watch. *RL.* 96.
Wete: To wet, to bath. *Tr. L.* 3. 1121.
Wete: *Weten*: To know, to understand. *AS. Pitan.*
Wetbir: The weather; A weather. *Tr. L.* 4. 1374.
Weve, *Tr. L.* 2. 1050. See *Weive*.
Wexacionne: Vexation. *Ber.* 2817.
Wexing: Waxing, increasing. *Prol.* 2080.
Wext: Waxed, grew.
Weymenting. See *Waimenting*.
Weyve, *Weyvin*, *Gam.* 1742. as *Weive*.
Whare: Where. *Fr.* 186.
What: Somewhat, wherewithall. *RR.* 6737. *Ellis what*;
 Any thing else. *Fa. L.* 3. 651. In *Mo.* 2417. it is mi-
 staken for *with*, both being in the *MSS.* writ with the
 same Abbreviation. The sense of that passage is
 this; Since I can find no more *English* words to agree
 or rhyme to the word *fall* (with which almost every
 Stanza of the First part of this Tale ended) he would
 now make use of another word [*amende*] having much
 more to say upon the same subject.
Whele: A wheel. *Tr. L.* 1. 840. *MS. Sp.* hath it, *will*;
 but the other seems to be the genuine reading. See *Ib.*
 851.
Whelmin: To overwhelm, overturn, oppress. *Tr. L.* 1.
 139.
Wher, *Where*: Whether; Wherefoever. See *Weres*.
Wherethrough: Whereby, by which means. *RR.* 3733.
Wherto: Wherefore, to what end.
Whiche: Who, what, what sort or manner of. *p.* 153, *a.*
l. 70. *Mo.* 1570.
Whight: White. *Bl. Kn.* 2.
While: Time, space. *The Devil quit him his while*, *Ar.*
 342. *The Devil him in his turn. In the same*
while; At the same time. *Bl. Kn.* 624.
Whil're: Ere while, some time before. *No.* 1349.
Whilis and whilis: One while and another; Now —
 then. *Cr.* 224.
Whilke: Which.
Whilome: Formerly, a long time ago.
Whiso: Why so. *Dr. Ch.* 30.
White wordis: Fair words. *Tr. L.* 3. 1573.
Whitun: To grow white and clear. *Tr. L.* 5. 276.
Who, for *How*. *p.* 206, *b.* 1. 68.
Whyle, as *While*.
Wiche: A whitche, a kind of chest.
Wicke: Bad; Stinking, noisom. Also, Counterfeit. *Sp.*
 Contracted from *Wicked*.
Wide where: Every where, far and near. *Tr. L.* 3. 405.
Wierdes: The Fates, or Destinies, *Parce*. *Tr. L.* 3. 618.
AS. Pypd, Fate, Destiny. See *Gl. V.* in *Weird*.
Wifehode, *Wivehode*: The duty or affection of a wife;
 Dutifulness. *Fr.* 3005.
Wifely: Becoming a wife. *Fr.* 1459.
Wight: Weight. *Tr. L.* 2. 1385. Any person, He, or She.
AS. Wyht, Animal, creatura. Nimble, active, swift.
Mo. 381. *RR.* 4761. *CL.* 1300.
Wik, *Wike*, *Wikk*, as *Wicke*.
Wike: Week. *Tr. L.* 2. 1273.
Wild fire, *p.* 198, *b.* *Brenninge of wild fire*; Highly sea-
 soned.
Willyfully: Willingly. *Bl. Kn.* 554.
Wilfulneß: An immoderate desire of revenge. *p.* 153, *b.*
 But in *p.* 363, *b.* 1. 3. and *p.* 366, *a.* 1. 27. it should be
 read *Welefulneße*; *Felicitas*.
Willers, *Mo.* 2720. Wilfull, or wily men. *Com.*
Willy: Willing, favourable. *Willy fond at all*; Found fa-
 vourable on all occasions. *Bl. Kn.* 628.
Wilne: To will.
Wimple: A woman's hood, or veil. "It is most common-
 ly taken for a linnen plaited cloth, which Nuns and
 Religious women wear about their necks. *Bl. Peplum*
 is translated *Wjnpill*, by *Dougl.* Also, To cover, hide,

veil one's self. *Wimpled*: Covered, wrapped up in a
 Wimple. *Prol.* 472.
Winde: To go. *Fl.* 263. See *Wend*.
Windir: To trim, or adorn. *RR.* 1020. See *Sk.*
Windlas: A machine for weighing Anchors. It is used
 more generally for any Machine for lifting up heavy
 Bodys.
Wine ape, *Mo.* 1621. "*Vinum Apianum* (says *Sp.*) which
 "maketh one in such taking, that he cannot with a
 "straw bit a broad fawn: The cause is for that after
 "the drinking thereof unmeasurably, one thing seem-
 "eth two to the eyes, &c. But as all Wines drunk to
 excess have this effect, it may as well be read as it is in
 this Edition, *Wine, you ape*; for which correction no
 doubt Mr. *Urry* had good Authority.
Winers, *p.* 515, *a.* 1. 46. *Welked winers*: Withered vine
 branches. *Sk.* Perhaps that passage should be read
 —*welked wivernes and venomous serpentes*. See *Welkid*
 and *Wivere*.
Winlas, *Sq.* 204. See *Windlas*.
Winning: Gaining, getting riches. *Mo.* 2758.
Winrid: Wrinkled, or rather Grey or hoary, as the
 Winter. *RR.* 1018.
Wirch: To work. *Prol.* 2761.
Wirid, *Ber.* 1512. for *Wiered*. See *Werrey*, or *Warray*.
Worry: To worry. *RR.* 6264.
Wisy, *Wissy*, *Wissily*: Certainly, verily, truly.
Wise: To direct. See *Wisse*. Instead of *But thou wise*,
thou wost, &c. *Tr. L.* 1. 1053. *MS. Sp.* hath it thus;
But thou woste, thou mayst, thou canst, thou art all;
Wise: Manner, custom. *In his birdis wise*, *Tr. L.* 2. 920.
 After the manner of a bird. It is often printed for
Wis, *Dr. Ch.* 550, 683. and *Wisely* for *Wissy*. See *Wis*.
Wische: Washed. *RR.* 96.
Wishin: To wash; Washed. Also, To wish.
Wist: Washed. *ABC. Z.* 2.
Wissil: A weazel. *MR.* 126.
Wisse: To direct, shew, teach, instruct. *WB.* 1008. *Tr.*
L. 1. 623. *Mo.* 2175. *AS. Pijtjan*.
Wissily. See *Wis*, &c.
Wisse, *Prol.* 2285. *Wishin*: Washed.
Wissy. See *Wis*.
Wist, *Wisin*: Knew. *AS. Pijtjan*, To know.
Wis, *Tr. L.* 2. 312. *Wite*, *RR.* 7661. *Wisten*, *Ib.* 2693.
 To know. *AS. Pijtjan*. See *Witte*.
Wit, *Wite*: To blame; To charge one with, to impute.
AS. Pijtjan, *Culpere*. Also, A fault. *AS. Pijtje*. *It*
wol be wit to me, *Ber.* 652. It will be imputed to me.
Wite all thy self the care, *Tr.* *Wite thy self thy*
care. *Ca.* and *al. f. leg.* *Wite thy self all the care*; Thank
 thy self for all the trouble that shall ensue. *It should*
be wittid hir; She should be blamed for it. *Ber.* 644.
Wittholde: To retain; To employ one, as a Chirur-
 gion, &c. *p.* 148, *a.* To stop. *Mo.* 108.
Witthoutforthe: Without. *p.* 383, *a.*
Witthain: Withsay; To contradict; To deny, renounce.
Wittheten: Opposed. See *Witthute*.
Witthsey, as *Witthain*.
Witthute: To contradict, withstand, resist. *p.* 498, *b.*
Witthstane: Do withstand, hinder. *Boeth.* *p.* 365, *b.*
Witist: Blamest. See *Wis*, *Wite*.
Witless: Senseless.
Witnesfully: Better attested; *Testatus*, *p.* 391, *b.*
Witte: Sense; A good disposition of mind; *Ingenium*, *p.*
 368, *b.* Thought. *Tr. L.* 4. 1425. *To my witte*; In my
 opinion, As far as I know, To the best of my under-
 standing, To my thinking. *Fr.* 2421. *Fa. L.* 2. 194.
Witten. See *Wit*.
Witterly: Certainly. It is frequently in *MS. Ch.* for
utterly.
Wittes, *p.* 154, *a.* *Wittis*: Senses.
Wissing: Knowledge; Knowing.
Wive: To wed, marry.
Wivehode, as *Wifehode*.
Wively, *Fr.* 2071. as *Wifely*.
Wivere, *Tr. L.* 3. 1012. A kind of Serpent much like to
 a Dragon. *Sp.* A wivern.
Wlate: To hate, to loath. *Mo.* 3039. *AS. platian*,
Nauseare.
Wo: To plague, to torment. Also, *Wofull*. *RR.* 312.

- I wold be wo*, CL. 34. I would be sorry. Mourning; Wo is me. *Mo*. 518. *Wo begon*, or *bygon*. See *Begon*.
Wo be ye, *Mo*. 2274. f. for *Who be ye*.
Wodde: Wood. *Fr*. 909.
Woddish: Groweth mad. *No*. 478.
Wode: Mad. In a wode sentence, *No*. 461. In a wrong opinion. *Wodely*: Madly, furiously.
Wodebende: Woodbind, honey-suckle. *Bl. Kn*. 129.
Woden: To grow mad, to rage; *Seviunt*, p. 389, b.
Wodewale, *RR*. 658. Witwall or Golden Ouzel, a Bird of the Thrush-kind.
Wol, Woll: Will. Also, Wool.
Wollin: Will.
Wolveshede, *Gam*. 1387, 1407, 1430. There was anciently a price set upon the Heads of Wolves, as of Foxes, Pole-cats, and other noxious Beasts and Vermin; from whence Out-laws came to be called *Wolves-heads*, as being out of the protection of the Laws, and liable to be killed by any that would take them, if they made any resistance, or fled. See *Selden de Synedriis Ebrorum*. L. 2. Cap. 2. Sect. 3.
Womanbende: The sex, dignity, good qualities or virtues of a woman. *Fr*. 2096.
Womanly: Becoming a woman. *Dr. Ch*. 850.
Won, *No*. 3013. *Wonne*, *Prol*. 337. Usage, custom, manner. Also, Got, begot. *Hyper*. 3.
Wonde: To turn back. *Sp*. Perhaps Turn or change its nature, from the *AS*. *penban*, To turn, bend, change. That it almost to wonde, *CMV*. 102. That it almost bent.
Wonde, *Ph*. 26. *Wonidin*, *Th*. 7. Dwelt, inhabited; Stay'd, abode.
Wondir: Wondrous. *Prol*. 2075.
Wondirliche, *Wondirly*, *Wondirfly*: Wonderfully, wondrously.
Wone: A habitation, a house. *Fr*. 841. Also, Store, plenty. *RR*. 1673. A full grete wone, *Ar*. 276. A very great company. *AS*. *punian*, *Habitare*, frequentare.
Woned, *Tr*. L. 1. 511. *Wonnid*, *Dr*. Ch. 150. *Wont*.
Wonne, *Tr*. L. 4. 1181. A remedy. *Sp*. See *Won*. Also, To dwell, inhabit. See *Wone*. *Woning*, *Prol*. 390. Dwelling.
Wood: Mad. *Prol*. 184. *Woodneß*: Madneß. *Woodman*: A madman.
Woof: A wolf. *Prol*. 2049.
Woofte: Knowest. See *Woff*.
Wopen: Wept. *Boeth*.
Worch, *Worchin*: To work.
Word, *AL*. 88, 207, 306, &c. A *Matro*.
Words, for *Worlds*, *Tr*. L. 2. 420. as it is in *MS*. *Sp*. and al.
Wordleß: Speechless. *Ch. Dr*. 514.
Worship: Honour.
Worth, *Worthe*: Is, be; *Eft*, *fit*, *fiat*. *AS*. *peopðan*, To be, to become. *Wo worth*, *Tr*. L. 2. 344, &c. Cursed be. *Worthé hym full wele*, *Gam*. 955. Happiness attend him. *Wo worth that day*; Cursed be the day. *Tr*. L. 4. 763. But the place is thus read in *MS*. *Sp*.
And curfd be that day which that Asgrue
Me of her body bare to bene on lyve.
Worth up, p. 367, a. Get up, mount. *Lat*. *Ascende*.
So Tr. L. 2. 1011.
Worthie, p. 157, a. l. 55. If it be worthy, al. if he be worthie.
Worthied: Honoured. p. 481, b.
Woff, *Tr*. L. 1. 1053. Thou knowest. See *Wist*. *Woffow*, for *Woreft thou*? Knowest thou?
Wot: Know. That ye wot, *Tr*. L. 2. 1196. That you know of; but I should rather chuse to read it, as in *MS*. *Sp*.
How like [L. likyth] ye the lattare that he wrote?
Can he thereon? for be my trogh y note.
That is, How do you like the letter that he [Troilus] hath written to you? Doth he understand that matter? For by my troth I know not.
Wote, *Wotte*: To know. See *Ware*.
Would: Willed, permitted, suffered. p. 154, a. As himself hath would, *Di*. 284. As he pleased himself.
Woundes of Egypt: The Plagues of Egypt. *Dr*. Ch. 1207.
Wowe: To woo, to court. *Tr*. L. 5. 971. *Wowid*: Court-ed. *Di*. 322.
- Wovish*: Waveth, tosseth up and down. *Teff*. L. 2.
Wraie, *Tr*. L. 3. 285. *Wray*: To bewray, to discover.
Wrake, *Cr*. 307. Revenge, vengeance. See *Wreke*.
Wral: Bestow in brawling, or wrangling. *Sp*. and *Sk*.
In winning all ther wite thei wral, *Mo*. 2310. They strain their wittes to the uttermost to get all they can.
Com. *Dougl*. uses *Wreil* for *Wriggle*. See *Gl*. V.
Wrang: Wrung. *Magd*. 150.
Wrate: Wrote. *Cr*. 64.
Wrathe, *Mo*. 1657. *Wratbin*: To provoke. *Wrathe The* *maught*; Be not angry. *Gam*. *Wratbed*: Provoked, angry. p. 192, a.
Wrawe: Wrath, anger. *Mo*. 1623. *Wrawneß*, p. 203, b. Frowardneß. *Sp*.
Wray. See *Wraie*.
Wrech, *Wreche*: Revenge. *Mo*. 628. *Tr*. L. 5. 890.
Wrechis: Wretches.
Wrechidlice, *Wrechidliche*: Wretchedly, wickedly.
Wreke: To revenge. *Sq*. 474. See *Anreke*. *MS*. *Ch*. hath that Verfe thus;
For yee yowre self uppon your self wreke.
Wrekerie: Vengeance; Punishment. *Boeth*. It should be *Wrekerie*, p. 390, b. l. 64. A revenger.
Wrenches: Wiles or cunning sleights, snares, traps. See *Somn*. in *pence*.
Wrene, for *Wrien*: To hide. *RR*. 56. See *Wrie*.
Wreche, *Tr*. L. 2. 784. for *Wreche*, as it is in *MS*. *Sp*. See *Wrech* and *Wreke*.
Wrechileße, *Mo*. 1556. for *Reicheleße*, or (as *MS*. *Ch*.) *Recheles*, V.
Wretching, *Tr*. L. 3. 855. mis-printed for *Dretching*. See *Drache*.
Wreibe, p. 504, b. f. Corruptly for *werscheth*, i. e. worketh, acteth.
Wrey, *Wrie*, *Wrien*, *Wrine*: To hide. *RR*. 6795. To cover. *Th*. 29. Hid, concealed. *Tr*. L. 3. 621. From the *AS*. *ppigan*, *Velare*, or *ppneon*, *Tegere*, &c. Also, To discover. *CMV*. 91. From the *AS*. *ppneon*, *Prodere*. To incline, bend it's course. *Tr*. L. 2. 906. *Wried*: Turned off; from *Wry*.
Wright: Covered. *Di*. 276. See *Perrey*.
Wright: A carpenter. *AS*. *ppnyhta*, *Opistex*; whence *Shipwright*, *Wheelwright*, &c.
Wrine. See *Wrey*.
Wribe, *Wribin*: To wrest, to turn aside. *Tr*. L. 4. 986. But *MS*. *Sp*. *Ca*. and al. instead of *Wribe*, have *Wry*, V.
Wribin: Wreathed, twisted. *FL*. 57.
Wro: Grief, anger. *Sp*. Perhaps it may signify A shade, a cover. *Mo*. 2021. From *Wrie*, V. *Wra*, is Company, society. *Gl*. V.
Wrokin: Avenged, revenged. *RL*. 350. See *Wreke*.
Wronge: Wrung. *Tr*. L. 4. 1171.
Wrote, p. 192, b. l. 33. 34. f. To wallow in the dirt, to defile. *Lidgate* applies it to a worm working its way into a tree. *Fall of Princes*. L. 1. C. 19.
Or lyke a worm that wroteth in a tre.
Wrotbly: Wrathfully, angrily. *Boeth*.
Wroucht: Wrought. *Tr*. L. 3. 14. *Ca*. and al. *Worthe*, V.
Wry, *Wryen*. See *Wrie*.
Wrech: To work. *RR*. 6662. Perhaps it should be read *merche*, and *cherche* for *church*, in the foregoing Verfe.
Wust: Frighted, driven away. *Mo*. 3032.
Wycke, as *Wicke*.
Wyif: A wife.
Wylid: Plotted, combined, conspired. *Ber*. 1957.
Wyll: Will. *Of ther wyll*; Willingly, of their own accord; *Alro*, p. 377, a.
Wympel. See *Wimple*.
Wynyd: Whined. *PT*. 481.
Wysely, for *Wysly*, *An*. 290. See *Wysly*.
Wyshat, for *Wub that*, *Ber*. 2469.
Wym: Wine. *Ber*. 956. But it should rather be *Wyme*, to answer *fyme*, in the following Verfe.
- NB. Other words beginning with *Wy*, may be found in *W*.

Y.

Y From the *Sax.* *ŷe*, is most frequently prefixed to Verbs in the Perfect Tense, and very rarely to any other. This Initial addition of *Y*, or *I*, in many cases making the whole difference between the Old and the Modern word, the latter may be found by casting away the *y* or *i*: And therefore many such words are wholly omitted in this Glossary. It is also put sometimes before Nouns, but very seldom, as *Ylike*, for *Like*, *Prol.* 594. In some of the oldest MSS. it is very often used for the First Person, *I*: Hence perhaps arose that mistake in *Tr. L. 2.* 1595. *Leŷt ye too long ydwell*, for, *Leŷt I* (or *y*, as in *MS. Sp.*) *to long ydwell*; and again, *Ib. L. 3.* 160. *As ye can*, for *As y can*, *MS. Sp.* See *Z.*

Yaf, Yafe: Gave.

Yall: To yell. *Mo.* 2326. To go. *Sk. Yalie*, *RR.* 4904. *Goeth. Sp.*

Yape, Yaper. See *Fape, Faper*.

Yard: A rod. *Prol.* 149.

Yare: Ready. *Tb.* 43. *AS. Geappe*.

Yates: A gate. *Yates, Yates*: Gates.

Yete. See *Bete*.

Ybled: Caused to bleed. *Tr. L. 3.* 1530. The whole Verse is thus in *MS. Sp.*

And with ŷuch voys as ŷogh his heart bled;

where, if we read *ybled*, the Verse will be compleat, and the sense much more natural than in the other Reading.

Yblede: To bleed. *Mo.* 2291.

Yblent: Blinded, deceived. *RR.* 1610.

Ybore: Bore or born, carried. *Prol.* 380.

Ybourdid: Jested. *AF.* 589. *Well ybourdid*; A pretty jest. See *Bourde*.

Ybrayid: Drawn out. *Ber.* 3201. from the *AS. Bjaeban*, *Exerere, ŷtringere*. See *Braide*.

Yceŷŷe: To cease, desist. *Tr. L. 2.* 692.

Ycloutid: Patched up with clouts. *RR.* 223.

Ycongerid: Conjured, bewitched. *PT.* 489.

Ycorve: Cut. *Prol.* 2015. See *Kerve*, and *Throtycorve*.

Ycothe: Could; Understood. *RR.* 771.

Ycouchit: Set. *Ber.* 2565. See *Couchen*.

Ycraŷid: Broke, cracked. *Dr. Ch.* 324. *Fr. Ecraŷe*.

Ydamnid: Condemned. *Ar.* 154.

Ydeles: Dealeth, distributeth. *RR.* 5419.

Ydey: To dye. *Tr. L. 2.* 172.

Ydide: Dyed. *Hen.* 190.

Ydight: Dressed, adorned, furnished, ordered. *Tr. L. 5.* 541. *Equipped. Phyl.* 87. See *Dight*.

Ydill: Idle. *Luc.* 18.

Ydo: Done; Ceased.

Ydolafter: An Idolater. *Pars.*

Ydradde: Dreaded, feared. *Tr. L. 3.* 1653.

Ye: Yea, ay, yes. *Ye wiŷŷe*, *Tr. L. 2.* 887. *Ye ywis*; Yes surely.

Yeare: Ready. *Ph.* 43. See *Yare*.

Yedding, *Prol.* 237. (*Furgandi*) of brawling (some say) of gadding up and down (others) of loud singing. *Sp.* It is *yeddingis* in *MS. Ch.* and *al.*

Yede, *RR.* 5151. *Yedin*: Went.

Yef: If. *Ber.* 2246. Also, To give. *Mo.* 2897.

Yeft: A gift.

Yelde, Yeldin: To yield, to give.

Yelke, p. 518, a. *That yelke*, f. for *That ilke*: That same. See *Ilke*.

Yelp: To prate, to talk idly. *Tr. L. 3.* 308.

Yelte: Yoldeth. *Tr. L. 1.* 396.

Yeme, *Gam.* 1633. f. Altogether, one and all; from the *AS. Gemæne*, Common. *MS. Ch.* reads that Verse thus; *Yee jonge men take yeme*; and *H. 1.* *Take jonge men yeme*.

Yen, *Ber.* 1313. *Yene*, *Ch. Dr.* 352. Eyes.

Yer: Ere, before. *Mo.* 1968.

Yerde: A rod; A scourge. *Tr. L. 2.* 154. A court-yard. *Ib.* 820. Also, Rule, direction. *Ib. L. 3.* 137. *Ca.* and *al.* read *ŷwerde* instead of *yerde*, *Ib. L. 2.* 1427.

Yerne, *MR.* 150. Shrill. *Sk.* Earnest, eager, diligent;

Nimble, quick; Earnestly; Presently, quickly. *RR.* 6719. Soon, early. *Tr. L. 3.* 377. *AS. Geopn.* Also, To gain, deserve, to profit, obtain. *Ib.* 152. *CL.* 368. *AS. Capman, Mereri, conŷeqni, aŷŷeqni.* See *Cardiacle*.

Yerning: Compassion; Relenting, compassionating. *RR.* 5951. *AS. Capnunge*.

Yerth: The Earth.

Yeten, Yetin: Got; Lay'd up. *RR.* 5702. Also, Eaten.

Yett, No. 1298. f. A throw, or cast. *Fr. Jet.* See *Ib.* 1293.

Yewe: Give. Also, If. *La.* 739.

Yewr, Yewr: Your.

Yew, *Ber.* 2638. *Yewe*, *Ib.* 720. You.

Yexinge: Sobbing. *Sp.* In *MR.* 1043. *MS. Ch.* hath *He yixede*, *H. 1.* and *al. yexeth*, instead of *He galpiŷh*. See *Galp*.

Yfaileth: Faileth; Fainteth. *Tr. L. 1.* 601. It is *saileth* in *MS. Sp.* *ŷayliŷh* in *Ca.* &c.

Yfall: Fallen. *Prol.* 25.

Yfaŷid his trowth: Falsified, or broke his word. *Sq.* 647.

Yfaŷiŷh: Proves false, deceiveth. *RR.* 5416. See *False*.

Yfarcid. See *Farcid*.

Yfare: Gone.

Yfere: In company, together. See *Fere*.

Yferid: Fared.

Yfleting: Floating, swimming. *Fa. L. 1.* 133. See *Flete*.

Yflitted: Paŷt, removed, transferred. *Tr. L. 5.* 1543. See *Flit*.

Yflowe: Fled. *Gam.* 265.

Yfoŷtrid: Fostered, bred up. *MR.* 838.

Yfrained: Asked, examined. See *Fraine*. Also, Refrained.

Yfrened, Yfrende: Eŷtranged. *Mo.* 2566. See *Fremde*.

Yfreibid, *PT.* 292. f. Cut liké Fret-work.

Yfretid: Inlaid, ŷet liké Fret-work. *Ber.* 3192. See *Fret*.

Yfrein: Devoured. *Ar.* 66. See *Frete*.

Yfrownid: Wrinkled. *RR.* 155. See *Frownid*.

Ygettin: Got. *MR.* 456.

Ygo: Gone. *Prol.* 288.

Ygrave: Engraven, carved; Dug.

Ygravid: Buried. *Magd.* 429. See *Grave*.

Ygrette: Greeted. *RR.* 7430. See *Gret*.

Ygrinte: Grindeth. *Fa. L. 3.* 708.

Yhallowid: Hallowed, kept ŷacred, celebrated. *Luc.* 192.

Yhalte: Holdeth, keepeth. *RR.* 4979.

Yhed, f. *Yheved*, i. e. Heaved, or liŷted up. *Dr. Ch.* 175. *Hed yhed*; f. Head to head.

Yhere: To hear. *Tr. L. 4.* 1313.

Yhered, or *Yherde*: Hairy. *MR.* 629.

Yheŷte: Heated. *RR.* 3709.

Yholde: Holden, accounted.

Yholdin: Obliged, bound, held. *RR.* 429. Beholden. *Ar.* 69.

Yhotin: Be called. *CN.* 185. See *Hote*.

Yiapid: Impoŷed upon, deceived. *Mo.* 1722. See *Fape*.

Yin: Eyes. *Prol.* 152.

Ying: Young. *Gam.* 295.

Yis, *Ber.* 1244. See *Tue*.

Yit: Yet.

Yled: Laden. *Ber.* 794.

Yleŷŷid: Eaŷed. *Tr. L. 1.* 1090. See *Liŷŷe*.

Ylete: To loŷe. No. 534. See *Leŷe*.

Yleye: Layn. *PT.* 648.

Ylich: Alike. *Prol.* 2528. *Ylike*: Like. *Ib.* 594.

Ylimed: Caught or taken, as birds are with bird-lime. *WB.* 934.

Yloggit: Lodged. *PT.* 304.

Yloke: Locked up, claipeɔ, embraced. *Ber.* 2472.

Ylome: Often. *Ber.* 580. See *Lome*.

Yloŷid: Looŷened. *Gam.* 830.

Ylough: Laughed.

Ylucidid, *Bal.* 604. *Full ylucidid*, for *Fully lucidid*; Very bright or ŷhining.

Ymedlid: Mixed. See *Meddell*.

Ymeint, as *Meint*.

Ymmagyŷŷ, for *Imaginative*, *Ber.* 2796. Thoughtful, Cunn- ing. See *Imaginative*.

Ymmemorat: Unmindful, forgetfull. *Ber.* 1892.

Ymoned: Bemoaned. *Teŷt. L. 2.*

Ymyrid, *Ber.* 2654, Bemired, puzzled.

Ynayid: Denied. *Ber.* 2095.

Ynde: Black. *Sp.* See *Inde*.

Ynempnid: Named.

Yode:

Yode: Went. *R. L.* 182. From *Yede*.
Tolde, Toldin: Delivered up. *Tr. L.* 3. 1217. Paid, requited. *RR.* 4556. Yielded. *Tr. L.* 1. 802. Yielding, submissive. *Jb. L.* 3. 95.
Tonghede: Youth. *RR.* 351.
Tore: Before, formerly. *Naught yore ago*; Not long ago. *AF.* 17.
Tove: Gave. *CL.* 688. From *Yeve*.
Touris: Yours.
Touibed, *Mo.* 2364. *Youthede*, *RR.* 4931. Youth.
Tow, Yowe: You.
Towith: Youth. *Ber.* 307.
Tpeint: Painted. *Ch. Dr.* 1845.
Tpeised: Weighed. *Bal.* 280. See *Peice*.
Tpight: Pitched down, fell. See *Pight*.
Tpkid: Picked, *OC.* *Prol.* 367. *PT.* 174. See *Pike*. *Tpkid shoes*; Peaked shoes. See *Pikis*.
Tpilt, *PT.* 559. seems to signify Beaten, struck; *f.* Pelted: But in *Gam.* 1771. it bears a very different sense; *f.* Put, placed. *H. 1.* hath it *pilt*. *MS. Ch. pelt*.
Tplegg: Pawned, put in pledge. *Ber.* 1033.
Tpocrisie: Hypocryfy. *Mo.* 2743.
Tqueint. See *Queint*.
Tquit. See *Quit*.
Traft, See *Raft*.
Trafid: Shaved. *Ber.* 2201.
Tre: Anger.
Treight: Reached. *Fa. L.* 3. 284.
Treke: Raked up.
Trent: Rent. *On thy cross yrent*, or rather *on the cross*, or (as in *MS. Ch.*) *on a crosse yrente*, al. *to rent*, *La.* 845. It is sometimes used in the same sense as *Rive*.
Trobin, *Mo.* 3234. Some Editions read it *roben* or *robhen*, and others *roven*, which may signify, To rove, or perhaps to be ravenous. In *Com.* the place is thus explained; "Because they are alike, that is, the Griffon and the Popish Clergy, and rob and raven every where by their kind, or with their kinds ravin, they and their kind are ravenous. The Pelican should begin to speak at Verse 3232. as it does in some Editions and in *Com.*"
Trom: To run. *Tronne*: Did run.
Trowned: Whispered. See *Rowne*.
Tryvyn atwain: Burst in two. *Bl. Kn.* 577. See *Rive*.
Tsaine, Tsene: Seen.
Tse: Ice. *Fa. L.* 3. 40. Also, Seen.
Tseid: Seized. *Ber.* 1147.
Tseft: Ceased. *Ch. Dr.* 2166.
Tshent: Spoiled, &c. See *Shent*.
Tshet: Shut.
Tshrive, Tshriwen: Confessed.
Tse: Saw. *Fa. L.* 3. 339.
Tslake, as *Slake*.
Tslo, as *Slo*.
Tsmelde: Smelled. *Fa. L.* 3. 595.
Tsod: Sodden, boiled. *Ber.* 4856.

Tsod, for *Tsoiled*: Absolved. *Mo.* 2308. See *Soile*.
Tsuid: Befotted. *Ber.* 406.
Tsow: Sown. *WB.* 71.
Tspreint: Sprinkled; Dispersed. *Prol.* 2170.
Tstakid, *PT.* 292. *f.* Staked up, supported with stakes.
Tstake: Stuck; Confined. *Gam.* 649.
Tstrove: Dead. See *Strove*.
Tstrecht: Stretched. *Fa. L.* 3. 283.
Ttaks: Taken.
Ttelle, as *Tell*.
Ttemen, *Fa. L.* 3. 654. *Ttemen*: To bind, or lay up. *Sp.*
Tthe: To thrive, prosper. See *The*.
Tthewid well: Having good qualities. *RR.* 108. See *Themis* and *Wel-thewid*.
Ttwinn: Pulled, drawn. *Fr.* 299. See *Twight*.
Ttwinn. See *Twin*.
Ttyid: Tyed, bound. *Cup.* 226.
Tve: Ivy. *Test. L.* 3. p. 516, b.
Tvelles: Evils.
Tvellesse: Wickedness, badness.
Tvoire: Ivory. *Dr. Ch.* 946. *Fr.* *Ivoire*.
Twarry, *Mo.* 2457. *f.* as *Warray*. Some Editions have it *warry*, others *varry*; but that of 1687 *vary* (I know not upon what authority) They go away from the truth. *Com.*
Twede: Wore. *RR.* 875.
Twerne: To deny. *Gam.* 1310. See *Warn*.
Twerid, *Bl. Kn.* 666. See *Warray*.
Twete. See *Wete*: To know.
Twexith: Groweth. In *Tr. L.* 1. 950. instead of *The rose ynexith fore and*, &c. *MS. Sp.* has it,
The lillie wexyth white and smothe, &c.
Twis, as *Iwis*.
Twirch, as *Wirch*.
Twit. See *Wit*: To know.
Twrie, Twryen: Covered. See *Wrie*.
Twrong, as *Wrong*.

Z.

Z Or rather *z*, in the MSS. is often put for *g*, and *gh*, from its likeness to the *AS.* *z*; and for *y*, the *g* being in English frequently softened into *y*: But for want of a proper Type, it has been thought fit to keep the modern Orthography in this Edition, except in very few words, where *z* is put instead of *z*; as, *Dispyt*, which should have been *Dispyt*. See *Gl. V.* in *Z*.
Zedeories, p. 485, b. l. 51. This place is so corrupted, that it is not easy to imagine who is meant by this name.
Zenxis, No. 1532. A famous Grecian Painter.

A Translation and Explanation of the Latin in CHAUCER.

A.

AD *adjuvandum me*, Magd. 591. It is taken from *Psal.* XL. 13: LXIX. 2. *Domine ad adjuvandum me respice, festina*; O Lord make hast to help me.
Agnus castus; A Drug, the seed of the Chast-tree, a Plant growing in Italy, Sicily, &c.
Alma redemptoris mater. See *O alma*, &c.
Amor vincit omnia: Love overcometh all things. *Prol.* 162.
Angelus ad Virginem, MR. 108. The Angel's Salutation of the Blessed Virgin. *Luk.* II. 28. *Ave Maria*, &c.
A questio quid juris, *Prol.* 648. *H.* 1. and *MS.* Ch. read it *Ay* [i. e. Ah!] *questio*, &c. The Sumner it described rapping out Latin, and (among the rest) scraps of Law. The oldest Editions have it *Aye, questio quid queris*; but the other seems to be the true Reading. *Questio juris* and *Questio facti*, are known Distinctions in the Civil Law.
Associat profugum Tydens, &c. *Tr.* L. 5. 1497, &c. These Twelve Verses contain the Arguments of the Twelve Books of *Statius* of the War of *Thebes*, which the Poet comprehends in Three Stanza's of this Poem, beginning at Verse 1484. The Latin is more correctly printed in the *Paris* Edition of *Statius*, 1600.

*Argumentum Thebaidos Libb. 12.
Ex veteribus libris.*

*Ad sociat profugum Primus Tydeo Polynicen.
Tydea legatum docet, infidiasq; Secundus.
Tertius Hemonidem canit, et vates latitantes.
Quartus habet reges, ineuntes praelia, septem.
Mox furia seni Quinto narratur & anguis.
Archemori bustum, Sexto, ludiq; geruntur.
Dat Graios Thebis, & vatem Septimus umbris.
Ottavo cecidit Tydens, spes fida Pelasgis.
Hippomedon Nono queritur, cum Parthenopeo.
Fulmine percussus Decimo Capaneus superatur.
Undecimo se perimunt per vulnera fratres.
Argiam flentem memorat Duodenus, & ignes.*

Ave Maria; Hail Mary. p. 143, a. See *Angelus ad Virginem*.

B.

Benedicite! Bless ye. It is used by way of Exclamation, as we now say, Bless us! Taken perhaps from the Hymn beginning, *Benedicite, omnia opera Domini*. *Benedictus*: Blessed. *CL.* 1423. Perhaps alluding to *Luk.* I. 68.

C.

Cœli enarrant; The Heavens declare. *CL.* 1367. It is the beginning of *Psal.* XIX.
Confessio amantis; The Confession of a Lover. p. 479.
Confiteor, p. 197, a. I confess, The Confession.
Consumere me vis? Wilt thou destroy me? *Magd.* 504. The words of *Job*, Ch. XIII. 26. taken out of the Vulg. Lat. as the rest of the Quotations are. *Consumere me vis peccatis adolescentia mea*? Wilt thou consume me in the sins of my youth? Our Translation hath it, *Thou makest me to possess the iniquities of my youth*.
Consummatum est; It is finished. *Magd.* 161. Our Saviour's words in giving up the Ghost. *Job.* XIX. 30.
Cor meum eructavit, Fr. 670. My heart hath belched out, or, (as it is in our Translation of *Psal.* XLV. in the marg.) *boileth, or bubbleth up*.
Corpus Domini; The Lord's Body. No. 1829, 2943.
Corpus Madrian, Mo. a. f. The holy Relicks of St. *Maternus*.
Cum iniquis deputatus est, *Magd.* 174. He was reckoned with the wicked; Or (as it is in our Translation) *He was numbred with the transgressors*. *Isai.* LIII. 12.
Cur me dereliquisti? Why hast thou forsaken me? *Magd.* 710. Our Lord's words on the Cross, out of *Psal.* XXII. 1.

D.

DE *animalibus*; Of Animals. p. 478, b.
De Accidia; Of Sloth. p. 203, b. See *Accidie* in the Gloss.
De Avaritia; Of Covetousness. p. 205, a.
De Invidia; Of Envy. p. 199, b.
De Ira; Of Anger. p. 200, b.
De Luxuria; Of Lechery. p. 207, b.
De septem peccatis mortalibus, et de eorum dependentiis, circumstantiis et speciebus; Of the seven deadly sins, and of their dependencies, circumstances and several Species. p. 197, b.
De polo antartico: From the South Pole. p. 500, a.
Dens hic, Fr. 506. God be here; a Form of Salutation.
Dolorem meum; My grief or sorrow. *Magd.* 33. The words are taken from the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, Ch. I. 18. *Videte dolorem meum*; Behold my sorrow.
Domine labia, &c. O Lord, open thou my lips. *CL.* 1357. Taken from *Psal.* LI. 15. *Domine labia mea aperies, & os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam*; O Lord, open, &c.
Domine, Dominus noster; O Lord, our Lord. *CL.* 1365. This is the beginning of the first and last Verses of *Psal.* VIII.
Domini est terra, *CL.* 1371. The earth is the Lord's. *Psal.* XXIV. 1.
Dominus regnavit, *CL.* 1409. The Lord hath reigned. *Psal.* XCII. 1.
Domus Dedali, Fa. L. 3. 830. The House of *Dedalus*, i. e. The Labyrinth contrived and made by him, for *Minos* King of *Crete*, in which he and his son *Icarus* were afterwards confined.

E.

ExPLICIT *carmen*, &c. Here endeth the Poem of the Recommendation of Peace, composed to the Praise and Memory of the most serene Prince, King Henry the Fourth, by his humble Orator, *John Gower*.
Explicit liber primus, secundus, tertius, quartus; Here endeth the first, second, third, fourth Book. p. 277, 291, 305, 318.
Explicit pars prima penitentie, et incipit pars secunda; Here endeth the first part of Repentance, and beginneth the second part. p. 195, b.
Explicit proemium; Here endeth the Proem, or Prologue. p. 278, &c.

F.

Faciem tuam abscondis, *Magd.* 507. Thou hidest thy face. This seems to be taken from *Isai.* LXIV. 7.
Fuerunt mihi lacryma mea in deserto panes die ac nocte; My tears have been my bread in the wilderness day and night. *Magd.* 349, 350.

I.

Iesus filius Sirach, Sq. 1768. *Iesus* the Son of *Sirach*, the Author, or Collector of the Apocryphal Book of *Ecclesiasticus*.
Iesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum; *Iesus* of *Nazareth* King of the Jews. p. 195, a. The Inscription put upon our Saviour's Cross.
Ignotum per ignotius; One obscurity explained by another more obscure. No. 1478.
In manus tuas, MR. 1179. *Magd.* 714. Into thy hands I commit my spirit. *Psal.* XXI. 5. *Luk.* XXII. 46.
In nomine Jesu, p. 202, a, &c. In [or At] the name of *Iesus* every knee shall bow. *Phil.* II. 10.
In principio; In the beginning. *Prol.* 256. They are the first words of St. *John's* Gospel; *In the beginning was the Word*, &c. As *sikr* as *In principio*, Mo. 1278. As sure as St. *John's* Gospel is true.
Inscimini, et nolite peccare, p. 200, b. Be angry, and sin not. *Psal.* IV. 4. *Eph.* IV. 26.

Jube

Jube Domine: Command, Lord. CL. 1374. The Poet profanely alludes to *Math.* XIV. 28.
Jubilare: O be joyfull. CL. 1412. The beginning of *Psal.* C. *Jubilare Deo*.

L.

Laudate: Praise ye. CL. 1416. *Hallelujah* is translated *Laudate Dominum*; Praise the Lord.
Libera me, Magd. 573. Deliver me. *Job* XVII. 13. and in several Psalms.

M.

Mea culpa, Tr. L. 2. 525. My fault; a Form of asking pardon.
Melius est nubere quam uri, RL. 364. It is better to marry than to burn. *1 Cor.* VII. 9.
Minerva loquitur ad Parin; *Minerva* speaks to *Paris*. p. 557, b.
Montana Jude [i. *Montana Judea*] The mountainous parts of *Judea*. Magd. 321.
Mulier est hominis confusio: Woman is the confusion of Man. *Mo.* 1278.

N.

Non est aliud nomen sub celo, &c. p. 201, b. There is none other name under heaven, &c. *Act.* IV. 12.

O.

O Admirabile, CL. 1417. O wonderfull. *Psal.* VIII. 12.
O alma Redemptoris mater; O holy or pure [Virgin] Mother of our Redeemer; the beginning of a Hymn to the Blessed Virgin.
O Deus, Deus, non est dolor sicut dolor meus; O God, O God, there is no sorrow like unto my sorrow. Magd. 608, 609. The words seem to be taken from *Lam.* I. 12.
O pulchrior sole! O thou that art fairer than the Sun. *Bal.* 604.

P.

Pallas loquitur ad Parin; *Pallas* speaks to *Paris*. p. 557, a.
Pallas loquitur primò; *Pallas* speaks first. p. 557, a.
Pater noster, p. 435, a. The Lord's Prayer beginning with *Pater noster*, i. e. Our Father.
Placebo: I will please. p. 202, a.
Polus arcticus: The North Pole. p. 500, a.
Pone me juxta te, Magd. 574. Set me beside thee. *Job* XVII. 3.

Q.

Quia non est qui consoletur me, Magd. 514. Because there is none to comfort me. *Lam.* I. 2, 17.
Quia tulerunt Dominum meum, Magd. 30. Because they have taken away my Lord. *Job* XX. 13.
Qui cum Patre, &c. Who with the Father, &c. p. 214, b.
Quid malè feci tibi? What evil have I done unto thee? Magd. 500. Perhaps he alludes to those places in the Gospel, *Math.* XXVI. 52. *Mar.* XV. 14. *Luk.* XXIII. 22.
Qui gladio percussit; He that smiteth with the sword. *Mo.* 2185. He seems to refer to *Math.* XXVI. 52. *Rev.* XIII. 10.
Quod dilexi multum; That [or Because] I have loved much. Magd. 610. He alludes to the words of our Saviour concerning *Mary Magdalen*. *Luk.* VII. 47.
Quod sic repensè precipias me; That thou dost so suddenly cast me down headlong. Magd. 616. They are the words of the Vulg. Lat. in *Job* X. 8.

R.

Radix [omnium] malorum est cupiditas, No. 1848, 1940. Covetousness is the root of [all] evil. *1 Tim.* VI. 10.
Remedium contra peccatum Accidia; Remedy against the sin of Accidy. p. 204, b. See *Accidle* in the Gloss.

Relevatio contra peccatum Avaritia; Relief [or Remedy] against the sin of Covetousness. p. 205, b.
Remedium contra peccatum Luxuria; Remedy against the sin of Lechery. p. 209, a.

S.

Sagitta tua infixæ sunt mihi, Magd. 602. Thine arrows are fixed [or stick fast] in me. *Psal.* XXXVIII. 2.
Salve Regina; Hail Queen. *Bal.* Lad. 216. The beginning of a Hymn to our Lady.
Sanctus Deus: Holy God. *Mo.* 2169. *Sanctissimus*: Most Holy. *Ib.* 2170.
Sed non respondet mihi; But he doth not answer me. Magd. 498.
Sequitur de gulâ: Here followeth [a Discourse] concerning Gluttony. p. 207, a.
Sequitur secunda pars penitentia; Here followeth the second part of Repentance, or Penance. p. 210, a.
Significavit, Prol. 664. "It is a Writ which issues out of the Chancery, upon a Certificate given by the Ordinary of a man that stands obstinately Excommunicate by the space of forty days, for the laying him up in prison without Bail or Mainprise, until he submit himself to the authority of the Church: And it is called so because *Significavit* is an Emphatical word in it. There is also another Writ of this name, directed to the Justices of the Bench, willing them to stay any Suit depending between such and such, by reason of an Excommunication alleged against the Plaintiff; because the Sentence of the Ordinary that did excommunicate him, is appealed from, and the Appeal yet depends undecided. *Bl.* L. D.
Solum [mihi] superest sepulchrum, Magd. 612. The Grave alone remains for me. *Job* XVII. 1.
Summum bonum; The chiefest Good. p. 359.
Suspensus in patibulo; Hanged upon a Gallows [or Cross] Magd. 168.

T.

Tablis Toletanis, Fr. 2829. *Tabela Toletana*, *Alphon-*
sus's Tables to calculate the Motion of the Planets for the Meridian of Toledo. Sp.
Tanquam cera liquefens, Magd. 147. Like melting [or melted] wax. *Psal.* XXII. 14.
Tarditas: Slowness. p. 204, b.
Te Deum amoris; Thee the God of Love. CL. 1402.
Trabe me post te, Magd. 512. Draw me after thee. *Cant.* I. 4.
Tuum [ipsum] animam pertransibit gladius, Magd. 450. A sword shall pierce through thine own soul. *Simeon's* words to the Blessed Virgin, *Luk.* II. 35.
Tu autem; But thou—CL. 1401. It very often occurs in the Psalms.
Turpe lucrum: Filthy lucre. *Mo.* 2261.

V.

Ubi posuerunt eum; Where they have laid him. *Job* XX. 2.
Velociter exaudi me, Magd. 570. Hear me quickly. *Psal.* LXVIII. 18.
Venite: Come ye. CL. 1360. The beginning of *Psal.* XCV. *Venite, exultemus*.
Venus loquitur ad Parin; *Venus* speaks to *Paris*. p. 557, b.
Via Appia: A High-way or Causeway leading from Rome through *Capua* to *Brundisium*; so called from one *Appius* who made it.
Ut Achisophel ad Absalom; As *Achisophel* to *Absalom*. p. 202, b. The Poet seems to allude to *2 Sam.* XVI. 21.

A Trans-

A Translation of the French in CHAUCER.

A.

A *Moy qui voy*; To me who see. *AL.* 308.

B.

B *Alade de bon conseil* [*l. conseil*] A Ballad of good counsel. p. 543, b.

Bien monesté; Well warned or advised. *AL.* 675.

Bien et loyalement; Well and dutifully or faithfully. *AL.* 88.

Bonne [*l. bon*] *hostel*; A fine, fair or good Palace. *Fr.* L. 2. 514.

C.

C *Est sans dire*; It is without saying. *AL.* 627.

Comment raison diffinist aunsete, p. 251, a. Corruptly for *desinit amitié*; How Reason defined Friendship.

Comment raison vient a l'amant, p. 247, a. How Reason cometh to the Lover.

D.

D *Ont vient la desfinie* [*l. desfinée*] *Bal. Lad.* 185. The destiny (or appointment) wherof cometh [to pass.]

E.

E *N dieu est*, *AL.* 489, 654. In God is—*sc.* my trust. See *Ib.* 655.

Entierement vostre; Intirely yours. *AL.* 616.

Estreignes moy de cœur joyeux; Embrace me with a joyfull heart. *Bal. Lad.* 231.

Et je scay bien que ce n'est pas mon tort; And I am sure it is not my fault. *Bal. Lad.* 236.

J.

J *Ay en vous toute ma fiance*; I put all my trust in you. *Bal. Lad.* 147.

Jay tout perdu mon temps et mon labour; I have quite lost my time, and my labour. *Fort.* 7. And so it should be read in p. 197, a.

Je serve Joveffe, *Hyper.* 224. I serve—*Joveffe*, *f. l. Jovense*, the Fem. of *Jovneur*, A Gamester, a Jester, one that plays the Wag; and it is either applicable to this Ballade, or to his Lady, whom he prays to accept in game the imperfections of it. *Ib.* 222.

Je voudray, *Hyper.* 198. Perhaps for *Je voudrois*; I would [fain.]

Je vous die [*l. dis*] *sans dont* [*l. doute*] I tell you without doubt, *i. e.* for truth. *Fr.* 574.

L.

L *A belle dame sans mercy*; The fair Lady without mercy. p. 442, a.

La belle margarete [*l. marguerite*] The fair Daisy. *Bal.* 588. See *Margarite* in the Gloss.

L'amant; The Lover. p. 424, &c.

La dame; The Lady. p. 424, &c.

L'ardent espoir en mon cœur point est mort,
D'avoir l'amour de celle que je desire;

The ardent hope is not dead in my heart to obtain the love of her whom I desire. *Bal. Lad.* 233, 234.

La priere de noire dame; The Prayer of [or, to] Our Lady. *ABC.* p. 588.

L'assemble [*l. L'assemblée*] *de dames*; The Assembly of Ladies. *AL.* 752.

L'envoy de Chaucer a les mariz [*l. aux maris, or mariez*] *de nostre temps*, p. 105. The Address of Chaucer to the married [persons] of our time. See *L'envoy* in the Gloss.

M.

M *Eulx un*, *Hyper.* 177. One best [in heart] *Sp. f.* *Moulx*, *mol*, or *mou*: Soft, tender.

O.

O *Nques* [*f. ne*] *puis lever*; I can never rise. *AL.* 598.

Or a mon [not *amon*] *cœur*; Now hath my heart. *Bal. Lad.* 193.

Or a mon cœur ce qui [*l. qu'il*] *vouloit*; Now hath my heart that which it desired. *Bal. Lad.* 192.

P.

P *Leures pour moy s'il vous plaist amoureux*; Weep if you please for me that am in love. *Bal. Lad.* 182.

Plus ne pourroy [*f. pourray*] I can do no more. *AL.* 364.

Q.

Q *Ui bien aime tard oublie*; He that loves well forgets late, or slowly. p. 413.

Qui est là? Who is there? *No.* 2722.

S.

S *Ans que jamais*: Without ever—*sc.* giving occasion. *AL.* 583.

Sans ose je dire; Without ceremony, without saying *Ose-je dire*; May or Dare I say it?

Si douce est la margarete [*f. marguerite*] So sweet is the Daisy. *FL.* 350. See *Bargaret* in the Gloss.

Sine [*f. son*] *et mon joly cœur est endormi*, *FL.* 177, 178. It seems to be the beginning of a French Song in use in Chaucer's time. *f. l. Sur la feuille devers moy, son et mon*, &c. Upon the Leaf by me, his and my pleasant heart is asleep.

Soyes assuré: Be assured, be of good cheer. *AL.* 666.

T.

T *Ant me fait mal de partir de ma dame*; So much does it grieve me to part [or, to be absent] from my Lady. *Bal. Lad.* 189.

Tant que je puis; As much as I can. *AL.* 208.

U.

U *N sans changer*: One without changing. *AL.* 590.

A short Account of some of the Authors cited by CHAUCER.

A

Æsculapius, is said to be an antient Physician before the Trojan War, very skillfull in that Art, which gave occasion to many Fables of his bringing the Dead to life again. *Tosorthrus*, the first King of *Memphis* in *Egypt*, was so called from his skill in Physick and Anatomy, concerning which he wrote several Books. See *Hoffm.* in *Tosorthrus*. There is a Book under that name entituled *De morborum, infirmitatum, corporisque accidentium origine, causis, descriptionibus & curâ*, printed at *Strasburgh* 1544. There was also a Philosopher of that name, who wrote something in Arithmetick.

Æsopus, a Philosopher born in *Phrygia*, in the time of King *Cræsus*, to whom he dedicated the Fables which he wrote.

Agathon, a Philosopher of *Samos*, who wrote several Histories. See *Plutarch* in *Parall. minoribus*.

Alanus, a *Sicilian* Poet and Orator, wrote, among other things, a Book *De planctu Naturæ*, i.e. Of the Complaint of Nature, partly in Prose, and partly in Verse.

Albumasar, otherwise called *Japhar*, a great Astrologer, wrote of sundry things in that Art.

Alcabitius, a Writer in Astronomy; as of the Conjunction of the Planets, &c.

Alhazen, an *Arabian*, wrote seven Books of Perspective.

Alphonse, see *Petrus Alphonfus*.

Ambrose, the worthy Bishop of *Milan*, in the year of our Lord 373.

Anselme, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, wrote of the Origine of the Soul, of Predestination and Free Will, of the Misery of Man, of Original Sin, &c. He flourished in the Eleventh Century.

Anticlaudianus is the name of a Book written by *Alanus*. Gesner.

Arion, a *Greek* Lyrick Poet, who flourished in the 38 Olympiad. *Fa. L. 2.* 497.

Aristotle, a famous Philosopher, Scholar to *Plato*, and Master to *Alexander* the Great: He was 345 years before Christ.

Arnoldus de Villa nova, wrote among other Works in Physick, Chymistry, &c. a Book called *Rosarium Philosophorum*.

Averroës, a Physician of *Corduba*, and a great Philosopher, who flourished about the year 1149.

Augustine, Bishop of *Hippo* in *Africa*, wrote more Books than ever did any in the *Latin* Church.

Avicen, a Physician of *Sevil*, wrote a multitude of Books in that Faculty.

B.

Basilius Magnus, Bishop of *Cæsarea* in *Cappadocia* in the Fourth Century.

Bernardus Abbas Clarevallensis, a *Burgundian*, wrote of the Contempt of the World, the degrees of Humility, of Grace and Free Will, of Conscience, and many other Subjects in Divinity. He flourished *A. D.* 1140.

Bernardus Gordonius, a Frenchman, Reader of Physick at *Montpelier*, wrote many things in that Faculty. He flourished *A. D.* 1498.

Boccace, a famous *Italian* Poet, born at *Florence*, Contemporary with *Chaucer*.

Bradwardine. See *Thomas Bradwardine*.

C.

Cassiodorus: *Marcus Aurelius Cassiodorus* of *Ravenna*, once Senator of *Rome*, afterwards a Monk and Abbot in *lavenna*, and Secretary to *Theodorick* King of *Italy*, was a very learned man, and wrote several things in Divinity, History, and other parts of Learning, and died about the year 562. *Petrus Cassiodorus*, an *Italian*, wrote that the Pope was Antichrist; and there-

fore was taken up out of his grave, and burnt about the year 1300.

Cato, a learned man amongst the *Romans*, flourished 182 years before the Incarnation. The Moral Disticks which go under the name of *Cato*, were written since his time.

Chrysippus wrote *De Situ principatus Anima*, which is confuted by *Galen*: He wrote many other Books, as *Dio- genes Laertius* says in his Life. He is often quoted by *Athenæus*, *Stobæus*, and *Plutarch*.

Claudian, a famous *Latin* Poet, born at *Alexandria* in *Egypt*: He flourished under the Emperors *Theodosius* and *Honorius*, in the Third and Fourth Centuries, being the most modern of the Antient Poets. He wrote, among other things, Four Books *De raptu Proserpine*, i.e. Of the stealing away of *Proserpine*.

Constantine the Monk wrote and translated many things in Physick; and amongst others wrote a Book *De Coitu, quibus proffit aut oblit, quibus medicaminibus & alimentis augeatur, impediaturve*. See *Sq.* 1327.

Corinna, a *Theban* Woman, and a Lyrick Poet: She wrote 50 Books of Epigrams, as *Suidas* and *Pausanias* report.

D.

Damasceus Presbyter, called also *Manzarim*, wrote in *Greek* 4 Books concerning the Orthodox Faith, and several other things in Divinity and other Sciences. He flourished in the Fourth or Fifth Century. *Johannes Damasceus* wrote some things in Physick. There was another Physician so called, who is said to have writ in the same Faculty.

Dante, called *Dantes Aligerus*, an *Italian* Poet, born in *Florence*. He flourished *A. D.* 1341.

Dares Phrygius wrote the History of the Trojan War in *Greek*, in which he himself was a Soldier. He lived 1123 years before Christ.

Diſſys Cretensis, or *Historicus*, wrote the History of the Trojan War, supposed to be translated into *Latin* by *Q. Septimius Romanus* in the time of *Constantine* the Great: But *Vossius* thinks that Work was not so antient, and that it was originally writ in *Latin*, though collected with very good judgment out of the *Greek* Writers. *De Hist. Lat.*

Dioscorides: There were two Physicians of that Name, and both Writers in their Profession; the one called *Phacæ*, or *Lentinus*, of *Alexandria*, lived in the time of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*, and wrote of the Names of Medicines: The other, *Pedacius Dioscorides* of *Anazarbus* in *Cilicia*, lived under *Nero*, and wrote *De materiâ medicâ, & Alexipharmacis*. But they are confounded by some Writers.

G.

Galen, an excellent Physician of *Pergamus* in *Asia*, famous in the time of *Trajan* and the succeeding Emperors. Many of his Works are still extant in *Greek*. He dyed *A. D.* 140. in the 70th year of his Age.

Galfrius Monumethensis, or *Geoffrey* of *Monmouth*, translated a Book of the *British* History brought from *Armorica*, or *Basse Bretagne*, by *Walter Mapes* Archdeacon of *Oxford*, out of that Language into *Latin*; which he dedicated unto *Robert* Duke of *Glocester*. He lived in the Twelfth Century.

Galfrius de Vino salvo. See *Gaulfride* in the Glossary.

Gatſiden [*John*] called by some *Johannes Anglicus*, was a famous Philosopher, and Physician of *Merton* College in *Oxford*. He wrote a Book of Physick, entituled *Rosa Medica*. He lived about the Fourteenth Century.

Gilbertus Anglicus wrote a Book entitled, *Practica & Compendium Medicinæ*, much read by young Practitioners in Physick. *Lel. de Script. Brit.* p. 291.

Gregory, the first Pope of that name, surnamed the Great, wrote many Homilies and Comments, and other Works in Divinity. He flourished in the Seventh Century.

Guido de Columna, a Judge of *Messina* in *Sicily*, wrote the History of the Destruction of *Troy* in Latin after *Dictys Cretensis* (as he says) in the year 1287.

H.

Hali, an *Arabian* Physician, wrote a Book of the Composition of Medicines.

Helowis. See the *Glossary*. There is a Volume of Letters extant which passed between her and *Abelard*.

Hermes Trismegistus was Counsellor to *Osiris* King of *Egypt*. The Invention of Writing, Hieroglyphicks, the Laws of the *Egyptians*, and divers Sciences is attributed to him. There was another of that Name, a Disciple of *Plato*, who is said to have translated the Works of the former concerning Physick, Astrology and the *Egyptian* Theology, which are lost: Those that now go under his Name are supposititious.

Hieronymus Stridonensis [*St. Jerome*] wrote, amongst a multitude of other Books, some Discourses of Virginity and Monogamy.

Hippocrates of Coos, a most antient Physician, and Prince of all others, wrote many Books in Physick, which are extant. He flourished about 500 Years before Christ.

Homer, the famous *Greek* Poet, and the Father of Poets, lived about a Thousand years before the Incarnation of our Lord.

I.

Innocent, the Fourth Pope of that Name, born in *Campania*, lived in the Thirteenth Century. He wrote, amongst other things, a Book *De utilitate humana conditionis*.

Johannes Damascenus. See *Damascenus*.

John Som, or *Some*, a Carmelite, wrote some things in the Mathematics. See *Lel. de Script. Brit.* p. 347.

John Somar, or *Somer*, a Franciscan of *Bridgwater*, was a great Mathematician, and wrote several Tracts in Astronomy. *Lel.*

Josephus, a learned Jewish Priest, wrote in Greek Seven Books of the Wars of the Jews, and Twenty Books of their Antiquities, from the beginning of the World to the fourteenth year of the Emperor *Domitian*, in whose time he flourished.

Justinian, the Emperor, caused the *Roman* Laws, which lay scattered in above 2000 Books, to be collected into the 12 Books of the *Code* and *Digests*, and composed 4 Books of *Institutes*. He reigned in the Sixth Century.

Juvenal, a Latin Poet, famous for his Satyrs, flourished in the Reigns of the Emperors *Domitian* and *Trajan*.

L.

Lollius, an Italian Historiographer born at *Urbino*, who lived under the Emperors *Macrinus* and *Heliogabalus*, in the beginning of the Third Century, is said to have written the History of his own Time, and also the Life of the Emperor *Diadumenus* the Son of *Macrinus*. *Tr. L. I.* 395. *Fa. L.* 3. 380.

Lucan, a Latin Poet living in the time of *Nero*, wrote a Poem of the History of the Civil War between *Cæsar* and *Pompey*.

M.

Macrobius, a famous Critick and Antiquary, who, amongst other things, wrote a Comment on *Cicero's* *Somnium Scipionis*. *RR.* 7, &c. *Mo.* 1238. *Dr. Ch.* 283, &c. *AF.* 31, 111.

Martianus Capella wrote of the Seven Liberal Sciences, and 6 Books *De nuptiis Philologiae & Mercurii*; in the last of which he describes the Situation of Coun-

tries. *Fa. L.* 2. 478.

Maximianus. See *Basse* in the *Glossary*.

N.

Nicholas Lynne, a very learned Carmelite, was a very excellent Mathematician, and wrote several Tracts in Astronomy, and amongst others, *Canones Tabularum*.

Nigellus Wirker. See *Burnel the Ass* in the *Glossary*.

O.

Ovid, a famous *Roman* Poet in the time of *Augustus*.

P.

Pamphilus Presbyter, Kinsman to *Eusebius*, transcribed a great part of *Origen's* Works with his own hand, and wrote an Apology for him, and some other Tracts. He suffered Martyrdom at *Cæsarea* in *Palestine* in the Persecution of *Maximus*.

Petrarch, a famous *Italian* Poet, Cotemporary with *Chaucer*, and thought to be of his acquaintance. See *Chaucer's* Life.

Petrus Alphonsus, a Jew converted to the Christian Faith, wrote a Dialogue between *Moses* a Jew and *Peter* a Christian, against the Jews, and a Book of Science and Philosophy, and some other things. He flourished *A. D.* 1100.

Petrus Cassiodorus, a learned *Italian* Nobleman, did write to the Church of *England*, and perswaded them to cast off their obedience to the *Roman* Bishops, and to beware of their Tyranny, 1302. *Sp.* See *Cassiodorus*.

Ptolemy, an *Egyptian* Astrologer of *Pelufium*, who was famous in the time of *M. Aurelius Antoninus*. He wrote 8 Books of Geography, *Almagestum* in 13 Books, and 4 Books of Judicial Astrology.

Pythagoras, a famous Philosopher of *Samos*, lived 500 years before the Incarnation. He is at this day worshipped in *India* under the name of *Brahma*. See *Hoffm.* in *Pythagoras*.

R.

Rasis, an *Arabian* Physician, wrote many things in Physick.

Rufus, a Physician of *Ephesus* in the time of *Trajan*, wrote in Greek several Tracts in that Faculty.

S.

Seneca, a famous *Roman* Philosopher, Tutor to *Nero*, who suspecting him to be engaged in a Conspiracy against him, ordered him to chuse what Death he would dye: He chose to open a Vein, and accordingly bled to death in a Bath.

Senior Zarith wrote a Book of Alchymy. *Gesner*.

Serapion, an *Arabian*, wrote of the Composition of Medicines.

Statius. See *State* in the *Glossary*, and the Translation of the Latin in *Chaucer*, in *Associat profugum Tydeus*, &c. *Strode*, a learned man of *Merton-College, Oxon.* in *Chaucer's* time, and Tutor to his Son *Lewis*. See *Chaucer's* Life, and *Strode* in the *Glossary*.

Suetonius, lived under *Trajan* and *Adrian*, and wrote the Lives of the Twelve Cæsars.

T.

Tertullian wrote, amongst other things, a Book concerning the Attire of Women, &c.

Theophrastus Eresius, Disciple to *Aristotle*, amongst many other Works, wrote Moral Characters, wherein there is an Article of Niggardliness.

Thomas Bradwardine, Archbishop of *Canterbury*, flourished in the Thirteenth Century, and wrote a Book *De Causâ Dei* against *Pelagius*, which he dedicated to the Society of *Merton-College*. He also wrote many other Discourses; as, Of the Trinity, Of Predestination,

tion, and other Subjects in Divinity; and also of Geometry, Arithmetick, and Proportions.

Titus Livius wrote the History of *Rome*, from the Foundation of the City to the Death of *Drusus* in 142 Books, many of which are lost.

Trotula, an antient Author, wrote a Book of the Cure of Diseases in and after Child-birth.

Tullius: *M. Tullius Cicero*, a Senator of *Rome*, Father of Eloquence, and pure Fountain of the Latin Tongue, flourished about 40 years before *Christ's* Incarnation.

V.

Valerius Maximus wrote to *Tiberius Caesar* a Book of the memorable Deeds and Sayings of Worthy Men,

collected from the best Authors, and digested into Common places in 9 Books.

Virgil, a famous *Roman* Poet in the time of *Augustus*.

Vitellio, a learned Mathematician, wrote 10 Books of Perspective.

W.

William S. Amour, a Frenchman, wrote a Commentary on the *Apocalypse*, much inveighing against the Pope, and was therefore banished, and his Books burnt. *Gesner* says that he was a Doctor of the *Sorbonne*, and wrote Three Books against the Begging Fryars, entitled, *De periculis temporum*. He lived under *S. Lewis*.

Additions to the GLOSSARY.

Argumentis, Fr. 2833. See *Expans yeres*.

Attamed, *Atame* or *Attame* in *Lidg.* signifies To tast, to try; To attempt, undertake. Also To tell or declare; as, *The trouth I dare attame. The truth to attame*; I dare tell the truth, To tell the truth.

Bord. Concerning the *Round Tables*, to which Knights were formerly invited for the performance of Military Exercises, and the Ceremonies used upon those occasions, see *Selden's Tit. of Hon. Part II. Ch. 5. §. 41*.

Centris. See *Expans yeres*.

Cbeste: Strife. The nature of *Cbeste* is particularly described in *Gower's Conf. Amantis*, Edit. 1554. Fol. XLIX, b.

Clum: From the *AS. Clumian*, To mutter.

Collette, Fr. 2831. See *Expans yeres*.

Doseperis: Add to the Authors referr'd to in the Glossary, *Selden's Tit. of Hon. Part II. Ch. 3. §. 17*.

Entame seems to signify To hurt in *Gower's Conf. Amantis*, Fol. XI, b. *If thou thy conscience Entamed hast; If thou hast wounded thy conscience*.

Expans yeres. In Fr. 2829, &c. the Poet describes the *Alphonfine* Astronomical Tables by the several parts of them, wherein some Technical Terms occur which were used by the Old Astronomers, and continued by the Compilers of those Tables. *Collect Years* are certain Sums of Years, with the Motions of the Heavenly Bodies corresponding to them, as of 20, 40, 60, 80, 100, &c. disposed into Tables; and *Expanse Years* are the single Years, with the Motions of the Heavenly Bodies answering to them, beginning at 1, and continued on to the smallest *Collect* Sum, as

20, 40, &c. A *Root*, or *Radix*, is any certain Time, taken at the Author's pleasure, from which as an *Era*, the Celestial Motions are to be computed. By *Proportional Convenientes* are meant the Tables of Proportional Parts. *Centre*, *Argument*, and other Terms there used have peculiar significations in the Old Astronomers and the *Alphonfine* Writers, well known to Astronomers, which it would be too tedious to explain here, as well as unnecessary for common Readers.

Fese; To drive away. PT. 351. from the *AS. Ferjan*, *Fugare*.

Fret often signifies Adorned, garnished, &c. From the *AS. Fretpan*, *Ornare*, &c. Also an Ornament, &c.

Hokir: Abusiveness; from the *AS. Hocer*, Reproach, ignominy.

Loppe: The *AS. Loppe* signifies a Silkworm; and also a sort of Spider. Vide *Ælfrici Gloss.* p. 59, b.

Potenciall, Fa. L. 3. 5. should perhaps be *Poetical*.

Proportional Convenientes. See *Expans yeres*.

Reddour: Rigour.

Rotis, Fr. 2833. See *Expans yeres*.

Shapely: Proper.

Sinet, *Synet*, is often in *Astr.* put for the *Zenith*, or the Vertical Point in the Heavens, which is directly over our heads.

Tall. Instead of *humble and thrall*, CMV. 38. the former Editions had *humble and tall*: And *Junius* in his MSS. Additions to the *Gloss. Goth.* in Lord *Harley's* Library, says, the word signifies Obedient, obsequious, every way flexible. P. 368. in *Antalans*.

Weive: To avoid.

F I N I S.



ERRATA.

IN the Life of *Chaucer*, p. 3. l. 23. read *Virgil*. l. 32. Discourse. p. 4. marg. a. l. 2. in *Oxfordshire*. p. 6. l. 36. he took up. ib. marg. b. l. 8. T. R. p. 7. l. 48. in *Oxfordshire*. p. 4. l. 6. Fathers.

In the Testimonies. p. 2, a. l. 7. dele [.] l. 26. choysse. p. 3, a. l. 27. aftertith. l. ult. dele of. p. 5, b. l. 50. prostrate. p. 7, b. l. ult. put a (s) after *relinquens*. p. 8, a. l. 1. monte. p. 10, a. l. 10. own'd.

In the Preface. p. 7. l. 29. in a fair hand. p. 8. l. 43. *purse*, &c. p. 12. l. 60. Notices. p. ult. l. 21, 22. to run the risk. Before the Cut of Sir *Thopaz*, read The following Cut.

In the Royal Licence. l. 28. Hands.

In *Chaucer's Works*. p. 1. v. 23. read *Hofstely*. p. 2. 119. simple. p. 3. 187. bid. p. 7. 727. curtesie. 734. He mote. 741. spake. 749. us. p. 9. 939. thereaboutin. 1051. yellow. p. 11. 1308. your et. 1310. roukith. 1356. tell. p. 14. 1745. And. 1754. foche. 1806. wenin. p. 16. 2020. beris. 2052. of Mars. 2060. turnid. p. 22. 2917. raught. p. 26. 269. dele as. p. 31. 824. dele he. p. 32. 1061. flepist. p. 35. 1286. rift. p. 41. 622. seler is. p. 45. 1300. men. p. 48. 1774. wrake him of. p. 50. 116. dele to. p. 53. 428. cometh. p. 56. 845. the crosse. p. 58. 1075. hundred. p. 62. 437. dele and. p. 64. 640. hem. 671. Thus. p. 66. 742. the. p. 71. 1371. Than. p. 77. 203. told of it. p. 81. 790. dele [.] after plight. p. 82. 860. Elfquene. p. 91. 910. an. 545. God save me. p. 92. 569. this must. p. 103. 1890. your. p. 118. 349. as a man. p. 119. 449. dele [.] after n'is. p. 122. 800. fixe. p. 130. 1800. you. p. 138. 2506. It shall. p. 140. 2773. dele thing. p. 143. 3091. evangeliste. p. 150. b. l. 21. thy counsaile. p. 151. a. l. 36. but he have more love of the peple than drede. p. 152. b. l. 7. wickednesse. p. 155. b. l. 42. For. p. 158. a. l. 4. they. p. 159. a. l. 28. lordship. p. 164. 447. madin. p. 169. v. 1037. Nothing, God wote, but. 1047. lite. p. 172. 1385. Mermaide. p. 173. 1558. and. p. 175. 1644. In lifting. p. 176. 1840. ybraff. 1856. retcheless. p. 180. 2198. Eche one. 2221. riotours. p. 182. 2417. accomde with this. 2422. kende. p. 183. 2619. Hereto. 2623. understonde. p. 184. 2680. seke. p. 185. 2843. offren to now. 2869. shewe. 2876. thei. p. 186. 2888. this. 2961. ovirle. 2968. er [or ever] bite. 3006. making. p. 188. 3146. hem. p. 189. 3289. or flight. p. 196. a. l. 2. worlde. b. l. 32. or my praie. l. 51. shrifte, they. p. 198. b. l. 5. on other. l. 29. malison. p. 203. b. l. 59. doeth. p. 205. b. l. 12. rightfull. l. 35. of foche. p. 210. a. l. 13. it is mer. l. 48. lecherie. p. 211. b. l. 17. be shriren. l. 38. thou that shrirest. p. 216. v. 140. Portrayed. p. 217. 321. 343. forwe'full. 339. forwe. p. 218. 396. elden. p. 226. 1620. hath he set. p. 227. 1762. drewe. p. 228. 1949. bidding. p. 234. 2751. sleeth. p. 235. 2953. compendiously. p. 236. 3086. the. p. 237. 3202. well an high. p. 244. 4200. brade. p. 246. 4478. Thei doin. p. 253. 5560. gevith. p. 255. 5867. Thus. p. 257. 6044. fe. p. 259. 6405. plainin. p. 260. 6448. shriwing. p. 261. 6851. Or. p. 265. 7186. eyen fight. p. 268. 7637. It n'ere. p. 270. 234. skornin. p. 272. 432. bethe to me ben. p. 275. 814. he. p. 279. 229. ye it. p. 280. 420. worlde. p. 281. 462. slightly. p. 283. 761. knight that is. 800. hem. p. 290. 1672. And him with all. p. 295. 507. stonding. p. 297. 818. that is. 855. dretching. p. 298. 875. would him in forowe. p. 302. 1411. diddin. p. 308. 390. define. p. 310. 650. be ware. p. 312. 888. for to. 932. I him huter. p. 317. 1495. O gode. p. 318. 1626. a waie. 1655. Me glad. 9. clene. p. 319. 37. gan him to dresse. p. 321. 303. glede. p. 324. 769. throughout. p. 330. 1471. this Bore to se. 1567. he bad. p. 331. 1624. on e-will. p. 335. 242. penne and ink. p. 337. 65. forthwith. 131. gentilnesse. p. 339. 150. obervaunce. p. 341. 389. nat. p. 349. 92. the. p. 352. 72. for to be. p. 359. a. l. 9. overcome. p. 367. b. l. 1. sheweth. p. 368. a. l. 40. fairnesse. l. 42. 43. overwhelmeth. l. ult. rightfullie. p. 371. a. l. 5. piemente. p. 373. a. l. 9. festivally. b. l. 46. last. p. 374. b. l. 31. natheles. p. 376. b. l. 16. dele ut. p. 378. a. l. 55. ab ortu. b. l. 50. via devia. p. 379. a. l. 32. entrailes. b. l. 49. celebrite. p. 380. b. l. 51. in to [or two]. p. 381. b. l. 46. porismes. p. 386. b. l. 9. fyxe. p. 387. b. l. 10. that is. p. 389. a. l. 16. ne defoulet. p. 398. a. l. 46. wote. p. 399. a. l. 14. forme. p. 401. a. l. 7. in sensible. p. 402. a. l. 37. 38. by the propertie of. p. 403. a. l. 49. sie. b. l. 44. an [or on] high. p. 404. v. 30. whi so. p. 407. 526. amendes. p. 408. 638. hed. 668. I shulde. p. 410. 887. rought. p. 411. 1094. wolde. p. 412. 1254. ferthur. p. 413. b. v. 20. thralle. p. 414. 154. shove in at. p. 415. 180. shotir. p. 416. 363. The Ravin wife, the Crowe with, &c. 398. his shape. p. 417. 510. dele the. 540. these Egles. p. 418. 606. retche. 685. they. p. 420. 180. fayin. 185. 186. See *Hylye in the Glosfary*. 211. witte full. p. 422. 47. knowin. p. 425. 342. workis. 366. A will. 394. malice is set. p. 429. 739. a vauntour. 753. distain. 774. dele for. p. 431. 136. mete. 169. falle. p. 439. 741. substaunce. p. 441. b. l. 40. beddes. p. 442. b. l. 28. which is partie. l. 43. and it serveth. p. 443. b. l. 49. make of it. p. 444. a. l. 22. spirit. p. 446. b. l. 58. pole. p. 452. v. 159. on live. 209. offence. p. 454. 422. lesingoures. 458. Iment. p. 455. 553. sit. p. 457. 72. fere. p. 460. 327. Knowin. 371. counfaillid. p. 461. 397. rechales. p. 468. 35. fleyng. 47. ipake. p. 463. 206. amiddis. p. 467. 316. Goddesse. p. 468. 381. eke de *Columpnis*. p. 469. 616. tho. p. 470. 723. wickednesse. p. 473. 51. turvid. p. 475. 194. I sie. 284. threw. p. 476. 340. ware. p. 478. a. l. 39. understandyng. b. l. 22. hath. p. 480. b. l. 31. to meve when. p. 481. b. l. 3. sperkeland. p. 483. a. l. 7. on you. p. 485. a. l. 35. of mine. l. 42. 43. 44. dele in this cace to none other persone be committed, loke than (quoth she) p. 486. b. l. 5. conning. l. 67. to stretch to the. p. 490. a. l. 72. are. b. l. 9. chaunges, that. p. 492. b. l. 68. fide; beddes. p. 493. b. l. 9. secte. l. 59. manie. l. 66. that first. p. 496. a. l. 66. wightes. l. 67. thine? kinde. b. l. 17. men. p. 501. b. l. 7. failings. p. 502. b. l. 25. a wretch. l. 33. wretchednesse. l. 39. with gode forthgoing. l. 64. with her. p. 506. a. l. 17. rejoyce. l. 27. adew blis. p. 507. a. l. 24. make the knotte. b. l. 70. rightfully. p. 508. a. l. 13. solein. l. 31. constitution. l. ult. oyle. b. l. 30. frendship. p. 510. b. l. 64. withholde. p. 518. a. l. 40. I deny it ne. p. 520. v. 80. My bones. p. 527. 21. Bitterer. 91. abyce. p. 530. 9. and with faint. p. 531. 80. fel. p. 532. 61. n'ot. 82. oftir. p. 533. 12. he is. 82. Of *Granlon*, flour of. p. 534. 52, 53. to dele Astir, yf. p. 538. 111. in to. p. 539. 170. singin. 171. why ne wilt. 243. you. p. 540. 60. withholde. 116. fortune ne may. 547. 165. haboundaunce. p. 548. 222. blent. p. 549. 130. counsaile. p. 550. 113. wife-ly. p. 552. 240. ele. p. 554. 560. right well. p. 557. 794. then. p. 559. 1004. Me. 1027. algates. p. 560. 61. knew. p. 562. 284. this. 285. in mine. p. 563. 345. dele lady. 350. ye XX. 362. fal. 401. Firmely. p. 564. 491. dele of. 521. forthwith Rigour. 569. Goddes. 580. blissefull. p. 565. 628. Goddes. p. 566. 765. Guide me. p. 568. 984. erst. 1013. me. 1108. befene. p. 569. 1131. Soget. 1195. entent full. p. 570. 1311. with that. p. 571. 1404. onlocke. p. 575. 532. that ye. p. 576. 569. fare. 676. Far. p. 578. 887. wordleisse. p. 579. 1096. orderit. p. 587. 2177. Iwent. p. 589. T. 2. Fro. Z. 3. lessoun. p. 590. b. l. 46. mow. p. 591. a. l. 37. to here thrift. b. l. 51. seien. p. 592. a. l. 25. be ye. l. 35. payen. b. l. 50. take it. p. 594. v. 23. alreedy. 63. iwis. p. 595. 99. a rede ful even. 156. push. p. 596. 252. amayde. 292. and ystakid. p. 597. 341. ondo. 348. Iwis. 393. every man. p. 598. 458. atast. p. 599. 562. lene. p. 602. 304. his. p. 603. 405. lyve. p. 605. 619. wode man. 669. messager. p. 607. 838. hir mone. p. 608. 1057. world [wyde.] p. 609. 1097. our. p. 610. 1211. wrought. 1218. at the shippis. 1223. wode man. p. 611. 1302. bere. 1396. with percell. p. 613. 1566. were. 1576. afire. p. 614. 1730. yew. 1738. byhete. p. 615. 1883. wisdom. p. 616. 1982. byfall. 2042. afright. p. 617. 2051. braunche. 2155. so Geoffrey. p. 618. 2219. without, fare l. p. 620. 2461. fisnamy. 2475. yede. p. 623. 2936. chaungit. 1946. continuel—desperatioune. p. 624. 3082. stan dede.

In the Explanation of Abbreviations, &c. Col. a. l. 33. Compl. of *tenus*. 533. l. 52. *Gamelyn*.

In the Glossary. p. 4, b. l. 70. *angre*. p. 7, a. l. 16. *mote*. p. 11, b. l. 51. corrupted. p. 23, a. l. 32. *D'owais*. p. 26, a. l. 21. To embarasse, engage. p. 28, b. l. 14. There is no credit. p. 31, a. l. 20. *Gasteridge-tree*. l. 50. Particle. p. 33. b. l. 15. *diceremur*. p. 38, b. l. 22. Raked. p. 39, a. l. 10. See *Wis*. p. 45, b. l. 10. *Merula*. p. 46, a. l. 67. here. b. l. 21. *Mistily*. p. 51, b. l. 15. *Pejorare*. p. 52, a. l. 45. *Tr. L. 2.*—MS. Sp. p. 54, b. l. 20. A quire of paper. p. 56, a. l. 6. Reading. Some, &c. p. 61, a. l. 21. MS. Ch. p. 68, b. l. 29. *Versefour*. p. 70, b. l. 13, 14. I was well ured; I had, &c. p. 76, a. l. 35. *sefe*. b. l. 45. *tuam*. p. 77, b. l. 39. *Tabula*.

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